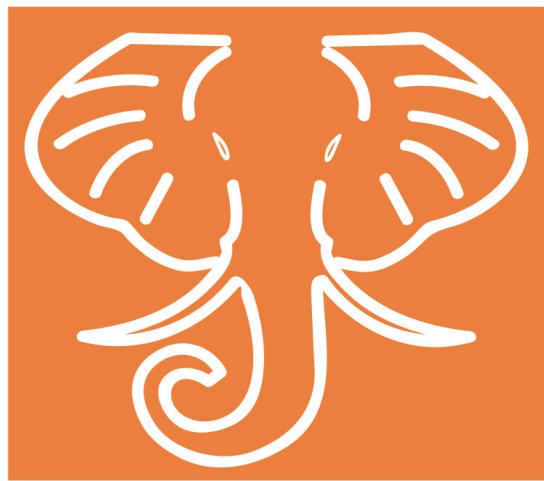


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HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXV.

JUNE, 1912 TO NOVEMBER, 1912



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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Illustration for "London by the Sea"

AT NIGHT IT IS AN ENCHANTED CASTLE OF SOME EASTERN TALE

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXV

JUNE, 1912

No. DCCXLV

"London by the Sea"

BY HARRISON RHODES



MANSIONS OF GEORGIAN DAYS

THE imaginative traveler may always prefer to leave London for England's greatest seaside resort by the Brighton Coach—so long as there is a Brighton Coach. The road leads, as it did in Georgian days, through Surrey and the "Weald" of Sussex, once covered with a forest of immemorial oaks, till at last, beyond the horses' heads against the southern sky, looms the long, high line of the Downs—smooth, grass-covered hills beyond which lie Brighton and the sea. After the clipped prettiness of Surrey and the rich monotony of the Sussex farmlands, the change to the rolling green

loneliness of this high range is welcome to the modern eye.

Dr. Johnson, who liked no hints of savagery in his eighteenth-century landscape, thought otherwise. He said of the Downs that they were "a country so truly desolate that if one had a mind to hang oneself for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope." Perhaps then, when the coach wheels sank axle-deep in the mud, and gentlemen of the road still lurked in the hollows of the hills, the Downs might well have inspired distrust. But they, too, are tamed

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now. The hard, white road over them carries a hundred flashing motors to one lumbering coach. The twentieth century has come, and Brighton is still triumphantly "Queen of English Watering Places," "London by the Sea," the largest and most popular town of its kind in the world. It keeps pace with the centuries. Old buildings go, and time-honored inns are torn to bits. The railway thunders down to the sea with a half-hundred trains a day, and only a mere handful of passengers come down by the Flying Post Coach. Brighton is modern, if you like. Yet it has kept its historic note. George IV.'s Pavilion may now be let by the municipality for cheap banqueting parties—"beanfeasters" from the city—and Mrs. Fitzherbert's house may be occupied by the local branch of the Young Men's Christian Association; still the town will send the most reluctant imagination scurrying back along the years. Ghosts walk everywhere, but they are pleasant, gay ghosts—they are, as they were when George was successively Prince of Wales, Regent, and King, the "best company in England."

Brighton was originally, and, indeed, through many of its best years remained, Brighthelmstone. It was a fishing-village, lying in a dip in the Downs, which toward the beginning of the eighteenth century began to be visited for the sea bathing. Brighthelmstone indeed made its first great stride toward popularity when, about the middle of the century, there settled there a fashionable physician by the name of Russell, who had made his reputation by advocacy of the merits of sea water—he not only advised its external use, but considered it "unwise to hurry into a course of bathing before the body is altered and sufficiently prepared by drinking sea water!" For delicate stomachs a mixture of sea water and milk was recommended as a "noble medicine." In spite, however, of such rigors the sea cure grew popular. Bathing machines were established on the front, and soon it was related with satisfaction that the attendants "dipped" several hundreds of visitors a day. "Dippers," male and female, prospered. The old books which it is so pleasant to read in Brighton abound in anecdotes of famous beach characters; "Old Smoaker," who dipped

"Mr. Prince," as he called the Prince of Wales who was later George IV., and once dragged him out by the ear when the royal "dippee" was determined to swim in too high a sea; and Martha Gunn, who, privileged to enter the Pavilion kitchens, was once discovered there by the Prince pocketing a piece of butter, and held by that gentleman in conversation near the hot stove, with awkward results.

Winter has now become the season, and bathing is no longer royal nor fashionable. To the American, accustomed to the easy manners of our own beaches, it would seem in any season to be a somewhat serious matter. Lumbering "bathing machines," much the same as were provided for Dr. Russell's patients, are still hauled by stout horses to and from the water's edge; and the bather still makes what seems to us the same furtive rush to and from the sea. There is no idle lounging on the beach, no basking in the sun. "Mixed bathing," as the mingling of the sexes in the wave is darkly termed in England, is guardedly allowed "at certain places." Yet in the early morning and toward evening free bathing is allowed—again "at certain places." The English summer sun sets at a delightful and preposterous hour, and at eight o'clock it is sometimes still pouring its slanting rays over the beach as the evening bathers gather. Lads and children they are mostly. By the great concrete groins that run from the esplanade down to the sea, in the shelter of fishing-boats, the men and lads change to bathing dress, and accomplish the transition with a dexterity which allows no interval which might shock England promenading behind them. The smallest children dispense with everything, however, and appear to horrify no one. They take their bathing gaily, these who swim in the pink sunset and the pearl-gray twilight, indulging in childish antics and merry cries, and offering a pretty, simple ending to the beach's day.

It is proof of the generous scale of Brighton and the variety of its activities that you might pass your day merely upon the beach in a constant round of pleasures and of philosophic meditations. Besides bathers of the free and machine varieties, there are sailing parties to be watched, packed uncomfortably



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE BEACH WITH ITS ROWS OF LUMBERING BATHING MACHINES



MISS COWLEY'S BUN SHOP

by the dozen into heavy, snub-nosed boats, and shoved down the pebbly incline of the beach into the sea. All through the day fishing-craft arrive, brown nets are opened, and the silver-and-blue catch is sorted and sold, if possible, at once, direct "from seine to customer." There is cheerful animation and much talk, and generally pots of beer all round when the work is over.

Brighton continues the traditions of Brighthelmstone, the fishing-village. Down on the beach men still drag their honest living from the sea, a more honest

one, be it said, than in those earlier, happier days when they could add the smuggling of silks, laces, and French brandy to their ostensible occupation.

At Hove, which is now only the west end of Brighton, there is a pleasant smugglers' yarn of the days when that fishing-village was so small and unimportant that there were services in the little parish church on alternate Sundays only, the clergyman dividing his spiritual ministrations with Preston, a village on the Downs. Once, however, through some confusion in his mind, the reverend gentleman appeared at Hove

on the Preston Sunday, and insisted, in spite of his parishioners' protests, that since he had come he would hold services. But when he entered the church he saw that there was no room for a congregation, the sacred edifice being quite filled with kegs of smuggled brandy!

The beach lies for a mile or more under the shelter of the great sea-wall which carries the King's Road along the front in a majestic terrace. Above is the town, and along the promenade passes an incessant human stream. Below is

another broad walk, the High Street of the beach, bordered by the "arches" of the substructure. These cellars under the upper promenade are variously utilized. The loftier are occupied by restaurants or coffee-rooms. The lower, which sometimes show only a scant three or four feet above ground, are, amazingly enough, in demand as seaside residences. They look somewhat like dog-kennels, these underground bungalows, but in them English family life goes on tranquilly.

Tranquillity at any great seaside place is perhaps always a comparative term. In front of the arches have place the various entertainments of the beach, among these its religious and forensic activities. England would not be England if the existence of God and the value of civilization were not hotly debated in places suited to such discussion in no way except that they afford an unsuitable audience. While bands play on the pier, cockney excursionists gaily extract succulent winkles from their shells with pins, and "niggers" twang the banjo, the high questions of life are threshed out and the newest cults promoted.

There is, toward the quieter end of the beach, a ridiculously useless yet pathetic sight—a feeble old blind man with a tired, high voice who stands regularly reading the Scriptures aloud from a book of raised types presented to him, so his placard informs us, by Miss Moon. Bless Miss Moon! The Brightonian will of course merely remember his fellow-citizen, Dr. Moon, and his admirable printing for the blind. But the imaginative traveler must thank the lady for her lovely British name, hinting so delightfully at Victorian primness and good works.

It would be a pleasure to linger over Brighton names, to dwell upon the joy it can give the visiting American to be lodged at, let us say, Mrs. Creak's, to buy his buns at Miss Cowley's—where for almost a century it has been the tradition to buy buns—and to dine at Mutton's, and talk, if the fates favor him, with Mr. Mutton himself. But, to write somewhat in the Georgian manner, such meditations are inevitably interrupted by the sound of music on the sands.

Comic ditties and sentimental ballads, vilely rendered by black-faced gentlemen



THE MORNING PROMENADE

in limp and soiled white costumes, are in England classic and inevitable wherever the sea meets the land. In these little troupes there are boys who believe their foot is on the first rung of the ladder, and sad, sodden, middle-aged "comics" who have come back to that first rung after a pathetically small climb higher. Seats in their little inclosure are only twopence, and at that most of the audience gathers outside and upon the promenade above; the pinch of poverty must often give an odd, contradictory note to the strident gaiety. Rogues and vagabonds they are as of old, the sweepings of the stage, cast into the very sink of the theater—but if the beach is to induce dismal philosophizing it must be quitted for the promenade above, for the great, stately town that lies for miles along the sea.

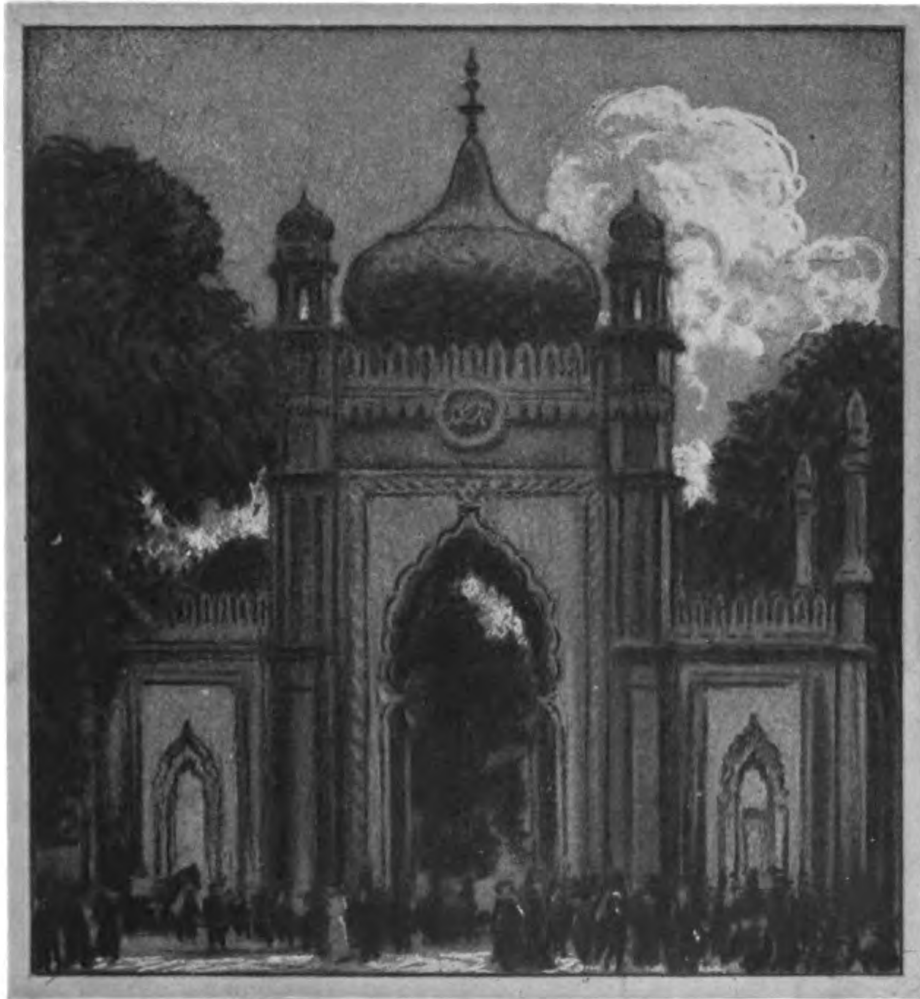
Even in summer, when the beach is given up to some such vulgar turmoil as has been indicated, Brighton itself preserves its air of dignity, of solid wealth, of inherited traditions. It is never for a moment the mere goal of excursionists, of "trippers"; it is not even simply a collection of hotels. It is a great town, with a permanent population of nearly one hundred and seventy thousand. It is not a port, nor a manufacturing place, nor even an agricultural center; it is a residential town "for gentlemen and families," as the familiar phrase is. It abounds in schools and school-children,

in retired civil servants, Indian officials, and military men. It is full of well-connected invalids, and widows in snowy caps. The hotels at certain times and seasons contain much that is gay, fashionable, sporting, and racketsy—Brighton is London, and it is England; above all, it is an open-minded watering-place, and everything is fish that comes to its net. But the ultimate impression of it is—as indeed the ultimate impression of England still is—one of respectability, of solid wealth—(dowdy clothes and a heavy butcher's bill)—even of religion.

It is true that the stately terraces of Georgian houses are in a grander manner; they were built for the world of folly and fashion, for the nobility and landed gentry, for the days, in short, when one went to Brighton rather than retired to it. People do not, as they once did, possess a "marine mansion" to which they transport themselves and their households for their season at Brighton; instead they have a house in which they live for the best part of the year. The glory is perhaps a little gone. But happily architecture lasts. While Brunswick Terrace and Brunswick Square still stand, and Lewes Crescent looks across its green park toward the sea, Brighton will have a grandeur, a distinguished air which no seaside watering-place in the world can hope to equal.



AT LOW TIDE

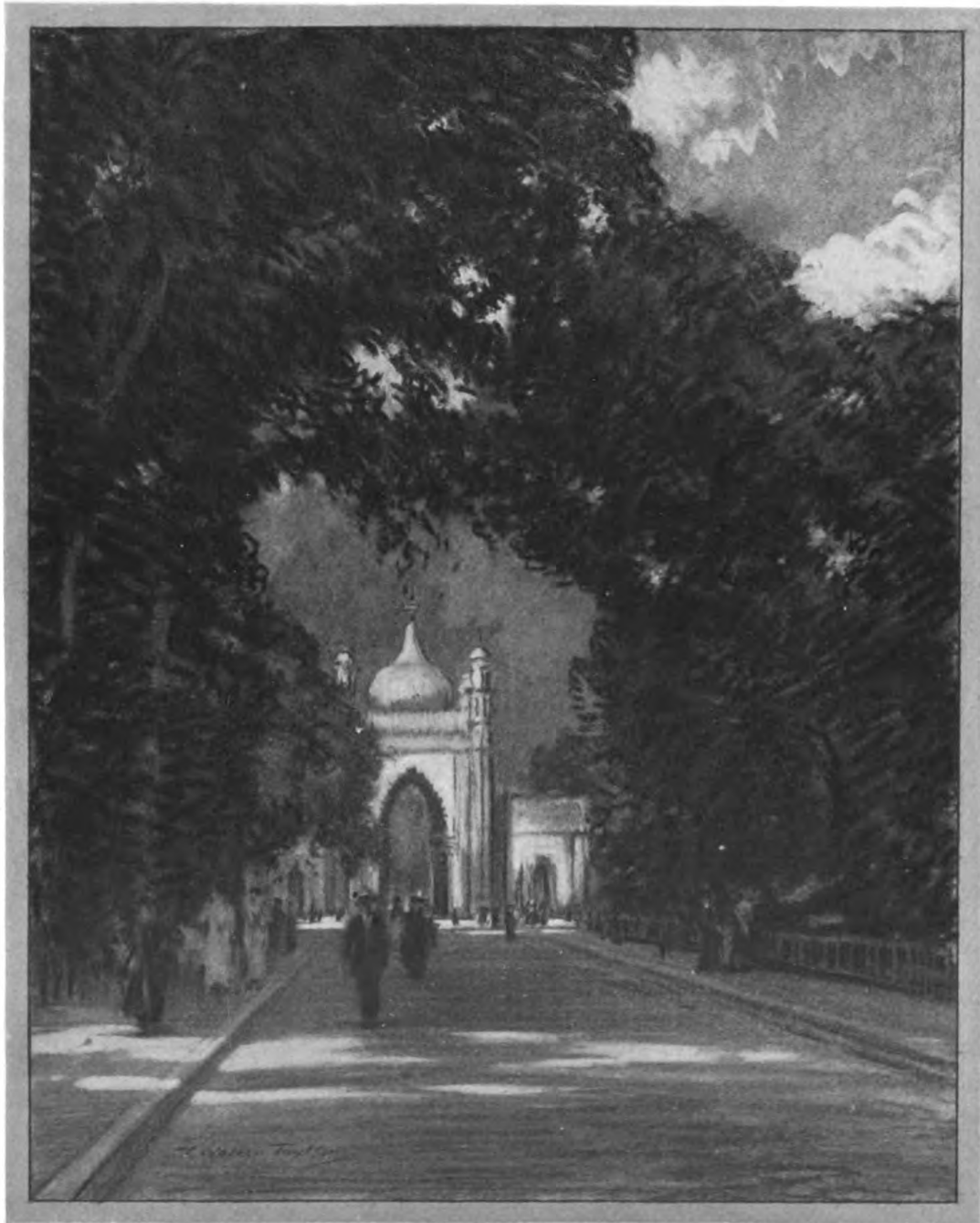


NORTH GATE OF THE ROYAL PAVILION

The center of the sea-front, the space that lies between the two piers, is almost all hotels. Some of them are huge modern structures, others are pleasant survivals from mid-nineteenth-century days. Beyond, both east and west, lie long stretches of creamy, ochre-colored houses. Toward the west the town is called Hove (this is even a separate incorporation); toward the east, Kemptown. Hove is very stately; its terraces and squares lie back from the sea with the broad space of "The Lawns" between. At the Kemptown end the town climbs toward the Downs, and the Marine Parade runs along the cliff's edge, till, at the highest point, Lewes Crescent curves back in a great, generous sweep of noble mansions facing the sun. Below the cliff is an arcaded promenade, sheltered and warm, with ivy growing close upon the great

sea-wall at its back. It is called, quaintly and pleasantly, the Madeira Walk, as if its protected, mild airs in this Northern island made one think of those lovely tropic isles toward which Brighton looks south. The tide of new growth has flowed west, and the level promenade by the Hove Lawns attracts the crowd. It is on the Marine Parade, in consequence, that one somehow is left most alone with memories.

The sun shines, an occasional fat horse pulls a dowager in a trim Victoria, a governess passes with some children, or a knickerbockered young man swings his way toward the golf course. The glass in the bow-windows is very clean and bright, the paint on the doorways very fresh and polished. Within these cream-colored houses there is, one instinctively feels, a calm, serene, and ordered life



ROYAL PAVILION GARDENS

and English comfort, that *confort anglais* which is recognized by even her Gallic friends as Albion's most perfect product. It would be difficult to stroll toward Kemptown of a fine morning without feeling at least an instant's longing to retire to some such happy, trim corner of the world where one might sit with a good book before the open fire of a Georgian drawing-room, and then, step-

ping to the window, look south upon the blue sea, and west toward the town and the ceaseless stream that promenades the King's Road.

This stream upon the King's Road, along the long front of Brighton, is, making due allowance for the hours necessarily given to sleep, literally ceaseless. For here at Brighton was invented the all-year-round season, founded on the

nineteenth century's fine imaginative flight, the idea of the winter by the sea. The eighteenth century and the early nineteenth had worn off the novelty of "drinking the waters" at any of the English spas, and the moment had come for the belief in seaside sun and air.

Talk about the weather is a universal recreation, but it is only in England that it is carried to its subtlest perfection. In this matter of the varying quality of air our British cousins put us to shame. In America we recognize mountain air and sea air, and with luck can tell fresh air when we inhale it. But in England expert breathers, to take but one example, can, upon the Kentish coast, detect an amazing difference between the air of Margate and of Westgate, though these two watering-places are only two miles apart and have apparently identical situations and outlooks. Of course, Margate is one of the crowded heavens of the cockney excursionist, and Westgate a quiet, would-be-exclusive, and aristocratic resort; yet even a scoffer dislikes to believe that this can explain why the air of Margate is too "strong" for Westgate—or is it not strong enough? Air is "strong," it is "lowering," it is this and that. It is affected by the soil that underlies it, by the vegetation that springs from it, by the very birds, one would almost say, that wheel through it in their flight. But with Londoners it is almost an article of faith that the air of that bit of Sussex shore where Brighton lies is excellent. "Kind, cheerful, merry Dr. Brighton," Thackeray called the town, and was willing to concede to George IV. that "myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing it."

In the summer the hotels are quiet; they say that last year one of the most stately and old-fashioned of all sheltered late in August seventy-five servants and one guest! But they fill as the clouds creep over London's autumn sky and as the Brighton season rises to the crowded climax of Easter-time. Philadelphia, with something permanently British in its habits, reproduces faintly upon the board-walk at Atlantic City something of this spring-time exodus. But most Americans have little or no understanding of that imperious necessity which drives the modern Londoner to the coun-

try at Christmas, at Easter, and again at Whitsuntide. Indeed, who in America even knows when Whitsunday comes?

Brighton at Easter is full, literally. Every hotel bedroom is secured, every lodging taken. Even the strange kennels in the arches are open for a spring breath of air, and occupied by three times as many people as they have any right to contain. The theaters on the piers have special attractions, and bands play several times a day. Breaks and char-à-bancs ply gaily to the surrounding villages. The King's Road and the promenade by the Lawns of Hove are a solid stream of folk walking in the crisp southwest breeze. And the crush at tea-time almost baffles description.

The British appetite yields to necessity at lunch or at dinner; at crowded times the hours of these meals may be varied. But somewhere between half-past four and five England deprived of her tea would be like a tigress bereft of her young. In popular places, like the Winter Garden of the Hôtel Metropole, where hundreds of richly attired ladies and their admiring male escorts wish simultaneously to partake of their favorite cup, the attendant confusion, in a kind of dimly lit tropic jungle, is tremendous and exhilarating. Indeed, ladies have been known to find the excitement and pleasure of life in one of the big modern Brighton hotels at Easter-time so great that upon arrival they put on their best high-heeled slippers and never leave their hostelry till they drive to the returning London train. But the majority, between meals at least, go forth to sniff the air.

At night, even in spring, the sea breeze may be mild, and if you are exceptionally lucky, as some lady sadly ignorant of the astronomical basis of the church's calendar observed, there may be a full moon at Easter. The rival piers are illuminated, and over the gently heaving waves, on the lee side of the pavilion, the band plays while the crowds stroll to and fro watching the moonlit sea and the lights of Brighton flashing in a long line. Piers have been England's contribution to the art—or science—of building seaside watering-places. Near the spot where the Palace Pier stands, there was, in the middle of the last century, a famous "chain pier"—

on the now familiar principle of the suspension bridge—a wonder in its day. Its site is marked by some quaint, small houses with odd, green-latticed balconies from which doubtless ladies in crinoline used to watch the arrival of the Dieppe packet at the pier. The Dieppe boats no longer touch at Brighton, and crinoline has not yet come back in fashion, but a pier still sustains pleasure-seekers above the waves.

The modern Brighton hotels, agreeable though they are, are too much like London establishments to interest the idler in search of the picturesque. But in the older inns he will easily strike the trail that will lead his imagination straight back to the period when the rival “assemblies” at The Old Ship and The Castle were the supreme elegance of England, and a Master of Ceremonies, solemnly chosen and handsomely paid, ruled social life in Brighton.

Of the actual eighteenth-century splendors there remains little in the hotels, though the “Telemachus Room” at The Old Ship is indeed of this period. But reminders of it are numerous. Many of the hotels are filled with old mahogany shining with years of polishing, with quaint, old pictures, and with English servants—this, in the modern England of German waiters, the final touch of picturesqueness. Inns may still be found the cellars of which contain old Madeira, Canary, and even “brown brandy.” This last, a kind of cognac darkened with caramel, was still much in vogue early in the last century; the fortunate wanderer in England who finds it in any public house may know, by this test, that he has discovered a corner of the land where old traditions survive and good drinking still lives.

The wise traveler in England will in his eating try to discover authentic British cheer, not “French kickshaws” from across the Channel—the Gallic cuisine always suffers a sad sea change when transferred to these Northern islands. Fish fresh from the boats on the beach, shoulders of Southdown mutton from the green uplands near by, cold meat and game and oyster pies, fruit tarts swimming with that thick English cream—these should sustain life in Brighton, and put one in the mood to

catch and enjoy to the full the British flavor of her inns, where for one hundred years and more every famous man of England and every famous character of English fiction have been lodged. Thackeray stayed at Mutton’s Hotel, and George Osborne and Amelia upon their wedding trip at The Old Ship—are not the two memories equally true and charming? Every street of the town, every yard of the sea-front, is rich in such associations. And when one has caught the vision of Georgian and Victorian Brighton, even slighter facts grow significant. Markwell’s Royal Hotel, for example, stands on the site of the famous Mahomed’s Baths, where the distinguished Oriental proprietor introduced shampooing into England! His tomb in St. Nicholas’s churchyard might well be the object of a barber’s pilgrimage.

English phraseology, even modern, has always, for the American, an odd, quaint, Victorian charm. Two trifling instances are extracted from a Brighton note-book. Tickets to bathe from the West Pier “are to be obtained at the Galvanic Pavilion,” which, on investigation, proved to be a small booth containing an electric battery such as all over the world, at circuses and village fairs, administer shocks to small boys and countrymen at a modest price. Also there may be transcribed a sign, hanging near the entrance of the Bedford Hotel, which has amused many who were unable to comply with it. “Guests are requested to lead dogs through the Hall” it reads, and it is humbly submitted that in its own small way the injunction might have amused George IV. himself.

Inevitably one comes back to the Royal Gentleman who gave Brighton its vogue. And it is perhaps too long to have waited before speaking of the Old Steine and the Pavilion, where, indeed, is to be found the quintessence of all that Georgian age. From the sea-front across the green of the Steine you can catch glimpses of the Oriental domes and minarets of the Royal Marine Residence which is the great sight of Brighton, and one of the oddest, most fantastic, and most agreeable of the whole world.

History at Brighton really begins with George III.’s eldest son. Before that, Anne of Cleves, divorced by Henry

VIII., had lived for a few years at the near-by manor of Preston. And Charles II. lay at the King's Head in what is now West Street the night before he escaped to France. It was not, however, until George III.'s Heir Apparent chose the town as his favorite residence that its fortunes were firmly linked with those of royalty. It is true that, before the rising sun thus shone upon the fishing-village, Bright-helmstone had already some pretensions to being a resort of fashion. The Steine was already fringed with gentlemen's houses, the Castle Tavern, and the "libraries" where the world of Brighton lounged, bought books occasionally, took lottery tickets, played mild games of "pam," and gossiped always. The fishermen still dried their nets, as of old, upon the Steine, but they now disputed the possession of its pathways with elegantly attired ladies. The Duke of Marlborough had a Brighton residence, and the Duke of Cumberland, the King's brother, honored the village with his presence. The Thrales had a house there and were visited by Fanny Burney and the great Dr. Johnson. The lexicographer went one evening to the Assembly Rooms, saying that the night before, sitting at home alone, he had been so dull that "a ball could not be worse." Indeed, a fair start had been made of the amazing visitor's list which is not ended yet; Brighton had already, as it were, premonitions of its future greatness.

On Sunday, September 7, 1783, the Prince of Wales arrived for his visit to Brighton, and despite the sanctity of the day there was a grand illumination of the town and fireworks at night. The Heir Apparent was in high spirits, enjoyed himself hugely, and expressed himself as so delighted with the town that he hoped to pay it a second visit. In fact, until 1827 he passed a portion of each year there; it is Brighton's golden period.

The Pavilion, which was variously termed the Marine Pavilion, the Marine Palace, and the Royal Pavilion, underwent constant enlargements and alterations, its owner evidently feeling that the cut of one's house as of one's coat should change with the fashion. The Pavilion did not assume its present appearance until 1823. Its Orientalism is due to the happy chance that his Royal

Highness was presented with some fine Chinese wall-paper. A Chinese gallery was contrived for it, and the King, as he now was—again be it said happily for later generations, was convinced that this style of architecture and decoration so completely suited his taste that he immediately remodeled his whole residence in this Eastern manner.

The stern critics of the nineteenth century were very hard on the poor, foolish Pavilion; they denounced it roundly as an abomination and a horror. We may be kinder now. Indeed, *chinoiserie* of every sort are again the fashion. Being the fashion proves nothing, of course, but it at least allows the twentieth-century loungeur to take the keenest pleasure in this odd mixture of the last century and far Cathay. Minarets and domes in a dignified Georgian town are preposterous, of course—fantastic, wrong if you like. But they make very vivid the period and its frivolity. It seems only natural that George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, Sheridan, the wild Barrymore brothers, with all the wits, roisterers, fops, and fair ladies of the day, should have trod the greensward by some such edifice. It took the late nineteenth century to feel afresh the charm of the eighteenth; it is becoming easy to see that this new twentieth century will soon adore the early nineteenth. And then the façade of the Brighton Pavilion will be as much admired, perhaps, as it once was reviled. It is pleasant, at any rate, to record that as far back as the '50's America paid its tribute of admiration, when Mr. P. T. Barnum built his house "Iranistan" at Bridgeport, Connecticut, modeling it architecturally upon George IV.'s marine residence.

The interior of the Pavilion is as fantastic as the exterior, and was equally abhorrent to those stern earlier critics. The Western monarch playing at Oriental potentate probably comes as far from the real thing decoratively as the Eastern Sultan pretending to be a European King. The rooms of the Pavilion are in a style or lack of style which cannot please the purist in architecture. They are exuberant, lavish, rich in color, and extravagant in design. Bamboos and palms grow in strange places and serve strange structural needs. Queer birds fly across

the walls. Dragons lean down from the ceilings and hold in their claws huge crystal chandeliers upon which, in turn, minor monsters frolic and exotic water-lilies lie as upon the bosom of some placid lake. Everywhere serpents writhe and lovely flowers bloom. Pagodas sparkle in the light from oddly shaped windows of stained glass. Gold gleams and red glows in rich, dusky corners. Tiny bells hang from gilded cornices, and shy beasts hide behind fretted traceries. It is all barbaric, riotous, phantasmagoric; but it is a dream of the Arabian Nights come true. Fill it, in your imagination, with all the rugs and hangings, the cabinets, the porcelains, the curios of its earlier days, people it with the gallant rowdy gentlemen and the gay lovely ladies of its youth, and you may make of the Brighton Pavilion an intensely romantic structure, a mirage, an enchanted castle of some Eastern tale.

There is, of course, more to be obtained from the Pavilion than this first bewildering effect. The *chinoiserie*s of the Georgian painters are in some cases wholly delightful. The dull-red panels of the music-room, with Chinese scenes in yellow and gold, are very charming. Indeed, here and there, all over the building, are good paintings and admirable bits of decoration; there is plenty of material to use in a defense of the Pavilion's real artistic value. But it shall be left, unvexed by such controversy, to the care of the corporation to which it now belongs. The Sailor King, William, and the great and respectable Victoria never felt quite at ease living there. It passed to the town and to the memory of George the Fourth. He is still at home there, Brighton's great patron. Even Thackeray, when he was to deliver his famous—and uncomplimentary—lecture upon "The First Gentleman of Europe," felt it was better he should not speak at the Pavilion—he "didn't like to abuse a man in his own house."

Something of Thackeray's feeling still persists. One likes at Brighton to think of the mad pranks upon the Steine, the fantastic foot-races, the wild wagers, the cock-fights, the boxing-matches—where royalty's manners were so easy with "The Fancy"—the extravagant betting on horses, the high play at Raggett's

Club, even the adventures of Major Hanger, Sir John Lade, and the Barrymore brothers—"Cripplegate" and "Hellgate"—as merely so much fun and frolic. (The chronicle of Brighton gossip is endless, and is not to be attempted here; the more famous episodes, such as Barrymore's riding his horse up the staircase to the top story of Mrs. Fitzherbert's house, are already familiar to most people.) At Brighton—as, indeed, perhaps everywhere—one is charitable to Mrs. Fitzherbert, to "Perdita," who was the only woman George IV. ever really loved, and who was undoubtedly married to him. She moves through Brighton history a graceful, rather appealing figure. The town's chronicle is indeed almost always gay; only one really sad memory disturbs it, that of George's unhappy Queen, who came to the Pavilion on her honeymoon and left it after a brief stay never to return.

Near the Pavilion is a circular Oriental structure which was once the stables, and sheltered the royal horses—they should have been Arabian chargers—in great magnificence. It is now converted into a concert-hall and called the Dome—one thinks at once of Kubla Khan. The riding-school is now the Corn Exchange. Beyond, once lay the Promenade Gardens, a place of elegant resort, where various entertainments were provided, including "public breakfasts" at which royalty appeared.

Even in those days, as now, there seems to have been a deal of promenading in Brighton. Americans who have never been in England, if such still exist, sometimes think of our English cousins as so devoted to athletic sport that almost violently they give every moment to it. Brighton might be to any such a revelation, it is so contented with strolling and sitting, with just being at the sea and taking the air.

Racing is, of course, almost indigenous in the Down country, and the summer race meetings at Brighton, Lewes, and Goodwood make what is called "the Sussex fortnight" a busy, noisy part of the year. Even if there is no racing going on, you will find Brighton always a bit horsy. A cabman driving the traveler to the station was responsible for a long account of a cabby of an earlier

day who accumulated a tidy sum by selling tips on the races to his unsophisticated fares, and retired for his old age to a snug, small house which he named, in gratitude, "Mugs' Cottage"!

When the history of the decline and disappearance of the horse comes to be written, the Brighton chapters will be of great importance. In coaching days the racket and clatter of horses about the town must have been tremendous. At one time there were more than sixty coaches regularly arriving at Brighton each day. There is a whole literature about these lively times, and it is not hard, after browsing in book-stalls and old print-shops, to imagine Castle Square and the turmoil before the Red, the Blue, and the Spread Eagle coaching offices, to hear the horns sound and the whips crack.

Indeed, Brighton for the writer is full always of temptations to the historical passage. Also Brighton goes on with such a steady flow toward the twenty-first century that every day, even now, one sees the town become historical. In this English atmosphere quaintness still seems to come upon things easily. Last summer there was a mild excitement over the wedding of the oldest clown in England, who for more than thirty-five years had directed a troupe of trained dogs on the West Pier! Where in the world but in Brighton could such a person as "an oldest clown" exist? Where, indeed, at

what other seaside place, is one assailed by such a cloud of memories, does one walk in such air, with the tang of mingled sea salt and history in it?

All such picturesque meditation, however, is perhaps only for the sentimental transatlantic traveler. England comes to Brighton for the Brighton of to-day. And there are many moments when to-day is quite good enough, when, indeed, there is nothing much better than a table by a window of the coffee-room of some respectable hotel on the King's Road at dinner-time. If it is early summer, the sun will be setting tranquilly beyond a placid Western sea. On the calm water lie a few fishing-boats, with red-brown sails, not the colors of the Venetian lagoons, but the coarser, stronger tints of the Thames and of the Channel and of England, always England. Below the majestic terrace of the sea-wall lies the beach with its myriad activities, its auction sales of mackerel, its "niggers," its venturesome small boys undressing to take the season's first dip. At your side the waiter offers you a grilled sole, a cut from the joint, and an apple-tart. He places by your side a tankard of the best English ale. You settle to watch the throng outside promenading forever along the sea. You realize that not only was it good to be in Brighton in the days when George IV. was King, but that it is good to be there now.

Transgression

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I MEANT to do my work to-day,—
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?

The Silver Pencil

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

INSPECTOR JOLY had always maintained that conclusions were more important than stability. Not to change one's opinion under the pressure of evidence was the proof of mediocrity. Yet, after voluntarily retiring from active service and acquiring that suburban retreat which had so long been a dream, not for worlds would he have admitted to Madame Joly that any disappointment lurked in the dream's realization.

Monrepos certainly was not responsible for the disappointment. The reality coincided in all respects with the dream. In one, as in the other, on opening the gate between the high inclosing walls, one saw a straight walk, freshly graveled and bordered with box, on one side of which was the fountain with the goldfish, and on the other the arbor where he was now sitting; and at the end of the walk that house, a little naked as yet, being fresh from the hands of the architect, to which he had looked forward as a very heaven of rest.

Surveying this heaven, M. Joly said to himself: "It appears one is happy only in remembering or in anticipating. That being the case, since I have nothing more to anticipate, I am like the moon, one side of which is in perpetual darkness—and the other," he added, with a sigh, "shines only by reflected light."

Sitting opposite him, the Curé of St. Médard, who had come to spend the day and found Monrepos to his liking, was almost asleep. No master of ceremonies would have presented these two to each other with the idea that either could afford the other a moment of pleasure. It amazed M. Joly that so superior a woman as Madame Joly should have such a confessor. It also amused him—for what could a woman like Madame Joly possibly have to confess?

"Monsieur le Curé," he said, abruptly, "after Paradise, what?"

"After Paradise," stammered the Curé, rousing himself, "there is nothing. Para-

dise is the sum of all things, the realization of every dream."

"In that case," replied M. Joly, "I advise you on going there to hold a few dreams in reserve, lest even Paradise prove wearisome."

The Curé relapsed into silence. To disturb his state of mental repose was for M. Joly an irresistible delight. He also dearly loved the Curé's arguments, drawn from sources which reminded him how old was human thought. But the Curé's eyes were closing again. M. Joly observed him a moment meditatively, then walked down the gravel path toward the gate.

Just within, among the vines on the wall, hung a bell. In the earlier days of his retirement, its call from the outer world had awakened in his breast emotions of curiosity and hope. But he had long since realized that the stream of life does not tarry to converse with what it has cast up on its banks. Observing this bell, hampered by encroaching vines and yellow with rust, M. Joly was muttering to himself, "A symbol of oblivion and decay!" when suddenly, as if in indignant denial, it began to ring violently.

"Come now," he said, ironically, "what joke are you up to?"

For answer the bell rang again, this time with a tone of imperious impatience. At this second summons he opened the gate, to find himself looking into a pair of blue eyes.

Instantly he dived down into the depths of memory and brought up two pictures: one of a woman crumbling bread to the fishes over the railing of the garden of the Hôtel d'Italie et d'Angleterre in Freyr, the other of this same woman ordering his breakfast on the terrace of Madame de Caraman's villa in Bourg-la-Reine.

"Madame de Wimpffen!" he exclaimed.

A smile of pleasure came into the blue eyes.

"I am so glad to find you, Monsieur

Joly. May I come in? You have not forgotten me in all these years?"

His thought was that no one could possibly forget her, but in his momentary embarrassment he said:

"That is not to my credit, I have such a good memory."

She answered him with her bright, understanding smile as she stepped within the gate.

"Where may I speak with you?—here, on this seat by the wall? Shall we sit down here? Will you please tell the coachman to wait?" And when he had delivered the message and closed the gate, "Sit down, please, Monsieur Joly"—making room for him—"something has occurred which made me wish to consult you. You see, I, too, deserve no credit, having also a good memory."

He took the proffered seat, a little awkwardly, crossing his hands as usual over his waistcoat, experiencing at the same time that feeling of mingled admi-

ration and intimacy which this woman had inspired once before.

"You remember the mysterious disappearance of my cousin Célimène's necklace," began Diane, digging the tip of her parasol into the gravel. "Well, yesterday, on my return from Bourg-la-Reine, where my husband and I were making my cousin a visit, I found a little mystery of my own."

She paused a moment, and M. Joly leaned back against the wall to gain a fuller command of her face.

"Our apartment is on the Boulevard Haussmann, No. 190. During our absence some one has been searching it—I say searching," she repeated with emphasis, "because nothing was taken. On the contrary, something was left. Examine this, please. I found it among my lingerie, in my chiffonier."

He took the small silver pencil which she held out to him, and, turning it slowly over in his hand, read the words



THE CURÉ OF ST. MÉDARD FOUND MONREPOS TO HIS LIKING

"L. Pichon, Inspecteur," engraved on the side. "What carelessness!" he thought. But he said nothing.

"Perhaps you will say," she went on, "that it does not follow because Monsieur Pichon's pencil is found in the drawer of my chiffonier that Monsieur Pichon himself left it there. But I have made inquiries. First, of the concierge, who says two men, workmen, came with a permit duly authorized by the police to inspect the electric installation in our rooms. But the electric company deny that any such inspection has been ordered. What I wish to know," she said, lifting her eyes to his, "is what Monsieur Pichon was doing in my apartment. Naturally I thought to write my husband, who remained for a few days at Bourg-la-Reine. Then I said to myself: 'No, he will be furious—he will return at once, and his vacation will be spoiled. I will first consult that Monsieur Joly who found my cousin Célimène's diamonds.' But it seems"—her eyes were still studying his face—"that you are no longer at the Prefecture."

"That makes no difference," he said, with superb disregard for the Paradise of Monrepos.

"At first I was indignant. Then I reflected. When the police search, it is because some one is suspected. Who? Of what? I am consulting you professionally, Monsieur Joly."

He waited for her to go on.

"There is Valérie, my maid, who has been with me since I left the convent—"

"Madame," interrupted M. Joly, protestingly, "I am not one of those persons who believe that to extinguish the lights is to make one's neighbor a thief. And in the case of a mystery, which so resembles darkness, I refuse to entertain suspicions whose only foundation is our own mystification. Let us begin by ascertaining what my friend Pichon has got into his head."

"Oh, you know Monsieur Pichon?"

"Intimately."

"And you will see him?"

He rose. "At once."

"How good you are!" she cried impetuously; "will you accept a seat in my carriage, Monsieur Joly?"

"I am afraid," he said, smiling, "Madame drives too rapidly for an old tor-

toise who between here and the Boulevard du Palais must have time to reflect."

One foot on the step of the carriage, she turned: "You approve of my not writing my husband?"

"Absolutely."

"Wait"—as he closed the door,—"My card."

"You forget the good memory. Boulevard Haussmann, 190."

She laughed, and he signed to the coachman.

He watched the carriage till it disappeared beyond the turn in the road, then stood gazing thoughtfully up the gravel path of Monrepos. The Curé was still sleeping in the arbor. The bees were droning above the parterres. The goldfish, motionless, lay in the shadow of the stone coping.

"Come now, friend Pichon," he said, closing the gate of Paradise behind him, "let us see about this pencil."

An hour later he descended from the omnibus in the Boulevard du Palais. It was raining and he had no umbrella. Buttoning up his coat and lowering his head, he made a dash for the archway of the Prefecture. Although the clock in the Bureau of the Prefect struck only three times, the lamp on the Prefect's desk was burning, the sudden summer storm having enveloped the city in mid-afternoon darkness. Except for the circle of light under the green shade the room was in shadow. In this shadow, midway between the desk and the door, stood Pichon, lately promoted to the grade of inspector in place of Joly, resigned.

Pichon was often taciturn because he had so much to say. That his silence on this occasion was due to other causes was clear from his abject appearance. Under the gaze of the Prefect his figure seemed to grow smaller and to retreat still farther into the shadow.

"So, no progress."

The Prefect's voice was cold, and Pichon remained silent. It was true, he had made no progress. The Prefect went to the window. Through the veils of the falling rain lights were beginning to appear in the neighboring buildings.

"What a pity Monsieur Joly took it into his head to retire. You used to work together so admirably."



"DURING OUR ABSENCE SOME ONE HAS BEEN SEARCHING OUR APARTMENT"

Pichon winced. Watching the Prefect's form dimly outlined against the window, he had the sensation of being slowly effaced, of no longer counting for anything.

"How often it happens that a good soldier makes a poor general."

Unable to dispute the truth of this aphorism, Pichon contented himself with shifting his weight uneasily from one foot to the other. At that moment the Prefect, drumming absent-mindedly on the window-pane, in the flash of lightning which illumined the room for an instant saw a man, struggling with the storm, crossing the Boulevard du Palais.

"The devil!" he exclaimed; "and to think there are people who refuse to credit miracles!"

Pichon, mystified, pricked up his ears. Any miracle which would put an end to his misery was welcome.

"Speaking of Monsieur Joly, be so good as to say I wish to speak to him."

Pichon's mystification changed to astonishment. One would think M. Joly was in the next room! He stared at the Prefect in a sort of stupor.

"I will look for him, Monsieur le Préfet," he stammered, collecting himself.

"That is unnecessary. You will find him on the stairway or in the ante-room."

As he went softly out the door Pichon was aware that his chief was smiling, and the sense of effacement deepened. In the corridor at the head of the stairs, to his amazement he saw M. Joly, and from force of habit touched his hat.

"Monsieur le Préfet has sent for you," he said.

"Well, you see I am coming," replied M. Joly.

While standing before the Prefect's desk, his hat in his hand, as he had so often stood before, M. Joly had the time to speculate a little. He reasoned that

if he was sent for it was because he was wanted, and that if he was wanted it was because some one had failed—which accounted for the dejected countenance of Pichon. Well acquainted with the little mannerisms of his former chief, he waited patiently. Watching the quill pen traveling to and fro in the circle of light under the green shade, he said to himself, "At the end of the fifth line he will stop." But at the end of the fifth line the pen began a new journey. "Ah!" thought M. Joly, "it is something serious."

At last the pen paused and M. Levigne looked up.

"It is you, Monsieur Joly? So the prodigal returns."

M. Joly was silent.

"It was not by chance, I suppose, that of all the doorways in Paris you should choose that of the Prefecture to escape the rain."

"Monsieur le Préfet, if I sought shelter within the walls of the Prefecture it was not because I expected to find there a fatted calf."

M. Levigne moved the lamp to the edge of the table and leaned back in his chair.

"What a lucky dog you are, Monsieur Joly! Here am I beset with perplexities, while you can pass your days in repose without a care. You call it Monrepos, do you not? An excellent name."

"He will continue in this manner two minutes yet," thought M. Joly, "then he will come to the point."

"But what astonishes me is that a man who possesses such advantages should be wandering about the streets of Paris like a dog without a home."

"It is not necessary to remind Monsieur le Préfet that a dog is the most faithful of animals."

The Prefect lifted the green shade from the lamp, which now cast its light full on their faces. "Good!" said M. Joly to himself, "we shall now know something."

"Monsieur Joly, there is a wine-shop on the corner of the Rue de la Colombe which has a room where one may converse quietly with a friend. I recommend you to go there and to take with you Pichon—who is in need of advice."

M. Joly did not move.

"Well," said the Prefect.

"Monsieur le Préfet, there is a condition."

"Ah, there is a condition?"

"That I have *carte blanche*."

"Come, come," replied M. Levigne, pushing toward him on the table the sheet on which he had been writing, "that goes without saying."

M. Joly folded the precious paper tranquilly, deposited it carefully in the pocket of his waistcoat, then, seeing the Prefect's pen beginning its travels again, stole noiselessly from the room.

Tormented with anxiety, Pichon was pacing the corridor.

"It is such a pleasure to see you again, old friend!" cried M. Joly, linking his arm in his. "How goes it? You are well? Really, to see you is like a draught of old wine. What do you say, shall we have a little chat together as formerly in the café of the Rue de la Colombe? We see each other so rarely."

"Then you do not remain with us?" said Pichon, as they went down the stairs.

"I, remain? What an idea! To risk my skin a hundred times a year for nine hundred francs! You are joking, Pichon."

"That is true," admitted Pichon, his anxiety somewhat appeased. "Nine hundred francs is very little."

"It is worse than nothing. If you are not paid at all, you receive a gold medal for a fine action. But if this action is paid for, you are not even noticed. It is impossible to be a hero when one is a mercenary."

"I had not thought of that," said Pichon; "but not every man's wife," he added, mournfully, "is so fortunate as to receive a legacy like Madame Joly."

"That is what the Prefect said to me. 'Monsieur Joly,' he said, 'you are a lucky dog.'"

As they crossed the open space before Notre Dame Pichon's anxiety returned.

"I do not deny," continued M. Joly, "that sometimes, when I remember—we have had some interesting quarter-hours together, eh, Pichon? Tell me"—entering the Café de l'Espérance and pushing open the door to the room in the rear—"tell me, is there anything interesting going on at this moment?"

"There is always something interesting going on," Pichon replied, moodily. "Not ten minutes ago the Prefect said to me it was a pity you had resigned."

"Really," exclaimed M. Joly, leading the way to a quiet corner, "he said that? You amaze me."

Pichon sank into a chair. "But since these things interest you no longer—" he said, plunging his hands into the deep pockets of his loose trousers.

"Messieurs?" inquired the waiter.

"Ah, Joseph, it is you? A *sirop de groseille*, if you please. And you, Pichon, a *fine champagne*, as formerly?"

Pichon nodded.

"What you say is quite true," resumed M. Joly when they were alone again; "these things interest me no longer. Do you remember that little girl they called Dorante whom we found at the Restaurant des Tournelles in that affair of the Bank of France? She has become my own flesh and blood. I am teaching her the history of France. In the month of May we go into the woods for primroses. A small hand slips into yours and you break with the habits of a lifetime. No, my friend"—shaking his head—"it is finished."

Moving his glass uneasily to and fro over the table, Pichon observed him doubtfully. Distrust of himself, the longing to profit by the experience of a superior intelligence, and a sudden resurgence of loyalty were working in his brain. Against this tide he struggled for a moment, then set his glass down sharply.

"Comrade," he said, abruptly, "I am in a fix."

"You need money, Pichon?" asked M. Joly, sympathetically.

Pichon dismissed the suggestion with a wave of his hand.

"A document has disappeared from the Ministry of War"—he paused in order that this fact might have time to sink into the mind of his listener—"an important document which has to do with the mobilization of the army. This document was deposited in the safe of a room occupied by Colonel de Wimpffen, a safe of which he only"—another pause—"and General Texier of the staff possessed the combination. On the morning of August 13th Colonel de Wimpffen and his wife go to Bourg-la-Reine to pass a

few days with a cousin. On the 14th General Texier takes it into his head to consult this document. He opens the safe. The document in question has taken wing. He sends for the Prefect. The Prefect sends for me—and where we began, there we are now."

He stopped, took a turn up and down the room, shrugged his shoulders, and dropped into his chair.

"But you have a theory," said M. Joly; "develop your theory, Pichon."

"There is but one theory," replied Pichon, testily. "Two men possess the key to a combination. One is above suspicion. There remains the other."

"What a devil of a logician you are, Pichon! You subtract one from two and one remains."

Pichon shook his head. "Logic is a fine thing, Monsieur Joly, but sentiment is still finer. This De Wimpffen is a friend of General Texier, who knows him from childhood. He served with him in Africa. He is the soul of honor! We have heard such arguments before," and Pichon shrugged his shoulders again, disdainfully.

"In the operation of subtracting one from two," observed M. Joly, thoughtfully, "there is always the question which of the two is the remainder."

"Oh, of that there is no doubt. Think of it! A general of the staff!"

"In that case, since this remainder is the soul of honor—one consults a man of honor."

"*Parbleu!* They have sent for him. He arrives to-morrow."

M. Joly's hands clasped over his waistcoat. "And you, Pichon, what have *you* done?"

Pichon took another turn in the room, then planted himself squarely before his companion.

"To consult an innocent man is to learn nothing. A guilty man denies. Why, then, consult him at all?"

M. Joly nodded approvingly. "I understand. So you put his soul of honor under your microscope. Tell us what you have discovered, Pichon."

"Nothing. His correspondence?—he has none. His friends?—irreproachable. His desk, his apartment?—not a straw."

"And then?" pursued M. Joly, encouragingly.



"I AM TEACHING HER THE HISTORY OF FRANCE"

Pichon hesitated.

"I will tell you," he replied, the desire to prove his adroitness overcoming his caution: "when a man is not suspected he becomes careless. This man is *not* careless. But when a man knows that he is suspected, he becomes troubled—that is, he makes mistakes. I learned that Madame de Wimpffen was to return to Paris alone, and I had an idea." M. Joly's hands tightened. "I said: 'I will leave my tracks in the den of the fox—I will make them so plain that even a woman can see them—and this woman, alarmed, perplexed, will hasten to show them to her husband—and this husband, seeing that the hounds are on the trail, will betray himself.'"

"Really, Pichon, I had no idea you were capable of such cleverness."

Pichon's face wore a smile of self-satisfaction. "To-morrow," he said, significantly—"to-morrow we shall see something."

"Has it occurred to you," said M. Joly, after a pause, "that a man, distrustful of his memory—figures are so elusive—should make a note of a combination?—a note which falls into the hands of another?"

"Why?" retorted Pichon, obstinately; "to what end? Two men do not forget, or, if that be so, which is improbable, in

an emergency a safe can always be broken open."

"Forgive me, another question: no one occupied this room with Monsieur de Wimpffen?"

"Yes, a clerk, one Bulow—an old man whose nose is in his papers from morning till night. He lives in the Rue Monge, No. 176. Be easy, I forget nothing. He is under surveillance."

Studying the bottom of his now empty glass, M. Joly appeared lost in thought.

"Pichon," he said, at length, "if you should carry off from the Galerie d'Apollon in the Louvre the crown of Napoleon, what would you do with it?"

"*Dame!* one is not so naïve as to offer the crown of Napoleon for sale. I would demand a ransom."

"But if you preferred the document on the mobilization of the army to the crown of Napoleon?"

Pichon reflected. "I would make a copy, and I would return the original before its loss was discovered."

"Doubtless that has already occurred to you."

"Certainly, certainly," said Pichon, in an offhand manner.

M. Joly took out his watch.

"Heavens!" he cried, "five o'clock—I must be off," and, rapping on the table, he called for the score.

"You approve of what I have done?"

"How can you ask such a question?" said M. Joly, playfully. "Have times changed so that nowadays one asks for approval before one has succeeded?"

"Even afterward one is not sure of it," grumbled Pichon, and, the score being settled, they passed out into the street.

"To whom is this affair known?" asked M. Joly as they neared the corner.

"Except to those I have mentioned, to no one—General Texier, the Prefect, myself, and you."

"And Monsieur Bulow."

"Not at all. When Colonel de Wimpffen went to Bourg-la-Reine he said to him: 'I am going into the country—I give you a holiday. On my return I will send for you.' Consequently he knows nothing."

An omnibus drawn by three white horses was approaching.

"Pichon," said M. Joly, "you almost make me regret that there are such things

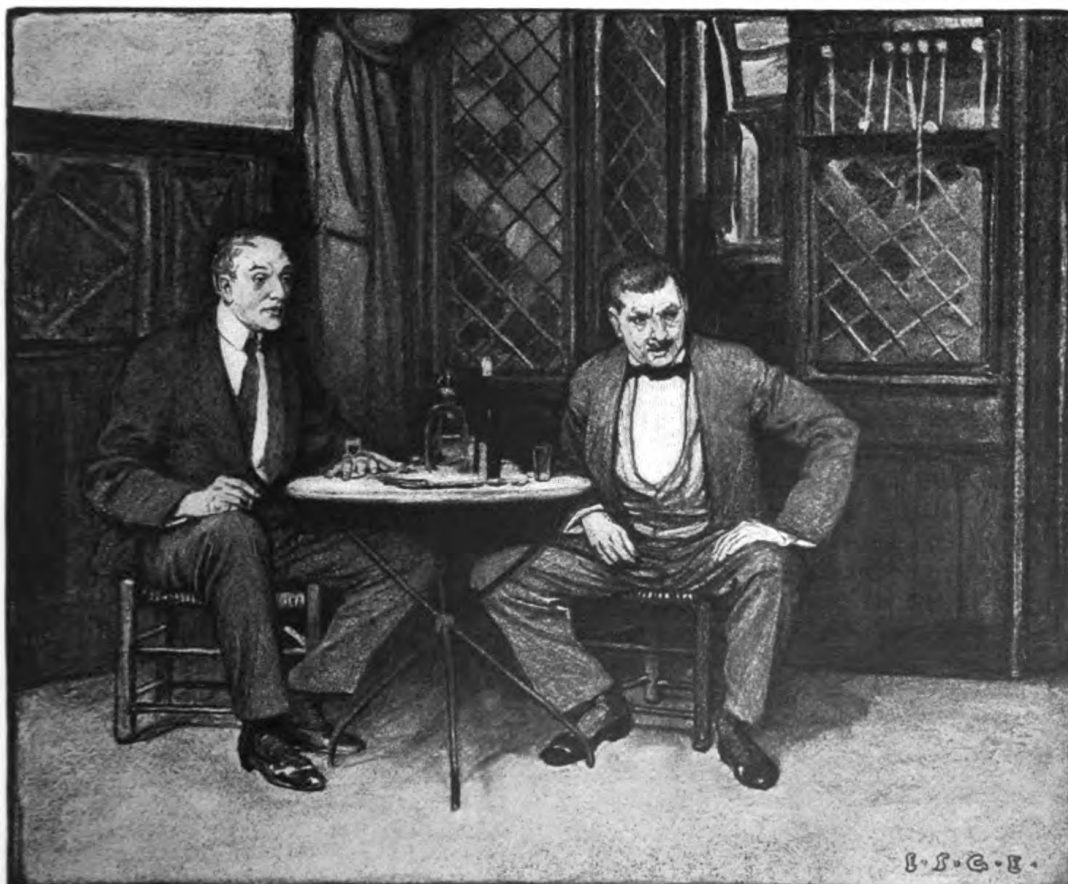
as legacies—what you tell me is so interesting. I am dying to hear what Madame de Wimpffen will do when she finds—" his words were lost in the rumble of the wheels.

Pichon, on tiptoe, shouted in his ear, "If you will come to-morrow, at this hour—"

"That was what I was about to propose to you. Good night, Pichon. Good luck to you."

After all, thought Pichon, gazing after the retreating omnibus, he did not tell me why he came to the Prefecture.

Retracing his steps, he went over in his mind the conversation in the Café de l'Espérance. M. Joly was certainly right. One's first endeavor would be to replace the paper before its absence was discovered. But Colonel de Wimpffen was still at Bourg-la-Reine and had intended to remain there. Clearly he had had no opportunity, nor was he in any haste, to put back the stolen document.



"COMRADE," HE SAID, ABRUPTLY, "I AM IN A FIX"

This thought troubled Pichon, for it threatened his theory. What if the document was already back in its place! He rejected this idea as preposterous. A general of the staff! The alternative was inconceivable. Yet this idea, having once found a lodgment in his brain, returned with a disquieting persistence.

Meanwhile M. Joly, descending from the omnibus at the Place de la Concorde, was following the Boulevard St. Germain to the Ministry of War. He passed in unnoticed, but at the head of the stairs an usher asked what he wanted.

"The room of Colonel de Wimpffen."

"Colonel de Wimpffen is in the country."

"I did not ask for Colonel de Wimpffen. I asked for his room," replied M. Joly, blandly.

"Since Colonel de Wimpffen is not in town, naturally his room is closed."

"Very well, then, I will see General Texier." The usher eyed him superciliously.

"Your card, if you please. It is the order."

"My card? I have none. Say to him that I come from the Prefecture."

"It makes no difference where you come from," said the usher, losing patience, "to see General Texier a card is necessary."

"I have something better," smiled M. Joly, "but since a card is necessary I will make one."

He tore a leaf from his note-book, wrote his name in pencil, and while waiting in the corridor remarked to himself, "It seems that in the Ministry of War it is easier to penetrate a safe than to penetrate to a general."

When, fifteen minutes later, he emerged from General Texier's office, he was accompanied by a secretary.

"You will take your instructions," said the latter, calling the usher and indicating M. Joly, "from this gentleman. Monsieur, here are the keys."

"The room of Colonel de Wimpffen, if you please," repeated M. Joly, politely, slipping the bunch of keys in his pocket.

Reaching at last the door, he took out his watch. "At what hour does the Ministry close?" he asked.

"At six o'clock, Monsieur."

"It is now twenty minutes of six. For

carrying out your orders so faithfully I present you with these twenty minutes," saying which he unlocked the door and went in.

He first relocked the door and removed the key; then he looked about him. Midway along the side wall stood a mahogany desk, behind which hung portières. Behind these portières he expected to find a door, but on drawing them aside he perceived an arch, within whose recess appeared the partition wall. Evidently, he thought, this room once formed part of a larger one which in the interests of economy has been divided. Opposite the desk was a door on either side of which were shelves filled with books and pasteboard pockets. Pushing a chair in front of this door, he sat down and took out the bunch of keys. After one or two trials this door opened, disclosing a safe let into the wall. Without hesitation he took hold of the dial, turned it successively to the right and left, till the massive front door swung on its hinges. Between the pigeon-holes another smaller door confronted him. Selecting once more a key, he surmounted this last barrier, and, thrusting in his hand, pulled out a heavy blue envelope sealed with three seals bearing the words "*Ministère de la Guerre*." On the face of the envelope was the word "*Mobilization*."

At this instant a quick step resounded in the corridor. Replacing the envelope, he closed the safe and stood up, listening. Some one was about to enter. He had barely reached the portières when the door was opened, shut, and locked again. Motionless, holding his breath, he waited. A few steps—then silence. He parted the curtains gently—and saw the back of Pichon!

Seated in the chair before the safe, Pichon was repeating one by one the manœuvres of his predecessor. Finally he, too, thrust his hand into the inner vault and pulled out the blue envelope.

"Thunder of heaven!" he exclaimed. "I have made the wrong subtraction."

After astonishment came reflection. Firmly wedded to his theory, he found himself forced to suspect one so high in the hierarchy that his spirit of subordination revolted. To impart this suspicion to any one seemed to him impossible. Yet in his own mind it took the form of

a conviction. Closing the safe mechanically, he left the room.

Shortly after six o'clock M. Joly had finished his investigation. The hall was filled with employees hurrying homeward. The expression on his face indicated that some problem more difficult than Pichon's subtraction was troubling him. "But why," he muttered, "if he is deaf—" Mingling with the throng, he descended the stairs slowly. At the entrance he accosted the porter.

"Monsieur," he asked, "this Bulow, the deaf clerk of Monsieur de Wimpfen—"

"Bulow?" replied the porter, "he is no more deaf than I am."

"But why, then, since he is not deaf—"

The porter thought he had to do with a crazy man.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he retorted, angrily, "go about your business. If you want a deaf man you will find a number of them in the Asylum of the Rue St. Jacques—we do not keep them in the Ministry."

"Thank you," said M. Joly, "I have been misinformed."

At the corner of the street he found a commissionaire, and, tearing a second leaf from his note-book, sent the following message to Monrepos:

"I am detained in Paris for the night. Say to Dorante that she may read on as far as the battle at Vouillé, where Clovis defeated the Visigoths under Alaric II."

Then, hailing a cab, he gave the direction, "Rue Monge."

"What number?" asked the driver.

"Any number which pleases you," replied M. Joly.

As he anticipated, the cab drew up at No. 1. He paid the fare and continued on foot. Just before reaching No. 176 he saw on the opposite side of the street a café. The sky had cleared and the tables on the sidewalk were already crowded. At one of these tables a man was seated before a tall glass of black coffee. Seeing M. Joly approaching, this man rose with a gesture of surprise.

"Do not disturb yourself, Meneval," said M. Joly, taking the vacant chair at the same table. "We are in the same business."

"You are one of us again, Monsieur Joly?" asked Meneval, respectfully.

"You used to take orders from me without asking questions, Meneval. Are you alone?"

"Yes, I am alone."

"Well, go and tell Pichon I wish to speak with him; and in order that your conscience may not suffer, I permit you to read this."

M. Joly took from his pocket the paper given him by the Prefect.

"It is not necessary," replied Meneval, recognizing the Prefect's signature. "I am going."

"But first tell me," said M. Joly, deliberately tearing the paper into small pieces, "what manner of man this Bulow is."

Meneval described him. "There is a light in his window now, the third above the thread-shop."

"Good. Tell Pichon to bring with him what is necessary. You have your pistol? Slip it into my pocket, Meneval. You will take a cab." Saying which M. Joly ordered another *sirop* and the *Figaro*.

The light was still burning in the third-story window when Pichon arrived with two agents. His face still wore the expression of surprise and anxiety with which he had received the message delivered by Meneval.

"Sit down, Pichon," said M. Joly in his quietest manner. "Tell me, did you notice anything in particular this afternoon when you opened the safe at the Ministry?"

Pichon's small eyes opened to their widest capacity.

"You know then—"

"What I know is not the question. In fact, as yet I know nothing. So you did not notice anything?"

Pichon shook his head blankly.

"Nevertheless," said M. Joly, "it is worth thinking of. If agreeable to you we will consult Monsieur Bulow. Will you accompany me?"

Pichon followed him across the street into the doorway of No. 176 without a word.

"Pichon," said M. Joly at the foot of the stairs, "you remember that you said to me, 'I am in a fix.' It is therefore at your request that I interfere in your affairs. But if you wish—will you go first?"



"I ADMIT THE QUESTION IS AN IMPERTINENT ONE"

"After you, Master," said Pichon.

At the door on the third landing M. Joly knocked gently. A moment of silence intervened, then a voice said: "Come in."

M. Joly took off his hat.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Monsieur Bulow?" he asked.

"That is my name. What do you want of me?"

"I?" replied M. Joly—"I want nothing. I come on behalf of my friend here, Monsieur Pichon. It is he who wishes to consult you on a matter of importance."

Pichon glanced at his friend appealingly.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said M. Bulow.

"You are very good to receive a stranger so affably," replied M. Joly. "The truth is my position is a delicate one. Monsieur Pichon is afflicted with

an insatiable curiosity. He wishes to know why a man who is not deaf provides himself with one of those instruments called audiphones—or, if he be deaf, why he leaves it at the Ministry instead of carrying it on his person. Keep your seat, Monsieur Bulow," continued M. Joly, taking the pistol from his pocket and laying it on his knee. "I understand your feelings—do not move, please. I admit the question is an impertinent one. I admit even that I have no authority to ask impertinent questions of any one. For that reason, as you perceive—" His hand closed over the handle on his knee.

Suddenly regaining his composure, the man burst into a boisterous laugh of affected gaiety.

"What joke is this you are perpetrating?" he exclaimed.

"Monsieur Bulow," said M. Joly, "it is plain that you are saying to yourself

that the blue envelope, with its seals affixed, is reposing safely in the vault at the Ministry. But there are cases in which a copy is of more value than the original—quick! Pichon!”

Of all this conversation Pichon understood nothing. But if his brain moved sluggishly his hands deserved no such reproach. He had seen the crisis approaching and was ready, ending the brief struggle by transferring the handcuffs in his pocket to the wrists of his assailant.

M. Joly went to the window and made a sign. The two agents appeared, breathless.

“One of you call a cab,” said M. Joly, “and you, Pichon, go down with Meneval and Monsieur Bulow.”

When, at the end of a few minutes, Pichon returned, he found M. Joly also ready to leave. “This fellow,” he was saying, “is a simpleton. Here is the stamp whose impression you doubtless observed on the three wax seals, and here under this portfolio is the copy. I give them to you, Pichon.”

“But I understand nothing,” cried Pichon.

“Pichon,” said M. Joly, “I once read in a book—one of those books in which we are held up to ridicule—of a man

with an ear so acute that he could hear the tumblers of a lock fall into their places. I did not believe it. I do not believe it yet. Nevertheless, given a lock of a certain age and an audiphone—do you know what an audiphone is, Pichon? You will find one under the loose papers of the third drawer in Monsieur Bulow’s desk at the Ministry—given these things, and it is possible.”

“I am disgraced,” cried Pichon.

“You disgraced, my friend! Why do you say so?”

“I have left that damned pencil in the lingerie of Madame de Wimpffen.”

“Oh, as to that,” replied M. Joly, “be tranquil. Here is your pencil, Pichon.”

On reaching Monrepos late that evening M. Joly said to his wife:

“Marie, I have to make a confession. Passing this afternoon before the Prefecture, I was like a boy at the door of the pastry-cook, and I went in.”

“I know it,” she said.

“You know it!” exclaimed M. Joly in astonishment.

“Do you think I have observed nothing all these weeks?” said Madame Joly, smiling.

M. Joly made no reply. After all, Paradise also had its attractions.

Life is an Echo

BY GEORGE HARRIS, JR.

LIFE is an echo, far away,
Of singing spheres and dreams unknown;
We are the caverns, where delay
Fragments of spacious voice and tone.
Memory sits upon a throne
Of the shadowy gold of yesterday.
Stringing the beads of shell and bone—
Life is an echo, far away.

Some Unsolved Problems in Science

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Director of Industrial Research and Professor of Industrial Chemistry
at the University of Pittsburgh and at the University of Kansas

IF anybody were to ask me, I should confess that I have for "things as they are" but little liking and less respect. If there is one fact that seems established to the observation of the mature man, it is that the present presentment of things is not worth the anguish of the ages that have produced it.

Away back through the reaches of unimaginable time there hung in the heavens a glowing spiral nebula. In some fashion or other, through the postulate of eons upon eons of time, this spiral nebula originated Earth; this Earth through a myriad centuries evolved a living being; this living being through the slow procession of hundreds of thousands of centuries evolved a man; and this man after the lapse of at least two hundred thousand years has evolved the you and me that have foregathered here in this magazine. Behind the illimitable stretch of time that through the causal sequence has evolved these "you and me" there lies a causal sequence infinite in extent that preceded and produced that nebula.

Are we, then, as we are to-day, worth this infinite procession of effort?

In asking and answering this question I carefully exclude, for the nonce, any consideration of contemporary man in his relation to an unseen universe. Let us consider him only as he is in relation to his present environment.

Let us remember that from Eozoon up to Mastodon and thence to Man there was never a day in all these myriads of years in which there was not a multi-myriad woes. If we could but estimate the volume of all the tears that have been shed; if we could vocalize but for an instant the uttered anguish of the ages; if we could but actually feel in our members, and but for the fraction of an instant, the summation of these pangs of Earth—there would be no question as to the answer; the answer is *No*.

For what are we? There are some fifteen hundred million of us the world over, to say nothing of the creatures. Of all of us this much may be said: we are born, we play a little, work a little, sin a little, suffer a little, love a little, think a little, and then, as with every other animate creature, we pass back into carbon dioxide, water-vapor, and mineral salts—this, I say, so far as this world is concerned. If the actual present-day value of the race is to be its ultimate value, magnified even a million times, it is simply not worth the infinite time and infinite anguish of its birth; there is nothing to it.

But this procession that has led to us has been undeniably a progression.

First there was evolved the age of Force, and forth there came, as "fittest" to rule it, great hulks of flesh on mighty, bony frames, great flying beasts, huge lizards of the sea, mere senseless creatures made only to maim and kill. But Force was impotent to rule the world, for Cunning came, and smaller creatures hurled these great to silence. Then there crawled one day upon the field a novel creature, then crept, then walked, then stalked upright—and Man arrived, who, with Reason as his shield, had power of life and death to wield at will over every mortal creature, and so has wielded it to the present presentment of the world.

It is evident from the reading of the ages that Man is the ultimate object of Time—but it cannot be contemporary man. Man's present ultimate value is not actual; it is wholly potential. We see this through the combination of two facts: (1) that he reproduces himself, and (2) that he progresses. Man is

"a thing nor God nor beast,
Made to know that he can know and not
more;
Lower than God who knows all and can all,
Higher than beasts which know and can so
far

As each beast's limit perfect to an end,
 Nor conscious that they know, nor craving
 more;
 While man knows partly but conceives be-
 side,
 Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
 And in this striving, this converting air
 Into a solid he may grasp and use,
 Finds progress, man's distinctive mark
 alone,
 Not God's and not the beasts'; God is, they
 are,
 Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be."

The course of evolution has been a progression; a progression implies a plan with a final outcome, and the plan implies a Planner. Now, of this we may be sure, the Planner is able for His work; and the plan involves this statement as an absolute truth, that there must be a result in the world that is worth *all* the world. We have not come up through Paleozoic, Mesozoic, and Cænozoic times for nothing; Man will arrive.

What this plan is, however, we have no faintest adumbration of an idea; it is literally inconceivable; we are but creatures of the dawn. Not only have we no idea of man's ultimate destiny, but we are almost equally ignorant of his immediate future; by immediate future I mean the course of his development during the next few hundred years. This introduces the subject-matter of my paper.

I wish to show by what Tyndall calls the scientific use of the imagination that our present civilization, which we inevitably think of as fixed and permanent, or, at most, alterable through slow progression, is by no means so, but that at any time during the next dozen generations new factors may—nay, *will*—be introduced that will completely alter man's relations with nature and with himself.

I am able to do this reasonably by taking advantage of a paradoxical principle that might almost be dignified with the appellation of a natural law. This "law" may be phrased as follows: Man's grasp always exceeds his vision.

It may be laid down as an established fact that we can in no way in our imagination attain to the actual facts of future scientific discovery. Imaginative fiction has often tried, and has as often failed. The proofs of this are innumera-

ble. Who, for example, even imagined the solid air falling like snow? Who ever imagined the transcendent heat of the electric furnace, or the art of steering vessels from the shore by Hertzian waves? What Sir Thomas More, Swift, Jules Verne, or H. G. Wells ever imagined radium?

Consequently, then, in stating here some unsolved problems of science, if I use my imagination fairly, and without straining contemporary knowledge, I have the comfortable conviction, not that these problems will be solved, but that the achievements of future science will be to my imagination as an arc light to a tallow dip. Furthermore, I ought to say that owing to the enormous acceleration of scientific research through the extension and upbuilding of institutions of research in new regions, such problems, or analogous ones, are as likely to be solved by the University of Spitzbergen, the State College of Samarcand, or the Technological Institute of Timbuctoo as they are by the University of Berlin; we shall have laboratories there just as we have them now, and very good ones, too, in India and Japan.

"*Natura nihil agit frustra* is the only indisputable axiom in philosophy. There are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons and unnecessary spaces."

These significant words of old Sir Thomas Browne were placed by Sir William Ramsay at the head of his communication concerning the discovery of certain new elements in the atmosphere. One of these elements, discovered by Lord Rayleigh away back in the medieval days of 1894, was named by him *argon*, the lazy, inert, useless one. It is a gas like other gases, but at the time of its discovery it was absolutely unique in the world as being the only substance hitherto found in nature that refused to unite in stable chemical combination with any other element whatever. Up to this time it has succeeded in remaining invincible in its repugnance to stable chemical union.

In order to discern its possibilities, I may compare it with another gaseous element called nitrogen. This nitrogen constitutes four-fifths of the air that

blows in our faces; it also is a lazy gas, but it *does* unite with a few other substances, albeit with extraordinary difficulty. Once united, however, the lethargy of its free bachelor condition vanishes; united with other substances it becomes the most active, potent element in nature. Its combinations constitute the most mobile and useful substances that we know: explosives, dyes, medicines, poisons, and the very substance of our bodies. We are largely nitrogen, and owe the power that we have "to correspond with our environment" to this very mobility of nitrogenous substances.

Now, analogy teaches us that this is just what we should expect were we able to combine this argon with any other element. If the lethargy of its free condition (like nitrogen) is any converse measure of its energy in a united condition, we should expect from its union substances with transcendent powers and properties—powers and properties that it is beyond my imagination to indicate. Furthermore, all chemistry understands that when an element is fixed in combination with one other it may be passed through an endless number of other and most complicated combinations; chemistry already knows some sixty thousand compounds of carbon.

Now we must remember that one per cent. of the air in any ordinary room—of the air of the world—is argon. The air constitutes an inexhaustible reservoir of it, and its extraction is both easy and cheap. Consequently, when I say that the man who first combines argon into a compound so that it may pass by metathesis through a series of combinations is likely to have accomplished the feat of having turned topsy-turvy the implements of our civilization. There may be as many factories for the fixing of elemental argon as there are for unfixing elemental iron or copper. I am additionally justified in saying this through the consideration that argon and its congeners since won out of the hidden places of the air—helium, neon, krypton, xynon, niton—are substances wholly curious. Helium is an element which results from the decomposition of radium; its boiling-point is within two degrees of absolute zero.

Niton is also a decomposition product of radium. When it in turn decomposes, it gives off energy over two million times as great as that resulting from any chemical reaction. *Natura nihil agit frustra*, indeed!

Then there are the stern laws of thermodynamics. The first law which merely states the great principle of the conservation of energy I have no present disposition to try conclusions with. With the second law, however, the case is somewhat different.

As stated by Clausius, this law maintains that "it is impossible for a self-acting machine, unaided by external agency, to convey heat from one body to another at a higher temperature"; or, as formulated by Lord Kelvin, that "it is impossible by means of inanimate material agency to derive mechanical effects from any portion of matter by cooling it below the temperature of the coldest of surrounding objects."

Acknowledgedly on the part of everybody, this law can only be said to be correct when dealing with masses of matter and not with the individual molecules.

Recently, however, the question has arisen as to whether it is always and ever valid in its relation to living beings.

It will be noticed that Clausius refers it solely to a self-acting machine, while Kelvin expressly limits it to things inanimate. Helmholtz, indeed, years ago, indicated that the law might lack validity in its relation to animate nature. Recently, in the pages of *Nature*, renewed attention has been called to this question by Mr. A. A. Campbell-Swinton in an address before the Röntgen Society. The conceivable invalidity of the law with reference to living beings may best be introduced by considering its invalidity with reference to gases.

Using the classical illustration due to Clerk-Maxwell, suppose we have a vessel containing a certain volume of gas at a certain temperature. In accordance with the molecular theory of gases, this gas consists of particles immense in number and moving with high rotational and translational velocities. The velocities of these particles are not alike—some being swift and others slow—the mean

velocity being what we call temperature. Now, suppose with Clerk-Maxwell that a partition divides this vessel into two equal parts, that the partition itself contains little massless doors, each in charge of a little demon whose function it is to open a door when he sees a swift-moving particle approaching from one compartment and a slow-moving particle from the other compartment. Evidently the process would, under the intelligence of the little demons, tend to aggregate the swift-moving particles into one compartment and the slow-moving particles into the other. But the collection of swift-moving particles would have a higher temperature, the gas comprising them would expand; the slow-moving particles would have a lower temperature and would contract; consequently the high-temperature particles would press back the partition, if it were movable, against the low-temperature particles, and *work* would be done upon it. The vital matter is that no *work* would have been done upon the particles that produced this mechanical effect. The intelligence of the demons has acted instead of energy.

Of course, all this is eminently hypothetical, but it has a most interesting relation to the recent discoveries of the ultra-microscope. By means of this beautiful instrument the so-called Brownian movements of small particles assume a significance hitherto undreamed of. For example, the particles of colloidal gold suspended in a liquid are like a swarm of dancing gnats in a sunbeam. They hop, dance, jump, dash together, and fly away from one another, so that it is difficult to get one's bearings. The smallest particles observed have a diameter of 1.7 millionths of a millimeter. The bizarre movements of these particles are believed to be due to the jostling received from the surrounding molecules.

Now the question is, may not the lower and smaller animate organisms be so related to the molecules and Brownian particles of the medium enveloping them, air or water, that they may act as selective sieves to these molecules? I mean by this that certain organisms may be able to selectively choose and make use of surrounding particles and molecules having energies beyond the

average. If this were so, it would constitute an evasion of this second law. We do not know that it is so; but, very importantly, we do not know that it is *not* so. It is wholly conceivable, and its consequences would be stupendous. As Swinton says, "We should have immediately at hand the means of producing the perpetual motion dreamed of by medieval philosophers. We should only have to cultivate the right kind of organisms in sufficient masses and they would *do work* for us. Moreover, there would be nothing lost; the heat that was thus accumulated locally for our needs would dissipate itself again into the common store, as would the mechanical effects after they had done their work. The unordered molecular motions of which the Brownian movements give us an indication would only need to be directed in the particular manner needful to give us the power that we require." Of course, this is a dream, but in the coming days of two hundred years hence, when every hill will be surmounted by a laboratory, its realization would not overly surprise anybody.

It is, however, to March, 1903, that I believe men will look as the great historic date in the development of man. It was in March, 1903, that Curie and Laborde announced the heat-emitting power of radium bromide. The fact was simple of demonstration and unquestionable. The heat emitted is sufficient to maintain the temperature of the radium at 2.7° Fahr. above that of its surroundings. This means that every hour it emits enough heat to raise its own weight of water from the freezing-point to the boiling-point; it means that after the lapse of ten thousand hours it has emitted enough heat to raise the temperature of a million times its weight of water one degree. It is true that in doing this work the radium atoms disintegrate, but at so slow a rate that after the lapse of 1,760 years only half of them have been destroyed.

If one could utilize the energy of a ton of radium bromide through a space of thirty years, it would suffice to drive a ship of 15,000 tons, with engines of 15,000 horse-power, at the rate of fifteen knots throughout the whole duration of this time—thirty years. To do

this actually requires a million and a half tons of coal. These are not fanciful figures; the energy is there. But, as a matter of fact, it is unlikely that man will ever produce more than half an ounce of radium a year. Why, then, do I ascribe such importance to this fact? For this sufficient reason. Science is to-day amply convinced that the radium in radium bromide is by no means peculiar or unique in the possession of this enormous store of energy, but that the calcium in gypsum, the sodium in common salt, or any one of the elements of matter has as well this enormous energy-content. They all show it through their own radioactivity. The peculiarity about radium and other radioactive elements is mainly that they happen to be very markedly unstable; it is their great value that they have made us aware of the transcendent energies that reside within the atom, any atom, of matter. The evidence of these atomic energies in the common elements is rapidly accumulating. It is a matter of common knowledge, for example, that the impact of X-rays upon a plate of lead will let loose far greater energy than is received through this impact. As Sir William Ramsay has recently said: "If some form of catalyzer could be discovered which would usefully increase their inconceivably slow rate of change, then it is not too much to say that the whole future of our race would be altered."

Now, it is an act of faith to believe that we shall find that catalyzer, but if we could realize the unending succession of the generations that are to come—each with increased knowledge—if we could but realize the reality of the words,

"Ah, but the long, long while the world shall last

When you and I behind the veil are passed,"

we should understand that sometime, somewhere, somehow, men will learn to utilize this energy, and that with this knowledge man, who in the past has groveled upon the earth, will rise and "stretch far his hands amongst the stars." The fact of this enormous energy locked up in matter is indisputable.

Not only does the ultimate future fore-shadow immense changes, social and eco-

nomic, owing to the advance of chemistry and physics, but changes equally great through the advance of other sciences.

Let me introduce now certain biological discoveries, little known and universally important—those relating to the determination of sex.

The branch of biology concerned is known as the science of cytology—that science which concerns itself with the cells of living matter. Its workers are little or not at all known to the public, for their work is too abstruse for popular presentation. Occasionally, however, it may be dealt with. Everybody knows that the living organism grows through the multiplication of its cells. The living cell contains within its nucleus a certain fibrillar network or thread-like material known as *chromatin*. This chromatin-thread, at a certain stage in the life of the cell, resolves itself into a definite number of rod-shaped bodies known as chromosomes, which split lengthwise, arrange themselves in the form of little loops about the equator of the cell, and, as the cell divides, divide with it. These chromosomes are established as the carriers of the hereditary tendencies. Owing, however, to the splendid investigations of Wilson, McClung, Stevens, and others, they are more than this; certain of them appear to be a direct causal factor in the determination of sex.

The evidence of this lies in the recent discovery of the accessory chromosome. It appears that the difference between the male and female sex is far more comprehensive than had even been imagined. It seems that every individual cell in the body of the female contains one more chromosome than is to be found in any cell of the body of the male. I am referring now to the body cells and not to the germ-cells. The cause of this difference appears to lie in the germ-cells of the male. The astonishing discovery has been made that these are of two kinds and in equal numbers—one kind containing an accessory chromosome and the other containing none. The germ-cells of the female are all alike, and contain one accessory chromosome. Now, when the germ-cell of the male having one accessory chromosome fuses with the germ-cell of the female having

always one, the result is an organism every cell of which contains two accessory chromosomes; in other words, a female. Again, when the germ-cell of a male having no accessory chromosome fuses with the germ-cell of the female having (as I have said) always one, every germ-cell of the resulting organism has one accessory chromosome; it is a male. The causal factor that determines sex lies, therefore, in the fact that the male germ-cells are of two specific kinds. The fact that they result in pairs, due to the division of preceding cells, means that the two kinds are produced in equal numbers, and from this, of course, follows the general law of the numerical equality of the sexes.

We have discovered a direct causal factor of the determination of sex, but not the ultimate factor. Why, for example, are there two kinds of germ-cells in the male? This we cannot answer, but it is the common experience of man that having gone with certainty a certain distance, it is possible to go farther. The discovery of the determination of sex brings us within measurable distance of the predetermination of sex. It is suspected even now that nutrition may be a factor. Or, again, we know that X-rays and the rays from radium have a sterilizing action; but these rays are exceedingly complex, and it certainly would surprise nobody if certain ones were found to have a selective action. This would solve the problem. If we go merely so far into future generations as we go back to that of Queen Anne, the immense increase in the acceleration of scientific research would lead us to expect during this period the solution of this problem. Its practical solution would, I need hardly say, introduce a new and momentous factor into our civilization. The ability to predetermine and decide upon the sex of the child to be born would certainly be taken advantage of, though in directions that it would be impossible to predict.

Then there is the question of old age. Over in France there is working Metchnikoff, the winner of the Nobel prize. Metchnikoff believes that the present normal tenure of our lives is unduly restricted, and that it ought to be possible to extend our lives through substantially longer periods. He believes that the cause of

sleep is the accumulation during working-hours of certain toxic substances which cause the phenomena of sleep, and which during sleep are removed. Similarly, he believes that the phenomena of old age and normal death are produced by certain other toxic substances gradually and continuously accumulated. Starting on this basis, he is devoting his life to the attempt to extend the lives of others. It is true that Metchnikoff is a man of science peculiarly difficult to estimate. He has made mistakes; but he has also done things—and big things, too. Certainly this much may be said: his attempt is absolutely scientific, legitimate, and, from the present standpoint of biological research, entirely sensible. There should be no cause for surprise should he succeed. But what would his success mean? Who can tell? It would transform the world into forms and conditions that we cannot imagine. During the fifteenth century the average length of life was about twenty-three; it was a world of youth. In our day it is about forty-four. It would be difficult for us to imagine the difference in the appearance of a public gathering in our day and in that past Elizabethan era—in the mere age of its members. If science could extend the present average age from forty-four to a hundred, it must be remembered that it would mean a corresponding extension of youth.

Related to this problem of the extension of life there is the corresponding one of the abeyance of life. There is nothing scientifically incredible in the idea that it might be possible to stop the clock of life and set it going again. You remember the stories of the Hindus, where it is claimed that through plastering the mouth and nostrils and ears they may bury a man and give him an after-resurrection? These stories are probably false, but they carry the idea. The idea is also carried by the discovery that certain small organisms may be held at the temperature of liquid air, and even liquid hydrogen, and subsequently restored to normal conditions intact and alive. I know of no experiment on larger animals having been tried with such an object, but it would be justifiable. To place the matter before you baldly and frankly, consider the case of an anesthetized ani-

mal, let us say, shaved, rendered aseptic inside and out, his eyes and mouth and ears sealed up, his body in paraffin, and placed in cold storage. In stopping the clock in some such manner, do you think you might not start it again? I do not know, and neither do you, nor, in fact, does anybody else. But I wish to say that compared with some of the revolutionizing discoveries of the past few years there would be nothing absolutely astounding in the discovery of some method of holding life in abeyance, by which, when men and women are tired, they may retire to a condition of vital abeyance, from which, after the lapse of time, they may be awakened. But do you not see how impossible it would be through such a discovery to gauge the course of the future?

Since we are dreaming, let us dream. But first, however, let the reader imagine himself back one thousand years. You are in the palace of the great King Alfred. In this palace dirty rushes strew the floor, flaming soot-laden torch-lights veer about for every gust of wind blowing through the glassless windows. Of the men gathered there only the King can read and write—for at that time there was no priest even, south of the Thames, that could read the Latin of his service-book. The men gathered there are little children in feeling and in intellect. Nay, they are what we should call now defective children. You attempt to tell them as to what there will be in a thousand years. You tell them of the steam-locomotive, of the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes, and the modern skyscraper and battle-ship. How do you think these men would receive your message? Plainly to them you would be either a fool or a sorcerer, and on either basis they would probably deem it wisest to place you up against a tree and fill you full of arrows. They could not possibly credit the validity of your imagination.

Neither is it possible for us in this day to credit the probability of any surmise concerning the men of a thousand years hence. This is due to an impossibility fixed in the human mind to believe in the actual reality of a future generation. Still, these future generations will arrive, and there will be men and women

in this place where I write, then, as now. There will be, however, a greater difference between the men of a thousand years hence and the men of to-day than there is between the men of to-day and the men of King Alfred's court. We must remember that as it was in the days of King Alfred, so it remained for four or five hundred years—until, in fact, the advent of the renaissance of learning. We must remember that all the wonders and transformations of our day are not the gradual accumulation of the centuries since that time, but that they are the advent of the last mere one hundred years. To-day the progress of knowledge and achievement proceeds in a geometrical progression. There is never a day that passes but that on some spot on earth some new institution of learning is founded. Consequently I must not feel too bashful to indicate even greater marvels for the men of a thousand years hence to solve.

But let me proceed with my dream. For example, we have it frequently asserted among us that thought transference under certain peculiar and not understood conditions is a fact in nature, that it has become to-day almost accepted as the consensus of scientific opinion. The scientific acceptance of thought transference is based on a scientific interpretation. It is supposed that every thought is correlated with certain molecular vibrations in the brain, that these molecular vibrations in the brain give rise to corresponding vibrations in the ether around about us, that these ethereal vibrations proceeding out from us are capable of affecting the molecules in a corresponding brain, so that under circumstances not understood the second brain thinks the same thoughts, much as a tuning-fork in one corner of a room will sound in sympathy with that in another corner. But this is all a theory. No one has as yet discovered such vibrations. I may warn you, however, that the discovery of such vibrations might easily enough admit of mechanisms that might make thought transference generally and widely possible on a practical basis. Do you not see what the result of such a discovery would infer? *It would mean the elimination of lying and hypocrisy among the sons and daughters of men.*

But among the discoveries of the far future there are indicated those of another type. Is it to be supposed that all the discoveries of future man will be benevolent? May it not be possible that some of the achievements of future man may be as maleficent as others are beneficent? In a word, may there not be discovered in the far future chemical or physical agents whose mere possession in the hands of one individual might wreck a nation? Why not? Even to-day, if the anarchists of the world had but the intelligence and training to take adequate advantage of the content of bacteriological and chemical science they could do desperate damage. To become more hypothetical still, I might quote Professor Rutherford as to the possibility sometime, somehow, "of devising a detonator which could send a wave of atomic disintegration through the earth and decompose the whole round world into helium, argon, and other gases, leaving literally not one stone upon another."

We need not be frightened by any such humorous suggestion, for I believe that it might be stated as a natural law that there will be no destruction of man until he has justified the infinite time and anguish of his birth—not until many and many a century has ticked its slow procession across the face of time will such dread agents arrive. That they will arrive I am sure, but only when it will be practicable for man to receive them. I mean that when man obtains possession of any agent so dread in its power that one individual may cause a holocaust, every man must of simple necessity *be good*. Obviously, it is reasonable to place this time to a far future.

To what have we now arrived?

We have seen how the very atmosphere may yield man substances of unimaginable properties and powers; how ultimately the superterrific energies that we know abide within the atom may come forth to do his bidding; how possibly in the future he may control the secret of sex; may indefinitely extend the duration of the individual life, and may possibly hold his life in abeyance; we see how through the infinite progression of knowledge it may even be possible through physical mechanisms to banish from his life hypocrisy and untruth; we see vague-

ly in the future the creation of mechanisms of such dread potency that every man must be an altruist in order that the others may live. In a word, we may divine a future, far ahead though it may be, when every man and woman of earth, physically, mentally, and morally, *must* be a perfect creature. I ask again, will that far-away world be worth the infinite time and anguish of its birth? And again the answer is, *No*.

Suppose that we had a perfect world: a world in which every breath drawn by man or woman was filled with the joy of living; in which there was no pain, no sorrow, no sin, and no remorse. The question immediately arises, of what value would it be? Man would be a perfect mechanism, but for what use? Man's life would be a perfect life, but for what purpose? Like the "beasts" in Browning's poem "which know and can so far as each beast's limit perfect to an end," but to *what* end?

There must be of the world a result that is worth all the world. It cannot be this. There must be *purposiveness* in life. Where shall we find it? To the writer—and as a matter of faith—the answer lies in what so far has been carefully excluded from this paper—man's relation to an unseen universe.

Physical and chemical science, and, indeed, natural science in general, is wholly puzzled over the fact that there are tangled up with our physical mechanism curious things, such as thinkings, feelings, willings, and consciousness—things for which natural science has no place in its system, and no use. Still, these things *are*. There is a physical side of us and a psychic side. What is the relation between them? In this, of course, is asked the riddle of the world, and the answers are as old as thought. The true answer would disclose the necessary purposiveness of life that we are seeking.

One tells us that the physical and the psychical processes go along together without any interaction—like two clocks ticking synchronously—the theory of psycho-neural parallelism. Another tells us that the physical part of us produces the psychic part of us—that the brain stews out thoughts just as the liver stews out bile—the theory of the mechanist; and

there are others and others that exploit various possibilities of relationship.

In order to develop my thesis I should like to introduce here a curious parallelism of idea between the physical and psychic parts of us and the history of electro-magnetism.

For many centuries—from the time of St. Augustine, in fact—men suspected that there might be some relation between electricity and magnetism. They noticed, for one thing, that in houses struck by lightning knives and needles that lay in the path of the electric flash became magnetized. They reasoned about it in those old days much after the fashion of a certain school of philosophers with psycho-physical phenomena.

Magnetism and electricity constituted a parallelism—two things running along together but never interacting; and many concluded that nobody ever could make anything more of it. A certain Van Swinden, indeed, wrote a treatise in two volumes on the analogies between electricity and magnetism, but left the real relation between them more obscure than ever.

But in 1820 there came a day in the annals of science, when Oersted, of Copenhagen, discovered that the neighborhood of an electrical current would deflect a magnet; there was a relation between them that was not merely an association. Next came Sturgeon's discovery that the phenomena of magnetism could be generated in a core of soft iron by the simple device of circulating an electrical current around it.

This brings us to the automaton theory of electro-magnetic phenomena. Men reasoned then as they do to-day over psycho-physical phenomena. The electro-magnet was a mechanism, and the current therein actively produced, or generated, the magnetism. In making this statement they had as much reason, and much more reason, than have the automatonists in the region of mind and matter.

But shortly after this there came a man into the work of the world who could not remain satisfied with the dictum, "Magnetism is a product of electricity." It was Faraday, whose mind had an intuitive bent toward the relations of facts to one another rather than toward

the facts themselves. We find that on October 17, 1831, he discovered, and with what enthusiasm may be imagined, that by simply moving a bar-magnet up and down within a coil of wire he could reverse the phenomena and make magnetism, so to speak, produce electricity. But not only so; he discovered that when one appeared the other appeared also, and that with any variation in one there was a corresponding variation in the other. He discovered, in fact, and defined, magneto-electric induction.

May it not be that the world of to-day, in respect of psycho-neural phenomena, is in a pre-Faradian epoch—that some day in the unending succession of days some future Faraday will prove and determine some inductive relation between these two associated but dissimilar things, mind and matter—a spiritual being and its associated physical organism. The establishment of this or some other, and valid, relationship between the mental and the nervous system of man will, I believe, be the culminating discovery in the infinite sequence of effort. For I can divine that through the procession of these decades of thousands of years that are to come man will proceed, painfully and of his own efforts, from his knowledge of an established relation between the spiritual being that abides within him, and his physical organism, to an ever more and more intimate relation with the unseen universe that environs us and with Him of whom it is the expression. Then men will have fulfilled the duty that was cast upon them "that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from every one of us."

Only such an outcome can be worth the two hundred thousand years of man's upbuilding to the present time, the hundreds of thousands of centuries of organic evolution that produced him, the myriads of centuries of inorganic evolution, and the infinity behind that glowing nebula from which we start. There must be a result *to* the world that is worth *all* the world and infinity besides.

To show all this has been the object of my imaginings. These imaginings may not be true; they will be *less* than true.

Mrs. Kilborn's Sister

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

WHEN Terence Canfield had been one year, six months, and seven days outside the shadow of his Alma Mater; when he had handled his part of one big job creditably, but had not as yet learned how to be grateful for the little ones; when he had lost the merest blush of his baccalaureate egotism without acquiring any consequent humbleness of spirit—in brief, while still the world was young and the morning stars sang together, Terence Canfield went to Kauai and became a unit in the force which, backed by the money of a powerful corporation, was harnessing the soil and torturing the mountains with road-scars. Terence was a civil engineer.

Kauai is an island—one of the Hawaiian group—set beautifully remote in the blue, silky reaches of the Pacific. Its mountains stand with their feet in the sea and their heads in the clouds, meditating stilly, one might conjecture, on the last day—awaiting, unalarmed, the final trump. Its valleys are greener than many emeralds, and down the side of its hills spring waterfalls leaping and singing in the sun. Where the surf purrs upon the harbor-beach it is ivory and jade, but upon the black-fanged rocks on the northern side the sea flings itself roaring, and goes up again in a torrential spume.

From Hanalei westward for a space of some dozen miles there is this pitiless war of the rocks and the sea—the sea which never slumbers, the rocks which never wake; but strike in across the valleys, and you come to peace and plenty as on a magic carpet.

Wherefore Kauai is called the Garden Isle, and none disputes it. To it Terence Canfield came lingeringly. He left behind him in the State of New York divers interrupted affairs of heart, head, and pocket-book. If Kauai had not spelled advancement, the glistening hope of the ultimate big job, it is doubtful if Terence would have considered it, for all

its garden blandishments. He was a child of the cities, deep-dyed with his environment.

However, he went, after a reluctant good-by, and those who wept the loudest to see him go forgot him the soonest. It is the way of the world.

In San Francisco he bought, admiring largely, khaki riding-trousers, soft shirts, pig-skin puttees, and a rakishly wide felt hat. Arrived in Kauai, he discarded the hat but clung to the rest of the costume.

Upon the first occasion of his dining with the Kilborns, he retrieved his dinner-clothes from the bottom of a steamer-trunk and swore pathetically, finding a memory in every pocket. This endured briefly. Within six months the blood crept to the roots of his hair when Mrs. Kilborn entered a room, and within a year Mrs. Kilborn perceived it by reason of her own enlightened pulses.

Mrs. Kilborn was not the type to fill satisfactorily the rôle of married flirt. No more was Terence at ease in the part of young-man-in-love-with-his-neighbor's-wife. True, Mrs. Kilborn's husband was not interesting. He drank more than was good for him, his eyes were small and cold, and he never had in all the days of his life looked any man squarely in the face. Nevertheless, having married him, in the evanescent flush of infatuation, Mrs. Kilborn aspired to loyalty. When it first occurred to her that the frequency of Terence's visits concerned herself, she suffered agonies of self-reproach. Later, when it was borne in upon her that she waited for Terence's step on the threshold, she wept all night and sustained a hideous wound to her pride.

All of which ran undercurrent.

Kilborn was manager of a big plantation, and beyond his fields of sugar-cane his horizon spread dimly if at all.

"I like that young Canfield. Have him to dinner," had been his first acceptance of Terence's existence. Later he expanded this.

"Tell Terry we'd like him to come out to dinner every Sunday. That boy has sense. He's making good with the men ahead of him. Like him—don't you?"

Mrs. Kilborn said she did. She flushed faintly saying it, and her wide blue eyes rested with a rather frightened question upon Kilborn's brick-red face. Not even to herself had she admitted wholly the truth of Terence's importance in her scheme of things. For Terence himself she had strangely enough no fear. She believed implicitly in the strength of his grip upon himself. Even supposing he cared—

"He isn't like that," she said to herself again and again. "If I were not nice, he could be trusted just the same."

So she had Terence to dinner every Sunday, and after dinner Terence, who had a knack of accompaniments, thrummed a guitar and Mrs. Kilborn sang, while Kilborn in a morris-chair snorted occasionally out of a dream-infested sleep. Mrs. Kilborn's voice was not large, but it had a Celtic sweetness touched with Celtic longing, and her songs were all delicately soft. She had moments of elfish mimicry, too.

"This is Patricia O'Brien," she would say—"did you ever see the play? Look, Terence."

And Terence looked. The prideful amazement in his clear young eyes spurred Mrs. Kilborn to further heights. One rainy, blowy Sunday—there are such, even on Kauai—when the sky glowered at the earth and the earth lay sodden beneath the sky, Mrs. Kilborn took a silken scarf from a chair where it lay carelessly huddled, and twisted it deftly about her hips. The sleeves of her plain white blouse were already rolled to the elbow, and with three deft movements she loosened the sailor collar and turned it into a V.

"Lady Babbie," she explained. "Remember?"

The flute-like tones with their edge of wistfulness, the quaint bird-wise slant of the head, the shy, impish smile, the tremor of mockery were all to the life.

"You ought to have your hair loose—rowan berries and all that," said Terence, carefully, because one more word, he thought, might easily have spilled his secret.

Mrs. Kilborn laughed and untied the scarf, flinging it back upon the chair.

"It's been three years," she said, quietly, "since we were in the States. I'm beginning to get homesick. Are you?"

"Not now," said Terence, unguardedly, at which Mrs. Kilborn looked steadily out of the window and thought it was going to rain again.

It was all very innocent and very tragic and very pitiful—for the woman; and it might have gone on much longer, a romance without body or blood, but that Mrs. Kilborn passed through the hall that night in the hour when the light fails and the lamps are not yet lit, and saw Terence with her picture in his hands.

While she looked he lifted the photograph, thinking himself alone, and laid his cheek upon it with the gesture of a lonely little boy—or a man.

Whereat Mrs. Kilborn passed on with an ache in her breast for a heart.

That night she wrote to her younger sister, who lived in Alabama, and six weeks later the younger sister came out to Kauai for a visit of indefinite duration.

She was startlingly pretty, as younger sisters sometimes are, and she laughed a great deal. Her name was Maisie. Her eyes were brown where Mrs. Kilborn's were blue; her hair was dark where Mrs. Kilborn's was pale; and her lips were red where Mrs. Kilborn's were only softly pink.

You will begin to see why she was asked to Kauai. Terence, being blind, believed that Mrs. Kilborn had been homesick for her people.

For Maisie herself, she took the gifts provided of the gods and returned an unquestioning gratitude. Her philosophy of life might be expressed in terms of an infantile innocence: "Everybody is always so nice to me."

Terence, upon the first occasion of his meeting her, observed that she was like and yet unlike her sister. Maisie, indeed, had Mrs. Kilborn's pretty merriment without her shade of sadness; all the older woman's joy of living without her acquired knowledge thereof.

"I've heard just lots about you," she said to Terence, giving him her hand at once with a sort of butterfly impetuosity.



Drawn by F. Graham Coates

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

ONE WORD MORE, HE THOUGHT, MIGHT EASILY HAVE SPILLED HIS SECRET



"I've been dying to meet you. Isn't this the most wonderful place in the world?"

"How about New York?" Terence objected, youngly.

He had an instant heart-piercing recollection of Riverside on a summer night; the breathing, wakeful darkness beneath the trees; and upon the river red lights and green, trailing mutely, where coal-barges drifted down.

"I've never been to New York," said Maisie.

"She's never been outside of Alabama before," Mrs. Kilborn supplemented, smiling. Her fingers trembled imperceptibly upon the bit of sewing they held.

"I am awfully country," said Maisie, in the quaint idiom of her native heath. She looked at Terence pleadingly from under provocative lashes.

But Terence, eyes half closed, mouth touched with a hungry smile, looked out of the window.

"Broadway, when the theater crowds are out"—he dreamed—"the upper and the lower world rubbing elbows—the pretty women and the taxis and the lobster palaces and the fellows and the blazing electric signs and the frost in the air. Ah—h—!"

"It *must* be nice," said Maisie.

Maisie admired, you see. That was the first step along the road which Mrs. Kilborn had laid out for those three to travel, herself and Maisie and Terence. Seeing that step accomplished, Mrs. Kilborn took up her sewing and departed for the time being. She said if they were to have either salad or dessert at dinner, her immediate presence was required in the kitchen. It was a harmless little lie, and cost no one but herself any pain.

Left tête-à-tête with Terence, Maisie assumed prettily the honors of the hostess.

"You live in New York?"

"When I'm at home," said Terence, grimly.

"You love it, don't you?"

It was a fact which might have made itself apparent to blind eyes, but such is the vanity of man that Terence at once discerned in Maisie a subtle and unexpected sympathy. He looked at her for the first time as if he saw her.

"Do I love it!" he demanded yearningly. "The crowds in the Subway—and the motor-busses on Fifth Avenue—and

the lights—and the noise—and the hurry—and the fight—the everlasting, splendid, tearing fight—!" He drew a long breath. "That's living!"

Maisie considered this charmingly. Her smile trembled near gravity.

"You don't like Kauai?"

Terence only shrugged.

"Don't you think it's pretty?"

"Too much scenery. Not enough human."

She nodded understandingly. "I don't mind that, you see. I've always lived on a plantation. It's not lonesome to me. I'm used to lots of room. The air here is soft as silk, don't you think?"

"Well, but a man doesn't want to be smothered in silk forever," said Terence. "New York, now—in October—the air has an edge like cold steel—it puts life in you—" He broke off with almost a groan.

"What's the use?" he defended.

"You're homesick," said Maisie, wisely.

"And what would be the use, if I were?" said Terence.

A week later he chanced upon an empty moment of Mrs. Kilborn's.

"I like your little sister," he said, frankly. "She's like you—rather."

"She is a dear," said Mrs. Kilborn, gaily, "but not in the least like me, Terence."

"Oh yes, rather," he insisted. "Her laugh, now—"

Mrs. Kilborn let the point go. "It's nice of you to take her about so much. She rides well, doesn't she?"

"Like a boy," said Terence. "We rode all of fifteen miles yesterday."

"Come out Saturday and stay till Monday morning," said Mrs. Kilborn. "I'll have the Raynors to dinner Saturday night, and Sunday we can go over to Hanalei in the car."

Terence said he would come. He added rather more naturally than he would have done a week ago that he never got a word in edgewise with Mrs. Kilborn nowadays.

"I am a very busy lady," said Mrs. Kilborn, and smiled, and called Maisie to talk to him while she saw to something that had never needed seeing to.

Maisie came, with exceeding willingness. Upon a number of subsequent oc-

casions she came after the same fashion, and Terence by no means suspected that Mrs. Kilborn arranged these occasions.

Because Maisie rode well, he lent her his own horse, borrowed another not nearly so good, and spent hours in the saddle with the girl. Because she danced well, he swung her down the long hall of the Kilborn house, to music that Mrs. Kilborn's white, nervous fingers afforded sweetly, and, because she read too little, he brought her his own O. Henry, Kipling, Thackeray, and Yeats.

For all this, however, he stood yet within the borderland of platonism, but that border Mrs. Kilborn lured him across.

It was she who told him that Maisie had an unaccepted suitor in the States.

"Not anything definite," she denied, subtly. "But he's the decentest sort of a boy, and I think she's fond of him. He's wanted for years to marry her—his people are old, old friends of ours; it would be a perfect match, as far as one can tell about such things. Maisie puts him off. Still, I think she will—eventually."

"She's too young," said Terence, frowning a little.

Mrs. Kilborn saw the frown and winced to see it.

"Twenty; that's not so dreadfully young."

"Not old enough to know her own mind," he objected, brusquely.

"She knew her own mind when she was ten," said Mrs. Kilborn, with the poignant insight of one sister into another sister's soul—an insight which may not as a rule, however, be successfully communicated to the bystander man without exposing oneself to an accusation of felinity.

She added softly, "Maisie has more strength of character than that soft little face gives her credit for."

"I think she shows it," said Terence.

He had not, as a matter of fact, thought much about it, regarding Maisie indiscriminately as a butterfly, a kitten, a pleasing little tune, or a small red rose of the sort that blossoms plentifully in any man's garden. With Mrs. Kilborn's hint of the suitor in the background, his thoughts focused, as it were, unexpectedly. He began to see in Maisie

evidences of a deeper strain, a higher destiny; in her childish laugh, an undreamed-of innocence; in the sometime capricious desires of her coquetry a reaching after wider emotions. He had thought Maisie a child, and, behold, in the skilfully adjusted spot-light of Mrs. Kilborn's placing stood a woman.

He told himself that because Maisie was so elusively like her sister—but the truth is he was very near forgetting her likeness to any one save herself.

To all of which Mrs. Kilborn presented the smiling front of an observer pleased with what he sees. If she remembered the twilight in which Terence had laid his cheek against her picture, she gave no sign. If the inconstancy of man made any wound within her soul, she hid it, and laughed above it convincingly. By every means within her power she smoothed the course of true love, and watched it, calmly, from the bank.

Kilborn, who was at no time over-keen of comprehension, brought to her presently the first fruits of her labors.

"See here," he said, courteously and delicately as was his wont, "Terry's in love with that kid sister of yours—you know it?"

"Oh, I think he likes her," said Mrs. Kilborn, slowly.

"Maisie'd be doing pretty well for herself," continued Kilborn, largely. "Terry's onto his job. He's going to win out, some day—big."

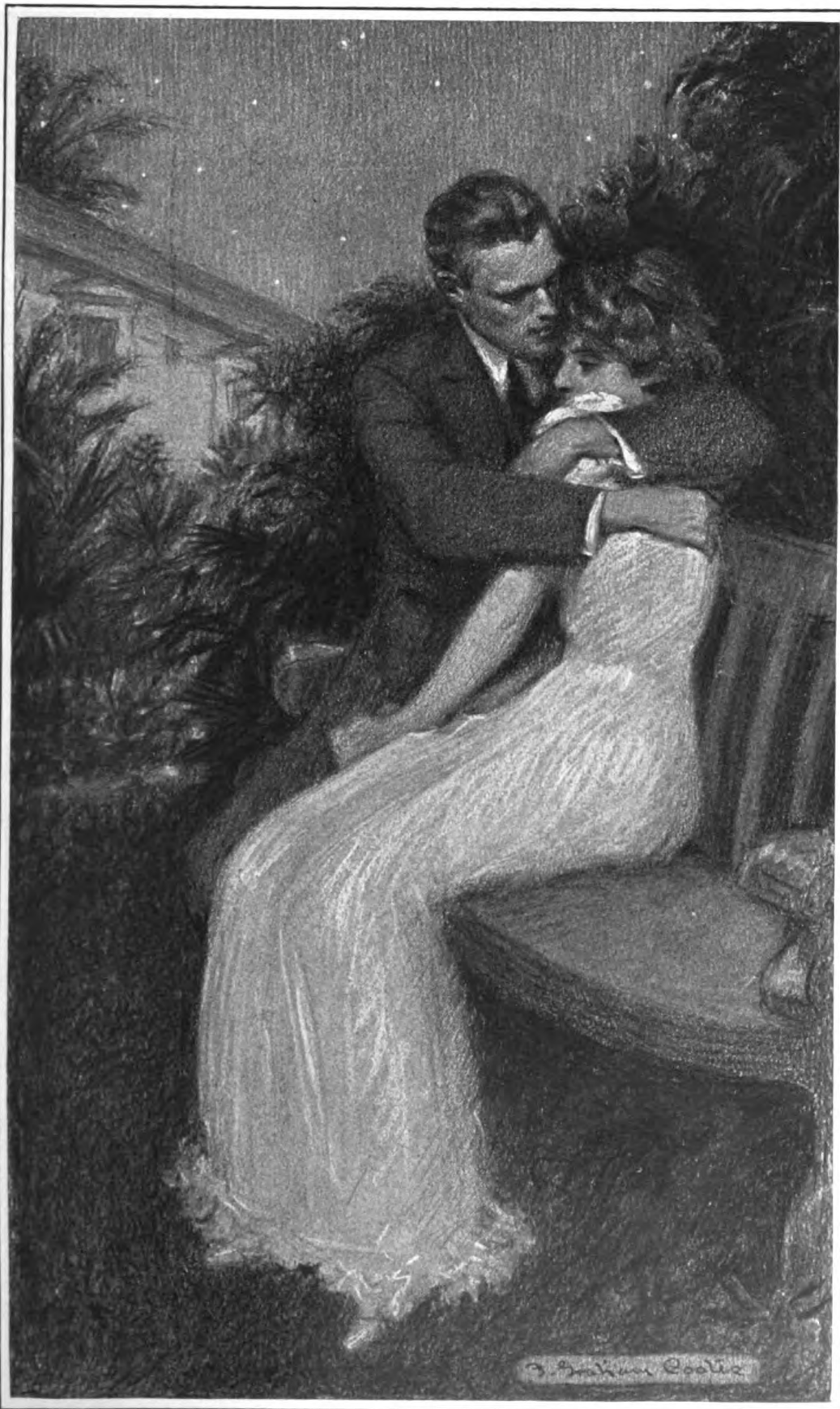
"He is a fine man, isn't he?" said Mrs. Kilborn.

She looked tired and white.

"She couldn't ask for a better," said Kilborn, yawning.

Mrs. Kilborn did not indicate by word or look the painful acquiescence of her heart. She only waited. Having turned the channel of Terence's feelings away from the thirsty and somewhat arid spaces of her own garden, she looked to see Maisie's blossom like the rose.

It was October, and October in Kauai is not October in the States. No purple haze gathers on the mountains, there is no tang of frost in the air; only the evenings grow shorter and the lamp of Venus burns sooner in the west. For any change in sea or shore it might be mid-summer still, but the nights lengthen and the rains come oftener.



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes

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HE FORGAVE HER INDULGENTLY

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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Maisie, filled to the brim with health as a cup with wine, rode and danced and laughed through endless days. She was a streak of sunshine within her sister's house. She filled both hands with happiness, and the glittering motes spilled everywhere between her fingers. Terence watched in silence awhile, then spoke.

For the speaking he chose a moon, three-quartered and whiter than the feet of Venus, an earth half-lapped in shadow, and a sky where cloud-mists drifted thinly. It was a night of warm stillness, of bloomy dusk and many flower-smells. Moreover, Terence was the son of the son of an Irishwoman. If the birds on the bushes had not all been asleep, he would have had them charmed into his pocket.

Between the moon and the night and the man Maisie held out ten minutes for the sake of her pride, choosing subconsciously, meantime, the exact spot upon his shoulder whereon her glowing face was to be hid.

The conversation ran haltingly.

"I love you," said Terence. He said it three times for good measure. "Maisie—don't you love me?"

"I don't know," said Maisie.

Five minutes later, in the face of a storm of pleading she conceded a trifle.

"If you would only give me time to think—"

"What's thinking got to do with it?" asked Terence, very justly; it is not in the brain that matches are made.

At the end of five minutes more he kissed her, in a way altogether befitting. His arms were strong, so that at odd moments she breathed with difficulty. Because of which, being a woman, she loved him twice as much.

"And you've never loved any other girl?" asked Maisie. An older woman would have known better, but Maisie was deliciously young.

"Not like this," said Terence, quite truthfully, as he considered, and rejoiced greatly that he could say it. He added, tenderly, sure of his answer, "And you—no other man?"

"Why, not like this," said Maisie, and laughed, daringly, in his astonished face. He forgave her indulgently.

Late that night, when Maisie had put on her nightgown and let down her

soft, dark hair, which curled thickly like a little girl's upon her shoulders, she went to her sister's room and tapped and opened the door. Kilborn was away on business in Honolulu, and Mrs. Kilborn sat by a table reading out of an old and battered book. The lamp on the table shed a soft, clear light on her pale hair and on the blurring blues and purples of her flowing gown. When she lifted her face her eyes showed faintly shadowed. She had been waiting, and waiting hurts.

"Nora," said Maisie, "I'm going to—he wants me to—oh, Nora!"

She dropped on her knees beside Mrs. Kilborn, and crushed Mrs. Kilborn's slender shoulders in a hug.

"I'm awfully happy," she whispered.

It was hard to associate so young and frank and eager a thing with a great love. Mrs. Kilborn, who had known only its breathless silences and betraying restraints, shivered a little. Then she took herself desperately in hand and kissed Maisie. The two sisters whispered together softly.

"He is so splendid," sighed Maisie; "you've no idea—and so ambitious, Nora. He says he can do anything, so long as I believe in him."

"Does he?" said Mrs. Kilborn.

"He says he never really cared for any girl before," went on the breathless murmur. "You know—really *cared*. Nora, isn't it wonderful to feel that you're the first—the very first—out of all the world—to the man you love?"

"Is it, Maisie?" said Mrs. Kilborn.

"Don't you *know*!" said Maisie—"you and Jim—you're married."

"Jim and I. So we are," said Mrs. Kilborn.

"You're making fun of me," said Maisie, frowning adorably. She went on, smoothing the sleeve of her sister's kimono a little shyly.

"Terence is so *square*. He wouldn't keep anything from me. He says there was a woman once—she was older, you know, and all that—awfully sweet—awfully good to him—and he was afraid he was going to care for her—"

"Afraid?" repeated Mrs. Kilborn.

"She was married," Maisie explained, in tones lowered appropriately to awe.

"I see," said Mrs. Kilborn. "So he never really—cared for her."

"No," said Maisie, "of course not. She was married. He says she was one of the best women that ever lived. He says she never even dreamed—"

And then Mrs. Kilborn spoke, against her will.

"Even the best women," she said, "that ever live, dream—sometimes."

"Not after they're married," said Maisie, innocently.

"No," said Mrs. Kilborn, "I dare say not." Her voice dragged. "You don't dream any more—after you are married."

"You don't have to," said Maisie, "your dream has come true."

"Of course," said Mrs. Kilborn.

She sent Maisie away to bed presently, and went back with blind eyes to her book. She had used Maisie to accomplish a purpose, and that purpose showed itself accomplished. Of Maisie's absolute happiness in the accomplishment there remained no doubt. Terence, too, had found the end of the rainbow.

Temptation in the shape of dreams no longer existed for Mrs. Kilborn.

"One of the best women that ever lived—" She clung to the phrase as to a badge of courage.

Suddenly she snapped off the light. In the darkness, slow tears slipped down her cheeks.

The Dark

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

SHE came and rocked me in her arms,
And low she spake: "I am thy Mother,
With lullabies and fending charms
That are for thee and for no other."
Then answered I: "Oft groping have I felt
Thy touch, and at thy knees would fain have knelt."

Next spake she level with mine ear,
And sportively entreated me:
"Twin-Sister could not be more near
That ever I have been to thee."
To this I answered: "Sister, more than twin,
My bosom-mate from childhood thou hast been."

But closer still she drew—in sooth,
So close my poor heart beat for two:
"I am thy Lover, first in youth—
That lover false—and thou so true!"
Then made I answer through a world of tears,
"But this it was that so enriched my years."

From in myself she spake at last:
"I am The Dark—am all thou art;
And I, The Dark, am all thou hast,
Both out and in—thy soul, thy heart.
Yet all the stars are mine to give to thee."
Then answered I, "Thy stars make song in me."

The Pitcher of Romance

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

"**N**OW both my children are married," said Caldewell, "the home is empty, and so, in this desolable state, you find me—a desolate old wreck, longing for adventure."

Dr. Dufresne and Merwin Burr looked at each other significantly, then both raised their eyes toward the mysterious haze that floated under the high beams of the Caldewell library. The candle-light which their host had always preferred as far back as the days in the dusty old college room in Whittley House for what he called the illumination of intimacy, now flickered nervously from many brass wall-holders. The flames seemed to feel some apprehension at the voices of the storm and at the sound of the sleet scratching on the long city-house windows with an infinity of ghostly fingers.

Burr, one of Caldewell's guests, was Burr of Burr & Broward, authority upon the law of corporation mortgages, a sort of hippopotamus in mind and body, the mind dwelling impregnable behind a broad, florid face and an outburst of beard, the body always puffing, swelling, rolling, beneath clothes which were ill-fitting yet distinguished.

"Bless me—don't I know!" he exclaimed.

Dr. Dufresne, the other guest, had a higher voice; it seemed wholly in keeping with his aquiline nose, the dry wrinkles about his eyes, the thinness of his white hair, the sinewy length of his strong surgeon's hands, the angularity around the knees, upon which these hands, like those of a red granite Pharaoh, were laid.

"I went through that," said he. "You miss 'em. They are yours. They are more than yours. They are you yourself. But I—huh!—I got over it. I fell in love with my wife again."

Caldewell started up out of the depths of the great leather chair which he always chose for these late Saturday-night

meetings, which for these three had persisted for nearly forty years.

"Why stare me out of countenance?" asked the doctor.

"Because I am wondering just how I would go about falling in love with my wife. I love her enough, and always have," Caldewell said. "But somehow we both have become very matter of fact." He became silent, gazing at the age-darkened baseboard.

Burr scented the presence of something which he felt would be embarrassing to conventional discussion. He drained his glass impatiently and placed it on the floor beside his chair, with an apoplectic puff and a philosophic sigh.

"You two fellows know my wife," said Caldewell, in a halting voice. "It isn't necessary for me to praise her; there are no better women—certainly none who have had a more successful life as—what shall I say?—a mother and an eternally valued member of society. Because she is completely good, and consistent in the performance of goodness."

The lawyer and Dufresne both stared at him.

"Fine woman!" growled Burr.

"Made you what you are!" insisted Dufresne.

"Why, she's not to blame for me," exclaimed the merchant, as if he were hastening to his wife's defense. "And yet—what am I? A discounter of retailers' notes, shop merchant raised to a higher power, a textile-measurer, a dealer in prices and per cents., a prosperous creature of commerce and commonplaces."

The clock beyond the heavy hangings at the wide exit to the hall interrupted with eleven assertions that no man can live again the moment that has passed.

"Was I this in the old days?" asked Caldewell, out of temper.

His two friends shut their eyes, recalling the picture of him in youth, then both laughed derisively.

Caldewell arose with a groan which seemed to ascend from stiff knee-joints and strode up and down before the cold hearth in the characteristic attitudes of a male seeking warmth at an open fire. After all, his appearance was that of a retired military man, an old fighting sea-officer or a worn-out soldier of fortune, rather than that of a product of the mahogany-trimmed office of the treasurer of the East American Mills.

"Bah!" he said, gruffly. "Men's souls do not change. I have been exactly the same lover of adventure, of romance, as I was then. Yet it has all been stifled. I have found myself smothered under the irresistible pressure of a humdrum life, surrendering to regularity and conventions."

He pointed upward with a straight forefinger at the floor above.

"I am afraid that she and I are both rather—what shall I say?—burned out of romance."

"Oh, my dear fellow!" Burr protested.

The host turned on the lawyer, threw his hands behind his back, and, spreading his two feet wide apart on the rug, rocked his body backward and forward.

"I have already eulogized Mary," he said. "Heaven knows it may be better for everybody to curb their taste for adventure; the world may be a hundred-fold better because I have spent my life at the productive end of mills, looms, and an army of wage-earners. I realize the practical value of her philosophy. It is her philosophy rather than mine. Yet it squeezes all the poetry and all the romance out of life—this modern, civilized, successful, domestic, metropolitan philosophy."

Dufresne knocked the ashes of his cigar to the floor and scattered them with a kick of his foot.

"You probably are tired, probably blue. But do you know yourself just what you mean?" he asked.

"I see perfectly," said Burr. "We know Caldewell and we know his lady—or ought to. She is a person of regular habits, a believer, may I say, in organization—of home, business, society—a priestess, if you please, of self-improvement and the improvement of every one else, a woman of strong will. James

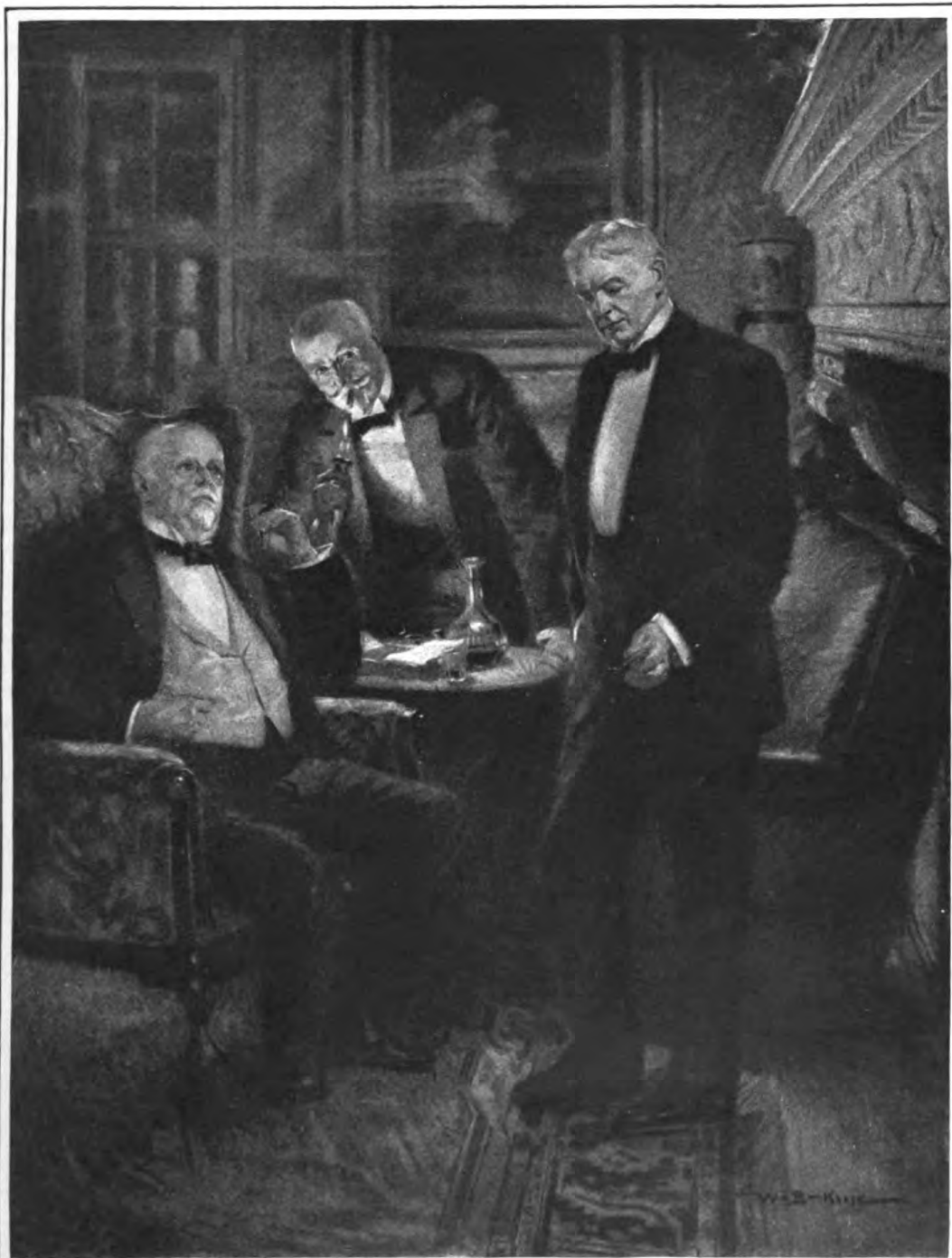
would say, as I would say, that she is not a poet, not a lover of romance, and is contented with a humdrum world. I should think, Dufresne, that you might have observed the reshaping of the old Jim we used to know. She did it. Of course she did it. And I, for one, believe she did well!"

"It was not her doing, I think. It was not my life or hers. It was *ours*," laughed Caldewell, somewhat bitterly. "Well, look at me! What's more stupid than a business success? Dufresne, my dear fellow, you advised me a moment ago to fall in love with my wife. Why, there is no necessity for that. I suppose you mean some new demonstration of my affection for her. For what purpose? She'd think that I was mad. I would become a disturber of the beautiful, eternal, quiet, worthy flow of the stream of our lives. No, my dear friends, my secret which I have told you cannot be told her, merely because—God bless her!—she wouldn't understand. If I have adventure, it must be alone. Lord! I had an atlas spread out on the table to-night. I saw on the map a piece of uncharted country the size of my thumb—south of Hudson Bay. It set me trembling. No white man had ever been there! Yesterday I saw an advertisement in the paper for a man who would assist a middle-aged widow in the promotion of an invention of a new and dangerous explosive. I felt my blood grow thicker, warmer in my veins. And if my neighbors or my wife knew of it they would believe me a trifle irresponsible."

"So do I," said Burr. "But then—so did I forty years ago when you went up the Amazon with two black creatures, half men, half monkeys, that couldn't understand any language but grunts and whistles."

Dufresne had been thinking. "Of course you might have married a different woman," he said, as if thinking aloud.

Caldewell scowled at him; then, as he recognized the spontaneous sincerity of his friend, his expression softened. "I'm not blaming *her*," he said, good-naturedly. "I saw from the first year or two of our life together, just as I see now, the inevitable result. On the one hand,



Drawn by W. B. King

"WHAT'S MORE STUPID THAN A BUSINESS SUCCESS?"



her character has steadied me; on the other, day by day, it lessened the supply of poetry, adventure, romance, with which I started life. Besides—

"Sh!" whispered Burr, with the manner of a guilty conspirator. "Some one is out there in the hall."

"Your wife!" said Dufresne.

The curtains parted on either side of a small and active woman of fifty; the men stood, three in a row, facing her.

If Mrs. Caldewell was somewhat dumpy of figure and inert of expression, if her hands were somewhat rheumatic of shape and her hair was lacking in luster, if, indeed, there was a definite lack of beauty, yet a shrewd observer would have said that her active, clear eyes were indicative of intellectual training, calm thought, and a conscience always contented. She was the sort of woman who prefers to dress in gray, with a bit of rare white lace here and there, who speaks in a soft voice, but who, none the less, inspires the confidence that she is fitted to meet any crisis, and with immutable determination embroider day by day her own pattern of life. As if to symbolize this last, she now held in her hand a piece of linen, a skein of thread, and a needle.

She laughed, perhaps a little nervously. For some reason the embarrassed absence of greeting from any of the three men and the presence of guilt upon their old faces seemed to have escaped her notice.

"Oh, I did not mean to break into your little circle," she said, lightly. "Please don't get up. I only wanted to say to you, Jim, that I wish to use your study. I have some embroidery to do, and though I shall be where I can hear the rumble of your voices, I do not believe it will bother you."

"'Rumble' is good, Mary," said Burr, with a note of tenderness.

She laughed as she crossed the library and passed behind the curtains at the door of the room beyond.

"In case of a group of women I might have said 'chatter,'" she called back to them.

Dufresne smiled silently.

"Your wife is lonely, too," said Burr, meditatively, with his eyes still at the point where she had disappeared.

"She seems to take my proposal to go off to Europe for four months philosophically," said Caldewell, lightly, to dismiss the suggestion.

"I wonder if you understand her," the lawyer said, and seated himself once more, staring at the mantel.

"I was going to tell you of a memory that came back to me to-day," the merchant began again, without answering Burr. "It was like a message from my youth. It was back in the first year or two after graduation. I went to Turkestan."

"I remember," Dufresne said. "You nearly lost your life in the desert—you, your ponies, and that villain of a guide or dragoman, or whatever you called him."

Caldewell nodded. "Yes, and this was the picture," he said, with his eyes half shut. "I had picked up no end of treasures from a Russian trader who had a caravan from Khiva—a leather pouch of turquoise and odds and ends, jewels, a fingerful of Arab rings, three rugs that I suppose to-day would be priceless, eight or nine rare and ancient specimens of pottery, two silver-mounted Arabian muskets, a jug of the most delicious perfume from Tifis—I can smell it now!—and, among other things, 'The Pitcher of Romance.'"

"'Pitcher of Romance!'" exclaimed Dufresne.

"Yes," replied the merchant. "It was a brass pitcher, from Persia probably—a brass pitcher, with a long, swan-like neck and a curving handle. It was inlaid with silver, and capable, when struck with other metal, of giving out with the vibration a resonance that sounded exactly like the song of a bird rising and falling—an alluring, far-away call. But the beauty of the object was its shape, its graceful outlines, which seemed always changing like the curves in the body of a young girl."

Burr sat up. "Where did it get its title—this pitcher?" he asked, leaning forward eagerly.

"From the characters inlaid in its sides," Caldewell explained. "I paid well for it. It had been stolen, I have no doubt. The Russian Jew read me its inscription. 'They who possess me shall know the emotions; they who drink

from me shall taste rare flavors; they who touch my sides shall know the true adventures of life.' I recalled the sentence after nearly forty years, and with it the fact that I had said to the Jew: 'It's the Pitcher of Romance. Take your price. Here at least is something not to be haggled over.'"

"And where is it now?" asked Dufresne, raising his eyes over the flame of his match.

Caldewell shrugged his shoulders. "You were right. We nearly left our bones on that thirst-haunted desert," he said. "It was years ago, but I remember that we took the old Khiva trail, not the new. And at that wonderful outcropping of rock thirty miles east of the second oasis my fool of a native struck north along the base of a ridge which for some strange reason appears sharply in the monotony of rolling expanse. Mind you, we had ponies, not camels, and a twelve-hour journey had led us nowhere. It was at the hour when night, which in that country pounces down like a dark-winged hawk, had been long settled over us. And there, in front of us, in the moonlight, where probably no human being had been for centuries, was a depression in the face of the desert, a bowl set into the surface, a round, deep concave with sloping sides of pink gravel. It might have been a hundred yards across. We slept beside it."

"With the Pitcher of Romance," Burr muttered.

"Our tongues were leather. We were facing death, though I did not know it," Caldewell went on. "We had seen that we would have to turn back. So I arose at dawn and took the heaviest of my Bokhara rugs—a wonderful piece both in design, coloring, and fineness—and I took three massive blue bowls and the brass pitcher, all of which weighed heavily upon the horse, and I stretched the rug on the hot sands and placed the four other objects upon it, just as if I were preparing to serve rare delicacies for two in that empty waste. And we rode away."

"And you kept looking back?" suggested Burr.

"Yes, I kept looking back," repeated Caldewell—"at the rug, the three blue bowls, and the Pitcher of Romance

gleaming in the fierce, slanting rays of the sun."

"Till they were out of sight," added the doctor, with a tone of finality.

All three men sat with musing, squinted eyes, like three who saw the rug, the blue bowls, the pitcher, abandoned on the desert.

Suddenly Burr pointed with an outstretched arm and a fat, metropolitan forefinger, as if across a stretch of imaginative sun-baked gravel.

"Look!" said he. "Do you suppose, Caldewell, that they are still there?"

"Why not?" Dufresne said, softly. "They were left far from any trail and in a lifeless land."

Caldewell clutched the arms of his chair. "I never thought of it!" he said. "God!"

"Why don't you go back and see?" the doctor proposed, breaking the stillness of the room with the dry, ironical rasp characteristic of one phase of his voice. "That is a much more interesting experiment, old fellow, than Monte Carlo or an investigation of textile processes in Germany. Come, Caldewell! Though you sit to-night on the other side of the world, and though, since the day you took the Turkestan trail, your sinews have softened and your waist and chin both have doubled—what odds? You complain of the humdrum. Well, snatch romance, as you call it, before it's too late, then. Go back for the pitcher! What do you say?"

"Mary will assent," Burr urged, with some real eagerness. "It will be good for you both. And you will give old plodders like Dufresne and me something to dream about."

Caldewell still clutched the chair arms. At last he jumped up, laughing. "It's all very amusing," he exclaimed. "Bless me, what nonsense!"

His two friends also arose, smiling.

"Can you imagine me with this bald spot up here burned to the raw by the sun of an Asiatic waste? Ha!"

Burr laughed, then yawned. The doctor stretched. "My coat?" he inquired, absent-mindedly, and the three passed out of the room into the hall.

A moment later, just as a draft of the outdoor cold whisked over the floor and the sound of the front door came

from beyond the portières, Mrs. Caldwell stepped into the library, leaned against the wall beneath one bracket of candles, which were nearly burned to their stubs, and began to embroider as if her life depended on finishing the task.

Her husband found her, the glinting needle poised in her fingers. He said nothing. He went to the table, picked up a book, and ran its pages backward and forward idly. A man-servant, treading like a cat in the wet, came in, locked the windows for the night, and was gone. The needle in Mrs. Caldwell's fingers had remained motionless. It was she who first spoke.

"Jim," she said, "the household needs readjustment. You and I are living on memories, my dear. Thursday you go abroad alone. Why don't you step out of your life—absolutely—for three months?"

"Do what?" he asked, much surprised. "I don't understand."

"I mean that you might not write me, or I write you. I mean that for three months you may go your way, I mine," she said, blushing a little. "I mean that you may have all the diversified interests of old cities before you, and that I, who so much need it, will have the interest of finding some spot where for a long time I may live outdoors, lose some of my fat by conscientious exercise, and be really tanned by the sun for the first time since Robert was born."

"Not even write?" he asked, nonplussed.

"Not even write."

She began to embroider once more, turning the petal of a flower; he laughed somewhat sheepishly. "Then you agree," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

He heard her going out the door, a tread creaked on the stairs. Caldwell sprang out of his chair, paced up and down for a moment, like a caged lion who is allowed after years of the tamer's abuse to sniff the odors of the jungle.

"London, Paris, Marseilles, Suez!" he exclaimed, closing his fists. "A caravan—Tiflis, Merve, Khiva—the desert! The Pitcher of Romance! I'm an old fool, but, damn me!—I'll do it!"

One advantage of being rich is to be

able to afford a caravan; one disadvantage of being rich is to expose affluence by affluent manners and have the caravan and the supplies and the dragomen and the trappings cost twice the price current for such things. Caldwell at home could make a close bargain in the purchase of fine baled Australian Sea Island seconds, and he could quarrel successfully with metropolitan taxi-drivers in New York and the capitals of Europe. In the matter of engaging a caravan he was a failure. "Dull shears may shear fat sheep," say the stall-keepers in the bazaars, and doubtless the camel-men nodded at the thought as they beheld this American, with a scowl of impatience on his perspiring forehead, an absurd cork helmet in his right hand, and his left thrust into khaki trousers which jingled money in every pocket, listening to the interpreter's almost tearful account of the difficulties of the old Khiva road.

But Caldwell had bought poetry and romance, and to complain of the price would have been inconsistent with the spirit of a true lover of adventure. The morning of the 8th of June found him two days out from the desert port, squinting his eyes at the rising sun, which rolled its light, like a long strip of Oriental carpet, over the undulating, gravelly waste, and concluding in his own mind that he had been scorched, singed, burned, trimmed, plucked, shorn, when he had advanced a huge sum of money for seven days' use of such an outfit as trailed behind him.

"It looks like the morning street parade of a one-ring circus just closing a rainy season. No sheriff would think it was worth while to serve this one with an attachment," said the American. "Ibrahim, you card-reader, you founder of a cult, come here! Tell me what's the matter with my horse."

"Oh, master," replied the greasy-faced one, "how may I say the bad news? At dawn I listened to the base animal. I heard his breathing as I have heard such breathing in other horses. Alas, he is sick. Alas, he will surely die. Alas, when your honored self bought this horse he had been doctored with strange herbs that he might live another day."

"You read that kind of talk in some best-seller," said Caldewell, viciously, as he dismounted. "Will you look at the beast? His eyes are turned back in his head!"

"Shall I shoot him, master?" inquired Ibrahim.

"And I—*walk!*" cried the other.

"Allah forbid!" replied the interpreter, wriggling his brown, bare toes in his sandals. "It would be impossible. Thou shalt ride a camel, master."

At noon, therefore, Caldewell was hoisted to the back of a ship of the desert; at three he had learned why the patient, long-suffering camel has earned his title; at four he had plodded three miles on foot, learning with each raising of a shoe that sand-walking is not a practical form of locomotion for a rotund sedentary.

"The camel again!" he cried to the dragomen. "And this time tell him it's not the up-and-down motion I mind, but the oily swell—that lukewarm soap-and-water roll!"

At five the adventurer gazed up at the turquoise blue of the sky and saw it suddenly turn an olive-drab color; even the desert tilted upward so that it looked like a steep climb and a long one, and then downward so that it became a precipitous slide.

"I am a very miserable man," said the treasurer of the East American Mills. "What is that thing that jangles so?"

"Master," said Ibrahim, with a devilish smile, "the noise is made by a tin coffee-pot from the United Honored States."

"Throw it overboard!" cried Caldewell, forgetting his surroundings. "I'm going to get down and walk again. What are those trees? Palms?"

"Master, we are at the second oasis. Here we stay the night," explained the oleaginous interpreter.

"And what ails the camel-men? What are they singing about?"

"They are asking themselves what must be done," answered the other, after a long draft of warm asses' milk from a bulging skin. "Russian officers are occupying the oasis. There is great danger, master."

"Danger?" exclaimed Caldewell.

"Hast thou a permit from the Tsar?"

"Bosh!" cried the treasurer of the East American Mills. "March on. If they are white men, I will be glad to see them."

The Russians, however, seemed of a different temper. There were five. They had mounted, and now with the flashing of sabers and clanking of scabbards they charged down upon the trembling caravan. Caldewell believed that heads would soon be rolling like pumpkins over the hot sands.

"Stop!" he cried, gazing from one to the other of these bearded, mostacchioed, white-and-red-uniformed creatures. "I am an American."

One of the number raised his eyebrows, wet his finger-tips, and curled upward the point of his tawny beard, smacked his lips, then, turning to the others, reported something in Russian. They all laughed joyfully.

"I am an American," said Caldewell, endeavoring to increase the girth of his chest and diminish that of his waist.

"Oh, Monsieur d'Argent Trop," the spokesman returned, in understandable French, "we understood you the first time. You are an American. We place you under arrest. It is serious, monsieur. Were I in your place I would believe it better to say: 'See, good friends. How many rubles will you have? May Heaven guard the Tsar, but may his soldiers always be in spending-money.'"

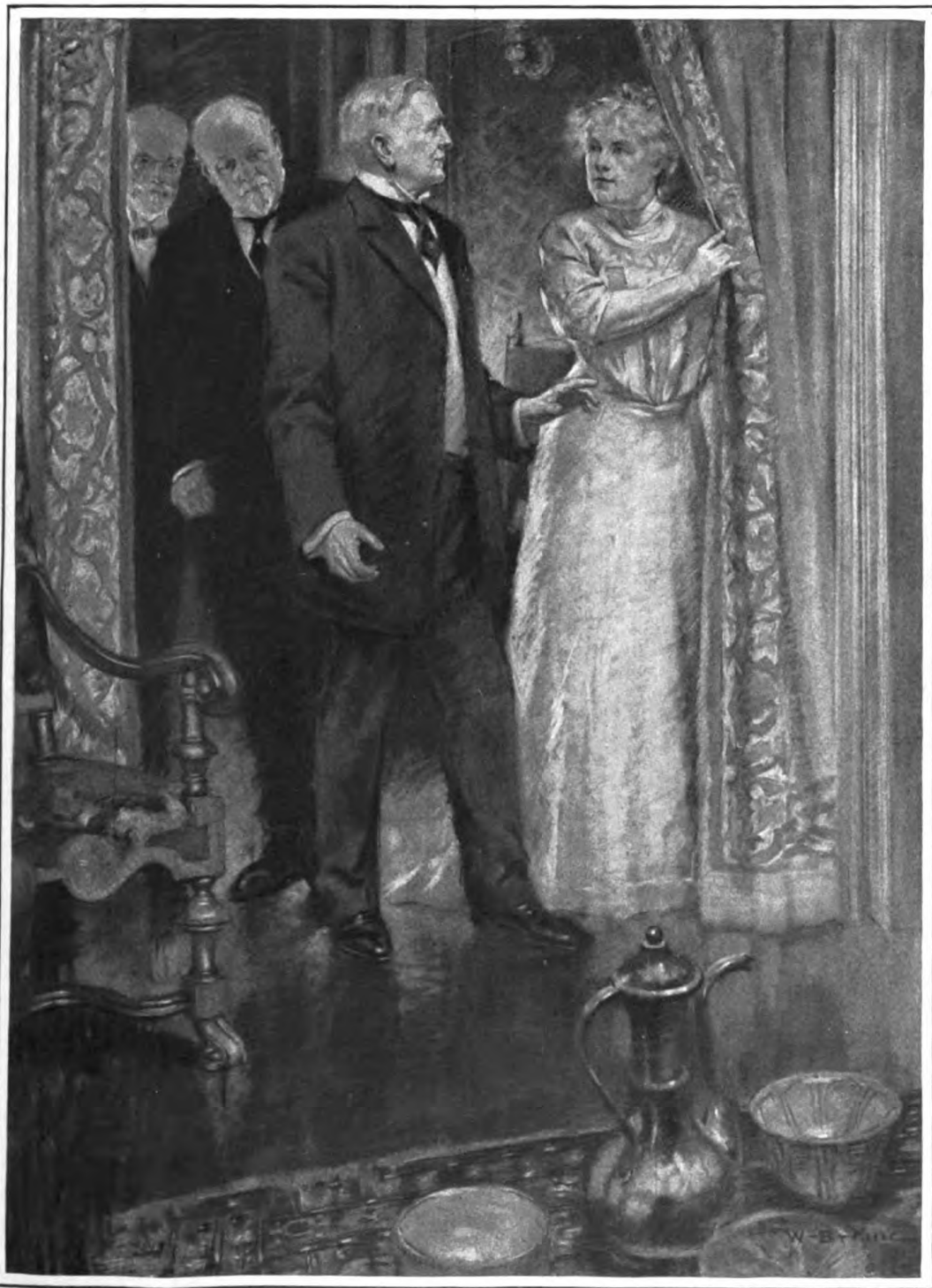
"Umph!" growled the pilgrim. "How universal are customs! In Cuba they call it '*effectivo*.' Well, then, what's it worth?"

A computation was made. Caldewell settled his newly created debt; the Russians bowed with extreme politeness before their departure in the morning.

"Buy cheap cars to start with," the American called out after them, with a thought for the sum which each had received. "And run them yourselves the first season, so you will know the difference between a good and a bad chauffeur."

"*Merci beaucoup!*" shouted the rascal who spoke French. "We shall not buy cars! We have agreed among ourselves to build a moving-picture theater in Moscow. Speak to your Ibrahim, monsieur, concerning the various makes.





Drawn by W. B. King

"TELL THE TRUTH," HE CRIED. "WHAT DID YOUR CARAVAN COST YOU?"



"The rascal demanded of us more than his share."

Caldewell meditated this farewell message for several minutes, watching the receding dust-cloud on the desert.

"Great guns!" he sighed at last, trying to dig some of the grit out of his ears. "I wonder whether they've got this game incorporated! But more than anything I wonder how rough it is this morning. Bring me my sea-going camel. Bring me Rosinante. I've renamed him the *Alice B. Smith*."

A swarm of flies settled down over the caravan as at last it started away from the traders' worn trail and northward along the ridge.

"The majesty of the desert isn't what it used to be," said Caldewell, sadly, trying to speak in rhythm with the camel's roll. "Ibrahim! Hand me my coat. If I drop the guide-rope, the confounded ship of the desert will come up into the wind. Hold on now! I'll get down. I guess I was just in time. I've got to walk again! I'm very miserable! Yesterday it was an oily swell; to-day it's a choppy sea. The beast looks evil. I believe he knows."

Ibrahim, the dusky, winked at the moth-eaten camel; the creature drew down one flabby eyelid and returned the salute. The treasurer of the East American Mills mopped his brow and the green interior of the cork helmet. Then he took out the last message from his wife, addressed to him in Berlin, and forwarded to Constantinople by the London bankers.

"Investigate for me domestic-science education France and Italy. Be home for dinner at seven on day planned," the cable said.

"I wish I was there now," groaned Caldewell. "Oh, go ahead, all you animated splotches of local color. It's not far now. Tell 'em, Ibrahim, and let me walk on ahead. I can't even bear to watch those camels walk."

"As thou wilt, master," replied the Oriental, with a stage salaam. "But if it be thy wish I first will prepare thee food and drink. A can of minced ham, master? A syrup from the jug?"

The American's answer was a roar of rage. The subtle Ibrahim understood; he waved his hand to the frightened un-

derlings, and the caravan once more was on its way.

At dusk Caldewell gave a cry; upon the face of the desert appeared a depression. The camel-men looked up, and then they, too, showed their excitement by strange mumbles and squeaks.

"The Pitcher of Romance," shouted the American, running forward.

But the Pitcher of Romance had gone; the concave in the desert was empty; the talisman left on the rare Bokhara, with the three blue bowls, had vanished.

"I knew it wouldn't be here," Caldewell sputtered. "I was sure the idea was absurd—nonsense, poppycock!"

"How can this be, master?" asked Ibrahim, pulling up his skirts as he followed his employer down the incline. "The things you seek cannot have gone."

"Bah!" roared the American, clenching his fist.

"But how can it be, master?" argued Ibrahim. "No one ever comes here, while man has memory."

Caldewell stooped and picked up a tin can half buried in the sand.

"Look, then!" he mourned, in a high key. "And read! 'Twentieth Century Brand. Prime Ripe Tomatoes. No Coloring Matter. Guaranteed under Pure Food and Drugs Act!'"

"Master!" cried Ibrahim, much shocked, "what can it be?"

"This?" said Caldewell, scornfully, holding the can up to the setting sun upon the tips of his fingers. "This is the modern Pitcher of Romance!"

As luck would have it, the lady liner bearing Caldewell came in three hours late from quarantine; on shore the treasurer of the East American Mills almost ran away from the customs officers and finally jumped into a taxicab which had already been engaged by a man with a red, sunburned nose and pearl-gray spats. It was a midsummer dusk.

"Hold on!" said the stranger, in a peevish tone. "I say! Get out of there, will you? My partner is waiting for me at the office with a big real-estate option."

"Pooh!" answered Caldewell, slamming the door. "That's nothing but business. I am dining with my wife!"

The explanation may not have been satisfying to the stranger, whose eyes popped open like two pods, but it was more than satisfactory to Caldwell. His own words gave him a curious little thrill. He had never before been away from his wife so long a time as this; she seemed the most desirable personality in the world. Her little scheme of meeting for dinner at home no longer seemed to him the plan of a prosy mind. Indeed, what could be a more charming conception? The old fellow rubbed his knees. Dining with her! No youth was ever more excited about keeping a tryst with a runaway princess. He hummed a song; he pictured himself dashing up the steps. His own house in imagination had been transformed into a brick-and-mortar heaven. And the woman there was his wife! The tears started out of his eyes. She was his wife! The responsibility of the relationship seemed terrible; it made him tremble as it had made him tremble years before. Suppose she had died suddenly? He writhed at the thought.

"One-seventy," said the taxi-driver.

"Here's five," cried Caldwell, running up his own walk. "Keep it;—there's a light in the window!"

He fell up the steps; the door opened; it was she!

He stood transfixed.

She had lost flesh; there seemed more spring in her body; her eyes were clearer; her skin was brown with the outdoor life she had sought. He fancied she looked exactly as she had looked thirty years before.

He had promised himself to throw his arms about her. He wanted to do it still, but behind appeared the faces of Dufresne and Burr. The countenances of these two dear old friends were covered with the light of welcome, but because they were there interfering with the unrestraint he desired he thought them odious.

"We are so glad you are back safe and sound," said his wife, softly.

"Did you bring anything with you, old fellow?" asked Dufresne, slyly. "You know what I mean."

"Did you really go after it?" inquired Burr. "We thought you did, but we haven't said a word."

"What is all this mystery? Come in, Jim, my dear," said Mrs. Caldwell. "The dinner has been waiting too long already. Our guests, whom I invited, are famished."

She led the way into the library. "Just one question," she went on. "What is this mystery of where you have been?"

"Do you remember my telling you once years ago of a Bokhara rug, three bowls, and a brass pitcher I left in the desert?" said Caldwell.

A little smile flickered on the woman's face.

"Do you remember that the pitcher was supposed to give its owner richness of life and adventure and the true spirit of romance?" he went on. "Well, I may as well tell you— I went back like an old fool to find it. I had a picture of the rug and the bowls still there as I left them, in the sunlight."

"And they weren't?" cried Dufresne, anxiously.

"They had gone!" Burr growled, in disappointment.

Caldwell nodded sheepishly.

"But, Jim, dear," said his wife, "you don't mean you really went to all that trouble and—"

He nodded again.

"Oh, what a shame!" she exclaimed, walking to the door of her husband's study. "Just see!"

She pulled the curtains aside.

All the furniture had been pushed back from the center of the room. And there, on the bare floor, in the full glare of the yellow light, lay the shreds of a Bokhara rug, bleached colorless by years of uninterrupted sunlight, and upon its frail, dry-rotted surface, as if a meal had been prepared for two, were three blue pottery bowls and a brass, silver-inlaid pitcher of exquisite beauty.

Caldwell wheeled suddenly toward his wife.

"Mary—tell the truth," he cried.

"What did *your* caravan cost *you*?"

"Caravan? Caravan?" she answered.

"Why, I couldn't afford a caravan, dear. They're very expensive. So I took what I could buy in those markets—some dried beef and some canned tomatoes, and I hired an automobile, and I went out and back in thirty-six hours."

The Street Called Straight

A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

CHAPTER XIX

FORTUNATELY there was no one in the upper hall, nor on the stairs, nor in the lower hall, nor in the oval room into which Ashley stumbled his way. The house was all sunshine and silence.

He dropped into the nearest arm-chair. "It's a lie," he kept repeating to himself. "It's a lie. It's a damned, infernal lie. It's a put-up job between them—between the old scoundrel and that—that oaf."

The reflection brought him comfort. By degrees it brought him a great deal of comfort. That was the explanation, of course! There was no need of his being panic-stricken. To frighten him off was part of their plan. Had he not challenged her two or three times to say she didn't care for him? If she had any doubt on the subject, he had given her ample opportunity to declare it. But she had not done so. On the contrary, she had made him both positive and negative statements of her love. What more could he ask?

He breathed again. The longer he thought of it the better his situation seemed to grow. He had done all that an honorable man could think of. He had been chivalrous to a quixotic degree. If they had not accepted his generous proposals, then so much the worse for them. They—Guion and Davenant—were pursuing obstructionist tactics, so as to put him in a place where he could do nothing but retreat. Very well; he would show them! There were points beyond which even chivalry could not go; and if they found themselves tangled in their own barbed wire they themselves would be to blame.

It was a gratification to the Ashley spirit, too, to note how promptly the right thing had paid. It was really something to take to heart. The moral to be drawn from his experiences at the heights of

Dargal had been illustrated over and over again in his career; and this was once more. If he had funk'd the sacrifice, it would have been on his conscience all the rest of his life. As it was, he had made it, or practically made it, and so could take his reward without scruple.

He put this plainly before Olivia when at last she appeared. She came slowly through the hall from the direction of the dining-room, a blank-book and a pencil in her hand.

"I'm making an inventory," she explained. "You know that everything will have to be sold?"

He ignored this to hurry to his account of the interview with Guion.

"I've made my offer," he went on, in an injured tone, "and they've thrown it out. I really can't do more, now, can I?"

"You know already how I feel about that."

They were still standing. He had been too eager to begin his report to offer her a chair or to take one himself.

"They can't expect me to repeat it, now, can they?" he hurried on. "There are limits, by Jove! I can't go begging to them—"

"I don't think they expect it."

"And yet, if I don't, you know—he's dished. He loses his money—and everything else."

In putting a slight emphasis on the concluding words he watched her closely. She betrayed herself to the extent of throwing back her head with a little tilt to the chin.

"I don't believe he'd consider that being dished. He's the sort of man who loses only when he—flings away."

"He's the sort of man who's a beastly cad."

He regretted these words as soon as they were uttered, but she had stung him to the quick. Her next words did so again.

"Then, if so, I hope you won't find it

necessary to repeat the information. I mistook him for something very high—very high and noble; and, if you don't mind, I'd rather go on doing it."

She swept him with a look such as he knew she must be capable of giving, though he had never before seen it. The next second she had slipped between the portières into the hall. He heard her pause there.

It was inevitable that Guion's words should return to him—"Half in love with him as it is."

"That's rot," he assured himself. He had only to call up the image of Davenant's hulking figure and heavy ways to see what rot it was. He himself was not vain of his appearance; he had too much to his credit to be obliged to descend to that; but he knew he was a distinguished man, and that he looked it. The woman who could choose between him and Davenant would practically have no choice at all. That seemed to him conclusive.

Nevertheless, it was with a view to settling this question beyond resurrection that he followed her into the hall. He found her standing with the note-book still in her hand.

He came softly behind her and looked over her shoulder, his face close to hers. She could feel his breath on her cheek, but she tried to write.

"I'm sorry I said what I did," he whispered.

She stayed her pencil long enough to say: "I hope you're still sorrier for having thought it."

"I'm sorry you *know* I think it. Since it affects you so deeply—"

"It affects me deeply to see you can be unjust."

"I'm more than unjust. I'm—well, you can fancy what I am when I say that I know some one who thinks you're more than half in love with this fellow as it is."

"Is that papa?"

"I don't see that it matters who it is. The only thing of importance is whether you are or not."

"If you mean that as a question, I shall have to let you answer it yourself."

"Would you tell me if—if you were?"

"What would be the use of telling you a thing that would make you unhappy and that I couldn't help?"

"Am I to understand, then, that you *are* half in love with him?"

She continued the effort to write.

"I think I've a right to press that question," he resumed. "Am I, or am I not, to understand—?"

She turned slowly. Her face was flushed, her eyes misty.

"You may understand this," she said, keeping her voice as much under control as possible—"you may understand this, that I don't know whom I'm in love with, or whether or not I'm in love with any one. That's the best I can say. I'm sorry, Rupert—but I don't think it's altogether my fault. Papa's troubles seem to have transported me into a world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage—where the whole subject is alien to—"

"But you said," he protested, bitterly, "no longer ago than yesterday that you *loved* me."

"And I suppose I do. I did in South-sea. I did—right up to the minute when I learned what papa—and I—had been doing all these years—and that if the law had been put in force—! You see that's made me feel as if I were benumbed—as if I were frozen—or dead. You mustn't blame me too much—"

"My darling, I'm not blaming you. I'm not such a duffer but that I can understand how you feel. It'll be all right. You'll come round. This is like an illness, by Jove!—that's what it's like. But you'll get better, dear. After we're married—if you'll *only* marry me—"

"I said I'd do that, Rupert—I said it yesterday—if you'd give up what I understand you *have* given up—"

He was on his guard against admitting this. "I haven't given it up. They've made it impossible for me to do it; that's all. It's their action, not mine."

"It comes to the same thing. I'm ready to keep my promise."

"You don't say it with much enthusiasm."

"Perhaps I say it with something better. I think I do. At the same time, I wish—"

"You wish what?"

"I wish I had attached another condition to it."

"It mayn't be too late for that even now. Let's have it."

"If I had thought of it," she said, with



Drawn by Orson Lowell

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT GUION'S WORDS SHOULD RETURN TO HIM

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a faint, uncertain smile, "I should have exacted a promise that you and he should be friends."

He spoke sharply. "Who? Me? That's a good 'un, by Jove! You may as well understand me, dear, once and for all. I don't make friends of cow-punchers of that sort."

"I do," she said, coldly, turning again to her note-book.

It was not strange that Ashley should pass the remainder of the day in a state of irritation against what he called "this American way of doing things." Neither was it strange that when, after dinner in the evening, Davenant kept close to him as they were leaving Rodney Temple's house, the act should have struck the Englishman as a bit of odious presumption. Having tried vainly to shake his companion off, he was obliged to submit to walking along the embankment with him, side by side.

He had not found the dinner an entertaining event. Drusilla talked a great deal, but was uneasy and *distracte*. Rodney Temple seemed to him "a queer old cove," while Mrs. Temple made no impression on him at all. Olivia had urged her inability to leave her father as an excuse for not coming. Davenant said little beyond giving the information that he was taking leave of his host and hostess, to sleep that night in his old quarters in Boston, and proceed next day to Stoughton, Michigan. This fact gave him a pretext for saying good night when Ashley did, and leaving the house in his company.

"We're going the same way, aren't we?" he asked, as soon as they were outside.

"No," Ashley said, promptly, "you're taking the tram, and I shall walk."

"I should like to walk, too, Colonel, if you don't mind."

Since silence raised the most telling objection, Ashley made no reply. Taking out his cigarette-case, he lit a cigarette, without offering one to his companion. The discourtesy was significant, but Davenant ignored it, commenting on the extraordinary mildness of the October night, and giving items of information as to the normal behavior of American autumn weather. As Ashley expressed no

appreciation of these data, the subject dropped. There was a long silence before Davenant nerved himself to begin on the topic he had sought this opportunity to broach.

"You said yesterday, Colonel, that you'd like to pay me back the money I've advanced to Mr. Guion. I'd just as soon you wouldn't, you know."

Ashley deigned no answer. The tramp went on in a silence broken only by distant voices or a snatch of song from a students' club-house near the river. Somewhere in the direction of Brookline a locomotive kept up a puffing like the beating of a pulse.

"I don't need that money," Davenant began again. "There's more where it came from. I shall be out after it—from to-morrow on."

Ashley's silence was less from rudeness than from self-restraint. All his nerves were taut with the need to visit his troubles on some one's head. A soldiering life had not accustomed him to indefinite repression of his irritable impulses, and now after two or three days of it he was at the limit of his powers. It was partly because he knew his patience to be nearly at an end that he wanted to be alone. It was also because he was afraid of the blind fury with which Davenant's mere presence inspired him. While he expressed this fury to himself in epithets of scorn, he was aware, too, that there were shades of animosity in it for which he had no ready supply of terms. Such exclamatory fragments as forced themselves up through the troubled incoherence of his thoughts were of the nature of "damned American," "vulgar Yankee," "insolent bounder," rendering but inadequately the sentiments of a certain kind of Englishman toward his fancied typical American—a crafty Colossus who accomplishes everything by money and brutal strength. Had there been nothing whatever to create a special antagonism between them, Ashley's feeling toward Davenant would still have been that of a civilized Jack the Giant-killer toward a stupendous, uncouth foe. It would have had elements in it of fear, jealousy, even of admiration, making at its best for suspicion and neutrality, and at its worst for . . . But Davenant spoke again.

"I'd a great deal rather, Colonel—"

The very sound of his voice, with its harsh consonants and its absurd repetitions of the military title, grated insufferably on Ashley's ear. He was beyond himself, although he seemed cool.

"My good fellow, I don't care a hang what you'd a great deal rather."

Ashley lit a fresh cigarette with the end of the old one, throwing the stump into the river almost across Davenant's face, as the latter walked the nearer to the railing.

The American turned slightly and looked down. The action, taken in conjunction with his height and size and his refusal to be moved, intensified Ashley's rage, which began now to round on himself. Even the monotonous tramp-tramp of their footsteps, as the embankment became more deserted, got on his nerves. It was long before Davenant made a new attempt to fulfil his mission.

"In saying what I said just now," he began, in what he tried to make a reasonable tone, "I've no ax to grind for myself. If Miss Guion—"

"We'll leave that name out," Ashley cried, sharply. "Only a damned cad would introduce it."

Though the movement with which Davenant swung his left arm through the darkness and with the back of his hand struck Ashley on the mouth was so sudden as to surprise no one more than himself, it came with all the cumulative effect of twenty-four hours' brooding. The same might be said of the spring with which Ashley bounded on his adversary. It had the agility and strength of a leopard's. Before Davenant had time to realize what he had done he found himself staggering—hurled against the iron railing, which threatened to give way beneath his weight. He had not taken breath when he was flung again. In the dim light of the electrics he could see the glare in Ashley's eyes, and hear him panting. Davenant, too, panted, but his wrath that had flared up like a rocket had already come down like a stick.

"Look here," he stammered; "we—we—c-can't do this sort of thing."

Ashley fell back. He, too, seemed to realize quickly the folly of the situation. When he spoke it was less in anger than in protest.

"By God, you struck me!"

"I didn't know it, Colonel. If I did, we're quits on it—because—because you insulted me. Perhaps you didn't know *that*. I'm willing to think you didn't—if you'll only believe that the whole thing has been a mistake—a damned, idiotic, tom-fool mistake."

The words had their effect. Ashley fell back still farther. There was a sinking of his head and a shrinking of his figure that told of reaction from the moment of physical excess.

A roadside bench was visible beneath an arc lamp but a few yards away. "Come and sit down," Davenant said, hoarsely. He found it difficult to speak.

Ashley stumbled along. He sat down heavily, like a man spent with fatigue or drink. With his elbows on his knees, he hid his face in his hands, while his body rocked.

Davenant turned away, walking down the embankment. He walked on for fifty or sixty yards. He himself felt a curious sense of being battered and used up. His heart pounded, and the perspiration stood on his brow. Putting his hand to his collar, he found his evening cravat awry and his waistcoat pulled out of shape.

He grasped the rail, as if for support, looking off with unseeing eyes into the night. Lights along the river-side were reflected in the water; here and there a bridge made a long, low arch of lamps; more lights sprinkled the suburban hills, making a fringe to the pall of stars. They grew pale, even while he looked at them, as before a brighter radiance, and he knew that behind him the moon was coming up. He thought of the moonrise of the previous evening, when Olivia Guion had walked with him to the gate and let her hand rest in his. He recalled her words, as he had recalled them a hundred times that day: "*The man I care for*." He went back over each phase of their conversation, as though it were something he was trying to learn by heart. He remembered her longing for her aunt De Melcourt.

All at once he struck the railing with the energy of a man who has a new inspiration. "By George," he said, half aloud, "that's an idea—that's certainly an idea! I wonder if . . . ? The *Indiana* sailed last week; . . . it ought to be the turn of the *Louisiana* the day after

to-morrow. By George, I believe I could make it, if . . ."

He hurried back to the bench where Ashley was still sitting. The latter was upright now, his arm stretched along the back. He had lit a cigarette.

Davenant approached to within a few feet. "Look here, Colonel," he said, gently, "we've got to forget this evening."

It was a minute or two before Ashley said: "What's the good of forgetting one thing when there are so many others to remember?"

"Perhaps we can forget them, too—one by one. I guess you haven't understood *me*. I dare say I haven't understood you, either, though I think I could, if you'd given me a chance. But all I want to say is this, that I'm—off—"

Ashley turned quickly. "Off? Where?"

"Where we're not likely to meet for some little time again."

"Oh, but I say! You can't—"

"Can't what, Colonel?"

"Can't drop—drop out of the running—Damn it all, man! you can't—you can't let it be a walkover for *me* after all that's—"

"That's where you've made your mistake, Colonel, I guess. You thought there was—was a—a race, so to speak—and that I was in it. Well, I wasn't."

"But what the deuce—?"

"I not only wasn't in it, but there was *no race*. There never was. It was a walkover for—for some one—from the start. Now I guess I'll say good night."

He turned away abruptly, but, having taken a few steps, came back again.

"Look here! Let's have a cigarette."

Ashley fumbled for his case, opened it, and held it up. "I say, take two or three."

As Ashley lifted the one he was smoking to serve as a light, Davenant noticed that the hand trembled, and steadied it in the grasp of his own.

"Thanks; and good night again," he said, briefly, as he strode finally away into the darkness.

CHAPTER XX

IT was not till the motor had actually got out of Havre and was well along the dusty white road to the château that Davenant began to have misgivings. Up to that point the landmarks—and the

seamarks—had been familiar. On board the *Louisiana*, in London, in Paris, even in Havre, he had felt himself on his accustomed beat. On steamers or trains, and in hotels, he had that kind of confidence in himself which, failing him somewhat whenever he entered the precincts of domestic life, was sure to desert him altogether now, as he approached the strange and imposing.

"*Madame est à la campagne.*"

A black-eyed old woman had told him so on the previous day. For the instant he was relieved, since it put off the moment of confronting the great lady a little longer.

He had, in fact, rung the bell at the frowning portal in the Rue de l'Université with some trepidation. Suggestions of grandeur and mystery beyond anything he was prepared to meet lay within these seemingly fortified walls. At the same time it gave glory to the glamour in which the image of Olivia Guion always appeared to him to think she had passed and repassed these solemn gates at will, and that the stately Louis Quinze *hôtel*, of which the concierge allowed him a glimpse across the courtyard, had, on and off, been her home for years. It was one more detail that removed her beyond his sphere and made her inaccessible to his yearnings.

From the obliging post-office clerk at the bank on which he drew—a gentleman posted in the movements of all distinguished Americans on the continent of Europe—he learned that "*la campagne*" for the Marquise de Melcourt meant the château of Melcourt-le-Danois in the neighborhood of Harfleur. He was informed, moreover, that by taking the two-o'clock train to Havre he could sleep that night at the Hôtel Frascati, and motor out to Melcourt easily within an hour in the morning. It began then to occur to him that what had presented itself at first as a prosaic journey from Boston to Paris and back was becoming an adventure, with a background of castles and noble dames.

Nevertheless, he took heart for the run to Havre, and except for feeling at twilight the wistfulness that comes out of the Norman landscape—the melancholy of things forgotten but not gone, dead but still brooding wraith-like over the

valley of the Seine, haunting the hoary churches, and the turreted châteaux, and the windings of the river, and the long lines of poplar, and the villages and forests and orchards and corn-fields—except for this, his spirits were good. If now and then he was appalled at what he, a shy fellow, with no antecedents to recommend him, and no persuasive powers, had undertaken, he thought of Olivia Guion. The thing he was attempting became trivial when compared with the possible benefits to her.

That reflection, too, enabled him to come victoriously out of three long hours of inward wrestling; three long hours spent on the jetty which thrust itself into the sea just outside his hotel at Havre. He supposed he had already fought the battle with himself and won it. Its renewal on the part of powers within his soul took him by surprise.

He had strolled out after dinner to the Chaussée des Etats-Unis to while away the time before going to bed. Ships and sailors, with the lights and sights and sounds of a busy port, had for him the fascination they exert over most men who lead rather sedentary lives. At that time in the evening the Chaussée des Etats-Unis was naturally gay with the landsman's welcome to the sailor on shore. The cafés were crowded both inside and out. Singing came from one and the twang of an instrument from another, all along the quay. Soldiers mingled fraternally with sailors, and pretty young women, mostly bareheaded and neatly dressed in black, mingled with both. It was what a fastidious observer of life might call "low," but Davenant's judgments had no severity of that kind. He looked at the merry groups, composed for the most part of chance acquaintances, here to-day and gone to-morrow, swift and light of love, with a curious craving for fellowship. From the gatherings of friends he felt himself invariably the one shut out.

It was this sense of exclusion that finally sent him away from the cheerful quay to wander down the jetty which marks the line where the Harbor of Grace, with its intricate series of basins and docks, becomes the sea. It was a mild night, though the waves beat noisily enough against the bastions of the pier.

At intervals he was swept by a scud of spray. All sorts of acrid odors were in the wind, smells of tar and salt and hemp and smoke and oil—the perfumes of sea-hazard and romance.

Pulling his cap over his brows and the collar of his ulster about his ears, he sat down on the stone coping. His shoulders were hunched; his hands hung between his knees. He did not care to smoke. For a few minutes he was sufficiently occupied in tracing the lines and the groupings of lights. He had been in Havre more than once before, and knew the Quai de Londres from the Quai de New-York, and both from the Quai du Chili. Across the mouth of the Seine he could distinguish the misty radiance which must be Trouville from that which must be Honfleur. Directly under his eyes in the Avant Port the dim hulls of steamers and war-ships, fishing-boats and tugs, lay like monsters asleep.

There was no reason why all this should make him feel outside the warm glow and life of things; but it did. It did worse, in that it inspired a longing for what he knew positively to be unattainable. It stirred a new impulse to fight for what he had definitely given up. It raised again questions he thought he had answered, and revived hopes he had never had to quench, since from the beginning they were vain.

Were they vain? In taking this form the query became more insidious, more difficult to debate and settle once for all. To every argument there was a perpetually recurring, "Yes, but—!" with the memory of the instants when her hand rested in his longer than there was any need for, of certain looks and lights in her eyes, of certain tones and half-tones in her voice. Other men would have made these things a beginning, whereas he had taken them as the end. He had taken them as the end by a foregone conclusion. They had meant so much to him that he couldn't conceive of asking more, when perhaps they were nothing but the first-fruits.

But in the end he found relief, and worked his way out to a sort of victory. That is to say, he came back to see, as he had seen all along, that there was one clear duty to be done. If he loved Olivia Guion with a love that was worthy to

win, it must also be with a love that could lose courageously. This was no new discovery. It was only a fact which loneliness and the craving to be something to her as she was everything to him had caused him for the moment to lose sight of. But he came back to it with conviction. It was conviction that gave him confidence, that calmed him, enabling him, as a clock somewhere struck eleven, to get up, shake the sea-spray from his person, and return to his hotel.

It was while he was going to bed that Rodney Temple's words came back to him, as they did from time to time: "Some call it God."

"I wonder if it is—God," he questioned.

But the misgiving that beset him as he motored out of Havre in the morning was of another kind. It was that which attaches to the unlikely and the queer. Once having plunged into a country road, away from railways and hotels, he felt himself starting on a wild-geese chase. His assurance waned in proportion as conditions grew stranger. In vain an obliging chauffeur, accustomed to enlighten tourists as to the merits of this highway, pointed out the fact that the dusty road along which they sped had once, and not so many years ago, been the border of the bed of the Seine; that the white cliffs towering above them on the left, and edged along the top with verdure, marked the natural brink of the river, and that the church so admirably placed on a hillside was the shrine of a martyred maiden saint, whose body had come ashore here at Gravelle, having been flung into the water at Harfleur. Davenant was deaf to these interesting bits of information. He was blind, too. He was blind to the noble sweep of the Seine between soft, green hills. He was blind to the craft on its bosom—steamers laden with the produce of orchard and farm for England; Norwegian brigantines, weird as the *Flying Dutchman* in their black-and-white paint, carrying ice or lumber to Rouen; fishing-boats with red or umber sails. He was blind to the villages, clambering over cliffs to a casino, a *plage*, and a *Hôtel des Bains*, or nestling on the uplands round a spire. He was blind to

the picturesque wooded gorges, through which little tributaries of the great river had once run violently down from the table-land of the Pays de Caux. He was blind to the charms of Harfleur, famous and somnolent, on the banks of a still more somnolent stream. He resumed the working of his faculties only when the motor stopped suddenly on the summit of a cliff, while the chauffeur turned and said:

"*Voilà, monsieur—voilà le château de Madame la Marquise.*"

If it was possible for Davenant's heart to leap and sink in the same instant, it did it then. It leaped at the sight of this white-and-rose castle, with its towers and donjon and keep; it sank at the thought that he, poor old unpretentious Peter Davenant, with no social or personal passports of any kind, must force his way over drawbridge and beneath portcullis, or whatever else might be the method of entering a feudal pile, into the presence of the châtelaine whose abode here must be that of some legendary princess, and bend her to his will. Stray memories came to him of Siegfrieds and Prince Charmings, with a natural gift for this sort of thing, but only to make his own appearance in the rôle the more absurd.

Melcourt-le-Danois had that characteristic which goes with all fine and fitting architecture of springing naturally out of the soil. It seemed as if it must always have been there. It was as difficult to imagine the plateau on which it stood without it as to see Mont Saint Michel merely as a rocky islet. The plateau crowned a white bluff running out like the prow of a Viking ship into a bend of the Seine, commanding the river in both directions. It was clear at a glance that when Roger the Dane laid here the first stone of his pirates' stronghold, to protect his port of Harfleur, the salt water must have dashed right up against the chalky cliff; but the centuries during which the silt of the Vosges had been carried down the river and piled up against the rocks at its mouth had driven the castle inland for an eighth of a mile. Melcourt-le-Danois, which had once looked down into the very waves, now dominated in the first place a strip of gardens, and orchards of small fruit, through which the road from Harfleur to the village of Melcourt, half a mile

farther up the Seine, ran like a bit of white braid.

Viewed from the summit of the cliff on which Davenant's motor had stayed its flight, the château was composed of two ancient towers guarding the long, and relatively low, relatively modern brick mansion of the epoch of Louis Treize. The brick, once red, had toned down now to a soft old-rose; the towers, once white, were splashed above the line to which the ivy climbed with rose and ochre. Over the tip of the bluff, and down its side of southern exposure, toward the village of Melcourt, ran a park of oak and chestnut, in all the October hues of yellow and olive-brown.

But ten minutes later, when the motor had made a detour round cliffs and little inlets, and arrived at the main entrance to the château, Davenant found the aspect of things less intimidating. Through a high wrought-iron grille, surmounted by the head of an armorial beast, he had the view of a Lénôtre garden, all scrolls and arabesques. The towers, which at a distance had seemed part of a continuous whole, now detached themselves. The actual residence was no more imposing than any good-sized house in America. Davenant understood the chauffeur to say that "*Madame la Marquise l'avait modernisé jusqu'au bout des ongles.*"

Having summoned up courage to ring the bell, he found it answered by a middle-aged woman with a face worn by time and weather to the polished grooves and creases to which water wears a rock.

"*On ne visite pas le château.*"

She made the statement with the stony, impersonal air of one who has to say the same thing a good many times a year. Davenant pressed close to the grille, murmuring something of which she caught the word "madame."

"*Madame la Marquise n'est pas visible.*"

The quick Norman eye had, however, noticed the movement of Davenant's hand, detecting there something more than a card. In speaking she edged nearer the grille. Thrusting his fingers between the curves of the iron arabesques, he said, in his best French, "*Prenez.*"

Measuring time by the pounding of his heart rather than the ticking of his watch, it seemed to him he had a long time to

wait before the woman reappeared, handing him back his card through the open-work of the grille, saying, briefly, "*Madame la Marquise ne reçoit pas.*" Perhaps it was the crestfallen look in the blond giant's face that tempted her to add, "*Je le regrette, monsieur.*"

In the compassionate tone he read a hint that all was not lost. Scribbling under his name the words, "Boston, Mass. Very urgent," he once more passed the card through the grille, accompanied by the manual act that had won the woman's sympathy in the first place.

"*Allez, please,* he said, earnestly, "*and vile.*"

He found his penciled words effective, for presently the woman came back. "*Venez, monsieur,*" she said, as she unlocked the grille with a large key carried beneath her apron. Her stony official manner had returned.

As he drew near the house a young man sketching or writing under a yew-tree looked up curiously. A few steps farther on a pretty girl, in a Leghorn hat, clipping roses into a basket, glanced at him with shy, startled eyes. In the hall, where he was left standing, a young officer in sky-blue tunic and red breeches, who had been strumming at a piano in an adjoining room, strolled to the door and stared at him. A thin, black-eyed, sharp-visaged, middle-aged lady, dressed in black and wearing a knitted shawl—perhaps the mother of the three young people he had just seen—came half-way down the strip of red carpet on the stairs, inspected him, and went up again. It was all more disconcerting than he had expected.

The great hall, of which the chief beauty was in the magnificent sweep of the monumental stairway, with its elaborate wrought-iron balustrade, struck him as a forbidding entry to a home. A manservant came at last to deliver him from the soft, wondering eyes of the young officer, and lead him into a room which he had already recognized through the half-open door as a library.

Here he had just time to get a blurred impression of portraits, busts, Buhl surfaces, and rich or ancient bindings—with views through the long windows of the traffic on the Seine—when a little old lady appeared in a doorway at the farther

end of the room. He knew she was a little old lady from all sorts of indefinable evidence, in spite of her own efforts to be young. He knew it in spite of fluffy golden hair and a filmy, youthful morning robe that displayed the daintiness of her figure as well as the expensiveness of her taste.

She tripped rapidly down the long room, with quick little steps and a quick little swinging of the arms that made the loose gossamer sleeves blow outward from the wrists. He recognized her instantly as the Marquise de Melcourt from her resemblance, in all those outlines which *poudre de riz* and cherry paste could not destroy, to the Guion type. The face would have still possessed the Guion beauty had she given it a chance. Looking at it, as she came nearer, Davenant was reminded of things he had read of those Mongolian tribes who are said to put on masks to hide their fear, and go resolutely forth to battle. Having always considered this a lofty form of courage, he was inconsistent in finding its reflection here—the fear of time beneath these painted cheeks and fluffy locks, and the fight against it carried on by the Marquise's whole brave bearing—rather pitifully comic.

Madame herself had no such feeling. She wore her mask with absolute nonchalance, beginning to speak while still some yards away.

"*Eh, bien, monsieur?*"

Davenant doubled himself up into a deep bow, but before he had time to stammer out some apologetic self-introduction she continued:

"You've come from Davis & Stern, I suppose, on business. I always tell them not to send me people, but to cable. Why didn't they cable? They know I don't like Americans coming here. I'm pestered to death with them—that is, I used to be—and I should be still if I didn't put 'em down."

The voice was high and chattering, with a tendency to crack. It had the American quality with a French intonation. In speaking, the Marquise made little nervous dashes, now to the right, now to the left, as though endeavoring to get by some one who blocked her way.

"I haven't come on business, my—my lady."

He used this term of respect partly from a frightened desire to propitiate a great personage, and partly because he couldn't think of any other.

"Then what *have* you come on? If it's to see the château you may as well go away. It's never shown. Those are positive orders. I make no exceptions. They must have told you so at the gate. But you Americans will dare anything. *Mon Dieu, quel tas de barbares!*"

The gesture of her hands in uttering the exclamation was altogether French, but she betrayed her oneness with the people she reviled by saying, "*Quel tah de bah-bah!*"

"I haven't come to see the château either, my lady—"

"You can call me madame," she interrupted, not without a kindlier inflection on the hint.

He began again. "I haven't come to see the château, either, madame. I've come to see *you*."

She made one of her little plunges. "Oh, indeed! *Have* you? I thought you'd learned better than that—over there. You used to come in shiploads, but—"

He began to feel more sure of himself. "When I say I came to see you, madame, I mean, I came to—to tell you something."

"Then, so long as it's not on business, I don't want to hear it. I suppose you're one of Walter Davenant's boys? I don't consider him any relation to me at all. It's too distant. If I acknowledged all the cousins forced on me from over there I might as well include Abraham and Adam. Are you the first or the second wife's son?"

He explained his connection with the Davenant name. "But that isn't what I came to talk about, madame—not about myself. I wanted to tell you of—of your nephew, Mr. Henry Guion."

She turned with a movement like that of a fleeing nymph, her hand stretched behind her. "Don't. I don't want to hear about him. Nor about my niece. They're strangers to me. I don't know them."

"You'd like to know them now, madame, because they're in great trouble."

She took refuge behind a big English arm-chair, leaning on the back.

"I dare say. It's what they were likely

to come to. I told my niece so, the last time she allowed me the privilege of her conversation. But I told her, too, that in the day of her calamity she wasn't to look to me."

"She isn't looking to you, madame. I am. I'm looking to you because I imagine you can help her. There's no one else—"

"And has she sent you as her messenger? Why can't she come herself, if it's so bad as all that?—or write? I thought she was married to some Englishman."

"They're not married yet, madame; and unless you help her I don't see how they're going to be, the way things stand."

"Unless I help her! My good fellow, you don't know what you're saying. Do you know that she refused—refused violently—to help me?"

He shook his head, his blue eyes betraying some incredulity.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. It'll show you. You'll be able to go away again with a clear conscience, knowing you've done your best and failed. Sit down."

As she showed no intention of taking a seat herself, he remained standing.

"She refused the Duc de Bertheuil." She made the statement with head erect and hands flung apart. "I suppose you have no idea of what that meant to me?"

"I'm afraid I haven't."

"Of course you haven't. I don't know an American who *would* have. You're so engrossed in your own small concerns, none of you have any conception of the things that really matter—the higher things. Well, then, let me tell you. The Duc de Bertheuil is—or rather *was*—the greatest *parti* in France. He isn't any more, because they've married him to a rich girl from South America or one of those places—brown as a berry—with a bust—" She rounded her arms to give an idea of the bust. "*Mais, n'importe*. My niece refused him. That meant—I've never confessed it to any one before—I've been too proud—but I want you to understand—it meant my defeat—my final defeat. I hadn't the courage to begin again. *C'était le désastre. C'était Sedan*."

"Oh, madame!"

It seemed to him that her mouth worked with an odd piteousness, and before going on she put up a crooked little jeweled hand and dashed away a tear.

"It would have been everything to me. It would have put me where I belong, in the place I've been trying to reach all these years. The life of an American woman in Europe, monsieur, can be very cruel. We've nothing to back us up, and everything to fight against in front. It's all push and little headway. They don't want us. That's the plain English of it. They can't imagine why we leave our own country and come over here. They're so narrow. They're selfish, too. Everything they've got they want to keep for themselves. They marry us—the Lord only knows why!—and nine times out of ten all we get for it is the knowledge that we've been bamboozled out of our *dots*. There was René de Lonchartres who married that goose Annie Armstrong. They ridiculed her when she came over here, and at the same time clapped him on the back for having got her. That's as true as you live. It's their way. They would have ridiculed me, too, if I hadn't been determined years ago to beat them on their own ground. I could have done it, too, if—"

"If it had been worth while," he ventured.

"You know nothing about it. I could have done it if my niece had put out just one little finger—when I'd got everything ready for her to do it. Yes, I'd got everything ready—and yet she refused him. She refused him after I'd seen them all—his mother, his sisters, his two uncles—one of them in waiting on the Duc d'Orléans—Philippe V., as we call him—all of them the purest old *noblesse d'épée* in Normandy."

Her agitation expressed itself again in little dartings to and fro. "I went begging to them, as you might say. I took all their snubs—and oh! so fine some of them were!—more delicate than the point of a needle! I took them because I could see just how I should pay them back. I needn't explain to you how that would be, because you couldn't understand. It would be out of the question for an American."

"I don't think we *are* good at returning snubs, madame. That's a fact."

"You're not good at anything but making money; and you make that blatantly, as if you were the first people in the world to do it. Why, France and

England could buy and sell you, and most of you don't know it. *Mais, n'importe.* I went begging to them, as I've told you. At first they wouldn't hear of her at any price—didn't want an American. That was bluff, to get a bigger *dot*. I had counted on it in advance. I knew well enough that they'd take a Hottentot if there was money enough. For the matter of that, Hottentot and American are much the same to them. But I made it bluff for bluff. Oh, I'm sharp. I manage all my own affairs in America—with advice. I've speculated a little in your markets quite successfully. I know how I stand to within a few thousand dollars of your money. I offered half a million of francs. They laughed at it. I knew they would, but it's as much as they'd get with a French girl. I went to a million—to a million and a half—to two millions. At two millions—that would be—let me see!—about four hundred thousand dollars—they gave in. Yes, they gave in. I expected them to hold out for it, and they did. But at that figure they made all the concessions and gave in."

"And did he give in?" Davenant asked, with naïve curiosity.

"Oh, I'd made sure of him beforehand. He and I understood each other perfectly. He would have let it go at a million and a half. He was next door to being in love with her besides. All he wanted was to be well established, poor boy! But I meant to go up to the two millions, anyhow. I could afford it."

"Four hundred thousand dollars," Davenant said, with an idea he might convey a hint to her, "would be practically the sum—"

"I could afford it," she went on, "because of those ridiculous copper-mines—the Hamlet and Tecla. I wasn't rich before that. My *dot* was small. No Guion I ever heard of was able to save money. My father was no exception."

"You are in the Hamlet and Tecla!" Davenant's blue eyes were wide open. He was on his own ground. The history of the Hamlet and Tecla mines had been in his own lifetime a fairy-tale come true.

Madame de Melcourt nodded proudly. "My father had bought nearly two thousand shares when they were down to next to nothing. They came to me

when he died. It was mere waste paper for years and years. Then all of a sudden—*pouf!*—they began to go up and up—and I sold them when they were near a thousand. I could have afforded the two million of francs—and I promised to settle Melcourt-le-Danois on them into the bargain, when I—if I ever should— But my niece wouldn't take him—simply—would—not. Ah," she cried, in a strangled voice, "*c'était trop fort!—c'était de par trop fort.*"

"But did she know you were—what shall I say?—negotiating—?"

"She was in that stupid England. It wasn't a thing I could write to her about. I meant it as a surprise. When all was settled I sent for her—and told her. Oh, monsieur, *vous n'avez pas d'idée! Quelle scène! Quelle scène! J'ai failli en mourir.*" She wrung her clasped hands at the recollection. "That girl has an anger like a storm. *Avec tous ses airs de reine et de sainte*—she was terrible. Never shall I forget it—*jamais! jam-ais, au grand jamais! Et puis,*" she added, with a fatalistic toss of her hands, "*c'était fini.* It was all over. Since then—nothing!"

She made a little dash as if to leave him, returning to utter what seemed like an afterthought. "It would have made her. It would have made *me*. We could have dictated to the Faubourg. We could have humiliated them—like that." She stamped her foot. "It would have been a great alliance—what I've been so much in need of. The Melcourts—well, they're all very well—old *noblesse de la Normandie*, and all that—but poor!—*mais pauvres!*—and as provincial as a *curé de campagne*. When I married my poor husband—but we won't go into that—I've been a widow since I was so high—ever since 1870—with my own way to make. If my niece hadn't deserted me I could have made it. Now all that is past—*fini-ni-ni!* The clan Berteuil has set the Faubourg against me. They've the power, too. It's all so intricate, so silent, such wheels within wheels—but it's done. They've never wanted me. They don't want any of us—not for ourselves. It's the sou!—the sou!—the everlasting sou! Noble or peasant—it makes no difference. But if my niece hadn't abandoned me—"

"Why shouldn't you come home, madame?" Davenant suggested, touched by so much that was tragic. "You wouldn't find any one after the sou there."

"They're all about me," she whispered—"the Melcourts. They're all over the house. They come and settle on me, and I can't shake them off. They suffocate me—waiting for the moment when— But I've made my will, and some 'll be disappointed. Oh, I shall leave them Melcourt-le-Danois. It's mine. I bought it with my own money, after my husband's death, and restored it when the Hamlet and Tecla paid so well. It shall not go out of their family—for my husband's sake. But," she added, fiercely, "neither shall the money go out of mine. They shall know I have a family. It's the only way by which I can force the knowledge on them. They think I sprang out of the earth like a mushroom. You may tell my niece as much as that—and let her get all the comfort from it she can. That's all I have to say, monsieur. Good morning."

The dash she made from him seeming no more final than those which had preceded it, he spoke:

"I'm afraid, madame, that help is too far in the future to be of much assistance now. Besides, I'm not sure it's what they want. We've managed to keep Mr. Henry Guion out of prison. That danger is over. Our present concern is for Miss Olivia Guion's happiness."

As he expected, the shock calmed her. Notwithstanding her mask, she grew suddenly haggard, though her eyes, which—since she had never been able to put *poudre de riz* or cherry paste in them—were almost as fine as ever, instantly flashed out the signal of the Guion pride. Her fluffy head went up, and her little figure stiffened as she intrenched herself again behind the arm-chair. Her only hint of flinching came from a slackening in the flow of speech, and a higher, thinner quality in the voice.

"Has my nephew, Henry Guion, been doing things—that—that would send him—to prison?"

In spite of herself the final words came out with a gasp.

"It's a long story, madame—or, at least, a complicated one. I could explain it, if you'd give me the time."

"Sit down."

They took seats at last. Owing to the old lady's possession of what she herself called a business mind he found the tale easy in the telling. Her wits being quick and her questions pertinent, she was soon in command of the facts. She was soon, too, in command of herself. The first shock having passed, she was able to go into complete explanations with courage.

"So that," he concluded, "now that Mr. Guion is safe, if Miss Guion could only marry the man she cares for, everything would be put as nearly right as we can make it."

"And at present they are at a deadlock. She won't marry him if he has to sell his property, and so forth; and he can't marry her and live in debt to you. Is that it?"

"That's it, madame, exactly. You've put it in a nutshell."

She looked at him hardly. "And what has it all got to do with me?"

He looked at her steadily in his turn. "I thought perhaps you wouldn't care to live in debt to me, either."

She was startled. "Who?—I? *En voilà une idée!*"

"I thought," he went on, "that possibly the Guion sense of family honor—"

"Fiddle-faddle! There's no sense of family honor among Americans. There can't be. You can only have family honor where, as with us, the family is the unit; whereas, with you, the unit is the individual. The American individual may have a sense of honor; but the American family is only a disintegrated mush. What you really thought was that you might get your money back."

"If you like, madame. That's another way of putting it. If the family paid me, Miss Guion would feel quite differently—and so would Colonel Ashley."

"When you say the family," she sniffed, "you mean me."

"In the sense that I naturally think first of its most distinguished member. And, of course, the greater the distinction, the greater must be—shall I call it, the indignity?—of living under an obligation—"

"Am I to understand that you put up this money—that's your American term, isn't it?—that you put up this money in

the expectation that I would pay you back?"

"Not exactly. I put up the money, in the first place, to save the credit of the Guion name, with the intention, if you didn't pay me back, to do without it."

"And you risked being considered over-officious."

"There wasn't much risk about that," he smiled. "They did think me so—and do."

"And you got every one into a fix."

"Into a fix, but out of prison."

"H'm!"

She grew restless, uncomfortable, fidgeting with her rings and bracelets.

"And pray, what sort of a person is this Englishman to whom my niece has got herself engaged?"

"One of their very finest," he said, promptly. "As a soldier, so they say, he'll catch up one day with men like Roberts and Kitchener; and as for his private character—well, you can judge of it from the fact that he wants to strip himself of all he has so that the Guion name shall owe nothing to any one outside—"

"Then he's a fool."

"From that point of view—yes. There are fools of that sort, madame. But there's something more to him."

He found himself reciting glibly Ashley's claims as a suitor in the way of family, position, and fortune.

"So that it would be what some people might call a good match."

"The best sort of match. It's the kind of things she's made for—that she'd be happy in—regiments, and uniforms, and glory, and presenting prizes, and all that."

"H'm! I shall have nothing to do with it." She rose with dignity. "If my niece had only held out a little finger—"

"It was a case, madame," he argued, rising, too—"it was a case in which she couldn't hold out a little finger without offering her whole hand."

"You know nothing about it. I'm wrong to discuss it with you at all. I'm sure I don't know why I do, except that—"

"Except that I'm an American," he suggested—"one of your own."

"One of my own! *Quelle idée!* Do you like him?—this Englishman?"

He hedged. "Miss Guion likes him."

"But you don't."

"I haven't said so. I might like him well enough, if—"

"If you got your money back."

He smiled and nodded.

"Is she in love with him?"

"Oh—deep!"

"How do you know? Has she told you so?"

"Y-es; I think I may say she has."

"Did you ask her?"

He colored. "I had to—about something."

"You weren't proposing to her yourself, were you?"

He tried to take this humorously. "Oh, no, madame."

"You can't be in love with her, or you wouldn't be trying so hard to marry her to some one else—not unless you're a bigger fool than you look."

"I hope I'm not that," he laughed.

"Well, I shall have nothing to do with it—nothing. Between my niece and me *tout est fini*." She darted from him, swerving again like a bird on the wing. "I don't know you. You come here with what may be no more than a cock-and-bull story invented to get inside the château."

"I shouldn't expect you to do anything, madame, without verifying all I've told you. For the matter of that, it'll be easy enough. You've only to write to your men of business, or—which would be better still—take a trip to America for yourself."

She threw out her arms with a tragic gesture. "My good man, I haven't been in America for forty years. I nearly died of it then. What it must be like now—"

"It wouldn't be so fine as this, madame—nor so picturesque. But it would be full of people who'd be fond of you—not for the sou, but for yourself."

She did her best to be offended. "You're taking liberties, monsieur. *C'est bien américain, cela*."

"Excuse me, madame," he said, humbly. "I only mean that they *are* fond of you—at least, I know Miss Guion is. Two nights before I sailed I heard her almost crying for you—yes, almost crying. That's why I came. I thought I'd come and tell you. I should think it

might mean something to you—over here so long—all alone—to have some one like that—such a—such a—such a wonderful young lady wanting you—in her trouble—

"And such a wonderful young man wanting his money back. Oh, I'm not blind, monsieur. I see a great deal more than you think. I see through and through you. You fancy you're throwing dust in my eyes, and you haven't thrown a grain. *Pouf!* Oh, la, la! *Mais, c'est fini.* As for my niece—*le bon Dieu l'a bien punie.* For me to step in now would be to interfere with the chastisement of Providence. *Le bon Dieu* is always right. I'll say that for Him. Good morning." She touched a bell. "The man will show you to the door. If you like to stroll about the grounds—now that you've got in—well, you can."

With sleeves blowing she sped down the room as if on pinions. The man-servant waited respectfully. Davenant stood his ground, hoping for some sign of her relenting. It was almost over her shoulder that she called back:

"Where are you staying?"

He told her.

"Stupid place. You'll find the Chariot d'Or at Melcourt a great deal nicer. Simple, but clean. An old chef of mine keeps it. Tell him I sent you. And ask for his *poularde au riz.*"

CHAPTER XXI

"WHAT do you think of him?"

Ashley's tone indicated some uncertainty as to what he thought himself. Indeed, uncertainty was indicated elsewhere than in his tone. It seemed to hang about him, to look from his eyes, to take form in his person. Perhaps this was the one change wrought in him by a month's residence in America. When he arrived, everything had bespoken him a man aggressively positive, with the habit of being sure. His very attitude now, as he sat in Rodney Temple's office in the Harvard Gallery of Fine Arts, his hands thrust into his pockets, his legs stretched apart, his hat on the back of his head, suggested one who feels the foundations of the earth to have shifted.

Rodney Temple, making his arrange-

ments for leaving for the day, met one question with another. "What do *you?*"

"You know him," Ashley urged, "and I don't."

"I thought you did. I thought you'd read him right off—as a cow-puncher."

"He looks like one, by Jove! and he speaks like one, too. You wouldn't call him a gentleman? What?"

"If you mean by a gentleman one who's always been able to take the best in the world for granted, perhaps he isn't. But that isn't our test over here."

"Then, what is?"

"I'm not sure that I could tell you so that you'd understand—at any rate, not unless you start out with the fact that the English gentleman and the American differ not only in species but in genus. I'd go so far as to say that they've got to be recognized by different sets of faculties. You get at your man by the eye and the ear; we have to use a subtler apparatus. If we didn't we should let a good many go uncounted. Some of our finest are even more uncouth with their consonants than good friend Davenant. They'd drop right out of your list, but they take a high place in ours. To try to discern one by the methods created for the other is like what George Eliot says of putting on spectacles to detect odors. Ignorance of this basic social fact on both sides has given rise to much international misjudgment. See?"

"Can't say that I do."

"No, you wouldn't. But until you do you won't understand a big simple type—"

"I don't care a hang about his big simple type. What I want to know is how to take him. Is he a confounded sentimentalist?—or is he still putting up a bluff?"

"What difference does it make to you?"

"If he's putting up a bluff, he's waiting out there at Michigan for me to call it. If he's working the sentimental racket, then I've got to be the beneficiary of his beastly good-will."

"If he's putting up a bluff, you can fix him by not calling it at all; and as for his beastly good-will, well, he's a beneficiary of it, too."

"How so?"

"Because beastly good-will is a thing

that cuts both ways. He'll get as much out of it as you."

"That's all very fine—"

"It's very fine, indeed, for him. We've an old saying in these parts: By the Street called Straight we come to the House called Beautiful. It's one of those fanciful saws of which the only justification is that it works. Any one can test the truth of it by taking the highway. Well, friend Davenant is taking it. He'll reach the House called Beautiful as straight as a die. Don't you fret about that. You'll owe him nothing in the long run, because he'll get all the reward he's entitled to. When's the wedding? Fixed the date yet?"

"Not going to fix one," Ashley explained, moodily. "One of these days, when everything is settled at Tory Hill and the sale is over, we shall walk off to the church and get married. That seems to be the best way, as matters stand."

"It's a very sensible way at all times. And I hear you're carrying Henry off with you to England."

Ashley shrugged his shoulders. "Going the whole hog. What? Had to make the offer. Olivia couldn't leave him behind. Anything that will make her happy—"

"Will make you happy."

"That's about the size of it."

Having locked the last drawer and put out the desk light, Temple led his guest down the long gallery and across the Yard to the house on Charlesbank. Here Ashley pursued kindred themes in the company of Mrs. Fane, finding himself alone with her at tea. He was often alone with her at tea, her father having no taste for this form of refreshment, while her mother found reasons for being absent.

"Queer old cove, your governor," Ashley observed, stretching himself comfortably before the fire. The blaze of logs alone lit up the room.

"Is that why you seem to have taken a fancy to him?"

"I like to hear him gassing. Little bit like the Bible, don't you know?"

"He's very fond of the Bible."

"Seems to think a lot of that chap—your governor."

A nod supposed to indicate the direc-

tion of the State of Michigan enabled her to follow his line of thought.

"He does. There's something rather colossal about the way he's dropped out—"

"A jolly sight too colossal. Makes him more important than if he'd stayed on the spot and fought the thing to a finish."

"Fought what thing to a finish?"

He was sorry to have used the expression. "Oh, there's still a jolly lot to settle up, you know."

"But I thought everything was arranged—that you'd accepted the situation."

He stretched himself more comfortably before the fire. "We'd a row," he said, suddenly.

"A row? What kind of a row?"

"A street row—just like two hooligans. He struck me."

"Rupert!" She sprang up. "He—?"

Ashley swung round in his chair. He was smiling.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried, in confusion. "I can't think what made me call you that. I never *do*—never. It was the surprise—and the shock—"

"That's all right," he assured her. "I often call you Drusilla when I'm talking to Olivia. I don't see why we shouldn't—we've always been such pals—and we're going to be a kind of cousins—"

"Tell me about Peter."

"Oh, there's nothing much that stands telling. We were two idiots—two silly asses. I insulted him—and he struck out. I called him a cad—I believe I called him a damned cad—"

"To his face?"

"To his nose."

"Oh, you shouldn't have done that."

"And he got mad, by Jove! Oh, it didn't last. We pulled off in a second or two. We saw we were two idiots—two kids. It wasn't worth getting on one's high horse about, or attempting to follow up—it was too beastly silly for heroics—except that—that he—"

"Except that he—what?"

"Except that he—got the better of me. He has the better of me still. And I can't allow that, by Jove! Do you see?"

"I don't see very clearly. In what way did he get the better of you?"

"In the whole thing—the way he carried it off—the whole silly business."

"Then I don't see what's to be done about it *now*."

"Something's got to be done, by Jove! I can't let it go at that."

"Well, what do you propose?"

"I don't propose anything. But I can't go through life letting that fellow stay on top. Why, considering everything—all he's done for Olivia and her father—and now this other thing—and his beastly magnanimity besides—he's frightfully on top. It won't do, you know. But I say, you'll not tell Olivia, will you? She'd hate it—about the row, I mean. I don't mind your knowing. You're always such a good pal to me—"

It was impossible to go on, because Mrs. Temple bustled in from the task of helping Olivia with the packing and sacking at Tory Hill. Having greeted Ashley with the unceremoniousness permissible with one who was becoming an intimate figure at the fireside, she settled to her tea.

"Oh, so sad!" she reflected, her little pursed-up mouth twitching nervously. "The dear old house all dismantled! Everything to go! I've asked Henry to come and stay here. It's too uncomfortable for him, with all the moving and packing going on around him. It'll be easier for dear Olivia, too. So hard for her to take care of him, with all the other things she has on her hands. There's Peter's room. Henry may as well have it. I don't suppose we shall see anything more of Peter for ages to come. But I do wish he'd write. Don't you, Colonel Ashley? I've written to him three times now—and not a line from him! I suppose they must be able to get letters out there, at Stoughton, Michigan. It can't be so far beyond civilization as all that. And Olivia would like it. She's worried about him—about his not writing—and everything, don't you think, Colonel Ashley?"

Ashley looked blank. "I haven't noticed it—"

"Oh, I have. A woman's eye sees those little things, don't you think? Men have so much on their minds—the great things of the world—but the little things, they often count, don't you think? But I tell dear Olivia not to worry. Everything will come right. Things do come right—very often. I'm more pessi-

mistic than Rodney—that I must say. But still I think things have a way of coming right when we least expect it. I tell dear Olivia that Peter will send a line just when we're not looking for it. It's the watched pot that never boils, you know, and so I tell her to stop watching for the postman. That's fatal to getting a letter—watching for the postman. How snug you two look here together! Well, I'll run up and take off my things. No; no more tea, dear. I won't say good-by, Colonel Ashley, because you'll be here when I come down."

Mrs. Temple was a good woman who would have been astonished to hear herself accused of falsehood, but, as a matter of fact, her account of the conversation with Olivia bore little relation to the conversation itself. What she had actually said was:

"Poor Peter! I suppose he doesn't write because he's trying to forget."

The challenge here being so direct, Olivia felt it her duty to take it up. The ladies were engaged in sorting the linen in preparation for the sale.

"Forget what?"

"Forget Drusilla, I suppose. Hasn't it struck you how much he was in love with her?"

Olivia held a table-cloth carefully to the light. "Is this Irish linen or German? I know mamma did get some at Dresden—"

Mrs. Temple pointed out the characteristics of the Belfast weave and pressed her question: "Haven't you noticed it—about Peter?"

Olivia tried to keep her voice steady as she said: "I've no doubt I should have seen it if I hadn't been so pre-occupied."

"Some people think—Rodney, for instance—that he'd lost his head about you, dear; but we mothers have an insight—"

"Of course! There seems to be one missing from the dozen of this pattern."

"Oh, it'll turn up. It's probably in the pile over there. I thought I'd speak about it, dear," she went on, "because it must be a relief to you not to have that complication. Things are so complicated already, don't you think? But if you haven't Peter on your mind, why, that's one thing the less to worry about. If you thought he



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"DIDN'T YOU KNOW YOUR OLD AUNTIE WOULD COME TO YOU?"

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was in love with you, dear—in your situation—going to be married to some one else— But you needn't be afraid of that at all. I never saw a young man more in love with any one than he is with Drusilla—and I think she must have refused him. If she hadn't, he would never have shot off in that way, like a bolt from the blue— But what's the matter, dear? You look white. You're not ill?"

"It's the smell of lavender," Olivia gasped, weakly. "I never could endure it. I'll just run into the air a minute—"

This was all that passed between Olivia and Mrs. Temple on the subject. If the latter reported it with suppressions and amplifications, it was doubtless due to her knowledge of what could be omitted as well as of what would have been said had the topic been pursued. In any case it caused her, when Olivia had left her, to sigh and mumble as she went on with her task of folding and unfolding and of examining textures and designs.

"Oh, how mixy! Such sixes and sevens! Everything the wrong way round! My poor Drusilla!—my poor little girlie! And such a good position! Just what she's capable of filling!—as well as Olivia!—better, with all her experience of their army. 'Tis better to have loved and lost,' dear Tennyson says; but I don't know. Besides, she's done that already—with poor Gerald—and now, to have to face it all a second time!—my poor little girlie!"

As for Olivia, she felt an overpowering desire to flee away. Speeding through the house, where workmen were nailing up cases or sacking rugs, she felt that she *was* fleeing—fleeing anywhere—anywhere—to hide herself. As a matter of fact, the flight was inward, for there was nowhere to go but to her room. Her way was down the short stairway from the attic and along a hall; but it seemed to her that she lived through a succession of emotional stages in the two or three minutes it took to cover it. Her first wild cry: "It isn't true! It isn't true!" was followed by the question: "Why shouldn't it be true?" to end with her asking herself: "What difference does it make to me?"

"What difference *can* it make to me?"

She had reached that form of the query by the time she took up her station at the window of her room, to stare blankly at the November landscape. She saw herself face to face now with the question which, during the past month, ever since Davenant's sudden disappearance, she had used all her resources to evade. That it would one day force itself upon her she knew well enough; but she hoped, too, that before there was time for that she would have pronounced her marriage vows, and so burned her boats behind her. Amid the requirements of duty, which seemed to shift from week to week, the one thing stable was the necessity on her part to keep her promise to the man who had stood by her so nobly. If once it had seemed to her that Davenant's demands, whatever they might prove to be, would override all others, it was now quite clear that Ashley's claim on her stood first of all. He had been so loyal, so true, so indifferent to his own interests! Besides, he loved her. It was now quite another love from that of the romantic knight who had wooed a gracious lady in the little house at Southsea. That tapestry-tale had ended on the day of his arrival at Tory Hill. In its place there had risen the tested devotion of a man for a woman in great trouble, compelled to deal with the most sordid things in life. He had refused to be spared any of the details she would have saved him from, or to turn away from any of the problems she was obliged to face. His very revolt against it, that repugnance to the necessity for doing it which he was not at all times able to conceal, made his self-command in bringing himself to it the more worthy of her esteem. He had the defects of his qualities and the prejudices of his class and profession; but over and above these pardonable failings he had the marks of a hero.

And now there was this thing!

She had desecrated it from afar. She had had a suspicion of it before Davenant went away. It had not created a fear; it was too strange and improbable for that; but it had brought with it a sense of wonder. She remembered the first time she had felt it, this sense of wonder, this sense of something enchanted, outside life and the earth's at-

mosphere. It was at that moment on the lawn, when, after the unsuccessful meeting between Ashley and Davenant, she had turned with the latter to go into the house. That there was a protective, intimate element in her feeling she had known on the instant; but what she hadn't known on the instant, but was perfectly aware of now, was that her whole subconscious being had been crying out even then: "My own! My own!"

With the exaggeration of this thought she was able to get herself in hand. She was able to debate so absurd a suggestion, to argue it down, and turn it into ridicule. But she yielded again as the Voice that talked with her urged the plea: "I didn't say you knew it consciously. You couldn't cry, My own! My own! to a man whom up to that point you had treated with disdain. But your subliminal being had begun to know him, to recognize him as—"

To elude this fancy she set herself to recapitulating his weak points. She could see why Ashley should thrust him aside as being "not a gentleman." He fell short, in two or three points, of the English standard. That he had little experience of life as it is lived, of its balance and proportion and perspective, was clear from the way in which he had flung himself and his money into the midst of the Guion disasters. No man of the world could possibly have done that. The very fact of his doing it made him lawfully a subject for some of the epithets Ashley applied to him. Almost any one would apply them who wanted to take him from a hostile point of view.

She forgot herself so far as to smile faintly. It was just the sort of deficiency which she had it in her power to make up. The reflection set her to dreaming when she wanted to be doing something else. She could have brought him the dower of all the things he didn't know, while he could give her . . . But she caught herself again.

"What kind of a woman am I?"

She began to be afraid. She began to see in herself the type she most detested—the woman who could deliberately marry a man and not be loyal to him. She was on the threshold of marriage with Ashley, and she was thinking of the marvel of life with some one else.

When one of the inner Voices denied this charge, another pressed it home by nailing the precise incident on which her heart had been dwelling. "You were thinking of this—of that—of the time on the stairs when, with his face close up to yours, he asked you if you loved the man you'd be going away with—of the evening at the gate when your hand was in his, and it was so hard to take it away. He has no position to offer you. There's nothing remarkable about him beyond a capacity for making money. He's beneath you from every point of view, except that of his mere manhood—and yet you feel that you could let yourself slip into that—into the strength and peace of it—"

She caught herself again, impatiently. It was no use! There was something wilful within her, something that could be called by even a stronger name, that worked back to the point from which she tried to flee, whatever means she took to get away from it.

She returned to her work, persuading Cousin Cherry to go home to tea and leave her to finish the task alone. Even while she did so one of the inner Voices taunted her by saying, "That will leave you all the more free to dream of *him*."

Some days passed before she felt equal to talking about Davenant again. This time it was to the tinkling silver, as she and Drusilla Fane sorted spoons and forks at the sideboard in the dismantled dining-room. Olivia was moved to speak in the desperate hope that one stab from Drusilla—who might be in a position to deliver it—would free her from the obsession haunting her. She had not taken Mrs. Temple's words too seriously. In fact, within her soul she had derided them; and yet there was a possibility!

There had been a long silence, sufficiently occupied, it seemed, in laying out the different sorts and sizes of spoons in rows of a dozen, while Mrs. Fane did the same with the forks.

"Drusilla, did Mr. Davenant ever say anything to you about me?"

She was vexed with herself for the form of her question. It was not Davenant's feeling toward *her* but toward Drusilla that she wanted to know. She was drawing the fire in the wrong place.

Mrs. Fane counted her dozen forks to the end before saying:

"Why, yes. We've spoken of you."

Having begun with a mistake, Olivia went on with it. "Did he say—anything in particular?"

"He said a good many things, on and off."

"Some of which might have been—in particular?"

"All of them, if it comes to that."

"Why did you never tell me?"

"For one reason, because you never asked me."

"Have you any idea why I'm asking you now?"

"Not the faintest. I dare say we sha'n't see anything more of him for years to come."

"Did you—did you refuse him? Did you send him away?"

"Well, that's one thing I didn't have to do, thank the Lord. There was no necessity. I was afraid at one time that mother might make him propose to me—she's terribly subtle in that way, though you mightn't think it—but she didn't. No; if Peter's in love with any one, it's not with me."

Olivia braced herself to say, "And I hope it's not with me."

Drusilla went on counting.

"Did he ever say anything about that?" Olivia persisted.

Drusilla went on counting. "Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. That's all of that set. What a lot of silver you've got! And some of it must have been in the family for thousands of years. Yes," she added, in another tone, "yes, he did. He said he wasn't."

Olivia laid down the ladle she was holding with infinite precaution. She had got the stab she was looking for. It seemed for a minute as if she was free—gloatingly free. He hadn't cared anything about her, after all, and had said so! She steadied herself by holding to the edge of the sideboard.

Drusilla stooped to the basket of silver standing on the floor, in a seemingly passionate desire for more forks. By the time she had straightened herself again Olivia was able to say: "I'm so glad of that. You know what his kindness in helping papa has made people think, don't you?"

But Mrs. Fane astonished her by throwing down her handful of silver with unnecessary violence of clang, and saying: "Look here, Olivia, I'd rather not talk about it any more. I've reasons. I can't take a hand in your affairs without being afraid that perhaps—perhaps—I—I—sha'n't play the game."

Olivia was silent, but she had much to think of.

It was a few days later still that she found herself in Rodney Temple's little office in the Gallery of Fine Arts. She had come ostensibly to tell him that everything had been arranged for the sale.

"Lemon & Co. think that early in December would be the best time, as people are beginning then to spend money for Christmas. Mr. Lemon seems to think we've got a good many things the smaller connoisseurs will want. The servants are to go next Tuesday, so that if you and Cousin Cherry could take papa then—I'm to stay with Lulu Sentner; and I shall go from her house to be married—some day, when everything else is settled. Did you know that before Mr. Davenant went away he left a small bank account for papa?—two or three thousand dollars—so that we have money to go on with. Rupert wants to spend a week or two in New York and Washington, after which we shall come back here and pick up papa. He's not very keen on coming with us, but I simply couldn't—"

He nodded at the various points in her recital, blinking at her searchingly out of his kind old eyes.

"You look pale," he said, "and old. You look forty."

She surprised him by saying, with a sudden outburst: "Cousin Rodney, do you think it's any harm for a woman to marry one man when she's in love with another?" Before he had time to recover himself, she followed this question with a second: "Do you think it's possible for a person to be in love with two people at the same time?"

He understood now the real motive of her visit.

"I'm not a very good judge of love-affairs," he said, after a minute's reflection. "But one thing I know, and it's this—that when we do our duty we don't have to bother with the question as to whether it's any harm or not."

"We may do our duty, and still make people unhappy."

"No; not unless we do it in the wrong way."

"So that if I feel that to go on and keep my word is the right thing—or rather the only thing—?"

"That settles it, dearie. The right thing is the only thing—and it makes for everybody's happiness."

"Even if it seems that it—it *couldn't*?"

"I'm only uttering platitudes, dearie, when I say that happiness is the flower of right. No other plant can grow it; and that plant can't grow any other flower. When you've done the thing you feel you're called to do—the thing you couldn't refuse while still keeping your self-respect—well, then, you needn't be afraid that any one will suffer in the long run—and yourself least of all."

"In the long run! That means—"

"Oh, there may be a short run. I'm not denying that. But no one worth his salt would be afraid of it. And that, dearie," he added, blinking, "is all I know about love-affairs."

There being no one in the gallery on which the office opened, she kissed him as she thanked him and went away. She walked homeward, taking the more retired streets through Cambridge and into Waverton, so as to be the more free for thinking. It was a relief to her to have spoken out. Oddly enough, she felt her heart lighter toward Davenant from the fact of having told some one, or having partially told some one, that she loved him.

When, on turning in at the gate of Tory Hill she saw a taxicab standing below the steps of the main entrance, she was not surprised, since Ashley occasionally took one to run out from town. But when a little lady in furs and an

extravagant hat stepped out to pay the chauffeur, Olivia stopped to get her breath. If it hadn't been impossible she would have said—

But the taxicab whizzed away, and the little lady tripped up the steps.

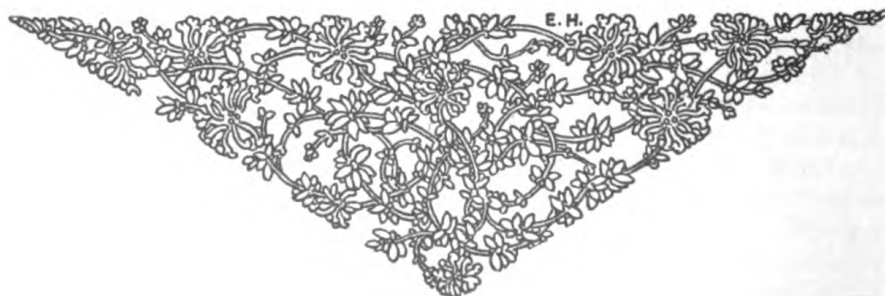
Olivia felt herself unable to move. The motor throbbed past her, and out the gate, but she still stood incapable of going farther. It seemed long before the pent-up emotions of the last month or two, controlled, repressed, unacknowledged, as they had been, found utterance in one loud cry: "Aunt Vic!"

Not till that minute had she guessed her need of a woman, a Guion, one of her very own, a mother, on whose breast to lay her head and weep her cares out.

The first tears since the beginning of her trials came to Olivia Guion, as with arms clasped round her aunt, and forehead pressed into the little old lady's furs, she sat beside her on a packing-case in the hall. She cried then as she never knew before she was capable of crying. She cried for the joy of the present, for the trouble of the past, and for the relief of clinging to some one to whom she had a right. Madame de Melcourt would have cried with her, had it not been for the effect of tears on cosmetics.

"There, there, my pet," she murmured, soothingly. "Didn't you know your old auntie would come to you? Why didn't you cable? Didn't you know I was right at the end of the wire? There now, cry all you want to. It'll do you good. Your old auntie has come to take all your troubles away, and see you happily married to your Englishman. She's brought your *dot* in her pocket—same old *dot*!—and everything. There now, cry. There's nothing like it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The Heart's Desire

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"AREN'T you going to the concert?"
"I don't believe I will, after all, mother; it's raining, and my head aches a bit."

"I should think it would ache—lying there in this atmosphere. Why on earth don't you open a window?"

As she said it the woman, with an expression of mild exasperation, threw one wide open; a drench of rainy air came in, filling the room. The youth, buried in cushions on the sofa, with a litter of papers and opened books about him, looked up; his expression was one of distressed endurance.

"It didn't seem close to me."

"Does it ever seem close to you?"

He hesitated a moment.

"I don't think much about it—when I'm working."

His mother's glance went mutely over the litter surrounding him, to fasten at last upon an open music score on the piano. Her face hardened slightly.

"You are getting on with the Concerto?"

The young man, who had already turned again to his book, looked up with vague annoyance; he pushed a curl from his forehead as he answered negligently:

"Oh—that!—I've not done anything more to it."

"I thought the competition closed month after next?"

"It does," he flushed suddenly. "You don't understand, mother; I—can't work that way."

"No," said his mother, "I *don't* understand." She went out, and the door shut quietly behind her. In the heart of the boy it echoed like a slam. He sat up with burning cheeks, biting his lips and staring into the room with bitter, unseeing eyes. Finally he got up and walked up and down, in a tumult of sore and angry feeling. In one of these angry passings to and fro his eyes,

glaring at the score, were suddenly arrested; he stopped and turned the page slowly; still standing, he ran one hand over the keys, following the notes; he played it softly at first, then louder; presently he sat down and began playing with both hands. The anger faded out of his young face; something else took possession of it, absorbed it, and finally, his hands falling into his lap, he sat, with parted lips, dreaming into space for a long time. When he arose at last, the memory of his mother's words

was faint; he only shrugged his shoulders lightly, closed the window again, and, throwing himself down on the pillows, was soon deep in his dreams.

His mother, with her lips tight shut, had gone on down-stairs. In Mary West's life that brief passage stood for



"MOTHER WEST!—I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT"

many an Odyssey. She went almost mechanically into the pleasant living-room, where a pretty girl, seated near one window to catch the failing light, was embroidering a collar. Mrs. West seated herself at the other window and took up the work which lay ready to her hand on the little work-table. After a few minutes she spoke without looking up.

"You put the water on to boil, Molly?"

The girl started guiltily. "Mother West!—I forgot all about it. But I'll do it in just a minute—when I finish this flower. Oh, if *you* are going—" she started up, flinging away her work petulantly; her mother, setting stitches steadily, could hear her in the next room poking the fire, opening and shutting the oven doors, filling the kettle and setting it down with unnecessary emphasis. She came back with a heightened color.

"I can't see, anyway, what *deadly* difference a few minutes makes," she said, as she took up her work again.

"It makes the difference between supper being on time or half an hour late," answered her mother, coldly.

"Well—I don't see that *that* would be a deadly matter, either," insisted Molly, with the disdain of youth. "And there's so little daylight."

Mrs. West did not reply; for a time they stitched in silence; then Molly, in a slightly different tone, spoke again.

"Isn't it an awful day?" It was the crude apology of youth. Mrs. West glanced indifferently out of the window.

"It is a very heavy rain; I hope your father took his rubbers. You wore yours, of course?"

Molly flushed. "I— Oh, I haven't been out at all."

Her mother looked at her. "I thought you said you were going to return the library books—that they were due today?"

"I did mean to—well, I did say I would," Molly answered, "but I was busy, and I didn't realize it was getting so late. It's too late now," she added, following her mother's gaze to the clock.

"Yes, it's too late now," assented Mrs. West, and something in the tone cut finely; Molly flushed again.

"Well, anyway—it's only six cents!" she said, excusingly.

"That's all," replied her mother, dryly. She put away her own work and went out into the kitchen. On the face of her daughter was a reflex of that which had been on her brother's upstairs; like his, the look gradually smoothed away as she went on shaping the delicate flowers of floss.

By the time they gathered about the table in the dining-room both young people presented cheerful and charming countenances; they would have been even gay, but something in the atmosphere of the woman behind the teapot checked this. The room was dainty and pleasant, the table beautifully laid, the food tempting.

"We won't wait for your father," said Mary West. "He is half an hour late already."

"So it wouldn't have mattered a bit about the water," Molly thought, triumphantly, but had the grace not to say. And almost as she thought it the opening of the hall door was swiftly followed by Mr. West's entrance. He greeted them cheerily. He was an attractive, hardly elderly man—so attractive, with his air of gentle geniality and refinement, that people generally said the children "got their good looks" from their father; they forgot that Mary West had been a beautiful girl.

Her husband smiled at them all as he sat down, with an affectionate courtesy which the tired business man does not invariably bestow.

"Well, it's a perfect deluge!" he exclaimed; adding, as his wife's eyes went instinctively to his feet, "No, mother, I didn't wear them; I didn't think it was going to rain; but I got them famously dried at the corner store, talking with our new neighbor, Halstead; he came out on the train with me. That's why I'm late."

"I thought perhaps," said his wife, quietly, "you had gone round to Hamlin's."

"Well, no, I didn't," he answered, cheerfully, helping himself to toast. "I guess I'll look him up to-morrow. Well, young folks, how about that party to-night? Going?"

His wife set the teapot down with a

little click against the tile. She ate silently, while the conversation flowed on about her—there was always a fund of conversation among the others; from time to time they turned to include her in it, and then it flowed on again like a stream momentarily interrupted by a rock. The young people went off later to the party—though there was no cessation of the afternoon's rain—and their mother finished "cleaning up." It was not till she had left dining-room and kitchen in that perfect order known only to the educated housewife that she rejoined her husband, cozily installed in the front room, beside the evening lamp, with his paper. He pushed the rocker nearer in silent welcome; but the movement with which she sat down in it was not entirely lost upon him.

"Tired, dear?" he asked, kindly.

"Addison West!—are you *ever* going to attend to that business with Hamlin?"

The mild eyes, not unlike the boy's without their fires, were raised deprecatingly over the paper.

"Why, Mary, of course I am; you heard me say so. Can't you give me a little time—"

"*Time!*" exclaimed the woman, then shut her lips sharply in a fold more eloquent than speech.

"I'll go right round to-morrow morning the first thing," said her husband, adding soothingly, "Don't worry, mother."

Mrs. West did not respond; she picked up her mending and went on pushing the needle determinedly through the folds. Her husband looked at her a

trifle anxiously once or twice, then with a sigh returned to his reading. It was evident she did not mean to say more.

It was rare for her to say so much. It was curious, indeed, how, when she said so little, she should still contrive to give him, like the children, a sub-



"ARE YOU EVER GOING TO ATTEND TO THAT BUSINESS WITH HAMLIN?"

conscious sense of constant surveillance and disapproval, of being more or less remorselessly driven; but, better than they, he was able to make excuses, also more or less subconscious, for this. It was "Mary's way" or "mother's way," easily pardoned in the depth of his real appreciation of and fondness for his wife. To his mind they were very happy together. After a little time now he began to read aloud to her, scraps and items of news which he thought would interest her, not noting that her replies, given without the least rancor or irritation of tone, were even briefer than usual. His wife was not only a restrained woman,

she was also a well-bred and highly educated one. He admired her intellect and asked no better mental comradeship; in the strictest sense of the term he was a "family man," admired in his turn by other women whose husbands did not so cling to their society, and who were in the habit of wondering enviously "if Mary West realized what a treasure she had got?" As a corollary of this, Mary West herself came in for a good deal of criticism.

Mary West loved her husband and daughter, but she idolized her son. In him the ambitions of her life centered. She had married full of the same high dreams for her husband; that he had not fulfilled his possibilities she knew; she had finally accepted it; but the indication of such frustration in her son awoke a mute fever in her soul. Within the limits of *her* possibilities, nothing had been spared to give Oliver every opportunity. She did not pretend to understand fully the artistic temperament, but that it required some things was clear. She would have adored a son who should go forth and conquer—would have been capable of equipping a dozen sons, indeed, and sending them forth with sword and shield, honestly preferring for them "death before dishonor." Dishonor to her latter-day New England soul meant simply non-accomplishment, the failing to make the most of yourself. Against this possible fatal heritage she fought silently. The only one in a household of four who ever foresaw, planned, or wished to get things done in their season, she saw herself continually frustrated and baffled by the amiable leisureness of her family. Her husband she could not alter; Molly she would willingly have sent to college somehow if Molly would have gone; but Molly, bright and capable, had no ambitions beyond the domestic. The mother's heart, as her hope, then, came back to Oliver—the youngest and most highly gifted of them all; and—"Mother, you don't understand!"—had come to be the phrase oftenest on his lips nowadays.

He dallied on, more and more of a dreamer, it seemed to his mother, till it was weeks now where once it had been days that he did not touch the scores. He himself was not aware of it, but she

kept a calendar in her heart. This was a part of that surveillance her family so mutely resented. But could she help knowing he was not at work? She would have been glad to cheat herself forever if she could—she *had* cheated herself as long as possible, reinforcing herself by her very ignorance of the artistic processes; persuading herself that artists were often working when they were not at work; but unfortunately that strong rectitude which was the very basis of her nature made it impossible to cheat herself forever, or to lie to her own soul when she was no longer cheated. One and another of Oliver's classmates, less gifted than he, had gone into the world and found places for themselves; Oliver, the genius of his class, lingered on.

This year, however, he had announced a resolute determination to finish his Concerto and enter the competition which, if he won, would mean to him some years of Germany. He had begun with great energy; a room in their limited house had been set rigidly apart for him, and his mother jealously protected him from every intrusion. Then the Concerto had languished. Once or twice since, there had been sporadic fits of energy, when he had taken it up and announced that now it "was going right ahead," but after a few days his energy—or the creative impulse—had flagged again, and he had taken refuge in the forest, books of poetry, the study of German—in anything, it seemed to his mother, which offered a plausible pretext for not doing the work itself. Now two short months remained before the competition. She had come to look upon it as the stake of Oliver's soul; she coveted the success for him—not for the success's sake, but for its spiritual repercussion. If once he could get away, among other workers, he might find himself; if he could get away through his own achievement, it would be finding himself twice over.

Her mind was passionately busy with this as she mechanically and monosyllabically answered her husband. If, as she nothing doubted, he had let slip that sale of the cow through his procrastination, where was she to find the money for Oliver to go to town with at all? For extras of that kind there was no

margin in the family income, and a strict and tender loyalty forbade her to compromise the family by any open and extraordinary step to raise the money. Yet the money might be, as she saw it, the price of Oliver's salvation. True, she had one old friend who, because she had lost her own boy, might do this for her, but could she—even for Oliver—borrow?

It was no use waiting for to-morrow; she knew as well now as she should when her husband brought her the word, that the sale was lost; and there was no time to lose. It was her old habit of prevision, or arranging beforehand, a part of that tyranny so irksome to her family.

Her monosyllables grew fewer and fewer. Finally her husband, rising and stretching his arms, announced good-naturedly that he was going to bed.

"No use to wait for those young fry any longer."

His wife followed him an hour later;

there was a sealed note in her pocket and a new line on her face. She had made what was for her the last sacrifice—the sacrifice of her pride.

When Mr. West reported next day that he had not found Mr. Hamlin, adding, cheerfully, "But I've left a note, so it will be all right," his wife's face underwent no change. And when on the following morning he looked up from his mail with a slightly troubled expression, her countenance was still impassive.

"Hamlin writes that he has bought that Jersey of Scott's," said he, in the unconscious tone of a man who already defends himself, and as his wife made no comment he threw down the note with a hurt expression.

"Oh, of course I know I am to blame for it somehow," he said, "though I can't for the life of me see how. If he preferred a Jersey, he wouldn't have wanted ours, anyway, and he said noth-



"IT'S NO USE—YOU NEVER WILL UNDERSTAND"

ing about being in a hurry; I got round as soon as I could. But of course," he repeated, irritably, "it is all my fault."

Mary West kept silence—that silence which she was aware irritated him, but yet could find no word to break. She *did* think it was his fault. He left the house with a distinct feeling of grievance, which lasted him just the time it took to cross three fields to his trolley-car.

"Poor Mary!" he was already saying, excusingly, to himself as he settled back against the seat, "I suppose it's Oliver's lessons she's worrying over, or something of the kind; I must try to make up that money." But though the grievance had passed, a certain soreness remained.

Mrs. West meanwhile had helped Molly to clear the table, but did not, as usual, follow her into the kitchen. Instead she followed her son. After fidgeting a little about the room, Oliver had gone out of it with some muttered remark about getting to work. He was just taking his cap down from its peg when his mother spoke.

"Are you going out, Oliver?"

He turned, with that vague sense of irritation which her following up always caused him, but answered patiently enough: "I thought I'd just get a breath of air and sunshine before starting in, mother. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes."

He waited politely, cap in hand; never had his mother been more aware of his beauty, his charm.

"I should like a little talk with you, Oliver—if you can give me the time."

Oliver's face fell. "Of course," he said, and did his best to say it cordially, as he rehung the cap on its peg. Mentally he braced himself as he followed his mother up-stairs to the room set apart for him. As they passed the piano with its open score still lying on it he bit his lip.

He placed a chair for her and sat down himself on the couch facing her. His mother took something out of her pocket and handed it to him.

"It is for you, Oliver," she said.

The young man stared down at the check; it was so little what he had expected that he could only stare—first at it, then at her.

"What does it mean, mother?"

"It means that I have borrowed it for you—so that you may go up to town and finish your Concerto."

Oliver's face, fair as a girl's, flushed sensitively. He had known that something unpleasant was coming—but not this.

"That was very kind, mother—but unnecessary; I could finish the Concerto here." He flushed again as he saw her eye fall accusingly upon it.

"I don't think you could, Oliver," she said, with quiet significance.

He sprang up; already his blood was beginning to boil. He walked up and down trying to dominate it before he stopped in front of his mother.

"I have told you so often, mother—you don't understand these things; they seem sometimes not to be making any progress, and then all at once—they are finished. I can't work at a composition as if it were a pair of shoes!"

"It doesn't seem to me you work at it at all," replied his listener, unmoved. "There are two more months to the competition; how much have you done in the last two months?"

"I have told you over and over," cried Oliver, passionately; "you can't judge in that way! It doesn't count! I may finish it all in a week—any day. You—you don't understand artists, mother!"

"No," said Mary West, coldly. "I don't; but even an artist may be a man." She stood up.

"Mother!"

She confronted him—all the ice suddenly melted into fire.

"Do you think you have six lifetimes, or a dozen?" she asked, with a low, tense passion he had never seen in her before. "Do you think because the Lord gave you a musical gift you have the right to spend your whole life waiting till you feel exactly like doing things? Do you think your father will live forever, or I? We have done our best for you. Are you going to let this year go by, too—and another—and another?"

He was dumb, looking at her.

"Take this money—and go up to the city. You will never work here. But up there—among workers—you have still two months, and if you give your whole mind to it there is still a chance."



Drawn by H. C. Wall

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"I WANT TO BE ABLE TO BE PROUD OF MY SON"

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You seem to think I am certain to get that prize!" he broke in, bitterly. "Just as likely as not I sha'n't, even if I do finish it, and then—you will be more disappointed than ever."

"No," she interrupted him. "It is you who don't understand, Oliver. *That* wouldn't be your fault."

"And of course it *is* my fault that the Concerto isn't finished! I do understand, mother—I understand perfectly well. Of course I've always known—oh, always—that we were all disappointments, Molly and I—even father; *you* are the only one who has nothing to reproach yourself with." He tumbled out the words with the blind cruelty of youth, stabbing recklessly. "It isn't my fault I am an artist, but I never realized before what a burden I've been." He stopped half ashamed, adding all the more impatiently, "Well, what do you *want* me to do, mother?"

"I want you to do *something*," she answered, bitterly. "I want to be able to be proud of my son."

The young man crimsoned to the roots of his hair; he gave her one look.

"You need not say any more, mother," he said, and went out. She heard the house door close behind him. An hour later when he returned he found an open trunk and valise placed in his room, waiting to be packed.

Nothing more passed between him and his mother. He received with a lofty politeness the piles of clothing which from time to time she brought him, neatly mended and pressed. It was all very kind, but—"A little less kindness and a little more sympathy!" he thought, with swelling heart. He was youth itself, and he treated her with the tragic aloofness of it. But because he *was* youth, as the hours followed and the moment of departure drew near, something of its excitement and attraction began to move him, together with a tenderness of parting. It would not do to descend wholly from his lofty and lonely attitude, but he unbent a little.

"I dare say I shall be able to work better alone, without any distracting influences," he conceded, stiffly, as she helped him to fold in the last things.

"I hope so, Oliver," she said, gently. Her hand, as she rose from her knees,

rested a lingering moment on his shoulder. The boy's heart stirred within.

"Thank you very much, mother, for—everything," he said, still a little coldly, for he was still sore. Nothing could undo the fact that he was being driven away, and that she was doing the driving.

"I hope you will be satisfied," he said, reproachfully, as he kissed her good-by.

"I hope so, too," she answered, quietly, and he held his head very high as he went down the path without once looking back.

Oliver's first letters bore testimony to a changed spirit. Distance had done its work, and his mother, devoid of her power to irritate, loomed as the source of this new good. For it *was* good, he admitted, to be "*living*"—"to be among workers"—"able to concentrate on his work wholly," and he wrote in the full flush of that enthusiasm which characterized all Oliver's beginnings. He was hearing much fine music, for that was "a part of the inspiration of the city," and seeing many young people, because these "stimulated" him. "Mother would be glad to hear he was getting on with the Concerto"; he "meant to lose no time about it"; the second movement was "nearly finished." In the ensuing weeks something of this exuberance naturally failed, and the letters grew briefer and fewer—but that, too, was natural with the increased pressure of the work.

It is wonderful how eternity can be compressed into two months. Mary West seemed to see herself aging as she slowly counted them off. The last weeks brought nothing but a hurried mandate from Oliver; they "mustn't mind if he didn't even send cards—every minute was so precious for work now," after which there was nothing but a trailing silence dragging heavy hours into heavier days.

Then eternity suddenly ended.

Mary West had hardly been able to believe it, when she awoke on the morning of the Day. In its early hours she was standing before the window looking into the budding apple-tree which would be in rosy bloom for Oliver's return, repeating to herself over and over that this was the Day. At intervals all the morning she went and looked out at the tree; perhaps even now Oliver's work was be-

ing received, pronounced upon; perhaps already the message was on its way. She was standing looking thus, when she saw the postman coming up the path. She threw up the window and beckoned, and he handed her a letter.

It was a thin little letter. She took in the brief message at one glance.

"MOTHER,—I haven't finished the Concerto, and I know how you are going to feel about it. I won't come home to be a burden and a disappointment—and I'm tired of being a failure. So I'm going to end it all. Perhaps you will forgive me when I am dead. Give my love to father and Molly.

"OLIVER."

She was still standing looking expressionlessly at the paper, when she heard Molly rushing up the stairs; with a vague impulse she thrust it into her bosom. Molly had a telegram in her hand.

"Oh, mother—open it quick!" she panted. "It may be from Oliver."

She opened it mechanically. It was signed by her husband in the city, and said only:

"Oliver shot himself last night; condition not serious. Am bringing him home."

Molly's cry was the thing that brought her reeling senses back. "Oh, mother!—what shall we do?"

Her mother looked at her almost stonily. "Do?" she said, emotionlessly. "Why, get the room ready, I suppose; your father says he is bringing him home." She moved away, and Molly looked after her with frightened eyes.

After that things seemed to happen quickly. By the time the family doctor drove up, everything was prepared; he found them calmly doing the last things. His professional eyes glanced about the room, opened, aired, with a fire on the hearth, the freshly made bed, the piles of towels, bandages, all the appurtenances of illness, and between times he glanced keenly at the women.

"I got a telegram to meet them, and I thought I'd better just step in and see if you had everything—might have known you would have, of course. Nothing

to worry over. Mrs. West—just a piece of darned foolishness. If it had been of any consequence they couldn't have moved the young scamp at once. Oliver never could do things like other boys—probably thought the universe hung on his famous Concerto, and got a touch of fever over it. We'll have him all right in a couple of weeks. Well—I see nothing's lacking here." He made a sign to Molly to follow him down-stairs, and there beckoned her outside the house.

"Molly," he said, "has your mother shed a tear since this news came?"

Molly shook her head. "Mother never cries; she has just gone on as if nothing had happened, directing things—as calm as ever."

"H-m!" was the doctor's reply. "Well, I'm sending up a prescription, and you get her to take it—if you can. And see here—make her take a cup of strong coffee or tea. Take one yourself, too; and mind you, no emotion when Oliver arrives!" He added this final injunction as he drove off, pondering for the thousandth time upon the workings of nature. In an hour he was back again, heading the little but impressive procession which bore Oliver back to his home in state.

"No emotion," the doctor had ordered, but as the stretcher was borne in with Oliver, white with closed eyes, lying upon it, he almost wished he could have reversed his order. Mr. West and Molly hardly dared to breathe, and Mary West impassively received what was left of her son, and impassively followed it up the stairs to the waiting bed. With the same impassivity she saw him laid there, and even when Oliver, suddenly unclosing his eyes, fastened one hand in a feeble grip on hers, murmuring "Mother!" she merely let the hand lie in his, and, stroking quietly the hair from his damp brow, saw him fall quickly into the sleep of weakness. They left her sitting so. To the inexperienced eye Oliver looked a dying youth, but the doctor's verdict, given below-stairs, was otherwise.

"Just what I expected—a mere flesh wound, a scratch. Oliver can't be much of a shot," he added, with grim humor. "He's a little done with the journey now, and of course there's a touch of fever to follow; nothing worth talking



"YOU CAN HAVE IT TO LOOK AT," SAID THE DOCTOR, GRIMLY

of. The boy's as sound as a bell—I ought to know. We'll have him round and about in no time. The only thing to fear was an antecedent brain-disturbance, but there isn't a symptom."

"He *must* have been out of his mind," sighed his father. "He couldn't possibly have known what he was doing."

The doctor smiled sympathetically yet cynically. "My dear friend, what head he has was there intact. I haven't the least doubt he knew perfectly what he was doing, and *thought* he knew *why* he was doing it."

"But there was—there could have been no reason," persisted his poor father.

"Oh, what Oliver would call a reason wouldn't suffice to make brain fever out of for any one," said the doctor, with cheerful grimness. "You know Oliver—you couldn't expect him to be plain foolish, like other boys; his had to have some embroidery. Don't you worry; he'll come out with probably a little more sense than he had before; he can't lose any, anyhow," he wound up, with a heartlessness immensely soothing to his listeners; for even the foolishness of youth is sacred if winged for its last flight. Mr. West drew his first sigh of relief, and Molly wiped her eyes. Having attained his object, the doctor eyed them quietly.

"I'm a good deal more concerned about your wife, Mr. West, than I am about your son," he said, slowly.

They looked at him with startled faces.

"Mother?" exclaimed Molly.

"Mary?" repeated her husband, in the same incredulous voice. "Why, I've just been thinking how splendidly she bears it; it seems to me wonderful."

"It's a good deal too wonderful. Mothers, my good friend, are not made like that—your wife isn't. Has she shown any trace of emotion?"

"No-o, but you cautioned us not to agitate the boy," said Mr. West.

"I did," replied the doctor, "but there's such a thing as having your orders carried out too well."

"Mother never shows her feelings," protested Molly, helplessly, when the doctor was gone; but, for all that, she stole softly up-stairs into the sick-room, where Mrs. West sat immovable.

"Let me take your place, mother," she whispered, and without remonstrance Mary West yielded it. Her husband followed her into the kitchen, where she was making broth and filling kettles for the night.

"You mustn't take this too much to heart, Mary," he said, awkwardly but gently; "Oliver knows you didn't mean anything, and the doctor says he will be all right in no time."

She looked at him, as if hardly comprehending that he had spoken, and continued with noiseless skill to move the heavy pots about.

"You mustn't blame yourself," he repeated, gently, "you meant it all for the best." But she made no response, and he went softly out and left her.

It was the same on the next day and the next. Oliver always found her at his side on waking, tearless, quiet, ready, effective, and wordless. He had made one attempt at speech that first morning, pointing with quivering lips to the bandages.

"Even this I made a failure of, mother!"

"Sh-h!" she had answered only, as to a little child, going on quietly with the dressing. After that the doctor peremptorily forbade him to refer to the subject.

Well, it was very pleasant not to have to refer to it; to lie there, feeling his strength come back little by little, tended and cherished, nursed and warmed back to life, coddled by Molly and rejoiced in by his father. Only his mother's silence filled him with compassion; he wished she had not taken it so to heart, and he tried by timid caresses to make her understand that the old wound was healing with the new, that they were both to begin again—to pardon each other, and begin again. He was too weak to think exactly how, but life looked desirable once more, and one day he asked her for his violin.

"You can have it to look at," said the doctor, grimly, "and to think about. It won't do you any harm to reflect that half an inch farther this way and you would never have used a violin-bow again." Therewith he walked downstairs and officially pronounced the boy out of danger.

"Now you can stuff him all you like," he said, cheerfully, to Molly, but his attention was upon Mrs. West. She was preparing Oliver's tray at that moment, and he noticed the slow, hesitating movements of her hands. He took the tray from them. "Here, Molly!"—he gave it to her. "And now"—he turned back to Mrs. West—"suppose you go up-stairs and go to bed."

"Very well," she answered him, dully, and moved away with the same slow movement.

Molly, with the tray in her hands, stood gasping. Her mother—going to bed—in the middle of the afternoon!

"Don't call her in the morning," said the doctor. "Don't call her for *anything*; let her sleep until she wants to get up of her own accord."

But in the morning, when Mary West attempted to get up—not particularly because she wanted to, but because it was so obviously the thing to do—she found with a mild indifference that she could not rise. After a few dull efforts, she gave up trying.

"Don't ask me what has happened!" exclaimed the exasperated doctor to the family, horror-stricken, after his first examination. "Am I the Lord Almighty, to know what is going on in the inside of a woman's soul? You can call it a shock if you like—or nervous prostration; these are fashionable terms just now."

"But, Doctor, how long can it last?" asked Mr. West, dismayed and bowed with this second blow.

"How do *I* know?—a week—year—forever! How can I tell unless I know how long she's been getting to it—and what's brought her there? She's not suffering—now; there's nothing but to let Nature take her course."

"Oughtn't we to try to rouse her?" suggested Molly, desperately.

"For Heaven's sake, *no!* Let her rest; it's the one chance. Something has given way—snapped; *I* don't know what; maybe Nature does."

They let her rest; days, weeks rolled on, and still she rested—if it was rest. She lay back against her pillows, a trifle whiter, a trifle thinner, uninterested, passive, uncomplaining. And the doctor came and went, and scratched his head in perplexity.

"Mamma, Oliver is able to be downstairs," Molly crept in to tell her.

"The boy's getting on finely, Mary," reported her husband, cheerily. "Wouldn't you like to see him?"

The eyelids of the sick woman quivered slightly, but she made no reply.

But on the day when Oliver, on his own feet, crept softly in, at the sight of his face she turned her own to the wall. He staggered out again, whiter than she.

"She—she *disliked* to see me!" he exclaimed, brokenly, to the doctor, who outside awaited the result of his experiment.

"I—I saw it in her eyes, Doctor—" He covered his own.

The doctor put a hand on his shoulder soothingly. "You must wait, then, Oliver; sick people sometimes have these fancies."

The boy raised a face suddenly aged. "It isn't a fancy, Doctor," he said. "I—I know it. Doctor! Oh, will it always be like that?"

"I cannot tell you, Oliver; none of us knows what is going on in your mother's mind—heart—soul, whatever you like to call it. But you were her Benjamin, her best-beloved. Oliver, be a man!"

"Doctor—do you think she would like to hear me play?"

"I don't know; you can try." But within a few minutes he sent up to forbid it; at the first strain of the bow across the strings Mary West had turned her face away with a slight shiver.

Meanwhile, below-stairs and in the neighborhood, Mrs. West's serious illness had caused a revulsion of feeling in her favor. Those who at first "didn't wonder she took it hard," having brought it on herself, now felt that she had overpaid the penalty, and their unimaginative sympathies went out to her. Everybody wondered, too, how the family would get on without its capable head. It got on, truth to say, but miserably. Molly, coping with all the family problems at once, and lost in wonder at the scarcity of the hours of the day and the multiplicity of tasks to be faced in each one, began to think of her mother's order and effectiveness with longing; and when she sat down before the unaccountably accumulating piles of bills and accounts, she thought of her mother with awe. Poor Mr. West, blankly dismayed at the constant recurrence of demands hitherto unheard of, asked himself seriously what had been his wife's secret of making two dollars grow where one had been.

"No wonder mother broke down!" exclaimed Molly, in despair, one day. "It's enough to break down any one; and we none of us ever realized or appreciated. She has just gone on doing it year on end."

"I'm afraid you are right, my child," replied her father, his bowed head on his hand.

Suddenly Molly gathered them all up—

a small mountain of papers. "I'm going to take them to mother!" she announced. "Perhaps when she sees the mess they are in— The doctor said *now* anything to rouse her."

And her father, catching a momentary hope from hers, assented, with dimmed eyes. But Molly was in tears when the doctor encountered her on her return from that visit to her mother's rooms, her arms full of the papers.

"She just took them and straightened them all out, showed me where things go, and handed them back," said Molly. "She never asked me a thing—or—or seemed to care."

The doctor looked grave. "If she doesn't respond to the old call of duty, I don't know what she *will* respond to," he thought. "Molly, where is Oliver?" he asked aloud, sharply.

"I don't know, somewhere about the house, or—he is always going off by himself for hours walking," said Molly, miserably. "Doctor!"—life was making a woman of Molly fast these days—"you weren't thinking—?"

"Yes, I was, Molly," said the doctor, bluntly. "It's exactly what I was thinking."

"But she has never even asked for him—we never have dared to let him go near her since—"

The doctor buttoned his coat, a trick of his in emergencies. "The time has come to dare everything, Molly."

There was a moment's silence.

"It might *kill* mother," murmured Molly.

"It might," said the doctor. "Molly, *this* is killing everybody by inches."

"Yes," said Molly. She was silent again. "Poor Oliver!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the doctor. "Poor Oliver!"

He looked indeed to be pitied as he went into the room an hour later; he was still pale from his illness, paler than ever now.

"Mother!" he said, humbly—and stopped.

The eyes of the woman on the bed met his like ice; he forced himself to stumble forward.

"Mother!"—the icy look never wavered.

"Mother!" exclaimed the boy again; he was down on his knees, his face buried in the bedclothes.

And then suddenly, above his head, she spoke. And her voice was like her eyes.

"Well, what do you want—what *more* do you want of me, you for whom I did everything all your life? I have always

woman, with almost drawling indifference. She held up one hand against the light and looked at it with curious detachment; it was thin now, and worn—a mother's hand; she looked at it, bored, indifferent. Oliver hid his face again and groaned.

"Well," she asked, indifferently, "what more will you do now? Is there anything *left* for you to do? And you thought that would move me—*me!*" Her eyes filled with disdain. "That was the return you chose. Because I was worn out and couldn't be patient enough, tender enough, couldn't 'understand'—all you could think of was to go and commit suicide!" With a gesture of scorn she turned her face to the wall and closed her eyes. "Well—*go!*"

Oliver stumbled forth into the arms of his father, who with Molly and the doctor had hurried up-stairs at the sound of the sick woman's raised voice.

"My boy—my boy!" said his father, brokenly. "Don't take it too much to heart—maybe she doesn't rightly know what she says."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed the young man. He flung his hand down and out. For the first time in his life he looked like his mother. "Oh, my God!" He rushed past them up-stairs to his own room.

The three stood silent and aghast. The doctor's face was very grave. Through the open door they could see the sick woman lying motionless, her face turned to the wall. They withdrew softly into the next room. Overhead they could hear Oliver going to and fro with rapid steps, and once the sound of some heavy object pulled across the floor.

They looked at one another with anxious eyes; once the father glanced in mute appeal at the doctor, but a silent gesture proclaimed his impotence to aid. They continued to sit there through the short afternoon, as if there were a death in the house. From time to time they started anxiously at some sharper sound



"SHE DISLIKED TO SEE ME! I SAW IT IN HER EYES"

done everything—for you all, but for you even more than the rest. I was the 'un-amiable' one—the one who 'drove' you all—but I was doing it—bearing it all for your sake, trying to keep things going on, trying to keep things moving in spite of you all. And what return did you make? Against all that—against all my life—you set your little silly, childish, selfish, baby feelings; you couldn't stand even a little hurt. You were perfectly willing to leave us all the shame, all the burden and the sorrow; it was nothing to you that your mother should be blamed for it—it was nothing to you if you broke my heart, so long as you had your little, silly, childish revenge. Well, you ought to be satisfied; there isn't a soul who doesn't hold me responsible; the rest of you are all angels."

"Mother!"

"Oh, I don't mind it," said the sick

from above, or from time to time one stole noiselessly to the door and looked in, but the figure on the bed never moved.

Suddenly they heard Oliver come out of his room and close the door; he was coming down-stairs; they looked at one another with frightened eyes. With quick, determined steps, Oliver came down. He had on his coat, and held his hat and a small bag in his hand; in one look at his face they saw that his youth was dead.

"Father," he said, speaking low, as they had spoken for so long now in this house, "I am going away."

"Oliver!" His father started forward. "Where are you going? Oliver! *Oh, my son!*—you are not going to do anything rash!"

The pale face crimsoned as if his father had struck him. "No," he said, "I am not going to do anything rash—you need not be anxious, father. I am going back to the city. I have enough money to take me, and the professors will help me to get a few pupils or a place in some small orchestra; I shall be able to get my bread; and by and by I will send for my trunk. I am going now—to-night"; there was a finality in his tone and bearing. "I will write often, father, and you need not worry; you need never worry about me again."

"Oliver!" said his father. "You cannot leave your mother so!"

Oliver lifted his head still higher. "It is for mother's sake I am going," he answered, quietly. "Tell her—tell her I have gone to finish my Concerto."

Mr. West groaned; he understood that the last catastrophe had happened and the boy's brain given way. "Oliver—" he faltered, "you have forgotten—my boy, it is too late!"

"It is *not* too late," said Oliver. "Father, you don't understand" (it was strange to hear that phrase again), "but mother will understand—she will understand. Father, it isn't your fault, but for the first time to-day I understand—*everything*. Just tell mother I have gone—to finish the Concerto."

A gasping sound made them all turn.

In the doorway, holding on to the jamb feebly, but standing on her own feet, was Mary West, her staring eyes fastened upon her son. It was he who caught her in his arms as she swayed heavily forward.

"Mother! mother! mother!" he repeated, over and over.

"You have killed her!" exclaimed his father, rushing forward, but the doctor stepped between.

"Not twice!" said Oliver. "Oh no, not twice!" and he laid her on the sofa and knelt beside her and kissed her hands. "Mother! mother!"

"You have killed her!" repeated his father, grief-stricken.

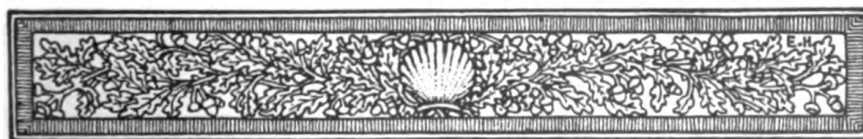
"Hush!" said the doctor, "hush!"

"Oh no," said Oliver. "You don't understand, father—" He shook back the curls from his brow with the old imperious gesture, and his voice rang with assurance. "It is because she is glad, because she understands, because she knows *now* it is all right. She *wants* me to go—don't you, darling mother?"

Mary West's eyes opened wide; youth, color, beauty came back into her face; she smiled ineffably on her son and feebly motioned:

"Yes."

The doctor took up his hat and cane. "My job is over, I see," he said only, as with a grim nod he hurried from the room.





THE PRE-REVOLUTION HOUSE OF GEORGIAN DAYS

Your United States

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

THIRD PAPER

"**H**ERE, Jimmy!" said, briskly, a middle-aged administrative person in easy attire, who apparently had dominion over the whole floor beneath the dome. A younger man, also in easy attire, answered the call with an alert smile. The elder pointed sideways with his head at my two friends and myself, and commanded, "Run them through in thirty minutes!" Then, having reached the center of a cuspidor with all the precision of a character in a Californian novel, he added benevolently to Jimmy, "Make it a dollar for them." And Jimmy, consenting, led us away.

In this episode Europe was having her revenge on the United States, and I had planned it. How often, in half a hun-

dred cities of Europe, had I not observed the American citizen seeing the sights thereof at high speed? Yes, even in front of the Michael Angelo sculptures in the Medici Chapel at Florence had I seen him, watch in hand, and heard him murmur "Bully!" to the sculptures and the time of the train to his wife in one breath! Now it was impossible for me to see Washington under the normal conditions of a session. And so I took advantage of the visit to Washington of two friends on business to see Washington hastily as an excursionist pure and simple. I said to the United States, grimly: "The most important and the most imposing thing in all America is surely the Capitol at Washington. Well,

I will see it as you see the sacred sights of Europe. By me Europe shall be revenged."

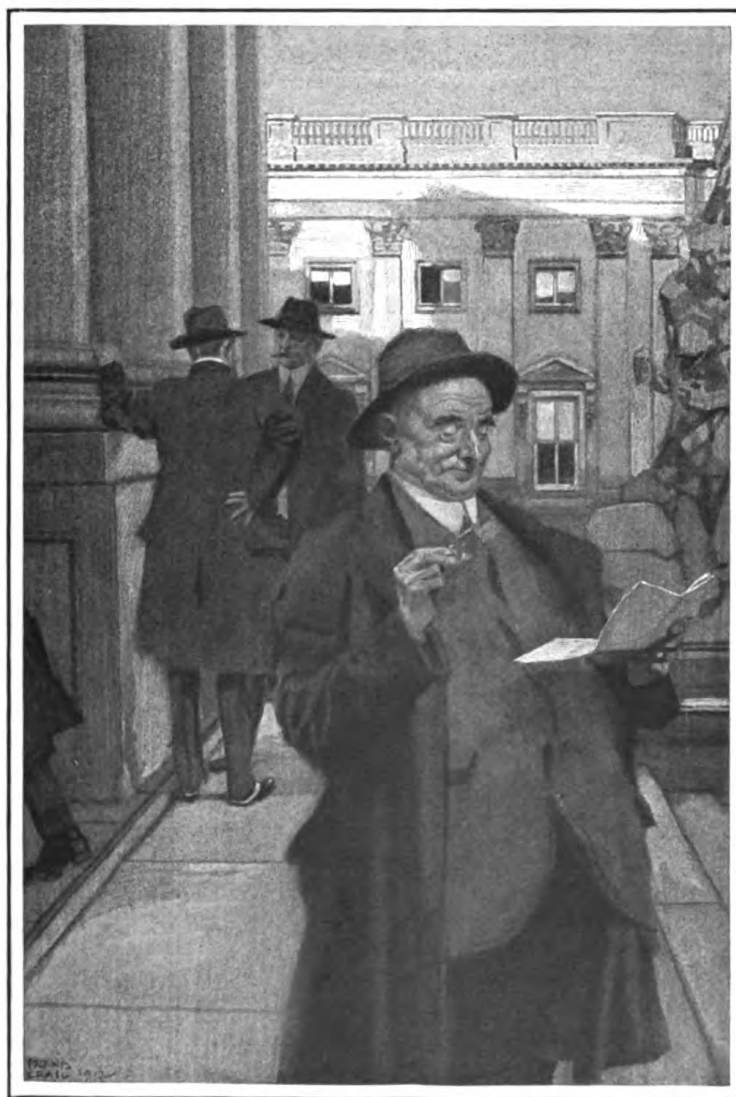
Thus it came about that we had hired a kind of carriage known as a "sea-going hack," driven by a negro in dark blue, who was even more picturesque than the negroes in white who did the menial work in the classic hotel, and had set forth frankly as excursionists into the streets of Washington, and presently through the celebrated Pennsylvania Avenue had achieved entrance into the Capitol.

It was a breathless pilgrimage—this seeing of the Capitol. And yet an impressive one. The Capitol is a great place. I was astonished—and I admit at once I ought not to have been astonished—that the Capitol appeals to the historic sense just as much as any other vast legislative palace of the world—and perhaps more intimately than some. The sequence of its endless corridors and innumerable chambers, each associated with event or tradition, begets awe. I think it was in the rich Senatorial reception-room that I first caught myself being surprised that the heavy gilded and marmoreal sumptuousness of the decorations recalled the average European palace. Why should I have been expecting the interior of the Capitol to consist of austere bare walls and unornamented floors? Perhaps it was due to some thought of Abraham Lincoln. But whatever its cause, the expectation was naïve

and derogatory. The young guide, Jimmy, who by birth and genius evidently belonged to the universal race of guides, was there to keep my ideas right and my eyes open. He was infinitely precious, and after his own fashion would have done honor to any public monument in the East. Such men are only bred in the very shadow of genuine history.

"See," he said, touching a wall. "Painted by celebrated Italian artist to look like bas-relief! But put your hand flat against it, and you'll see it isn't carved!" One might have been in Italy. And a little later he was saying of other painting:

"Although painted in eighteen hun-



ON THE STEPS OF THE PORTICO—THE CAPITOL

dred sixty-five—forty-six years ago—you notice the flesh tints are as fresh as if painted yesterday!"

This, I think, was the finest remark I ever heard a guide make—until this same guide stopped in front of a portrait of

these two objects seemed to me to be proper—why, I cannot tell—to the United States Senate; but there was one point that puzzled me.

"Why," I asked, "do you have *two* harmoniums?"

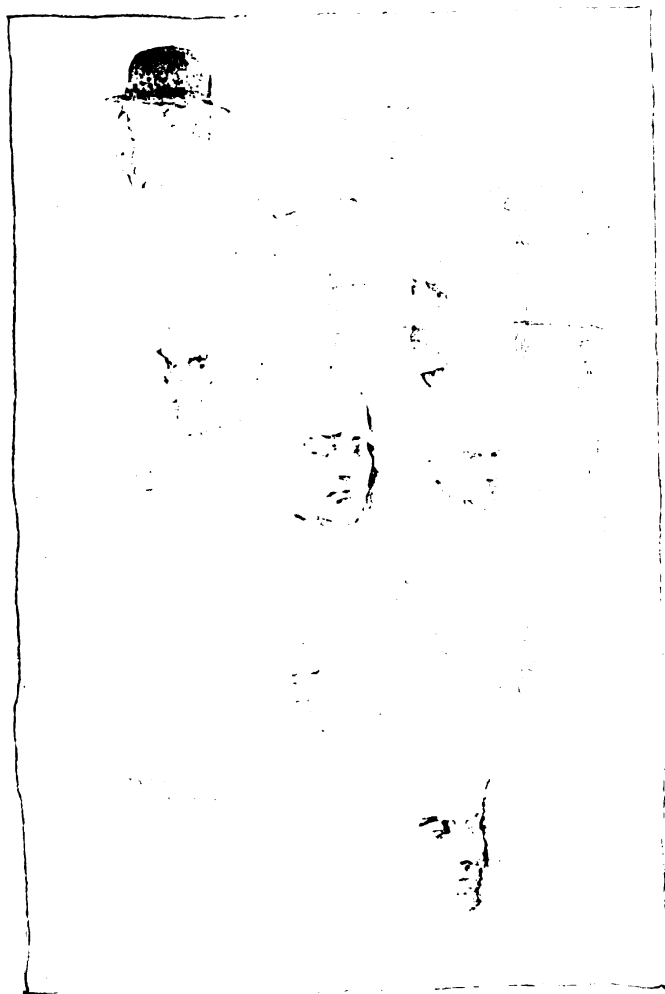
"Harmoniums, sir!" protested the guide, staggered. "Those are roll-top desks."

If only the floor could have opened and swallowed me up, as it opens and swallows up the grand piano at the Thomas concerts in Chicago!

Neither the Senate Chamber nor the Congress Chamber was as imposing to me as the much less spacious former Senate Chamber and the former Congress Chamber. The old Senate Chamber, being now transferred to the uses of supreme justice, was closed on the day of our visit, owing to the funeral of a judge. Europeans would have acquiesced in the firm negative of its locked doors. But my friends, being American, would not acquiesce. The mere fact that the room was not on view actually sharpened their desire that I should see it. They were deaf to refusals. . . . I saw that room. And I was glad that I saw it, for in its august simplicity it was worth seeing. The spirit of the early history of the United States seemed to reside in that hemicycle; and the crape on the va-

cated and peculiar chair added its own effect.

My first notion on entering the former Congress Chamber was that I was in presence of the weirdest collection of ugly statues that I had ever beheld. Which impression, the result of shock, was undoubtedly false. On reflection I am convinced that those statues of the worthies of the different States are not more ugly than many statues I could point to in no matter what fane, museum,

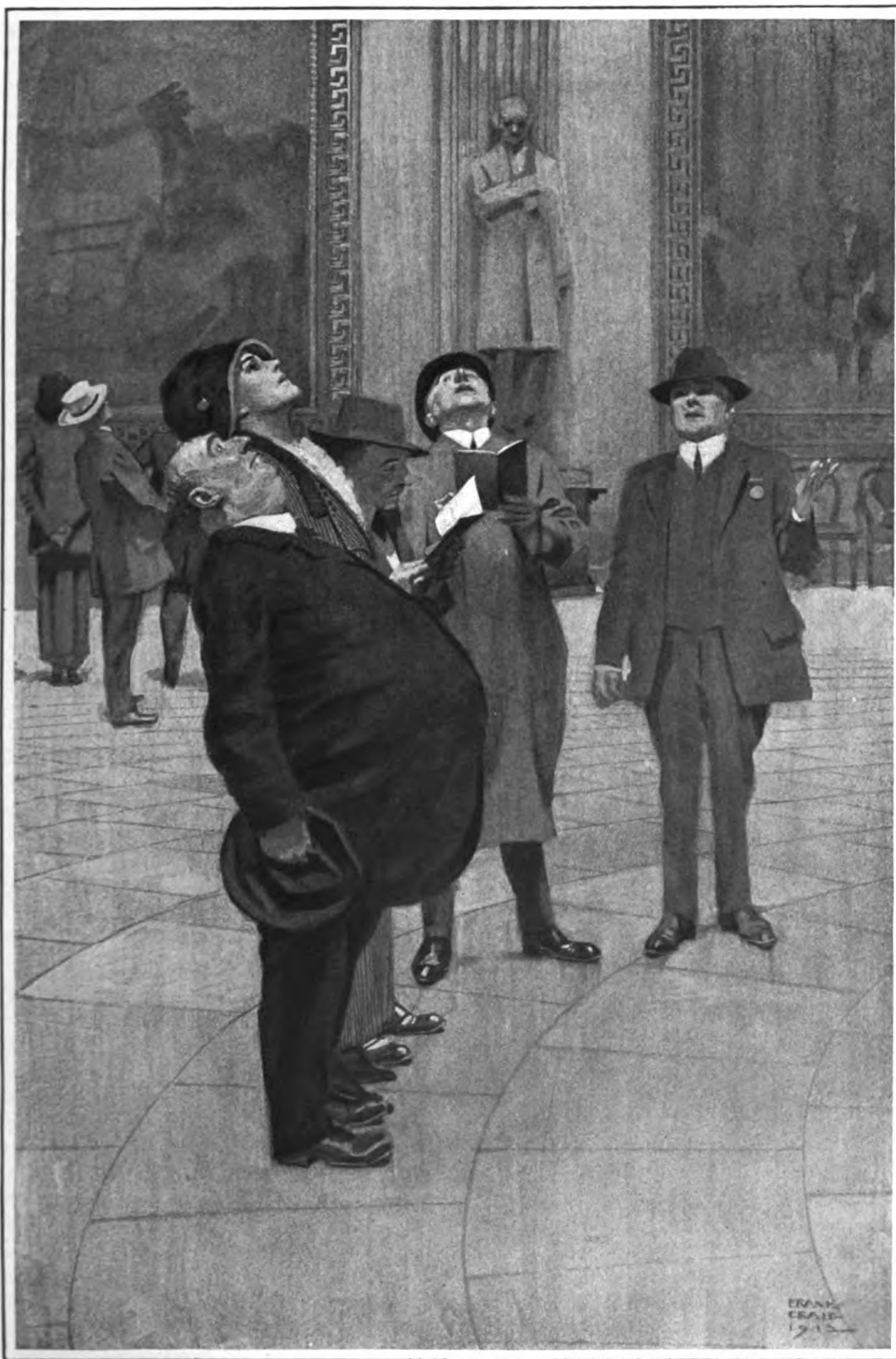


TYPES HERE AND THERE

Henry Clay, and, after a second's hesitation, threw off airily, patronizingly:

"Henry Clay—quite a good statesman!"

But I also contributed my excursionist's share to these singular conversations. In the swathed Senate Chamber I noticed two holland-covered objects that somehow reminded me of my youth and of religious dissent. I guessed that the daily proceedings of the Senate must be opened with devotional exercises, and



Drawn by Frank Craig

UNDER THE GREAT DOME OF THE CAPITOL

or palace of Europe. Their ugliness is only different from our accustomed European ugliness. The most crudely ugly mural decorations in the world are to be found all over Italy—the home of sublime frescos. The most atrociously debased architecture in the world is to be found in France—the home of sober artistic tradition. Europe is simply peppered everywhere with sculpture whose appalling mediocrity defies competition. But when the European meets ugly sculpture or any ugly form of art in the New World, his instinct is to exclaim, "Of course!" His instinct is to exclaim, "This beats everything!" The attitude will not bear examination. And lo! I was adopting it myself.

"And here's Frances Willard!" cried, ecstatically, a young woman in one of

the numerous parties of excursionists whose more deliberate paths through the Capitol we were continually crossing in our swift course.

And while, upon the spot where John Quincy Adams fell, I pretended to listen to the guide, who was proving to me from a distance that the place was as good a whispering-gallery as any in Europe, I thought: "And why should not Frances Willard's statue be there? I am glad it is there. And I am glad to see these groups of provincials admiring with open mouths the statues of the makers of their history, though the statues are chiefly painful." And I thought also: "New York may talk, and Chicago may talk, and Boston may talk, but it is these groups of provincials who are the real America." They were extraordinarily

like people from the Five Towns—that is to say, extraordinarily like comfortable average people everywhere.

We were outside again, under one of the enormous porticos of the Capitol. The guide was receiving his well-earned dollar. The faithful fellow had kept nicely within the allotted limit of half an hour.

"Now we'll go and see the Congressional Library," said my particular friend.

But I would not. I had put myself in a position to retort to any sight-seeing American in Europe that I had seen his Capitol in thirty minutes, and I was content. I determined to rest on my laurels. Moreover, I had discovered that conventional sight-seeing is a very exhausting form of activity. I would visit



ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE



THE PROMENADE—CITY POINT, BOSTON

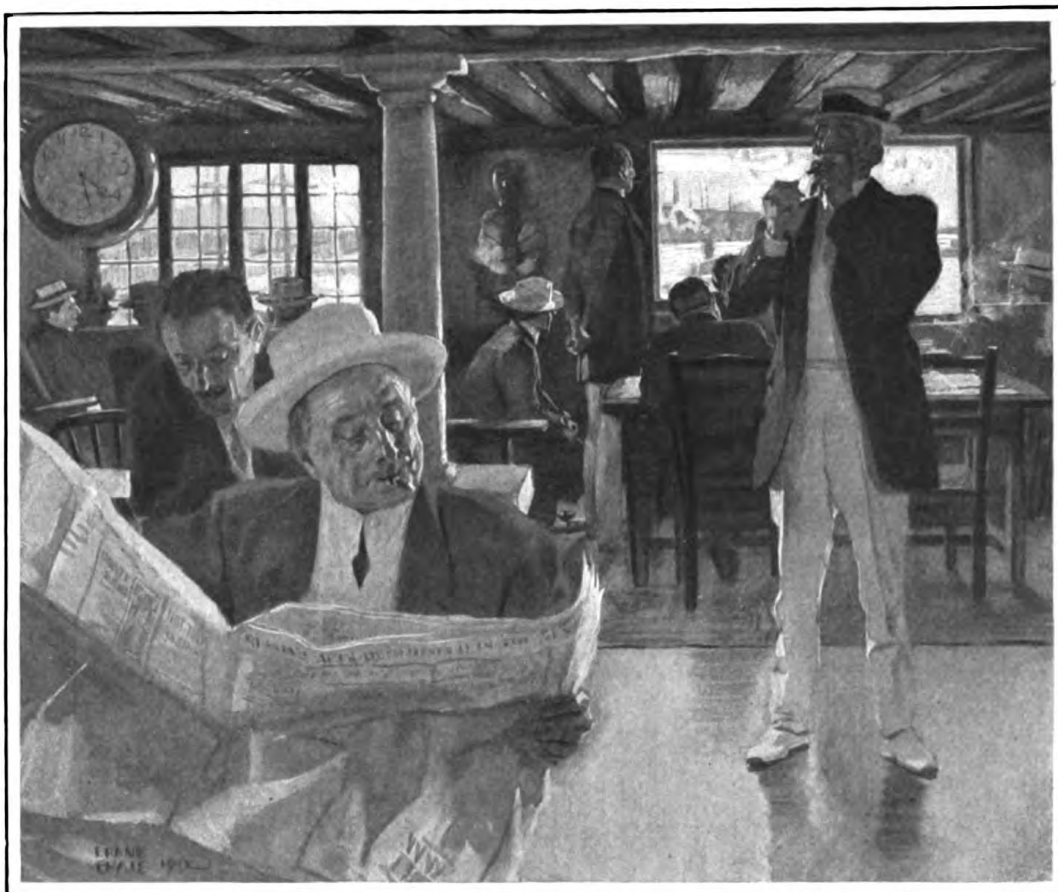
neither the Library of Congress, nor the Navy Department, nor the Pension Bureau, nor the Dead-Letter Museum, nor the Zoological Park, nor the White House, nor the National Museum, nor the Lincoln Museum, nor the Smithsonian Institution, nor the Treasury, nor any other of the great spectacles of Washington. We just resumed the sea-going hack and drove indolently to and fro in avenues and parks, tasting the general savor of the city's large pleasantness. And we had not gone far before we got into the clutches of the police.

"I don't know who you are," said a policeman, as he stopped our sea-going hack. "I don't know who you are," he repeated, cautiously, as one accustomed to policing the shahs and grand viziers of the earth. "But it's my duty to tell you your coachman crossed over on the wrong side of the lamppost. It's not allowed, and he knows it as well as I do."

We admitted by our shamed silence that we had no special "pull" in Washington; the wise negro said not a word; and we crept away from the policeman's wrath, and before I knew it we were up against the Washington Monument—one of those national calamities which ulti-

mately happen to every country, and of which the supreme example is, of course, the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens.

When I drove into the magnificent railway station late that night—true American rain was descending in sheets—I was carrying away with me an impression as it were of a gigantic plantation of public edifices in a loose tangle and undergrowth of thoroughfares: which seemed proper for a legislative and administrative metropolis. I was amused to reflect how the city, like most cities, had extended in precisely the direction in which its founders had never imagined it would extend; and naturally I was astonished by the rapidity of its development. (One of my friends, who was not old, had potted wild game in a marsh that is now a park close to the Capitol.) I thought that the noble wings of the Capitol were architecturally much superior to the central portion of it. I remembered a dazzling glimpse of the White House as a distinguished little building. I feared that ere my next visit the indefatigable energy of America would have rebuilt Pennsylvania Avenue, especially the higgledy-piggledy and pic-



THE BOSTON YACHT CLUB—OVERLOOKING THE HARBOR

turesque and untidy portion of it that lies nearest to the Capitol, and I hoped that in doing so the architects would at any rate not carry the cornice to such excess as it has been carried in other parts of the town. And, finally, I was slightly scared by the prevalence of negroes. It seemed to me as if in Washington I had touched the fringe of the negro problem.

It was in a different and a humbler spirit that I went to Boston. I had received more warnings and more advice about Boston than about all the other cities put together. And, in particular, the greatest care had been taken to permeate my whole being with the idea that Boston was "different." In some ways it proved so to be. One difference forced itself upon me immediately I left the station for the streets—the quaint, original odor of the taxis. When I got

to the entirely admirable hotel I found a book in a prominent situation on the writing-table in my room. In many hotels this book would have been the Bible. But here it was the catalogue of the hotel library; it ran to a hundred and eighty-two pages. On the other hand, there was no bar in the hotel, and no smoking-room. I make no comments; I draw no conclusions; I state the facts.

The warnings continued after my arrival. I was informed by I don't know how many persons that Boston was "a circular city," with a topography calculated to puzzle the simple. This was true. I usually go about in strange places with a map, but I found the map of Boston even more complex than the city it sought to explain. If I did not lose myself, it was because I never trusted myself alone; other people lost me.

Within an hour or so I had been familiarized by Bostonians with a whole

series of apparently stock jokes concerning and against Boston, such as that one hinging on the phrase "cold roast Boston," and that other one about the best thing in Boston being the five o'clock train to New York (I do not vouch for the hour of departure). Even in Cambridge, a less jocular place, a joke seemed to be immanent, to the effect that though you could always tell a Harvard man, you could not tell him much. Matters more serious awaited me. An old resident of Boston took me out for privacy onto the Common and whispered in my ear: "This is the most snobbish city in the whole world. There is no real democracy here. The first thing people do when they get to know you is to show you their family tree and prove that they came over in the *Mayflower*." And so he ran on, cursing Boston up hill and down dale. Nevertheless, he was very proud of his Boston. Had I agreed with the condemnation, he might have thrown me into the artificial brook. Another great Bostonian expert, after leading me on to admit that I had come in order to try to learn the real Boston, turned upon me with ferocious gaiety, thus: "You will not learn the real Boston. You cannot. The real Boston is the old Back Bay folk, who gravitate eternally between Beacon Street and State Street and the Somerset Club, and never go beyond. They confuse New England with the created universe, and it is impossible that you should learn them. Nobody could learn them in less than twenty years' intense study and research."

Cautioned, and even intimidated, I thought it would be safest just to take Boston as Boston came, respectfully but casually. And as the hospitality of Boston was prodigious, splendid, unintermittent, and most delightfully unaffected, I had no difficulty whatever in taking Boston as she came. And my impressions began to emerge, one after another, from the rich and cloudy confusion of novel sensations.

What primarily differentiates Boston from all the other cities I saw is this: It is finished; I mean complete. Of the other cities, while admitting their actual achievement, one would say, and their own citizens invariably do say, "They will be . . ." Boston is.

Another leading impression, which remains with me, is that Boston is not so English as it perhaps imagines itself to be. An interviewer (among many) came to see me about Boston, and he came with the fixed and sole notion in his head that Boston was English. He would have it that Boston was English. Worn down by his persistency, I did, as a fact, admit in one obscure corner of the interview that Boston had certain English characteristics. The scare-head editor of the interviewing paper, looking through his man's copy for suitable prey, came across my admission. It was just what he wanted; it was what he was thirsting for. In an instant the scare-head was created: "Boston as English as a muffin!" An ideal scare-head! That I had never used the word "muffin" or any such phrase was a detail exquisitely unimportant. The scare-head was immense. It traveled in fine large type across the continent. I met it for weeks afterward in my press-cuttings, and I doubt if Boston was altogether delighted with the comparison. I will not deny that Boston is less strikingly un-English than sundry other cities. I will not deny that I met men in Boston of a somewhat pronounced English type. I will not deny that in certain respects old Kensington reminds me of a street here and there in Boston—such as Mount Vernon Street or Chestnut Street. But I do maintain that the Englishness of Boston has been seriously exaggerated.

And still another very striking memory of Boston—indeed, perhaps, the paramount impression!—is that it contains the loveliest modern thing I saw in America—namely, the Puvis de Chavannes wall-paintings on the grand staircase of the Public Library. The Library itself is a beautiful building, but it holds something more beautiful. Never shall I forget my agitation on beholding these unsurpassed works of art, which alone would suffice to make Boston a place of pilgrimage.

When afterward I went back to Paris, the painters' first question was: "*Et les Puvis à Boston — vous les avez rus? Qu'est-ce que vous en dites?*"

It was very un-English on the part of Boston to commission these austere and

classical works. England would never have done it. The nationality of the greatest decorative painter of modern times would have offended her sense of fitness. What—a French painter officially employed on an English public building? Unthinkable! England would have insisted on an English painter—or, at worst, an American. It is strange that a community which had the wit to honor itself by employing Puvis de Chavannes should be equally enthusiastic about the frigid theatricalities of an E. A. Abbey or the forbidding and opaque intricate dexterity of a John Sargent in the same building. Or, rather, it is not strange, for these contradictions are discoverable everywhere in the patronage of the arts.

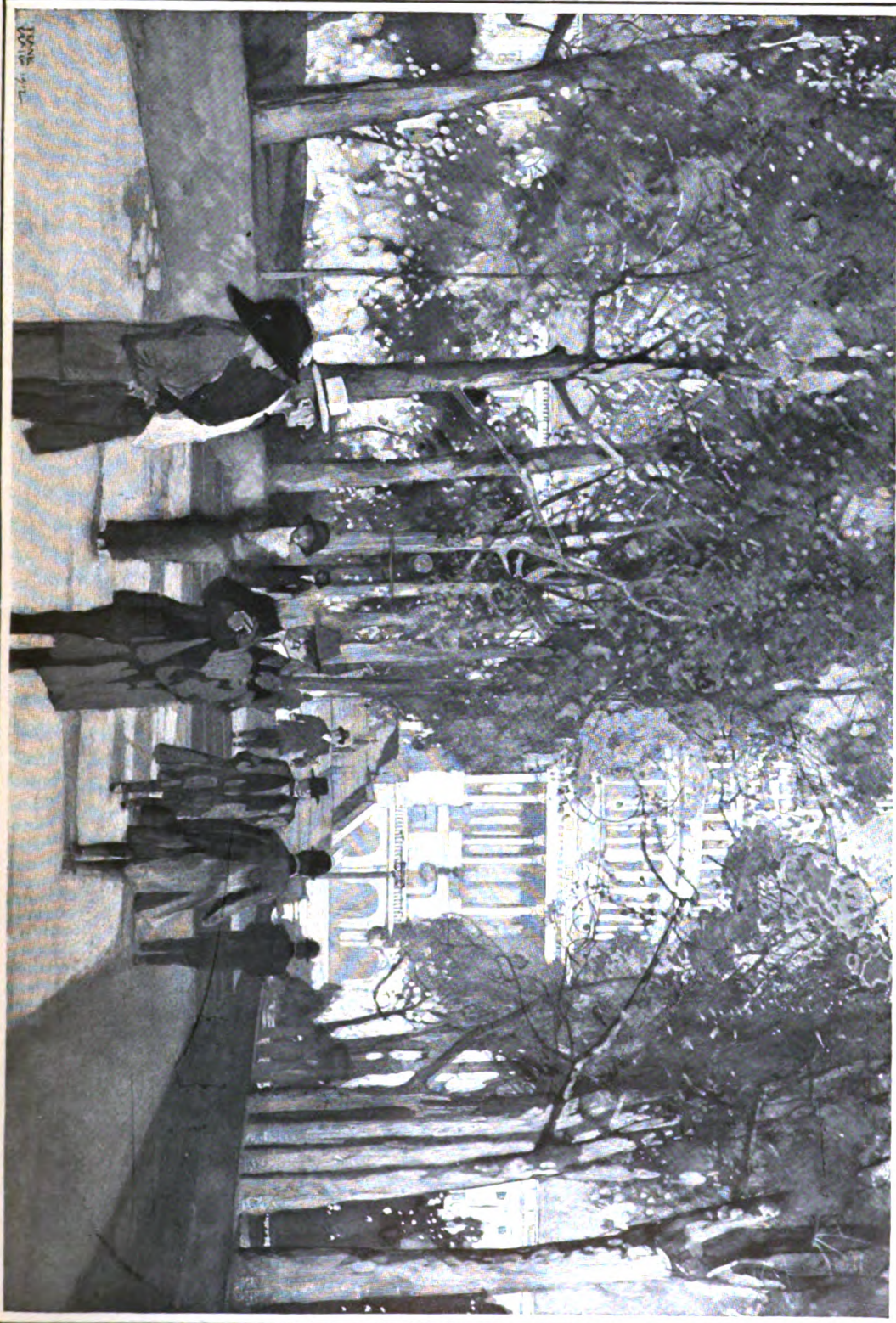
It was from the Public Library that some friends and I set out on a little tour of Boston. Whether we went north, south, east, or west I cannot tell, for this was one of the few occasions when the extreme variousness of a city has deprived me definitely of a sense of direction; but I know that we drove many miles through magnificent fenny parks, whose roads were reserved to pleasure, and that at length, after glimpsing famous houses and much of the less centralized wealth and ease of Boston, we came out upon the shores of the old harbor, and went into a yacht-club-house with a glorious prospect. Boston has more book-shops to the acre than any city within my knowledge except Aberdeen (not North Carolina, but Scotland). Its book-shops, however, are as naught to its yacht clubs. And for one yacht club I personally would sacrifice many book-shops. It was an exciting moment in my life when, after further wandering on and off coast roads, and through curving, cobbled, rackety streets, and between thunderous tram-cars and under deafening elevated lines, I was permitted to enter the celestial and calm precincts of the Boston Yacht Club itself, which overlooks another harbor. The acute and splendid nauticality of this club, all fashioned out of an old warehouse, stamps Boston as a city which has comprehended the sea. I saw there the very wheel of the *Spray*, the cockboat in which the regretted Slocum wafted himself round the world! I sat in an arm-chair which would have suited Falstaff,

and whose tabular arms would have held all Falstaff's tankards, and gazed through a magnified port-hole at a six-masted schooner as it crossed the field of vision! And I had never even dreamed that a six-masted schooner existed! It was with difficulty that I left the Boston Yacht Club. Indeed, I would only leave it in order to go and see the frigate *Constitution*, the ship which was never defeated, and which assuredly, after over a hundred and ten years of buoyant life, remains the most truly English thing in Boston. The afternoon teas of Boston are far less English than that grim and majestic craft.

We passed into the romantic part of Boston, skirting vast wool-warehouses and other enormous establishments bearing such Oriental signs as "Coffee and Spices." And so into a bewildering congeries of crowded streets, where every name on the walls seemed to be Italian, and where every corner was dangerous with vegetable-barrows, tram-cars, and perambulators; through this quarter the legend of Paul Revere seemed to float like a long wisp of vapor. And then I saw the Christopher Wren spire of Paul Revere's signal church, closed now—but whether because the congregation had dwindled to six, or for some more recondite reason, I am not clear. And then I beheld the delightful, elegant fabric of the old State House, with the memories of massacre round about it, and the singular spectacle of the Lion and the Unicorn on its roof. Too proudly negligent had Boston been to remove those symbols!

And finally we rolled into the central and most circular shopping quarter, as different from the Italian quarter as the Italian quarter was different from Copley Square; and its heart was occupied by a graveyard. And here I had to rest.

The second portion of the itinerary began with the domed State Capitol, an impressive sight, despite its strange coloring, and despite its curious habit of illuminating itself at dark, as if in competition with such establishments as the "Bijou Dream," on the opposite side of the Common. Here I first set eyes on Beacon Street, familiar—indeed, classic—to the European student of American literature. Commonwealth Avenue. I have to confess, I had never heard of till



Drawn by Frank Craig

THE APPROACH TO THE CAPITOL

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam



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I saw it. These interminable and gorgeous thoroughfares, where each massive abode is a costly and ceremonial organization of the most polished and civilized existence, leave the simple European speechless—especially when he remembers the swampy origin of the main part of the ground. The inscrutable, the unknowable Back Bay!

Here, indeed, is evidence of a society in equilibrium, and therefore of a society which will receive genuinely new ideas with an extreme, if polite, caution, while welcoming with warm suavity old ideas that disguise themselves as novelties!

It was a tremendous feat to reclaim from ooze the foundation of Back Bay. Such feats are not accomplished in Europe; they are not even imaginatively conceived there. And now that the great business is achieved, the energy that did it, restless and unoccupied, is seeking another field. I was informed that Boston is dreaming of the construction of an artificial island in the midst of the river Charles, with the hugest cathedral in the world thereon, and the most gorgeous bridges that ever spanned a fine stream. With proper deference, it is to be hoped that Boston, forgetting this infelicitous caprice, will remember in time that she alone among the great cities of America is complete. A project that would consort well with the genius of Chicago might disserve Boston in the eyes of those who esteem a sense of fitness to be among the major qualifications for the true art of life. And, in the matter of the art of daily living, Boston as she is has a great deal to teach to the rest of the country, and little to learn. Such is the diffident view of a stranger.

Cambridge is separated from Boston by the river Charles and by piquant jealousies that tickle no one more humorously than those whom, theoretically, they stab. From the east bank Cambridge is academic, and therefore negligible; from the west, Boston dwindles to a mere quay where one embarks for Europe.

What struck me first about Cambridge was that it must be the only city of its size and amenity in the United States without an imposing hotel. It is difficult to imagine any city in the United States minus at least two imposing hotels, with a barber's shop in the basement and a

world's fair in the hall. But one soon perceives that Cambridge is a city apart. In visual characteristics it must have changed very little, and it will never change with facility. Boston is pre-eminently a town of traditions, but the traditions have to be looked for. Cambridge is equally a town of traditions, but the traditions stare you in the face.

My first halt was in front of the conspicuous home of James Russell Lowell. Now in the far recesses of the Five Towns I was brought up on "My Study Windows." My father, who would never accept the authority of an encyclopædia when his children got him in a corner on some debated question of fact, held James Russell Lowell as the supreme judge of letters, from whom not even he could appeal. (It is true, he had never heard of Ste. Beuve, and regarded Matthew Arnold as a modern fad.) And there were the study windows of James Russell Lowell! And his house in its garden was only one of hundreds of similar houses standing in like old gardens.

It was highly agreeable to learn that some of the pre-Revolution houses had not yet left the occupation of the families which built them. Beautiful houses, a few of them, utterly dissimilar from anything on the other side of the Atlantic! Did not William Morris always maintain that wood was and forever would be the most suitable material for building a house? On the side of the railroad track near Toledo I saw frame houses, whose architecture is debased from this Cambridge architecture, blown clean over by the gale. But the gale that will deracinate Cambridge has not yet begun to rage. . . . I rejoiced to see the house of Longfellow, in spite of the fact that he wrote "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*." He seems to keep his position as the chief minor poet of the English language. And the most American and the most wistful thing in Cambridge was that the children of Cambridge had been guided to buy and make inalienable the land in front of his house, so that his descendant might securely enjoy the free prospect that Longfellow enjoyed. In what other country would just such a delicate, sentimental homage have been paid in just such an ingeniously fanciful manner?

After I had passed the Longfellow house it began to rain, and dusk began to gather in the recesses between the houses; and my memory is that, with an athletic and tireless companion, I walked uncounted leagues through endless avenues of Cambridge homes toward a promised club that seemed ever to retreat before us with the shyness of a fawn. However, we did at length capture it. This club was connected with Harvard, and I do not propose to speak of Harvard in the present chapter.

The typical Cambridge house as I saw it persists in my recollection as being among the most characteristic and comfortable of "real" American phenomena. And one reason why I insisted, in a previous article, on the special Americanism of Indianapolis is that Indianapolis is full of a modified variety of these houses which is even more characteristically American—to my mind—than the Cambridge style itself. Indianapolis being by general consent the present chief center of letters in the United States, it is not surprising that I, an author, knew more people from Indianapolis than from any other city. Indeed, I went to Indianapolis simply because I had old friends there, and not at all in the hope of inspecting a city characteristically American. It was quite startlingly different from the mental picture I had formed of it.

I think that in order to savor Indianapolis properly one should approach it as I approached it—in an accommodation-train on a single track, a train with a happy-go-lucky but still agreeable service in its restaurant-car, a train that halts at every barn-door in the vast flat, featureless fields of yellow stubble, rolling sometimes over a muddy, brown river, and skirting now and then a welcome wooded cleft in the monotony of the landscape. The scenes at those barn-doors were full of the picturesque and of the racy. A farmer with a gun and a brace of rabbits and a dog leaping up at them, while two young women talked to or at the farmer from a distance; a fat little German girl in a Scotch frock, cleaning outside windows with the absorbed seriousness of a grandmother; a group of boys dividing their attention between her and the train;

an old woman driving a cart, and a negro gesticulating and running after the cart; and all of them, save the nigger, wearing gloves—presumably as a protection against the strong wind that swept through the stubble and shook the houses and the few trees. Those houses, in all their summariness and primitive crudity, yet reminded one of the Cambridge homes; they exhibited some remains of the pre-Revolution style.

And then you come to the inevitable State Fair grounds, and the environs of the city which is the capital and heart of all those plains.

And after you have got away from the railroad station and the imposing hotels and the public monuments and the high central buildings—an affair of five minutes in an automobile—you discover yourself in long, calm streets of essential America. These streets are rectangular; the streets of Cambridge abhor the straight line. They are full everywhere of maple-trees. And on either side they are bordered with homes—each house detached, each house in its own fairly spacious garden, each house individual and different from all the rest. Few of the houses are large; on the other hand, none of them is small: this is the region of the solid middle class, the class which loves comfort and piques itself on its amenities, but is a little ashamed or too timid to be luxurious.

Architecturally the houses represent a declension from the purity of earlier Cambridge. Scarcely one is really beautiful. The style is debased. But then, it possesses the advantage of being modernized; it has not the air of having strayed by accident into the wrong century. And, moreover, it is saved from condemnation by its sobriety and by its honest workmanship. It is the expression of a race incapable of looking foolish, of being giddy, of running to extremes. It is the expression of a race that both clung to the past and reached out to the future; that knew how to make the best of both worlds; that keenly realized the value of security because it had been through insecurity. You can see that all these houses were built by people who loved "a bit of property," and to whom a safe and dignified roof was the final ambition achieved. Why!



I do believe that there are men and women behind some of those curtains to this day who haven't quite realized that the Indians aren't coming any more, and that there is permanently enough wood in the pile, and that quinine need no longer figure in the store cupboard as a staple article of diet! I do believe that there are minor millionaires in some of those drawing-rooms who wonder whether, out-soaring the ambition of a bit of property, they would be justified in creeping downtown and buying a cheap automobile! . . . These are the people who make the link between the academic traditionalism of Cambridge and such excessively modern products of evolution as their own mayor, Mr. Shanks, protector of the poor. They are not above forming deputations to parley with their own mayor. . . . I loved them. Their drawing-rooms were full of old silver, and book-gossip, and Victorian ladies apparently transported direct from the more aristocratic parts of the Five Towns, who sat behind trays and poured out tea from the identical teapot that my grandmother used to keep in a green bag.

In the outer suburbs of the very largest cities I saw revulsions against the wholesale barrack conveniences of the apart-

ment-house, in the shape of little colonies of homes, consciously but superficially imitating the Cambridge-Indianapolis tradition—with streets far more curvily winding than the streets of Cambridge, and sidewalks of a strip of concrete between green turf-bands that recalled the original sidewalks of Indianapolis and even of the rural communities around Indianapolis. Cozy homes, each in its own garden, with its own clothes-drier, and each different from all the rest! Homes that the speculative builder, recking not of artistic sobriety, had determined should be picturesque at any cost of capricious ingenuity! And not secure homes, because, though they were occupied by their owners, their owners had not built them—had only bought them, and would sell them as casually as they had bought. The apartment-house will probably prove stronger than these throwbacks. And yet the time will come when even the apartment-house will be regarded as a picturesque survival. Into what novel architecture and organization of living it will survive I should not care to prophesy, but I am convinced that the future will be quite as interestingly human as the present is, and as the past was.

"They Also Serve"

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

THEY also serve who only stand and wait,
 Close bound with chains of circumstance by fate.
 Forbidden in the race to prove how fleet
 Toward victory might win their eager feet.
 With hearts that hunger for the stress of life
 Only afar they hear its stir and strife.
 Pent souls like swords of heroes dead, that must,
 Forgotten in their scabbards, slowly rust,
 Or like those blades for subtler service meant
 In baser uses soon be dulled and bent.
 Ah, with what breaking hearts, early and late
 They also serve who only stand and wait!

The Planet Venus and Its Problems

BY WILLIAM H. PICKERING

Professor of Astronomy, Harvard University

THIS planet, which is at times very conspicuous in our evening skies, is, after the Moon, the brightest member of the solar system, and is frequently visible in the daytime, if we know just where to look for it. It reaches its greatest evening brilliancy once every year and a half, and is then capable of casting a very distinct shadow upon any whitened surface. Since it revolves in an orbit between the Earth and the Sun, it apparently never recedes very far from the latter body, the maximum distance being about 45° . This fact, together with its great brilliancy, will assist us in recognizing it, since in the evening it never appears anywhere but in the west, and in the morning only in the east. Its evening appearance was known to the ancients by the name of Hesperus, and its morning appearance as Phosphorus, which leads us to believe that before the birth of exact astronomy it was supposed that two distinct bodies were involved. This same mistake has been made several times in the past with regard to brilliant comets.

Venus presents phases like the Moon, but they are not visible to the naked eye, although they may be inspected under favorable circumstances with the aid of a good opera-glass. Although it comes nearer to the Earth than any other planet, yet but little is known of its physical characteristics—less, in fact, than of either Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn. Indeed, we may say that but four facts are really known with regard to it. First, its diameter is but two hundred miles less than that of the Earth. Second, its mass is about four-fifths as great. The weight of a body upon its surface would therefore be five-sixths of its weight here. This is of importance, since it is one of the fundamental conditions affecting the exist-

ence of its oceans and atmosphere. Third, the surface presents a uniform brightness or albedo of 0.76. That is to say, it reflects three-quarters of all the light which falls upon it. White paper reflects seventy-eight per cent., and snow a trifle more.

The fourth fact that we know regarding Venus is that it possesses a very dense atmosphere—much denser, in fact, than that of the Earth. When the planet lies nearly between us and the Sun, it presents the appearance of a narrow crescent, similar to that of the Moon. Unlike the Moon, however, the horns of the crescent are greatly prolonged, somewhat like those of the crescent upon the Turkish flag. Indeed, the horns have sometimes been seen to unite, so as to form a complete circle. This lengthening of the horns is due to the atmosphere of Venus, which so refracts the rays of the Sun as to illuminate considerably more than one-half of the surface of the planet at the same time. The same effect occurs in the case of the Earth, but to a less extent. By measurements of the length of the horns, the density of the atmosphere can be computed. Careful measurements made at Arequipa, under unusually favorable circumstances in 1892, indicate that the atmosphere of the planet is at least three times as dense as our own.

A few of the earlier astronomers have stated that Venus sometimes presents the same appearance that in the case of the Moon we call “the new moon in the old moon’s arms.” Upon the Moon the phenomenon is due to the close proximity of our Earth, whose brightly lighted surface lightens up the dark side of our satellite. The Earth is so remote from Venus, however, that this explanation is not applicable in this case. Various improbable hypotheses have been offered to explain it, such as

a uniformly distributed aurora, or a phosphorescent atmosphere. The true explanation probably is that the supposed observation is only an illusion, due to the above-mentioned union of the horns of the crescent. This union once established, it would be impossible for an observer to tell whether the region inside the horns was brighter or darker than that outside of them.

Some of the earlier observers also furnished Venus with a satellite. This also was a mistake, since no such body has been detected by the far more powerful instruments of modern times. Indeed, the amount of misinformation about fundamental facts that has been promulgated by various astronomers about this, the nearest of the planets, probably exceeds in quantity that furnished about any other member of the solar system.

Some of the statements which cannot yet be considered as settled are as follows: The planet revolves on its axis once in about twenty-three hours. A theory conflicting with this is that the planet always presents the same face to the Sun. Its axis of rotation lies within thirty-seven degrees of the plane of its orbit. The southern horn is blunted, presumably by a high mountain, once every twenty-three hours. The poles are marked by bright patches of snow. Recognizable markings can be detected upon its surface.

The shorter period of rotation was determined by D. Cassini, Schroeter, and De Vico, the longer by Schiaparelli, Lowell, and others. Belopolski confirmed the former by means of the spectroscope. Lowell confirmed his own visual observations of the longer period by the same means. Lowell had the better instruments, but his result seems less plausible than the other. No attempt to confirm either result has been made at any other observatory. De Vico's determination of the inclination of the axis has never been confirmed. The blunting of the southern horn, the appearance of snow caps and of surface markings, were looked for very carefully under the most favorable circumstances at Arequipa, but without success.

Perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the long day is that no flattening of the planet's disk has ever been

detected at the times when it transited the Sun. If the period of rotation was twenty-three hours and the planet had the most favorable possible position, the flattening at the poles should amount to $0.2''$. Although no such flattening has been detected, yet perhaps the planet did not have the most favorable position, for the polar axis may have been turned partly toward us at the times of transit.

If the planet has the long day claimed by Schiaparelli and Lowell, always presenting the same face to the Sun, then that face would be a fiery waterless desert, while the other hemisphere would be buried under a covering of perpetual ice. In the desert region there could be no moisture, except in the form possibly of a transparent gas. There could therefore be no haze, no clouds. We should see the surface of the planet through an atmosphere clearer than that of any terrestrial desert. But even through a hundred miles of our desert air the mountains stand out clearly, showing perfectly the difference in tint and brightness between the rocks of which they are composed and the snow upon their summits. Such then should be the case upon Venus. If such surface markings exist, few astronomers have been able to detect them, and then only as the most evanescent markings, upon which no two observers could agree. Moreover, as we have already seen, the albedo of the planet is 0.76, or practically the brightness of white paper. If we are looking down upon a desert, we must see one whose brightness is that of white quartz, or crystals of salt. Possibly the latter may be the fact, but to the writer, and to astronomers generally, the more plausible explanation is that we are looking upon a planet covered by a uniform layer of cloud. In such a case no surface markings and no polar caps could be visible. To maintain the clouds the planet must revolve upon its axis in a period not very greatly exceeding that of our terrestrial day. In the earlier geological ages we are told that our Earth was completely enveloped in cloud. This resemblance of Venus to our own planet is confirmed by the belief generally held among astronomers that Venus is a younger planet than the Earth.

Had our Earth not given birth to the Moon, it is probable that our continental plateaus would have been but little elevated above the sea bottoms. Indeed, the comparatively level surface would have been not unlike that presented to our gaze by the planet Mars. When the Moon was born, we lost possibly the greater part of our oceans. If so, and if similar oceans exist now upon Venus, we may imagine that no portion of the planet's surface rises above the level of the sea; that, in short, it presents every-

where a liquid surface surrounded by a uniform layer of cloud.

That a shoreless ocean should support both animal and vegetable life is perfectly possible. We cannot conceive, however, that such life should ever attain a very high degree of intelligence, and in reflecting upon our own lot we may conclude that perhaps we have reason to be grateful to the Moon for more than the mere aid it gives us at present in lifting our great steamships over the harbor bars of the world.

The Call

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

TURN ye again, my people, turn;
Enter my palace wild and rude,
And cheerly let your camp-fires burn
Throughout my scented solitude.

The glare, the tumult, and the stress
Are gone with yesterday, and we
Are children of the wilderness,
Of wonder and of mystery.

Mark how the tilted mountains lie
Mantled with moss and cloistered fir.
My brother, canst thou pass them by,
Art thou not too a worshipper?

The long lake wrinkling in the wind,
The breathless wood, and, over all,
Through tangled underbrush entwined
The riot of a waterfall,

The multitudinous sounds that blend
In one vast stillness void of sound,
A slumber too divine to end,
Interminable and profound.

Close to the bosom undefiled
Of her who bore mankind I press,
Receiving like a wandering child,
Her inarticulate caress.

Turn ye again, my people, turn,
Enter my palace wild and rude,
And cheerly let your camp-fires burn
Throughout my scented solitude.

The Stolen Dream

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE sun was setting and slanting long lanes of golden light through the trees, as an old man, borne down by a heavy pack, came wearily through the wood, and at last, as if worn out with the day's travel, unshouldered his burden and threw himself down to rest at the foot of a great oak-tree. He was very old, older far he seemed than the tree under whose gnarled boughs he was resting, though that looked as if it had been growing since the beginning of the world. His back was bent as with the weight of years, though really it had become so from the weight of the pack that he carried; his cheeks were furrowed like the bark of a tree, and far down upon his breast fell a beard as white as snow. But his deep-set eyes were still bright and keen, though sly and cruel, and his long nose was like the beak of a hawk. His hands were like roots strong and knotted, and his fingers ended in talon-like nails. In repose even they seemed to be clutching something, something they loved to touch, and would never let go. His clothes were in rags and his shoes scarce held to his feet. He seemed as abjectly poor as he was abjectly old.

Presently, when he had rested awhile, he turned to his pack, and, furtively glancing with his keen eyes up and down the wood to make sure that he was alone, he drew from it a sack of leather which was evidently of great weight. Its mouth was fastened by sliding thongs, which he loosened with tremulous, eager hands. First he took from the bag a square of some purple silk stuff, which he spread out on the turf beside him, and then, his eyes gleaming with a wild light, he carefully poured out the contents of the bag onto the purple square, a torrent of gold and silver coins and precious stones flashing like rainbows—a king's treasure. The setting sun flashed on the glittering heap, turning it into a dazzle of many-colored fire. The treasure

seemed to light up the wood far and near, and the gaudy summer flowers that a moment before had seemed so bright and splendid fell into shadow before its radiance.

The old man bathed his claw-like hands in the treasure with a ghoulish ecstasy, and let the gold and silver pour through his fingers over and over again, streams of jeweled light gleaming and flashing in the level rays of the sun. As he did so, he murmured inarticulately to himself, gloating and gurgling with a lonely, hideous joy.

Suddenly a look of fear came over his face; he seemed to hear voices coming up the wood, and, huddling his treasure swiftly back again into the leathern bag, and the bag into the folds of his pack, he rose and sought some bushes near by to hide himself from the sight of whosoever it was that approached. But, as he shouldered his pack, he half staggered, for the pack was of great weight, and he heaved a deep sigh.

"It grows heavier and heavier," he muttered. "I cannot carry it much longer. I shall never be able to carry it with me to the grave."

As he disappeared among the bushes, a young man and a young woman, with arms twined round each other, came slowly up the glade and presently sat down at the foot of the tree where the old man had been resting a moment or two before.

"Why, what is this?" presently exclaimed the young girl, picking up something bright out of the grass. It was a gold coin, which, in his haste, the old man had let slip through his fingers.

"Gold!" they both exclaimed together.

"It will buy you a new silk gown," said the lover. "Whoever heard of such luck!" And then he sighed.

"Ah! dear heart," he said, "if only we had more like that! Then we could fulfil our dream."

As the sun poured its last rays over them there at the foot of the oak, it was to be seen that they were very poor. Their clothes were old and weather-stained, and they had no shoes to their feet; but the white feet of the girl shone like ivory flowers in the grass, and her hair was a sheaf of ruddy gold. Nor was there a jewel in all the old man's treasure as blue as her eyes. And the young man, in his manly fashion, was no less brave and fair to look upon.

In a little while, they turned to a poor wallet at the young man's side. "Let us eat our supper," they said.

But there was little more than a crust or two, a few morsels of cheese, and a mouthful or two of sour wine. Still, they were accustomed to being hungry, and the thought of the gold coin cheered their hearts. So they grew content, and after a while they nestled close into each other's arms and fell asleep, while slowly and softly through the woods came the light of the moon.

Now all this time the old man had lain hidden, crouched down among the bushes, afraid almost to draw his breath, but from where he was he could hear and see all, and had overheard all that had been said. At length, after the lovers had been silent for a long time, he took courage to peer out from his hiding-place, and he saw that they were asleep. He would wait a little longer, though, till their sleep was sounder, and then he might be able perhaps to creep away unheard. So he waited on, and the moon grew brighter and brighter, and flooded the woods with its strange silver. And the lovers fell deeper and deeper asleep.

"It will be safe now," said the old man, half rising and looking out from his bushes. But this time as he looked out he saw something, something very strange and beautiful.

Hovering over the sleeping lovers was a floating, flickering shape that seemed made of moonbeams, with two great shining stars for its eyes. It was the dream that came nightly to watch over the sleep of the lovers; and, as the miser gazed at it in wonder, a strange change came over his soul, and he saw that all the treasure he had hoarded so long—gathered by the cruel practices of years, and with which his back had grown bent

carrying it about the world, was as dross compared with this beautiful dream of two poor lovers, to whom but one of all his gold pieces had seemed like a fortune.

"What, after all, is it to me but a weary burden my shoulders grow too old to carry," he murmured, "and for the sake of which my life is in danger wherever I go, and to guard which I must hide away from the eyes of men?"

And the longer he gazed on the fair shining vision, the more the longing grew within him to possess it for himself.

"They shall have my treasure in exchange," he said to himself, approaching nearer to the sleepers, treading softly lest he should awaken them. But they slept on, lost in the profound slumber of innocent youth. As he drew near, the dream shrank from him, with fear in its starry eyes; but it seemed the more beautiful to the old man the closer he came to it and saw of what divine radiance it was made; and, with his desire, his confidence grew greater. So, softly placing his leather bag in the flowers by the side of the sleepers, he thrust out his talon-like fingers and snatched the dream by the hand, and hurried away, dragging it after him down the wood, fearfully turning now and again to see that he was not pursued.

But the sleepers still slept on, and by morning the miser was far away, with the captive dream by his side.

As the earliest birds chimed through the wood, and the dawn glittered on the dewy flowers, the lovers awoke and kissed each other and laughed in the light of the new day.

"But what is this?" cried the girl, and her hands fell from the pretty task of coiling up the sunrise of her hair.

With a cry, they both fell upon the leather bag, lying there so mysteriously among the wood-lilies in the grass. With eager fingers they drew apart the leather thongs, and went half-mad with wonder and joy as they poured out the glittering treasure in the morning sun.

"What can it all mean?" they cried. "The fairies must have been here in the night."

But the treasure seemed real enough. The jewels were not merely dewdrops turned to diamonds and rubies and amethysts by the magic beams of the sun, nor was the gold mere gold of faerie, but

coins bearing the image of the king of the land. Here were real jewels, real gold and silver. Like children, they dabbled their hands in the shining heap, tossing them up and pouring them from one hand to the other, flashing and shimmering in the morning light.

Then a fear came on them.

"But folk will say that we have stolen them," said the youth; "they will take them from us, and cast us into prison."

"No, I believe some god has heard our prayer," said the girl, "and sent them down from heaven in the night. He who sent them will see that we come to no harm."

And again they fell to pouring them through their fingers and babbling in their delight.

"Do you remember what we said last night when we found the gold piece?" said the girl.

"If only we had more of them! Surely our good angel heard us, and sent them in answer."

"It is true," said the young man. "They were sent to fulfil our dream."

"Our poor starved and tattered dream!" said the girl. "How splendidly we can clothe and feed it now! What a fine house we can build for it to live in! It shall eat from gold and silver plate, and it shall wear robes of wonderful silks and lawns like rainbows, and glitter with jewels, blue and yellow and ruby, jewels like fire fountains and the depths of the sea."

But, as they spoke, a sudden quietude fell over them, and they looked at each other with a new fear.

"But where is our dream?" said the girl, looking anxiously around. And they realized that their dream was nowhere to be seen.

"I seemed to miss it once in the night," answered the young man in alarm, "but I was too sleepy to heed. Where can it be?"

"It cannot be far away," said the girl. "Perhaps it has wandered off among the flowers."

But they were now thoroughly alarmed.

"Where can it have gone?" they both cried. And they rose up and ran to and fro through the wood, calling out aloud

on their dream. But no voice came back in reply, nor, though they sought high and low in covert and brake, could they find a sign of it anywhere. Their dream was lost. Seek as they might, it was nowhere to be found.

And then they sat down by the treasure weeping, forgetting it all in this new sorrow.

"What shall we do?" they cried; "we have lost our dream."

For a while they sat on, inconsolable. Then a thought came to the girl.

"Some one must have stolen it from us. It would never have left us of its own accord," said she.

And, as she spoke, her eyes fell on the forgotten treasure.

"What use are these to us now, without our dream?" she said.

"Who knows," said the young man, "perhaps some one has stolen our dream to sell it into bondage. We must go and seek it, and maybe we can buy it back again with this gold and jewels."

"Let us start at once," said the girl, drying her tears at this ray of hope; and so, replacing the treasure in the bag, the young man slung it at the end of his staff, and together they set off down the wood, seeking their lost dream.

Meanwhile, the old man had journeyed hastily and far, the dream following in his footsteps, sorrowing; and at length he came to a fair meadow, and by the edge of a stream he sat down to rest himself, and called the dream to his side.

The dream shone nothing like so brightly as in the moonlit woodland, and its eyes were heavy as with weeping.

"Sing to me," said the old man, "to cheer my tired heart."

"I know no songs," said the dream, sadly.

"You lie," said the old man. "I saw the songs last night in the depths of your eyes."

"I cannot sing them to you," said the dream. "I can only sing them to the simple hearts I made them for, the hearts you stole me from."

"Stole you?" said the old man, "did I not leave my treasure in exchange?"

"Your treasure will be nothing to them without me," said the dream.

"You talk folly," said the old man.

"With my treasure they can buy other dreams just as fair as you are. Do you think that you are the only dream in the world? There is no dream that money cannot buy."

"But I am their own dream. They will be happy with no other," said the dream.

"You shall sing to me, all the same," said the old man, angrily. But the dream shrank from him and covered its face.

"If I sang to you, you would not understand. Your heart is old and hard and cruel, and my songs are all of youth and love and joy."

"Those are the songs I would hear," said the old man.

"But I cannot sing them to you, and if I sang them you could not hear."

"Sing," again cried the old man, harshly, "sing, I bid you."

"I can never sing again," said the dream. "I can only die."

And for none of the old man's threats would the dream sing to him, but sat apart, mourning the loved ones it had lost.

So several days passed by, and every day the dream was growing less bright, a creature of tears and sighs, more and more fading away, like a withering flower. At length it was nothing but a gray shadow, a weary shape of mist that seemed ready to dissolve and vanish at any breath of wind. No one could have known it for that radiant vision that had hovered shimmering with such a divine light over the sleep of the lovers.

At length the old man lost patience, and began to curse himself for a fool in that he had parted with so great a treasure for this worthless, whimpering thing. And he raved like a madman as he saw in fancy all the gold and silver and rainbow-tinted jewels he had so foolishly thrown away.

"Take me back to them," said the dream, "and they will give you back your treasure."

"A likely thing," raged the old man, "to give back a treasure like that for such a sorry phantom."

"You will see," said the dream.

As there was nothing else to be done, the old man took up his staff.

"Come along then," said he, and start-

ed off in the direction of the wood, and though it was some days' journey, a glow flushed all through the gray shape of the dream at the news, and its eyes began to shine again.

And so they took their way.

But meanwhile the two lovers had gone from village to village, and city to city, vainly asking news of their dream. And to every one they asked they showed their treasure and said:

"This is all yours if you can but give us back our dream."

But nowhere could they learn any tidings, but gleaned only mockery and derision.

"You must be mad," said some, "to seek a dream when you have all that wealth in your pack. Of what use is a dream to any one? And what more dream do you want than gold and precious stones?"

"Ah! our dream," said the lovers, "is worth all the gold and jewels in the world."

Sometimes others would come, bringing their own dreams.

"Take this," they would say, "and give us your treasure."

But the lovers would shake their heads sadly.

"No, your dreams are not so beautiful as ours. No other dream can take its place. We can only be happy with our own dream."

And, indeed, the dreams that were brought to them seemed poor, pitiful, make-believe things, often ignoble, misbegotten, sordid, and cruel. To the lovers they seemed not dreams at all, but shapes of greed and selfish desire.

So the days passed, bringing them neither tidings nor hope, and there came at length an evening when they turned their steps again to the woodland, and sat down once more under the great oak-tree in the sunset.

"Perhaps our dream has been waiting for us here all the time," they said.

But the wood was empty and echoing, and they sat and ate their supper as before, but silently and in sorrow, as the sun set they fell asleep as before in each other's arms, but with tears glittering on their eyelids.

And again the moon came flooding the spaces of the wood, and nothing was heard

but their breathing and the song of a distant nightingale.

But presently while they slept there was a sound of stealthy footsteps coming up the wood.

It was the old man, with the dream shining by his side, and now and again running ahead of him in the eagerness of its hope. Suddenly it stopped, glowing and shimmering like the dancing of the northern lights, and placed a starry finger on its lips for silence.

"See," it whispered, and there were the lovers, lying lost in sleep.

But the old man's wolfish eyes saw but one thing. There lay the leather bag of his treasure just as he had left it. Without a word, he snatched it up and hastened off with it down the wood, gurgling uncouthly to himself.

"Oh, my beauties!" he cried, as he sat himself down afar off and poured out the gold and the silver and the gleaming stones into the moonlight. "Oh, my love, my life, and my delight! What other dream could I have but you!"

Meanwhile, the lovers stirred in their sleep, and murmured to each other.

"I seemed to hear singing," each said.

And, half opening their eyes, they saw their dream shining and singing above them in the moonbeams, lovelier than ever before, a shape of heavenly silver, with two stars for its eyes.

"Our dream has come back!" they cried to each other. "Dear dream, we had to lose you to know how beautiful you are!"

And with a happy sigh they turned to sleep again, while the dream kept watch over them till the dawn.

Song

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

LONG, long ago upon another star
 I heard your voice and looked into your eyes;
 The worlds are many and the way is long,
 Perchance I may have missed you in the skies.
 But still the memory beckons from afar,
 And still I search the faces of the earth
 For one I loved upon another star.

My feet have followed the eternal quest,
 The way that leads through water and through fire;
 Somewhere before my soul had come to birth
 Mine eyes have seen the face of my desire.
 Always I weary of the things that are,
 Always my heart is hungry for its dream
 Dreamed long ago upon another star.

Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

EIGHTH PAPER

MARK TWAIN'S Buffalo residence ended in the fall of 1871. His business had not prospered; there had been much illness and sorrow; his father-in-law, Jervis Langdon, had died. Clemens disposed of his newspaper interests and removed to Hartford, into the old Hooker home. Meanwhile he had made several lecture tours, and had completed a new book, *Roughing It*, published by Bliss in 1872.

The year 1872 proved an eventful one in Mark Twain's life. On March 19th, at Elmira, New York, his second child, a little girl whom they named Susan Olivia, was born. On June 2d, at Hartford, his first child, little Langdon, died.

The death of her first-born was a terrible blow to Mrs. Clemens; even the comfort of the little new baby on her arm could not ease the ache in her breast. It seemed to her that death was pursuing her. In one of her letters she says:

"I feel so often as if my path was to be lined with graves," and she expressed the wish that she might drop out of life herself before her sister and her husband—a wish that the years would grant.

They did not spend that summer in Elmira, for it was thought that the air of the sea-shore would be better for the little girl. They went instead to Saybrook, Connecticut, to Fenwick Hall, leaving Orion Clemens and his wife in charge of the house at Hartford.

About this time began Mark Twain's long and active interest in copyright. Previously he had not much considered the subject; he had taken it for granted there was nothing to be done at home while international piracy was a recognized institution.

When *Roughing It* was ready for issue, he agreed with Bliss that they would try the experiment of copyrighting it in England, and see how far the

law would protect them against a voracious little publisher, who thus far had not only snapped up everything bearing Mark Twain's signature, but had included in a volume of "Mark Twain" sketches certain examples of very weak humor with which Mark Twain had been previously unfamiliar.

Whatever the English pirate's opinion of the copyright protection of *Roughing It* may have been, he did not attempt to violate it. This was gratifying. Clemens came to regard England as a friendly power. He decided to visit it and spy out the land. He would make the acquaintance of its people and institutions and write a book which would do these things justice.

He gave out no word of his real purpose. He merely said that he was going over to see his English publishers, and perhaps to arrange for a few lectures. He provided himself with some stylographic note-books, by which he could produce two copies of his daily memoranda—one for himself and one to mail to Mrs. Clemens—and sailed on the *Scotia* August 21, 1872.

Arriving in Liverpool, he took train for London, and presently the wonderful charm of that old, finished country broke upon him. His "first hour in England was an hour of delight," he records, "of rapture and ecstasy. These are the best words I can find, but they are not adequate, they are not strong enough to convey the feeling which this first sight of rural England brought me."

He drove to the Langham Hotel, always popular with Americans, established himself, and went to look up his publishers. He found the Routledges about to sit down to luncheon in a private room, up-stairs, in their publishing house. He joined them, and not a soul stirred from that table again until evening. The Routledges had never

heard Mark Twain talk before, never heard any one talk who in the least resembled him. Various refreshments were served during the afternoon—came and went while this marvelous creature talked on and they listened, reveling in it, and wondering if America had any more of that sort at home. By and by, dinner was served; then after a long time, when there was no further excuse for keeping him there, they took him to the Savage Club, where there were yet other refreshments and a gathering of the clans to welcome this new arrival as a being from some remote and unfamiliar star.

Tom Hood the younger was there, and Harry Lee, and Stanley, the explorer, who had but just returned from finding Livingstone, and Henry Irving, and many another whose name remains, though the owners of those names are all dead now, and their laughter and their good-fellowship are only a part of that intangible fabric which we call the past.

From that night Mark Twain's stay in England could not properly be called a gloomy one.

Many came to call on him at his hotel—among them Charles Reade and Canon Kingsley. Kingsley came twice without finding him; then wrote, asking for an appointment. Reade invited his assistance on a novel. Indeed, it was in England that Mark Twain was first made to feel that he had come into his rightful heritage. Whatever may have been the doubts concerning him in America, there was no question in England.

Clemens would have been more than human if in time he had not realized the fuller meaning of this triumph—and exulted in it a little to the folks at home. There never lived a more modest, less pretentious, less aggressive man than Mark Twain, but there never lived a man who took a more child-like delight in genuine appreciation; and being child-like, it was only human that he should wish those nearest to him to share his happiness. After one memorable affair he wrote:

I have been received in a sort of tremendous way, to-night, by the brains of London, assembled at the annual dinner of the Sheriffs of London—mine being (between you and me) a name which was received

with a thundering outburst of spontaneous applause when the long list of guests was called.

I might have perished on the spot but for the friendly support and assistance of my excellent friend, Sir John Bennett.

This letter does not tell all of the incident or the real reason why he might have perished on the spot. During the long roll-call of guests he had lost interest a little, and was conversing in whispers with his "excellent friend" Sir John Bennett, stopping to applaud now and then when the applause of the others indicated that some distinguished name had been pronounced. All at once the applause broke out with great vehemence. This must be some very distinguished person indeed. He joined in it with great enthusiasm. When it was over he whispered to Sir John:

"Whose name was that we were just applauding?"

"Mark Twain's."

Whereupon the support was needed.

The book on England which he had prepared for so carefully was never written. Hundreds of the stylographic pages were filled, and the duplicates sent home for the entertainment of Olivia Clemens, but the notes were not completed and the actual writing was never begun.

He worked on his memoranda industriously enough, and the volume might have been as charming and as valuable as any he has left behind. The reader will hardly fail to find a few of the entries interesting. They are offered here as examples of his daily observation during those early weeks of his stay, and to show somewhat of his purpose:

AN EXPATRIATE.

There was once an American thief who fled his country & took refuge in England. He dressed himself after the fashion of the Londoners & taught his tongue the peculiarities of the London pronunciation & did his best in all ways to pass himself for a native—but he did two fatal things: he stopped at the Langham hotel, & the first trip he took was to visit Stratford-on-Avon and the grave of Shakespeare. These things betrayed his nationality.

AT THE ZOO.

In the house of monkeys, there was one long, lean, active fellow that made me a con-

vert to the theory of Natural Selection. He made a natural selection of monkeys smaller than himself, to sling around by the tail.

Without reflection, one might jump to the conclusion that Noah would consider the Zoo Gardens not much of a show & look twice at his shilling before he bought a ticket; but it appears different to me. Noah could not get these animals into two arks like his. Though of course I do not wish to disparage Noah's collection. Far from it. Noah's collection was very well for his day.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY NIGHT.

It was past eleven o'clock & I was just going to bed. But this friend of mine was as reliable as he was eccentric, & so there was not a doubt in my mind that his "Expedition" had merit in it. I put on my coat & boots again, & we drove away.

"Where is it? Where are we going?"

"Don't worry. You'll see."

He was not inclined to talk. So I thought this must be a weighty matter. My curiosity grew with the minutes, but I kept it manfully under the surface. I watched the lamps, the signs, the numbers as we thundered down the long streets—I am always lost in London, day or night. It was very chilly—almost bleak. People leaned against the gusty blasts as if it were the dead of winter. The crowds grew thinner & thinner, & the noises waxed faint & seemed far away. The sky was overcast & threatening. We drove on, & still on, till I wondered if we were ever going to stop. At last we passed by a spacious bridge & a vast building, & presently entered a gateway, passed through a sort of tunnel & stopped in a court surrounded by the black outlines of a great edifice. Then we alighted, walked a dozen steps or so, & waited. In a little while, footsteps were heard, a man emerged from the darkness & we dropped into his wake without saying anything. He led us under an archway of masonry & from that into a roomy tunnel through a tall iron gate, which he locked behind us. We followed him down this tunnel, guided more by his footsteps on the stone flagging than by anything we could very distinctly see. At the end of it we came to another iron gate, & our conductor stopped there & lit a bull's-eye lantern. Then he unlocked the gate—& I wished he had oiled it first, it grated so dismally. The gate swung open & we stood on the threshold of what seemed a limitless domed & pillared cavern carved out of the solid darkness. The conductor and my friend took off their hats, reverently, & I did likewise. For the moment that we stood thus, there was not a sound, & the stillness seemed to add to the solemnity of the gloom. I looked my inquiry!

"It is the tomb of the great dead of England—Westminster Abbey. . . ."

The reader may regret that there are not more of these entries and that the book itself was never written. Just when he gave up the project is not recorded. He was urged to lecture in London, but declined. To Mrs. Clemens, in September, he wrote:

Everybody says lecture—lecture—lecture—but I have not the least idea of doing it—certainly not at present. Mr. Dolby, who took Dickens to America, is coming to talk business to-morrow, though I have sent him word once before that I can't be hired to talk here, because I have no time to spare. There is too much sociability—I do not get along fast enough with work.

In October he declared that he was very homesick, and proposed that Mrs. Clemens and Susy join him at once in London, unless she would prefer to have him come home for the winter and all of them return to London in the spring. So it is likely that the book idea was not then abandoned. He felt that his visit was by no means ended; that it was, in fact, only just begun, but he wanted the ones he loved most to share it with him.

All his impressions of England had been happy ones. He could deliver a gentle satire now and then at certain British institutions—certain London localities and features—but taking the snug island as a whole, its people, its institutions, its fair rural aspects, he had found in it only delight.

He sailed November 12th, on the *Batavia*, loaded with Christmas presents, arriving in New York November 26, 1872. He had been absent three months, during which he had been brought to at least a partial realization of what his work meant to him and to mankind.

He did not go on the lecture circuit that winter. James Redpath, the lecture agent, had besought him, as usual, and even in midsummer had written:

"Will you? Won't you? We have seven-thousand-dollar to eight-thousand-dollar engagements recorded for you," and he named a list of towns ranging geographically from Boston to St. Paul.

But Clemens had no intention then of ever lecturing any more, and again in

November, from London, he had announced (to Redpath):

"When I yell again for less than five hundred dollars I'll be pretty hungry, but I haven't any intention of yelling at any price."

Redpath pursued him, and in January proposed four hundred dollars for a single night in Philadelphia, but without result. He did lecture two nights in Steinway Hall for the Mercantile Library Association, on a basis of half profits, receiving thirteen hundred dollars for the two nights as his share; and he lectured one night in Hartford, at a profit of fifteen hundred dollars, for charity.

His success in England became an incentive to certain American institutions to recognize his gifts at home. Early in the year he was dined as the guest of the Lotus Club of New York, and a week or two later elected to its membership. This was but a beginning. Some new membership or honor was offered every little while, and so many banquets that he finally invented a set form for declining them. He was not yet recognized as the foremost American man of letters, but undoubtedly he had become the most popular.

It was during this winter that the Clemens household enjoyed its first real home life in Hartford—its first real home life anywhere since those earliest days of marriage. The Hooker mansion was a comfortable place. The little family had comparatively good health. Old friends were stanch and lavishly warm-hearted, and they had added many new ones. Their fireside was a delightful nucleus around which gathered those they

cared for most, the Twichells, the Charles Dudley Warners, the Trumbulls—all certain of a welcome there. George Warner, only a little while ago, remembering, said:

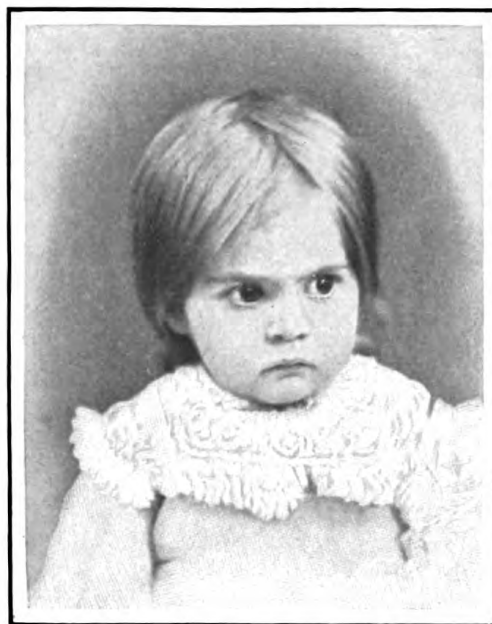
"The Clemens house was the only one I have ever known where there was never any *preoccupation* in the evenings, and where visitors were always welcome. Clemens was the best kind of a host; his evenings after dinner were an unending flow of stories."

Friends living near by usually came and went at will—often without the ceremony of knocking or formal leave-taking. They were more like one great family in that neighborhood, with a community of interests, a unity of ideals. The two Warner families and the Clemenses were particularly

intimate, and out of their association grew Mark Twain's next important literary undertaking, his collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner in *The Gilded Age*.

A number of more or less absurd stories have been printed about the origin of this book. It was a very simple matter, a perfectly natural development.

At the dinner-table one night, with the Warners present, criticisms of recent novels were offered with the usual freedom and severity of dinner-table talk. The husbands were inclined to treat rather lightly, perhaps, the novels in which their wives were finding entertainment. The wives naturally retorted that the proper thing for the husbands to do was to furnish the American people with better ones. This was regarded in the nature of a challenge, and as such was accepted—mutually accepted, that is to



"SUSY" CLEMENS
From a picture taken in 1873

say, in partnership. On the spur of the moment Clemens and Warner agreed that they would do a novel together, that they would begin it immediately. That is the whole story of the book's origin—so far at least as the collaboration is concerned. Clemens, in fact, had the beginning of a story in his mind, but had been unwilling to undertake an extended work of fiction alone. He welcomed only too eagerly, therefore, the proposition of joint authorship. His purpose was to write a tale around that lovable character of his youth, his mother's cousin, James Lampton—to let that gentle visionary stand as the central figure against a proper background. The idea appealed to Warner, and there was no delay in the beginning. Clemens immediately set to work and completed three hundred and ninety-nine pages of the manuscript—the first eleven chapters of the book—before the early flush of enthusiasm waned.

Warner came over then, and Clemens read it aloud to him. Warner had some plans for the story, and took it up at this point and continued it through the next twelve chapters; and so they worked alternately "in the superstition," as Mark Twain long afterward declared, "that we were writing one coherent yarn, when I suppose, as a matter of fact, we were writing two *incoherent* ones."*

The book was begun in February and finished in April, so the work did not lag. The result, if not highly artistic, made astonishingly good reading. Warner had the touch of romance; Clemens had the gift of creating, or at least portraying, human realities. Most of his characters reflected intimate personalities of his early life. Besides the apotheosis of James Lampton into the immortal Sellers, Orion became Washington Hawkins, Squire Clemens the judge, while Mark Twain's own personality in a greater or lesser degree is reflected in most of his creations. As for the Tennessee land—

* The reader may be interested in the division of labor. Clemens wrote chapters 1 to 11, also chapters 24, 25, 27, 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 42, 43, 45, 51, 52, 53, 57, 59, 60, 61, 62, and portions of 35, 49, and 56. Warner wrote chapters 12 to 23, also chapters 26, 29, 31, 38, 39, 40, 41, 44, 46, 47, 48, 50, 54, 55, 58, 63, and portions of 35, 49, and 56. The work was therefore very evenly divided.

so long a will-o'-the-wisp and a bugbear—it became tangible property at last.

Mark Twain was well qualified to construct his share of the tale. He knew his characters, their lives, and their atmospheres perfectly. Senator Dilworthy (otherwise Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, then notorious for attempted vote-buying), was familiar enough. That winter in Washington had acquainted Clemens with the life there, its political intrigues, and the disrepute of Congress. Warner was equally well qualified for his share of the undertaking, and the chief criticism that one may offer is the one stated by Clemens himself—that the divisions of the tale remain divisions rather than unity.

The authors regarded their work highly when it was finished, but that is nothing. Any author regards his work highly at the moment of its completion. The fact that the story is still popular, still delights thousands of readers, when a myriad of novels that have been written since it was completed have lived their little day and died so utterly that their names have even passed out of memory is the best verdict as to its worth.

The Clemens family bought a lot for a new home that winter, a fine, slightly piece of land on Farmington Avenue—table-land, sloping down to a pretty stream that wound through the willows and among the trees. They were as delighted as children with their new purchase and the prospect of building. To her sister Mrs. Clemens wrote:

Mr. Clemens seems to glory in his sense of possession; he goes daily into the lot, has had several falls trying to lay off the land by sliding around on his feet. . . .

For three days the ice has covered the trees, and they have been glorious. We could do nothing but watch the beauty outside; if you looked at the trees as the sun struck them with your back toward the sun, they were covered with jewels. If you looked toward the sun it was all crystal whiteness, a perfect fairy land. Then the nights were moonlight, and that was a great beauty: the moon giving us the same prismatic effect.

The plan for the new house was drawn forthwith by that gentle architect, Edward Potter, whose art to-day may be considered open to criticism, but not because of any lack of originality.

Workmen were put on the ground without delay to prepare for the builders, and work was rapidly pushed along. Then in May the whole matter was left in the hands of the architect and the carpenters (with Lawyer Charles E. Perkins to stand between Potter and the violent builder, who roared at Potter and frightened him when he wanted changes), while the Clemens household with Clara Spaulding, a girlhood friend of Mrs. Clemens, sailed away to England for a half-year holiday.

To Twichell, Clemens wrote on their arrival:

We have a luxuriously ample suite of apartments on the third floor of the Langham, our bedroom looking straight up Portland Place, our parlor having a noble array of great windows, looking out upon both streets (Portland Place and the Crook that joins it onto Regent Street).

Nine P.M., full twilight, rich sunset tints lingering in the west.

I am not going to write anything—rather tell it when I get back. I love you and Harmony, & that is all the fresh news I've got anyway. And I mean to keep that fresh all the time.

Mrs. Clemens, in a letter to her sister, declared: "It is perfectly discouraging to try to write you. There is so much to write about that it makes me feel as if it was up use to begin."

It was, in fact, a period of continuous honor and entertainment. If Mark Twain had been a lion on his first visit, he was little less than royalty now. His rooms at the Langham were like a court. Miss Spaulding (now Mrs. John B. Stanchfield) remembers that Robert Browning, Turgenieff, Sir John Millais, Lord

Houghton, and Sir Charles Dilke (then at the height of his fame) were among those that called to pay their respects. In a recent letter she says:

I remember a delightful luncheon that Charles Kingsley gave for Mr. Clemens; also an evening when Lord Dunraven brought Mr. Home, the medium, Lord Dunraven telling many of the remarkable things he had seen Mr. Home do. I remember I wanted so much to see him float out of a seven or eight story window and enter another, which Lord Dunraven said he had seen him do many times. But Mr. Home had been very ill and said his power had left him. My great regret was that we did not see Carlyle, who was too sad and ill for visits.

Among others they met Lewis Carroll, the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, and found him so shy that it was almost impossible

to get him to say a word on any subject.

"The shyest full-grown man, except Uncle Remus, I ever met," Clemens once wrote. "Dr. MacDonald and several other lively talkers were present, and the talk went briskly on for a couple of hours. But Carroll sat still all the while, except now and then when he answered a question."

At a dinner given by George W. Smalley they met Herbert Spencer, and, at a luncheon-party at Lord Houghton's, Sir Arthur Helps, then a world-wide celebrity.

Little Susy and her father thrived on London life, but after a time it wore on Mrs. Clemens. She delighted in the English cordiality and culture, but the demands were heavy, the social forms



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

From a photograph taken about the time of *The Gilded Age*

sometimes trying. Life in London was interesting and in its way charming, but she did not enter into it with quite her husband's enthusiasm and heartiness. In the end they canceled all London engagements and slipped away to Scotland, arriving at Edinburgh about the middle of July.

They secluded themselves in Veitch's family hotel in George Street, intending to see no one, but this plan was not a success; the social stress of London had been too much for Mrs. Clemens, and she collapsed immediately after their arrival. Clemens was unacquainted in

Edinburgh, but he remembered that Dr. John Brown, who had written *Rab and His Friends*, lived there. He learned his address and that he was still a practising physician. He stepped around to 23 Rutland Street and made himself known. Dr. Brown came forthwith, and Mrs. Clemens speedily recovered under his able and inspiring treatment.

The association did not end there. For six weeks Dr. Brown was their daily companion, either at the hotel or in his own home, or on protracted drives when he made his round of visits, taking these new friends along. Dr. John was beloved by everybody in Edinburgh—everybody in Scotland, for that matter—and his story of "Rab" had won him a following throughout Christendom.

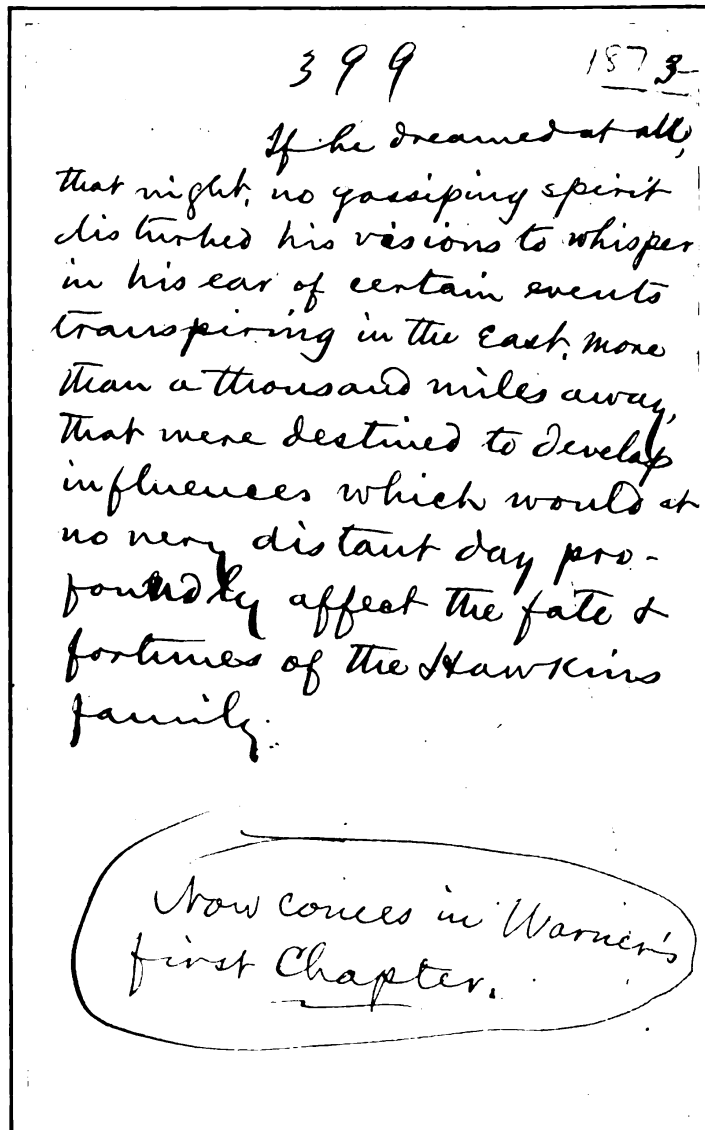
He was the friend of all dogs and of all people. It has been told of him that once, when driving, he thrust his head suddenly out of the carriage window, then resumed his place with a disappointed look.

"Who was it?" asked his companion. "Some one you know?"

"No," he said; "a dog I don't know."

He became the boon companion and playmate of little Susy, then not quite a year and a half old. He called her Megalopos, a Greek term, suggested by her eyes—those deep, burning eyes that seemed always so full of life's sadder philosophies and the impending tragedy of early death. In a collection of Dr. Brown's letters he refers to this period. In one place he says:

I am attending the wife of Mark Twain.



A PAGE FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE GILDED AGE"
The end of Mark Twain's first instalment

His real name is Clemens. She is a quite lovely little woman, modest and clever, and she has a girlie, eighteen months old, her ludicrous miniature—and such eyes!

Those playmates, the good doctor and Megalopos, romped together through the hotel rooms with that complete abandon which few grown persons can assume in their play with children, and not all children can assume in their play with grown-ups. They played "Bear," and the "bear" (which was a very little one—so little that when it stood up behind the sofa you could just get a glimpse of yellow hair) would lie in wait for her victim, and spring out and surprise him and throw him into frenzied fear.

Almost every day they made his professional rounds with him. He always carried a basket of grapes for his patients. His guests brought along books to read while they waited. When he stopped for a call, he would say:

"Entertain yourselves while I go in and reduce the population."

There was much sight-seeing to do in Edinburgh, and they could not quite escape social affairs. There were teas and luncheons and dinners with the Dunfermlines and the Abercrombies and the MacDonalds, and with others of those brave clans, that no longer slay one another among the grim Northern crags and glens, but are as sociable and entertaining lords and ladies as ever the Southland could produce. They were very gentle folk indeed, and Mrs. Clemens in future years found her heart going back oftener to Edinburgh than to any other haven of those first wanderings.

They spent a day or two at Glasgow, and sailed for Ireland, where they put in a fortnight, and early in September were

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS,

HANOVER



SQUARE.

Mr. GEORGE DOLBY begs to announce that

MR. MARK TWAIN

WILL DELIVER A

LECTURE

OF A

HUMOROUS CHARACTER,

AS ABOVE, ON

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, OCTOBER 13th, 1873,

AND REPEAT IT IN THE SAME PLACE, ON

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14th,

WEDNESDAY 15th,

THURSDAY 16th,

FRIDAY 17th,

AT 7 1/2 O'CLOCK,

AND

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 18th.

At 3 o'clock.

SUBJECT:

"Our Fellow Savages of the Sandwich Islands."

As Mr. TWAIN has spent several months in these Islands, and is well acquainted with his subject, the Lecture may be expected to furnish matter of interest.

STALLS, 5s. UNRESERVED SEATS, 3s.

Tickets may be obtained of CHAPPELL & Co. 50, New Bond Street; MURCHESON, 33, Old Bond Street; KIRBY, PROSSER, & Co. 4, Chancery Lane; A. HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; Mr. GEORGE DOLBY, 52, New Bond Street; Mr. HALL, at the Hanover Square Rooms; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.

FACSIMILE OF THE LONDON LECTURE PROGRAMME

back in England again, at Chester, that queer old city where from a tower on the wall Charles I. read the story of his doom. Reginald Cholmondeley had invited them to visit his country-seat, beautiful Condover Hall, near Shrewsbury, and in that lovely retreat they spent some happy, restful days. Then they were in the whirl of London once more, but escaped for a fortnight to Paris, sight-seeing and making purchases for the new home.

Mrs. Clemens was quite ready to return to America by this time.

I am blue, and cross, and homesick (she wrote). I suppose what makes me feel the latter is because we are contemplating to stay in London another *month*. There has not one sheet of Mr. Clemens's proof come yet, and if he goes home before the book is

published here, he will lose his copyright. And then his friends feel that it will be better for him to lecture in London before his book is published, not only that it will give him a larger, but a more enviable reputation. I would not hesitate *one moment* if it were simply for the money that his copyright will bring him, but if his reputation will be better for his staying and lecturing, of course he ought to stay. . . . The truth is, I can't bear the thought of postponing going home.

It is rather gratifying to find Olivia Clemens human like that now and then. Otherwise, on general testimony, one might well be tempted to regard her as altogether of another race and kind. Clemens concluded to hasten the homeward journey, but to lecture a few nights in London before starting. He would then accompany his little family home, and return at once to continue the lecture series and protect his copyright. This plan was carried out.

On the evening of October 13th, in the spacious Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, Mark Twain delivered his first public address in England. The subject was "Our Fellow-Savages of the Sandwich Islands," the old lecture with which he had made his first great successes. He was not introduced. He appeared on the platform in evening dress, assuming the character of a manager announcing a disappointment.

Mr. Clemens, he said, had fully expected to be present. He paused, and loud murmurs arose from the audience. He lifted his hand, and they subsided. Then he added, "I am happy to say that Mark Twain is present, and will now give his lecture." Whereupon the audience roared its approval.

It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that his triumph that week was overwhelming. For five successive nights and a Saturday *matinée* the culture and fashion of London thronged to hear him discourse of their "fellow-savages." It was a lecture event wholly without precedent. The lectures of Artemus Ward, who had quickly become a favorite in London, had prepared the public for American platform humor, while the daily doings of this new American product, as reported by the press, had aroused interest or curiosity to a high pitch. On no occasion in his own country had he

won such a complete triumph. The papers for a week devoted columns of space to appreciation and editorial comment.

The *Saturday Review* devoted a page, and *Once A Week*, under the head of "Cracking Jokes," gave three pages, to praise of the literary and lecture methods of the new American humorist. With the promise of speedy return he left London, gave the lecture once in Liverpool, and with his party (October 21st) set sail for home.

In "Mid-Atlantic" he remembered Dr. Brown, and wrote him:

We have plowed a long way over the sea, and there's twenty-two hundred miles of restless water between us now, besides the railway stretch. And yet you are so present with us, so close to us, that a span and a whisper would bridge the distance.

So it would seem that of all the many memories of that eventful half-year, that of Dr. Brown was the most present, the most tender.

Orion Clemens records that he met "Sam and Livy" on their arrival from England, November 2d, and that the president of the Mercantile Library Association sent up his card "*four times*" in the hope of getting a chance to propose a lecture engagement, an incident which impressed Orion deeply in its evidence of his brother's towering importance. Orion himself was by this time engaged in various projects. He was inventing a flying-machine, for one thing, writing a Jules Verne story, reading proof on a New York daily, and contemplating the lecture field. This great blaze of international appreciation which had come to the little boy who used to set type for him in Hannibal, and wash up the forms and cry over the dirty proof, made him gasp. It was quite incomprehensible. He could not get used to it at all.

Clemens returned immediately to England—the following Saturday, in fact—and was back in London lecturing again after barely a month's absence. He gave *The Roughing It* address this time, under the title of "Roughing It on the Silver Frontier," and if his audiences were any less enthusiastic or his houses less crowded than before, the newspapers of

that day have left no record of it. It was the height of the season now, and, being free to do so, he threw himself into the whirl of it, and for two months beyond doubt was the most talked-of figure in London. The Athenæum Club made him a visiting member (an honor considered next to knighthood); *Punch* quoted him; societies banqueted him; his apartments, as before, were besieged by callers. Afternoons, one was likely to see him in "Poets' Corner" of the Langham smoking-room with a group of London and American authors—Reade, Collins, Miller, and the others—frankly rioting in his bold fancies. Charles Warren Stoddard was in London at the time and acted as his secretary. Stoddard was a gentle poet, a delightful fellow, and Clemens was very fond of him. His only complaint of Stoddard was that he did not laugh enough at his humorous yarns. Clemens once said:

"Dolby and I used to come in after the lecture, or perhaps after being out to some dinner, and we liked to sit down and talk it over and tell yarns; and we expected Stoddard to laugh at them, but Stoddard would lie there on the couch and snore. Otherwise, as a secretary, he was perfect."

The great Tichborne trial was in progress then, and the spectacle of an illiterate impostor trying to establish his claim as the rightful heir to a great estate was highly diverting to Mark Twain. He wanted to preserve the evidence as future literary material, and Stoddard day after day patiently collected the news reports and neatly pasted them into scrap-books, where they still rest, a complete record of that now-forgotten farce. The Tichborne trial recalled to Mark Twain the claimant in the Lampton family who from time to time wrote him long letters, urging him to join in the effort to establish his rights to the earldom of Durham. This American claimant was a distant cousin, who had "somehow gotten hold of, or had fabricated, a full set of documents. . . . He wore a sombrero, with a stuffed rattlesnake for a band, and a belt with a couple of six-shooters, and signed himself as the rightful heir of Durham."

Colonel Watterson (also a Lampton connection), has written:

During the Tichborne trial, Mark and I were in London, and one day he said to me: "I have investigated this Durham business down at the *Herald's* office. There is nothing to it. The Lamptons passed out of the Earldom of Durham a hundred years ago. There were never any estates; the title lapsed; the present earldom is a new creation—not in the same family at all; but I'll tell you what, if you'll put up \$500, I'll put up \$500 more, we'll bring our chap over here and set him in as claimant, and, my word for it, Kennedy's fat boy won't be a marker to him.

It was a characteristic Mark Twain project, one of the sort he never carried out in reality, but loved to follow in fancy, and with the pen sometimes. The "Rightful Earl of Durham" continued to send letters for many years after that (some of them still exist), but he did not establish his claim. No one but Mark Twain ever really got anything out of it. Like the Tennessee land, it furnished material, by and by, for a book.

Clemens lectured steadily at the Hanover Square rooms during the two months of his stay in London, and it was only toward the end of this astonishing engagement that the audience began to show any signs of diminishing. Early in January he wrote to Twichell:

I am not going to the provinces because I cannot get halls that are large enough. I always felt cramped in the Hanover Square rooms, but I find that everybody here speaks with awe and respect of that prodigious hall and wonders that I could fill it so long.

I am *hoping* to be back in twenty days, but I have *so much* to go home to and enjoy with a jubilant joy that it hardly seems possible that it can come to pass in so uncertain a world as this.

He sailed January 13, 1874, on the *Parthia*, and two weeks later was at home, where all was going well. *The Gilded Age* had been issued a day or two before Christmas, and was already in its third edition. By the end of January twenty-six thousand copies had been sold, a sale that had increased to forty thousand a month later. The new house was progressing, though it was by no means finished. Mrs. Clemens was in good health. Little Susy was so full of American activities as to earn the name

of "The Modoc." The promise of the year was bright.

But there are always vexations—flies in the ointment, as we say. It was Warner who conferred the name of Eschol Sellers on the chief figure of the collaborated novel. Warner had known it as the name of an obscure person, or perhaps he had only heard of it. At all events, it seemed a good one for the character, and it had been adopted. But behold, the book had been issued only a little while when there rose "out of the vasty deeps" a genuine Eschol Sellers who was a very respectable person. He was a stout, prosperous-looking man, gray, and about fifty-five years old. He came into the American Publishing Company's offices and asked permission to look at the book. Mr. Bliss was out at the moment, but presently arrived. The visitor rose and introduced himself.

"My name is Eschol Sellers," he said. "You have used it in one of your publications. It has brought upon me a lot of ridicule. My people wish me to sue you for ten thousand dollars damages."

He had documents to prove his identity, and there was only one thing to be done; he must be satisfied. Bliss agreed to recall as many of the offending

volumes as possible and change the name on the plates. He consulted the authors, and the name Beriah was substituted for the offending Eschol. It turned out that the real Sellers family was a large one, and that the given name Eschol was not uncommon in its several branches.

Howells tells delightfully of a visit which he and Aldrich paid to Hartford just at this period. Aldrich went to visit Clemens, and Howells to visit Charles Dudley Warner—Clemens coming as far as Springfield to welcome them.

On the way back to Boston, Howells and Aldrich planned a subscription book which, like *Roughing It* and *The Innocents*, would "sell straight along like the Bible." It was to be called *Twelve Memorable Murders*. They had dreamed two or three fortunes by the time they had reached Boston, but the project ended there.

"We never killed a single soul," Howells said once to the writer of this memoir.

Clemens was always urging Howells to visit him after that. He offered all sorts of inducements.

You will find us the most reasonable people in the world [he wrote]. We had thought of precipitating upon you George Warner and his wife one day; Twichell and his jewel of a wife another day, and Charles Perkins and wife another. Only those—simply members of our family they are. But I'll close the door against them all—which will "fix" all of the lot except Twichell, who will no more hesitate to climb in the back window than *nothing*.

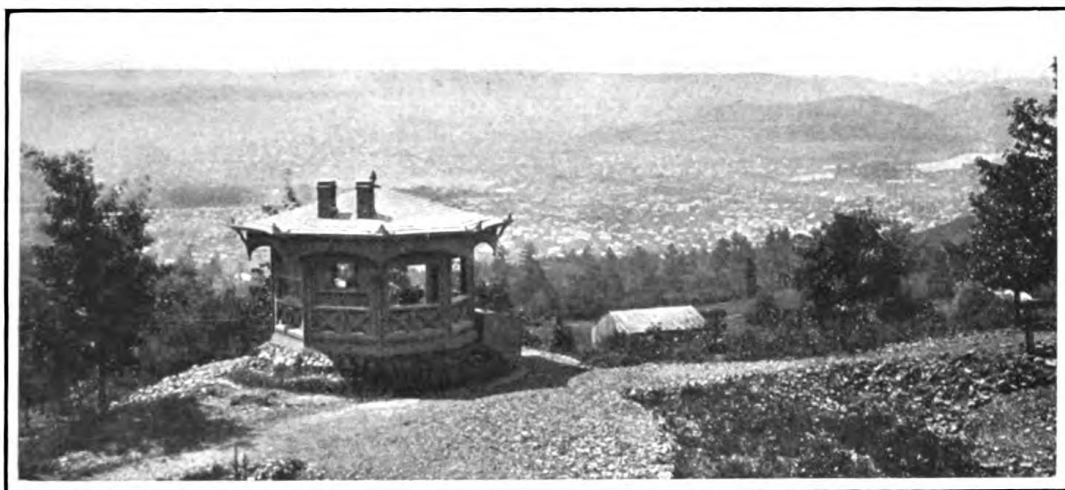
And you shall go to bed when you please, get up when you please, talk when you please, read when you please.

A little later he was urging Howells or Aldrich or both of them to come to Hartford to live:



THE FAMILY GROUP AT QUARRY FARM

This picture is described in detail in Mark Twain's letter, page 116



THE STUDY AT QUARRY FARM, WHERE MARK TWAIN WROTE "TOM SAWYER"

Mr. Hall, who lives in the house next to Mrs. Stowe's (just where we drive in to go to our new house), will sell for \$16,000 or \$17,000. You can do your work just as well here as in Cambridge—Can't you? Come! Will one of you boys buy that house? Now, say yes.

Certainly those were golden, blessed days, and perhaps, as Howells says, the sun does not shine on their like any more—certainly not in Hartford, for the old group that made them no longer assembles there. Hartford about this time became a sort of shrine for all literary visitors, and for other notables as well, whether of America or from overseas. It was the half-way place between Boston and New York, and pilgrims going in either direction rested there. It is said that travelers arriving in America were apt to remember two things they wished to see: Niagara Falls and Mark Twain. But the Falls had no such recent advertising advantage as that spectacular success in London. Visitors were apt to begin in Hartford.

The Clemens household went to Quarry Farm in April, leaving the new house once more in the hands of the architect and builders. It was costing a vast sum of money, and there was a financial stress upon the land. Mrs. Clemens, always prudent, became a little uneasy at times, though without warrant in those days, for her business statement showed that her holdings were only a little less than a quarter of a million in her own right, while her husband's books and lectures

had been highly remunerative and would be more so. They were justified in living in ample, even luxurious, comfort—and how free from financial worries they might have lived for the rest of their days!

Truly, fortune not only smiled, but laughed. Every mail brought great bundles of letters that sang his praises. Robert Watt, who had translated his books into Danish, wrote of their wide popularity among his people. Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon), who as early as 1872 had translated the *Jumping Frog* into French, and published it, with extended comment on the author and his work, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was said to be preparing a review of *The Gilded Age*. All the world seemed ready to do him honor.

Of course, one must always pay the price—usually a vexatious one. Bores stopped him on the street to repeat ancient and witless stories. Invented anecdotes—some of them exasperating ones—went the rounds of the press. Impostors in distant localities personated him, or claimed to be near relatives and obtained favors—sometimes money—in his name. Trivial letters, seeking benefactions of every kind took the savor from his daily mail. Letters from literary aspirants were so numerous that he prepared a "form" letter of reply.

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—Experience has not taught me very much; still it has taught me that it is not wise to criticize a piece of literature except to an *enemy* of the person

who wrote it; then, if you praise it, that enemy admires you for your honest manliness, & if you dispraise it he admires you for your sound judgment.

Yours truly,

S. L. C.

As early as 1872 Mark Twain had contemplated one of the books that will longest preserve his memory, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. The successful result of *Roughing It* naturally made him cast about for other autobiographical material, and he remembered those days along the river-front in Hannibal—his skylarking adventures with Tom Blankenship, the Bowen boys, John Briggs, and the rest. He recognized these things as material—pleasant, inviting material it was—and now in the cool luxury of Quarry Farm he set himself to weave the fabric of his youth.

He found summer-time always his best period for literary effort, and on a hill-side just by the old quarry Mrs. Crane had built for him that spring a study—a little room of windows, somewhat suggestive of a pilot-house—overlooking the long sweep of upland grass and the dream-like city below. Vines were planted that in the course of time would cover and embower it; there was a tiny fireplace for chilly days.

He worked steadily there that summer. He would go up mornings after breakfast, remaining until nearly dinner-time—say, until five o'clock or after—for it was not his habit to eat luncheon. Other members of the family did not venture near the place, and if he was importantly wanted they blew a horn. Each evening he brought down his day's performance to read to the assembled family. He felt the need of audience and approval.

The *Tom Sawyer* tale progressed steadily and happily. In a letter to Dr. Brown the author said:

I have been writing fifty pages of manuscript a day, on an average, for some time now, on a book (a story), and consequently have been so wrapped up in it and dead to everything else that I have fallen mighty short in letter-writing. . . .

On hot days I spread the study wide open, anchor my papers down with brickbats, and write in the midst of the hurricane, clothed in the same thin linen we make shirts of.

He incloses some photographs in the following letter:

The group (he says) represents the vine-clad carriage-way in front of the farm-house. On the left is Megalopos sitting in the lap of her German nurse-maid. I am sitting behind them. Mrs. Crane is in the center. Mr. Crane next to her. Then Mrs. Clemens and the new baby. Her Irish nurse stands at her back. Then comes the table waitress, a young negro girl, born free. Next to her is Auntie Cord (a fragment of whose history I have just sent to a magazine). She is the cook; was in slavery more than forty years. And the self-satisfied wench, the last of the group, is the little baby's American nurse-maid. In the middle distance my mother-in-law's coachman (up on errand) has taken a position unsolicited to help out the picture. No, that is not true. He was waiting there for a minute or two before the photographer came. In the extreme background, under the archway, you glimpse my study.

The "new baby"—"Bay," as they came to call her—was another little daughter, born in June, a happy, healthy addition to the household. In a letter written to Twichell we get a sweet summer picture of this period, particularly of little sunny-haired, two-year-old Susy:

There is nothing selfish about the Modoc. She is fascinated with the new baby. The Modoc rips and tears around outdoors, most of the time, & consequently is as hard as a pine-knot & as brown as an Indian. She is bosom friend to all the chickens, ducks, turkeys, & guinea-hens on the place. Yesterday as she marched along the winding path that leads up the hill through the red-clover beds to the summer-house, there was a long procession of these fowls stringing contentedly after her, led by a stately rooster who can look over the Modoc's head. The devotion of these vassals has been purchased with daily largess of Indian meal, & so the Modoc, attended by her body-guard, moves in state wherever she goes.

There were days—mainly Sundays—when he did not work at all—peaceful days of lying fallow, dreaming in shady places, drowsily watching little Susy or reading with Mrs. Clemens. Howells's *Foregone Conclusion* was running in the *Atlantic* that year, and they delighted in it.

At other times he found comfort in the society of Theodore Crane. These two were always fond of each other, and often read together the books in which they were mutually interested. They had portable hammock arrangements which

they placed side by side on the lawn and read and discussed in pleasant comradeship. *The Mutineers of the Bounty* was one of the books they liked best, and there was a story of an Iceland farmer—a human document—that had an unfading interest. Also there were certain articles in old numbers of the *Atlantic* that they read and re-read, and *Pepys's Diary*, and *Two Years Before the Mast*, and a book on the Andes—because of that long-ago interest, perhaps, still fascinating. Mark Twain read not so many books, but read a few books often. Those named were among the literature he asked for each year of his return to Quarry Farm. Without them the farm and the summer would not be the same.

Then there was Lecky's *History of European Morals*. There were periods when they read Lecky avidly and discussed it in original and unorthodox ways. Mark Twain found an echo of his own philosophies in Lecky. He made frequent marginal notes along the pages of the world's moral history—notes not always quotable in the family circle. Mainly, however, they were short, crisp interjections of assent or disapproval.

On the back of an old envelope Mark Twain set down his literary declaration of this period:

"I like history, biography, travels, curious facts and strange happenings, and science. And I detest novels, poetry, and theology."

But of course the novels of Howells

would be excepted; Lecky was not theology, but the history of it; his taste for poetry would develop later, though it would never become a fixed quantity, as was his devotion to history and science. His interest in these amounted to a passion.

The reference to "Auntie Cord," in the

letter to Dr. Brown, brings us to Mark Twain's first contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Howells, in his *Recollections* of his *Atlantic* editorship, after referring to certain Western contributors, says:

Later came Mark Twain, originally of Missouri, but then provisionally of Hartford, and now ultimately of the solar system, not to say the universe. He came first with "A True Story," one of those noble pieces of humanity with which the South has atoned chiefly, if not solely, through him for all its despoil to the negro.

Clemens had long aspired to appear in the *Atlantic*, but such was his literary rating of his work that he had hardly hoped to qualify for its pages. Twichell

remembers his "mingled astonishment and triumph" when he was invited to send something to the magazine.

He was obliged to "send something" more than once before the acceptance of "A True Story"—the narrative of Auntie Cord—and even this acceptance brought with it the return of a fable which had accompanied it; though Howells hastened to express his own joy in it—having been particularly touched by the author's reference to Sisyphus and Atlas as ancestors of the tumble-bug. The



JOHN T. RAYMOND AS COLONEL SELLERS

"True Story," he said, with its "realist kind of black talk," won him, and a few days later he wrote again: "This little story delights me more and more. I wish you had about forty of 'em."

And so, modestly enough, as became him, for the story was of the simplest and most unpretentious sort, Mark Twain entered into the school of the elect.

The interest in Tom and Huck, or the inspiration for their adventures, gave out at last, or was superseded by a more immediate demand. As early as May, Goodman, in San Francisco, had seen a play announced there, presenting the character of Colonel Sellers, dramatized by Gilbert S. Densmore, and played by John T. Raymond. Goodman immediately wrote Clemens; also a letter came from Warner in Hartford, who had noticed, in San Francisco papers, announcements of the play. Of course, Clemens would take action immediately; he telegraphed, enjoining the performance. Then began a correspondence with the dramatist and actor which in time resulted in an amicable arrangement by which the dramatist agreed to dispose of his version to Clemens. Clemens did not wait for it to arrive, but began immediately a version of his own. Just how much or how little of Densmore's work found its way into the completed play, as presented by Raymond later, cannot be known now. Howells conveys the impression that Clemens had no hand in the authorship beyond the character of Sellers as taken from the book. But in a letter still extant, which Clemens wrote to Howells at the time, he says:

I worked a month on my play, and launched it in New York, last Wednesday. I believe it will go. The newspapers have been complimentary. It is simply a *setting* for one character, Col. Sellers. As a play I guess it will not bear critical assault in force.

Raymond, in a letter which he wrote to the *Sun*, November 3, 1874, declared that "not one line" of Densmore's dramatization was used, "except that which was taken bodily from *The Gilded Age*." During the newspaper discussion of the matter Clemens himself prepared a letter for the *Hartford Post*. This letter was suppressed, but it still exists. In it he says:

I entirely re-wrote the play three separate and distinct times. I had expected to use little of his (Densmore's) language and but little of his plot. I do not think there are now twenty sentences of Mr. Densmore's in the play, but I used so much of his plot that I wrote and told him that I should pay him about as much more as I had already paid him in case the play proved a success. I shall keep my word.

This letter, written while the matter was fresh in his mind, is undoubtedly exactly in accordance with the facts. That Densmore was fully satisfied may be gathered from an acknowledgment, in which he says: "Your letter reached me on the 2d, with check. In this place permit me to thank you for the very handsome manner in which you have acted in this matter."

Warner, meantime, realizing that the play was constructed almost entirely of the Mark Twain chapters of the book, was apparently willing that his collaborator should undertake the work and responsibilities of the dramatization and reap such rewards as might result from the venture. Various stories have been told of this matter, most of them untrue. There was no bitterness between the friends, no semblance of an estrangement of any sort. Warner very generously and promptly admitted that he was not concerned with the play, its authorship, or its profits, whatever the latter might amount to. Moreover, Warner was going to Egypt very soon, and his labors and responsibilities were quite sufficient as they stood.

Clemens's estimate of the play as a dramatic composition was correct enough, but the public liked it, and it was a financial success from the start. He employed a representative to travel with Raymond, to assist in the management and in the division of spoils. The agent had instructions to mail a card every day, stating the amount of his share in the profits. Howells once arrived in Hartford just when this postal tide of fortune was at its flood.

One hundred and fifty dollars—two hundred dollars—three hundred dollars—were the gay figures which they bore, and which he flaunted in the air, before he sat down at the table, or rose from it to brandish, and then, flinging his napkin in the chair, walked up and down to exult in.

Once, in later years, referring to the matter, Howells said:

"He was never a man who cared anything about money except as a dream, and he wanted more and more of it to fill out the spaces of his dream."

Which was a true word. Mark Twain with money was like a child with a heap of bright pebbles, ready to pile up more and still more, then presently to throw them all away and begin gathering anew.

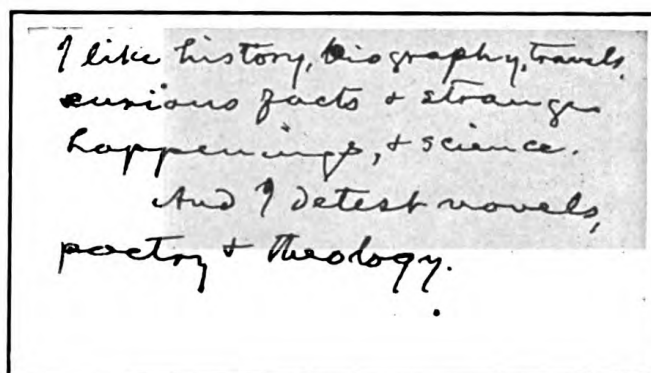
The Clemenses returned to Hartford to find their new house "ready," though still full of workmen—decorators, plumbers, and the various minions of labor that make life miserable to those with ambitions for new or improved habitations. The carpenters were still on the lower floor, but they moved in and camped about in such rooms up-stairs as were more or less free from the invader. They had stopped in New York ten days to buy carpets and furnishings, and these began to arrive with no particular place to put them; but the owners were excited and happy with it all, for it was the pleasant season of the year, and all the new features of the house were fascinating, while the daily progress of the decorators furnished a fresh surprise when they roamed through the rooms at evening.

As Mark Twain was unlike any other man that ever lived, so his house was unlike any other house ever built. People asked him why he built the kitchen toward the street, and he said:

"So the servants can see the circus go by without running out into the front yard."

Howells assures us that there never was another home like it, and we may accept his statement. It was unique. It was the home of one of the most astonishing and unaccountable personalities the world has ever known, yet was perfectly and serenely ordered, and full of peace. Mark Twain was not responsible

for this happy condition. He was its beacon-light, but Mrs. Clemens was the axis around which its affairs steadily revolved. When the great ones of the world came to pay court to America's most picturesque literary figure, she gave welcome to them all, and filled her place at his side with such sweet and capable



MARK TWAIN'S DECLARATION OF LITERARY TASTE IN THE '70'S

dignity that those who came to pay their duties to him often returned to pay even greater devotion to his companion.

Clemens had a boyish teasing tendency to disturb his wife's exquisite sense of decorum. Sometimes he would pretend to a visitor that she had been violently indignant over some offense of his; perhaps he would say:

"Well, I contradicted her just now, and the crockery will begin to fly pretty soon."

She could never quite get used to this pleasantry, and a faint glow would steal over her face. He liked to produce that glow. She loved him, she adored him, but, "wilful boy" that he was, she must have found him "trying" sometimes. Yet always his manner toward her was tenderness itself. He regarded her as some dainty bit of porcelain, and it was said that he was always following her about with a chair. Their union has been regarded as ideal. That is Twichell's opinion and Howells's. The latter says:

Marriages are what the parties to them alone really know them to be, but from the outside I should say that this marriage was one of the most perfect.

Long Pants

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

WHEN Edward opened sleepy eyes on the morning of Sept. 25, 1898, he was dimly aware of a gray wind grieving about the little frame house, shadows flying on the white walls, and an exquisite smell of burning leaves. Dreamily he longed to go on some perilous adventure through stripped woods and remote mountain flumes; something wild in the autumn evoked something wild in his boy-heart, telling him plainly that he belonged to the outdoor earth. Then all at once he saw the stout, shiny-black shoulders of his mother, and got a glimpse of her flabby face. He was shocked to see tears trickling on her cheek.

"Edward, . . . congratulate. . . . You're a big boy now."

Her moist lips indented his cool cheek. Impulsively he embraced her, wanting to sob himself. Yes, it was his birthday, and he was fourteen years old! His mother kissed him three times, and repeating "big boy" over and over, left the room. He could not divine, of course, that she was kissing her child good-by, that the baby that had been her very own from the first throb in her side through all the startling years of growth was now definitely sundered from her, to go his own way in forgetfulness. He had ceased to be hers: he now belonged to himself.

Yet some of this feeling of independence invaded him while he dressed; he was deliciously conscious of maturity, the putting away of childish things, the sense of stepping into the world. Hence his elder sister angered him when she called mockingly through the door:

"Congratulations, kid. I suppose you think you're a whole lot, now you're fourteen."

But Fanny had always been contemptuous. It was the price he paid for not being born ahead of her.

Retaining his dignity with effort, he went down the stairs to the dining-room.

As he expected, his dry little father—the fifty-year-old express-company clerk—was sitting at table, with newspaper at the right and coffee and eggs before him. Old Ferguson's hair was just turning gray over his puckered, small-eyed face. One ink-stained hand grasped the newspaper, the other stirred the coffee with a spoon.

Edward stood a moment uncertainly, an awkward, lean boy, spare-faced, brown-haired, in short trousers he had outgrown. He and his father had few words for each other; they were natural antagonists, the youth adventurous, the man mechanical.

Yet this morning Old Ferguson looked up consciously and shyly smiled. Then he tentatively held out a hand, and Edward, grinning uneasily, had to offer his own.

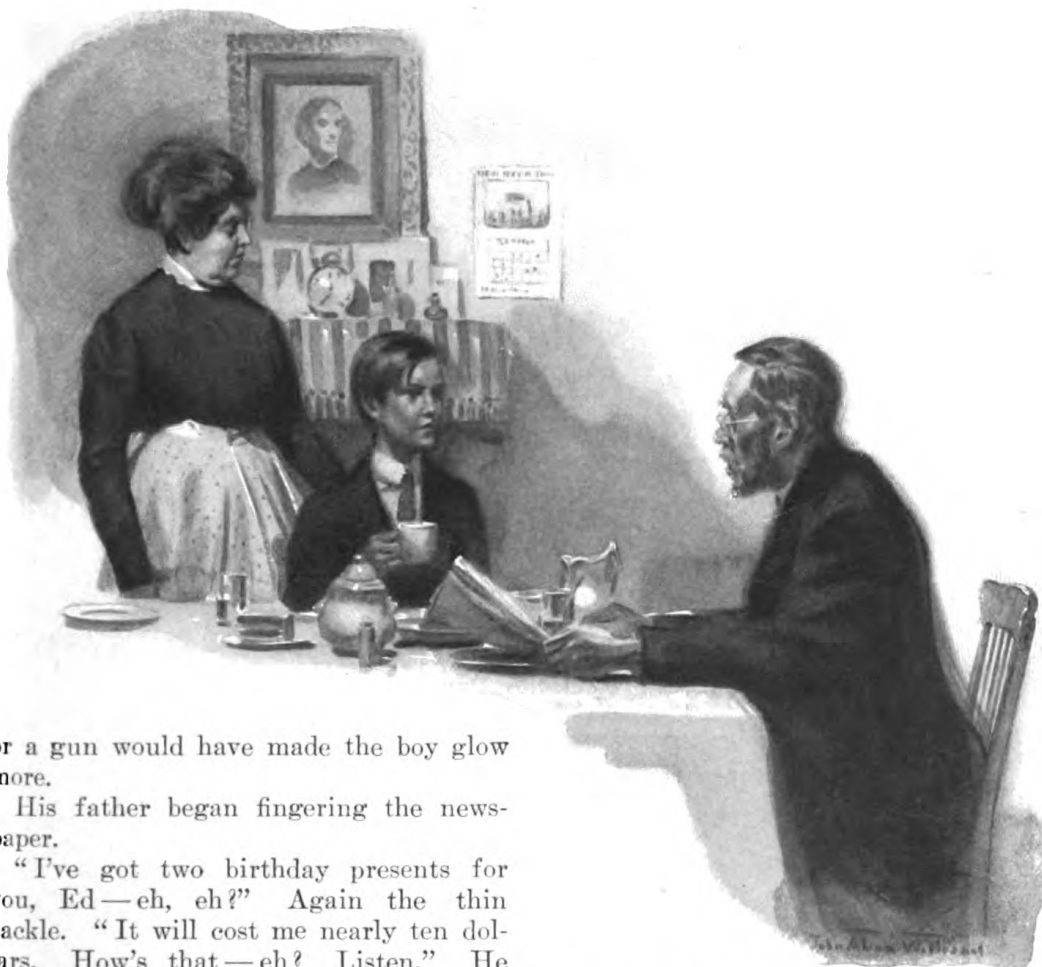
"I congratulate you, Ed. Come on, come on, sit down."

A note of excitement in his father's voice set his heart pounding. He took the seat, and sat stiffly, his cheeks burning. He had not expected a present, and yet such things have been, could be again in a world of daily miracles. Subtly he felt that his father was struggling with supreme emotions and a native inability to express his thoughts.

The old man began rubbing his hands together.

"Ed," he said, dryly, "you're fourteen now, not a child any more—eh, eh?" He loosed a thin cackle of laughter. "Your mother and I have been talking together. You've had as much schooling as I, which is as much as a fellow ought to have. The best schooling comes from fighting your own way. When I was fourteen I got five dollars a week, and look at me now! I'm making thirty-five dollars."

Edward felt as if he would choke, but so did his father. From the elder to the younger a great fact was transmitted; namely, that another man was to be added to civilization. And yet a silver watch



or a gun would have made the boy glow more.

His father began fingering the newspaper.

"I've got two birthday presents for you, Ed—eh, eh?" Again the thin cackle. "It will cost me nearly ten dollars. How's that—eh? Listen." He pressed his forefinger down on a large black-faced advertisement: "Sacrifice Sale of Suits; Positively Closing Out; Exceptional Values for Exceptional Men; Stokes & Co., Broadway and Chambers Street." He ran his finger down the page. "Here it is. Listen. 'Trousers; we have a small lot of English grays, blacks, and pepper-and-salt. To those who come early, \$4.75.'"

Edward gasped. He could not seize on the thrilling fact that was knocking at his brain. His father looked up and laughed:

"*Your first pair of long pants, Edward.* How's that—eh?"

Then Edward laughed, too. Now he was actually a man; now, by plunging his thin legs into cylinders of cloth, he was veritably stepping into manhood. There was no denying his ended childhood.

His father, with smothered excitement, turned the pages of the paper, found another advertisement.

"YOU'RE TO TAKE A JOB, EDWARD, AND BE A MAN"

"That's one present—here's the other." He spoke like a man making over a fortune to his son. "Listen. . . 'Atwood's, Brain-Brokers. We find the right Man for the right Job. Are you hiring Brains? Come to us.' Edward, how's that—eh?"

Edward murmured timidly, "I don't know."

"Employment agency, Ed, best in the city; costs *five dollars* down, 10 per cent. of first year's salary. Of course"—he tried to speak in an offhand manner, but his excitement leaked through—"I could get you in at the express company, but it's better for a boy to stand on his own feet—fight his own way. You're to take a job, Edward, and be a man."

They gazed a moment at each other, the soul of each betrayed by the dilated eyes. His father's soul was saying, "You are on my level now, my job with

you is done." Edward's was saying. "This monument has revolutionized my life." The candor was too much for both; Edward blushed, his father sought his newspaper, and spoke gruffly:

"Hurry up now with breakfast. You're to come down-town with me."

They walked down the little Brooklyn back street, and took a crowded car at the corner; they had to stand, hanging onto the straps. And Edward felt as the young Indian must feel when for the first time he hunts with the tribe. Instead of trudging lazily through the streets to school, a part of the humdrum domestication of the stay-at-homes, the women, the babies, and the markets, he had joined the adventurous morning rush to the fighting city. He, too, was to have his place in the red struggle of civilization, be part of the ever-recurring newness, risk, and previsions of the future. He belonged to this routine of the cars now: the population in transit drawn by the irresistible suction of necessity; their awakening all over the city by alarm-clocks and patient mothers, their speeded breakfast, their newspapers, their crowded ride, their appointed place in the machinery of the world's work, the work by which the human world moves and grows from day to day.

His father handed him a part of the newspaper, but he did not read. Instead, as the car slowly ascended the incline of Brooklyn Bridge, he looked out eagerly at the busy white-plumed ferries and harbor-craft with their bristling background of the sky-scraper city. The heavens were gray, the river a wet gray sheet, and the tiers of towers sent window-shafts of yellow light into the gray atmosphere. Edward thrilled at the thought of entering that Forbidden City. Was not his passport the reaching of the working age?

Then a black stream of people bore them swiftly over City Hall Park to mingle with the turbulent main current of Broadway, and they entered the crowded floor of Stokes & Co. And Edward went in a school-boy and came out a raw recruit of industrialism. It was very simple, but unbelievably profound. Somehow the adventure ceased

to thrill, the initiation appalled him. For he knew now that he had legs, and that everybody else knew he had legs. He felt like a Centaur, human only from the waist up, a monstrous beast below. But, more than that, he had an inkling that he had put his legs not only into long trousers but also into the confines of a treadmill that would never release him.

His discomfiture was increased by the Brain-Brokers. These gentlemen did business on the fourth floor of an office building, and were reached by an elevator. The narrow entrance-hall, lighted, was lined on either side by young men who took Edward's measure so visibly and audibly that he was merely a pair of pants slouching among them. Then a brisk boy ushered father and son into the electric-lit presence of a Mr. Cobb, a smart and suave interviewer. Mr. Cobb was hopeful, Mr. Cobb was strenuous.

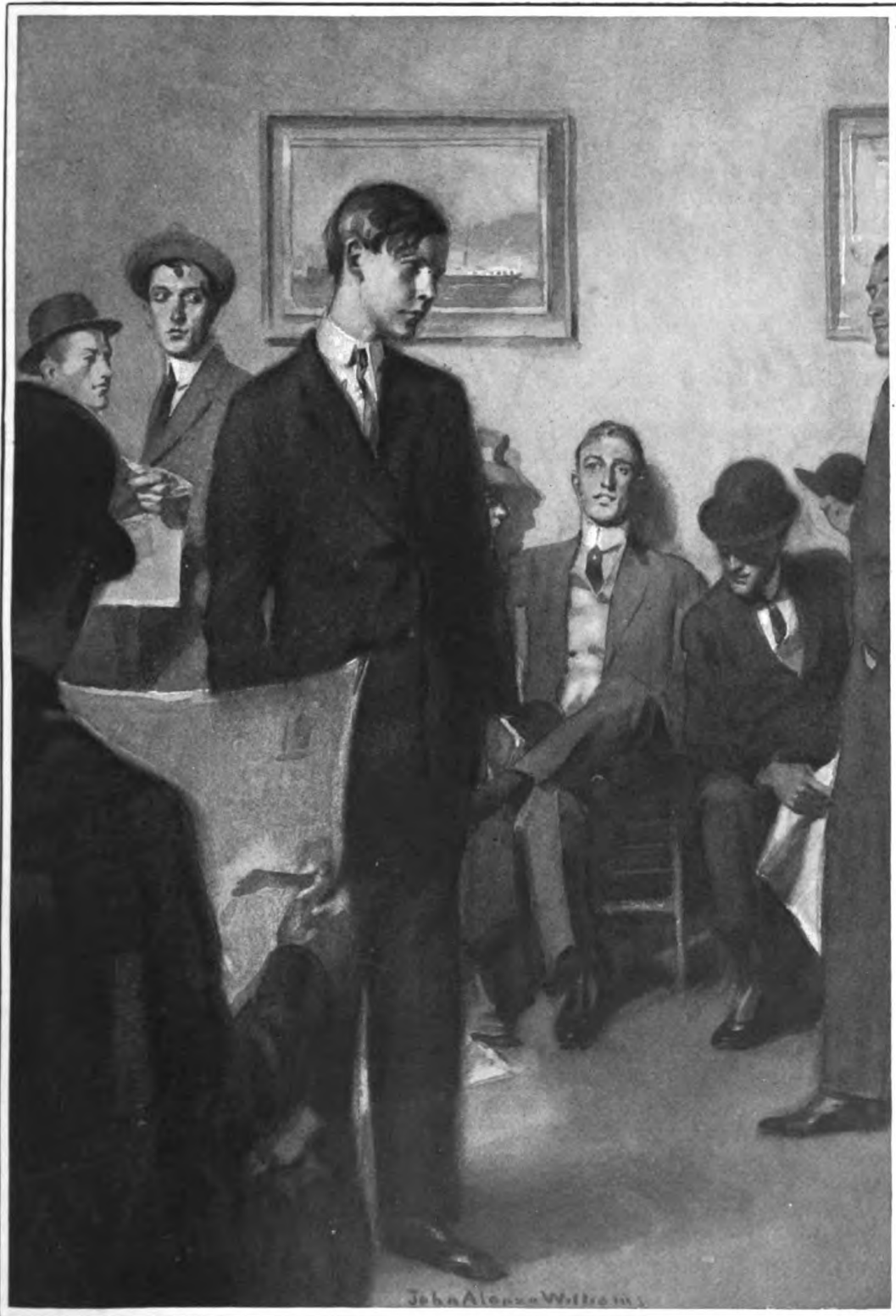
"Big Business can get cheap help—all it wants—but Big Business depends for its continuance on Brains—and Brains are at a premium, Mr.—ah—ah—Ferguson. It is our business to find the Brains, to put the right Man . . ." Truly an inspiring flow of formulas.

It seemed a privilege to sign the contract that called for ten per cent. of the first year's salary and to pay the five-dollar fee. Did it not mean that Edward was Brains?

Ten minutes later father and son stood out in the hall. It was a dramatic moment, the last prop was to be withdrawn, the vessel launched. Edward had a sensation of drowning, and his father felt a rush of pity and affection. He spoke huskily, grasping Edward's hand.

"You'd better wait here to-day, Ed. You don't want to miss the opportunity when it comes along. Just hang around till five this evening. Here's a dollar. Get your lunch at some dairy-place. So, now put on a brave front. I'll see you to-night."

Edward could say nothing. He grinned and flushed; but he felt the shameful tears rising when he saw his little father's back disappearing through the doorway. Now he was alone in the world, with his fortune to make—the loneliest and, withal, the most abashed boy in the city.



Drawn by John A. Williams

NOW HE WAS ALONE IN THE WORLD, WITH HIS FORTUNE TO MAKE

He sat down on a chair against the wall, dismally waiting for the rather dreadful opportunity.

After eight days Edward had a clearer notion of what he was. His father was plainly disappointed, his sister sharp in her growing scorn, and only his mother comforted him. Each day he arrived at nine sharp, and sat quietly till noon; took a hasty lunch, and returned until the office boy briskly put him out.

"Say, you, there's nothing doing. Gee! some folks is regular plants."

Ashamed to go home, Edward would wander the chilly streets, gazing in at the shop windows.

He began to have a feeling that he had been duped, that the Brain-Brokers had been chiefly concerned in getting the five-dollar fee, and had no intention of finding a place for him. For not only was there a scarcity of jobs, but all the opportunities went to quite a different class of young men. Contrasted with this class, Edward was a ragged urchin. For they were the Ready-Made Young Men, the youth of the land who heeded the uplifted forefinger of the Captain of Industry in the advertisement, "You Can Succeed"; they had about them an air of success, the alert eye and the strenuous manner, the polished shoes and fresh shirt, the shaved face and the close-cut hair. Their brisk exteriors seemed to be saying, "See, we are subservient, ready, bright, cheerful; we believe in 'Smile,' 'Do it Now,' 'I'm a-hustling,' 'Nothing Succeeds Like the Appearance of Success.'" Who could resist these products of the commercial school and the correspondence course—these cheerful Americans?

Poor Edward, in his unmatched clothes—thin, sensitive boy, modest and unobtrusive! What chance had he?

And his waiting brought him a bitter inkling of the future. Edward had never done very well in school; it was after school-hours that he truly lived. It was when he was digging in the soil, tramping through distant woods, fishing in the sea, that he felt at home in the world. There was something untamed and savage in his nature, something akin to the instinct of honking geese in autumn skies; the keen outdoor

freshness that animals seem to lap up; the flavor of berries or sea-winds or sun on pine-needles. He desired to be a cell in the wild nerve of Nature, sharing every sting and thrill of the life of earth. To put such a lad in the city was to make him acutely self-conscious, repressed, shy. He knew now that he had given up his freedom and his true career, but he was helpless.

Then there came on the eighth afternoon such a torrent of rain through the darkening streets that the Ready-Made Young Men could not risk their new suits, and stayed at home. Edward sat alone in the lighted hall. He could hear the rain on the outside windows, and he was desolated by the sound.

All at once Mr. Cobb appeared, glancing eagerly. His gaze rested on Edward with exasperated disappointment, and he went back to his office. A moment later he reappeared, desperately scratching his head.

"Say," he began, "there's a hurry-call here. You're not just the man, but say, . . . it's a clerk-job down the Maxwell Steamship Co., Pier 9, foot of Rector Street. Say, how about making a bluff at it?"

Edward rose, his heart paining with excitement and dread. Had the ghastly opportunity found him?

"I could try," he murmured.

"Here's the slip. 'Phone if you get it. If you don't, say account the rain we were short, but to-morrow we'll send 'em a crackerjack. Ask for seven to start."

Edward took the slip and went. He walked, his old umbrella overhead, but his long trousers getting a dreary soaking. Only a few people were in the street, bumping one another in their hurry. Cars were lighted; truckmen sat aloft their trucks in oil-suits, the shop-windows were white with mist. It was a long walk to Rector Street, and then down the narrow, sloping by-way to the river. Pier 9 stood black in the rain, with lighted upper windows, and, beneath, huge stacks of covered cotton-bales and barrels of molasses. A south-going steamer was moored at the dock, and the longshoremen were rushing aboard a cargo of canned goods, shouting, hustling, and cursing. Trucks went

in and out. There was a smell of the sea, mixed with saloon smells and the sharp, sweet odor of molasses.

Edward's heart seemed to choke his throat as he ascended the boxed, white, rubber-sheathed steps to the second floor. The center was railed off square, with clerks on all four sides busy beneath electric bulbs, and on the sawdust floor stood a red-hot stove, very pleasant in the chill, wet weather. Edward stood timidly on this floor, not knowing what to do. A clerk beyond the near-by railing, working with his derby on and an unlit cigar in his mouth, happened to look up, and nodded affably.

Edward advanced and whispered incoherently:

"I'm from Atwood's."

"Atwood's?" The voice was pleasant. "They sent *you* for the job?" The clerk looked the incredulity he voiced; then he smiled reassuringly. "Never mind; I'll tell Mr. Ramsdell."

He arose and went behind the book-keeper's standing desk. Mr. Ramsdell emerged immediately, a short, red-haired man, with a ruddy face and reddish-black eyes. A green shade was over the eyes, and he wore a shining alpaca coat. His voice was curiously high and shrill, but he measured his words.

"You're from Atwood's?" He, too, looked incredulous, gazing over his glasses. "Well—come in."

He opened a wicker gate, and led Edward to the tall desk. Then leaned against it, hands clasped, like an interrogating magistrate. He eyed the slip.

"Edward Ferguson. . . . How old are you, Edward?"

The use of his first name was the one human touch in eight days. Edward warmed, relaxed, smiled. His thumping heart beat with greater ease.

"Fourteen."

"Fourteen! You're pretty young for this job. Never worked before, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Live at home with your folks?"

"In Brooklyn, with my father, my mother, and my sister."

"What does your father do?"

"He's a clerk with the express company."



HE BEGAN TO HAVE A FEELING THAT HE HAD BEEN DUPED

"Well, I want to see your handwriting. Just take this pen and paper and write me a letter asking for the job."

It was a hard test. Finally Edward wrote:

"MY DEAR MR. RAMSDELL,—I am a boy of fourteen, who has just finished school.

t's and dot the i's. You write too quickly. But then, I suppose you are nervous to-day. Of course, you're too young; but a fellow ought to have a chance. Suppose you come to-morrow morning at eight-thirty, and try it."

Edward stood rooted. It was unbelievable. He gasped—

"You mean—you'll try me?"

"Yes."

Fresh blood seemed to rush through him—a pulsing of militant music.

"And—" he muttered—"the salary?"

"Eight to start. Is that all right?"

Then Edward began his business career with true business acumen. He dissembled. Was eight all right when he was willing to take five or six?

"Oh yes," he murmured, "that would do for a start."

Mr. Ramsdell put a hand on the boy's shoulder, smiled paternally, and glanced at Edward over his glasses. It was, withal, a sweet and old-fashioned procedure.

"Then, Edward, you run home and tell the folks you've got your first job."

He did. The rain was fresh and cleansing; the crowded cars



"ATWOOD'S? THEY SENT YOU FOR THE JOB?"

It is time for me to go to work. I want to help with the family. I am willing to work very hard, and even if I wouldn't know the work right away I would be glad to be shown. Will you give me a chance, and greatly oblige,

"Yours respectfully,
"ED. FERGUSON."

Mr. Ramsdell examined this document with care, and then smiled. But he spoke measuredly:

"You want to be careful to cross the

were intimate with human warmth; the shining lights of the shops and offices kept calling out: "You belong, Edward; you're one of us; we've taken you in out of the cold." He felt alert, successful, important; he had independence now, and felt the first wave of manhood. He could see it all. Now he must have a key to the house; he must get new things for his room; he would pay board and have the right to come and go as he pleased; the gates of civilization were opening, and he could range at will into the dazzling

heart of the world. He hurried down the side street to the frame house, tramped up the steps, rang the bell. It was later than he thought; the family was at supper.

Fanny opened the door, the usual smirk on her face. Defiantly he brushed by her, entered the dining-room. His father and mother looked up, Fanny appeared in the doorway behind him. He waved his dripping umbrella.

"I've got a job," he cried.

Excitement filled the room.

"With the Maxwell Steamship Co., Pier 9, North River, foot of Rector Street."

His father and mother arose; the first was a gloating parent, reeking exultation, but the second was weeping at the appearance of this stranger before her.

"And the pay?" asked Old Ferguson.

"Eight—*eight*—eight dollars a week!"

"By damn!" cried Old Ferg. "I always knew the boy was a wonder."

But the validity of the miracle was established by Fanny. All she said was:

"Eddy, I'll warm up your supper for you. You must be half dead, and you're soaked through."

But her voice and look were merely a sign that Edward was at least potentially a man, and that she was a mere girl, taking second place.

It was a triumph, the beginning of grown-up life. And yet, subtly, Edward could feel that he was a wild-hearted creature caught in the strange industrial web of civilization. Under the triumph was a tiny doubt, a skepticism. Was this, after all, the life for him?

A Little Song of Love and Death

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

LOVE met me at the parting of the ways.
 I heard youth turn and call me in your voice,
 I started at the summons in amaze,
 I woke again to suffer and rejoice.
 While snows lay white where once the violets grew,
 I, who had looked for only Death, saw you!

Love beckoned at the parting of the ways,
 And lightly as a swallow on the wing
 He lured me to the long-since buried days
 Where lie the raptures of forgotten Spring.
 While snows were spread where once the violets blew,
 I, who had hoped for only Death, found you!

Love watched me at the parting of the ways
 With saddened eyes; Death stood so close beside.
 "The road is short; it is not many days,
 Not many days until you sleep," Death cried.
 So now that snows are deep where violets grew,
 I, who must choose, take only Death; not you!

The Great Queen Isabella

BY MILDRED STAPLEY

IT was only recently, and most fortuitously too, that I learned the truth about Spain's great Queen. Of course they had told me in school how she offered to pawn her jewels for Columbus. That is a story likely to titillate the youthful fancy; and the teacher, satisfied accordingly, let pass the opportune moment for telling us that Isabella was not only the most wonderful woman of her day, but almost without exception of any day, and that American women even more than Spanish should honor her; for the great work she did for Spain was undone by her descendants, but what she did for our own favored quarter of the globe has been our undying benefit.

Somewhere, too, I had heard that silly story of how the Queen refused to change her chemise until Granada should be captured; and that, too, was an instance of a petty and dubious detail magnified and a splendid truth overlooked. Small wonder then, that, too busy in later years to read, I should not have known the real, glorious Isabella until my interest was piqued that morning at Medina del Campo.

We had just come from Valladolid (where poor Columbus died) to rest from midnight till early morning at Medina and then on to Zamora. But in the morning we learned at the station that the early train for Zamora ran only on Fridays; we must wait till noon. Our tormented night and unsavory breakfast did not incline us to return to the Hôtel Victoria, even though we were shivering; in fact, we felt an annoyance with the whole village and would not investigate it. But to one side, out on a bare, brown hilltop, stood a huge ruined castle, where there promised soon to be a full pour of morning sunshine. We climbed up to it. There, away from curious eyes, we ran races around it to get warm; and once warm and glowing, we tried, although in vain, to force the castle door. About nine o'clock a child came along who said

his mother had the keys—she threshed grain in there every morning. Soon she came, and a door—not the main portcullis, for the drawbridge was gone and the moat impassable on that side, but a smaller turret door—was opened for us.

The good woman knew a surprising amount about medieval fortress architecture. She explained every passage, every trap-door, every archway. Then we must mount the turret, the only one where the spiral stairs were sufficiently intact. The rise was forbidding, twelve inches at least, and many steps missing; but who would stop for that when she had said, "Come and see Isabella's room—where the great Queen died."

Reaching it after much racking and wrenching of my poor joints, I said, flippantly (for it had not yet dawned on me that I was speaking of one of earth's great ones), "Small wonder she died after climbing those stairs!"

The shriveled, wiry little peasantess looked past me contemptuously. "The Queen," she said, reverently, "had a great affection for this place. It is in the heart of old Castile, and she loved Castile passionately. She knew every inch of the province. You know she lived in the saddle? *Si, señora*, through two wars. Poor lady! Her last ride was from Segovia here. She had gone for a brief rest after long nursing her daughter Joan the Mad. And the next day, on learning that Joan had left the castle alone and afoot to walk to Flanders, Isabella mounted her horse again and galloped back. You know she always kept the fleetest Andalusian horses? *Si, señora*, she rode all night. They had brought the Princess back, meanwhile, but no farther than the gate, where she insisted on remaining to make a fresh start in the morning; and that's where her poor heartbroken mother found her—down there" (pointing to the main entrance)—"and coaxed her indoors. Poor Isabella! She led a pure

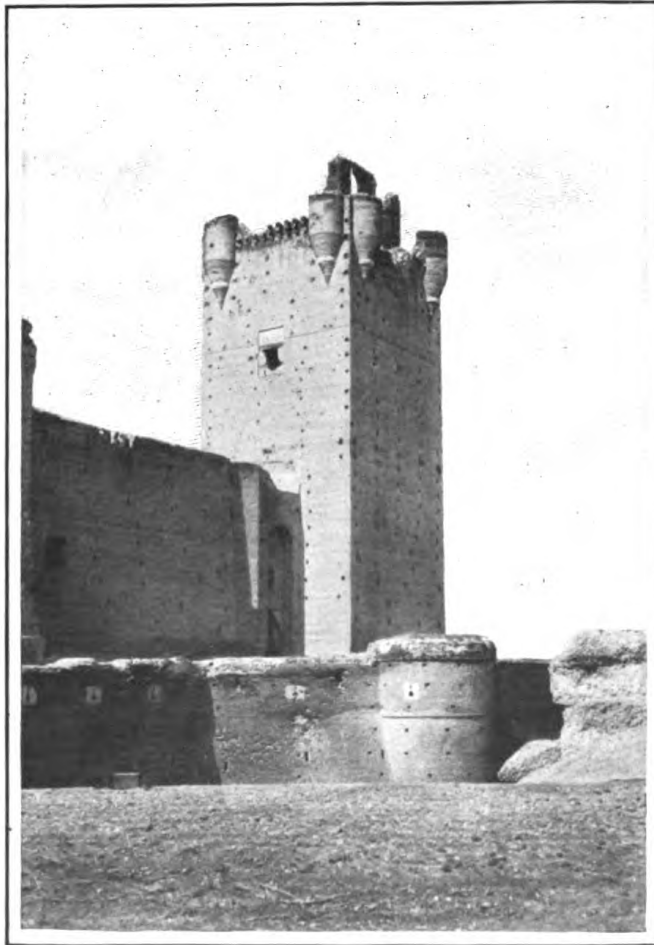
and noble life only to die of a broken heart."

The story, told in that same language that Isabella herself had spoken, touched me strangely. I looked in awe around the dim, destitute, dungeon-like brick room where the Queen breathed her last one dreary November morn some four hundred years ago. The tale kept repeating itself in my mind—it was tremendous. Here was a woman who rode through two campaigns (always mounted on the swiftest of Andalusian steeds); who generously and fearlessly enabled Columbus to discover a world for posterity; who was sovereign of a realm greater than imperial Rome had known; who was a devoted mother, and who died of a broken heart! Yes, it was tremendous. Brilliant gifts, courage that beggared description, an exalted imagination (for only such would have given ear to the mad adventurer from Genoa)—these qualities have too often been unsuitably lodged in some ill-living male sovereign. If, instead, a noble-minded woman had possessed them I must know of her.

Soon after in Madrid the chance came for reading what manner of woman this Isabella was. With each day's reading the wonder quickened; and even had I found in her less of those queenly qualities attributed to her that morning in her death-chamber by her humble countrywoman, I would still have found enough to marvel at merely in her extraordinary physique and the great hazard she subjected it to in enforcing and executing her plans. As a great general, Isabella is one of the most stirring figures in Spain's military annals. She was the first to organize the army, which before her day had never known what uniformity of preparation and action could accomplish in warfare. As an indefatigable horsewoman

she is nothing short of astounding. This is particularly the case if one has seen the forbidding, unsheltered country over which, from childhood to the grave, she was constantly dashing. Even to-day there is hardly a ten-mile stretch of good road in all Spain. Four centuries ago it was worse. In many parts, where Isabella's horse carried her is still the only path—some narrow mule-path skirting a deep gorge or some broad highway across the plains exposed to icy winter wind or burning summer sun and dust. Yet her resistless energy never halted before season, time, or route. As the custodian of the castle had said, the Queen literally lived in the saddle.

Isabella was born at Madrigal—Madrigal of the High Towers—near Avila, on the 22d of April, 1451. The word Madrigal means a blithe song. The name is irony, for, like most of Castile, the re-



MEDINA DEL CAMPO

A turret of the lonely fortress where Isabella died

gion is bleak, treeless, stony; but there is this much fitness, that Isabella came like a pure, blithesome song into a family and a court that for corruption and debauchery have had few equals even among royalty. On her father's death his young widow retired to Arévalo, where, aloof from self-seeking courtiers and crafty flatterers, little Isabella passed a sane and wholesome childhood, not reappearing at court till she was thirteen. That she was and ever remained brave, absolutely honest, and self-reliant is astonishing when we learn that her father was a dissolute, fickle, timid creature, the tool of rascally sycophants. It has been written of him: "John II. did but one thing for posterity—to leave behind him a daughter who in no way resembled her father." Nor can much be said of her mother's early qualities. Having become John's second wife through the machinations of the famous, or infamous, Alvaro de Luna, she immediately rewarded him by demanding his death. This is but one blot against her as Queen. But the young widow who retired to Arévalo and, shutting her door to lovers, devoted herself to her children had changed. Perhaps she early realized that she was guardian of a genius. At any rate, to the end of her long, sad life—she died mad—she retained that genius's deep devotion.

Court must ever be a disappointing atmosphere to pure young princesses who go there eager to exercise a salutary influence on its morals. When Isabella was called to join her imbecile half-brother Henry IV. and his licentious, self-willed young wife, her spirit must have groaned, but her tongue was discreet. She had some narrow escapes from mésalliances which, to suit his selfish ends, Henry tried to thrust upon her. Fleeing finally from Henry's court at Segovia, she rode desperately to reach Cardenosa, where her young brother lay dying. While in the convent of Sta. Aña mourning him, the King's powerful enemy, the Archbishop of Toledo, tried to place her prematurely on the throne. "While my brother King Henry lives I have no right to the crown of Castile and Leon," she firmly answered, and all his pictures of power and opportunity for cleansing the realm could not swerve her. She emerged

from the convent only to join the monarch at Ocaña on his promise to proclaim her his heir; then she rode back to share her mother's solitude at Madrigal and dream of being a truly great Queen, nothing more nor less. Henry soon repenting this just disposal of his kingdom, sent some ruffianly partisans of his to seize her, but the Toledan Archbishop hearing of it came and warned her. Vaulting in the saddle, she galloped with him to Valladolid.

Here soon after, and in defiance of her half-brother's commands, she married the man of her choice, her young cousin Ferdinand, heir to the next-door kingdom of Aragon. There was no gathering of gorgeously robed prelates and courtiers; no glory of silks and jewels for the bride herself. Strikingly handsome though Isabella was, she contentedly donned her dark woolen riding-habit, and in the little private house where she was lodging at the time the simple wedding took place. So desperately poor were the young folks that they had to borrow the money for the modest marriage fête they gave the town; after which they rode up to Dueñas (you never read of Isabella being carried in a litter) and set up their little court. "It is best for us to keep out of the way just now," said the prudent young bride, who knew that embarrassing princes were apt to die suddenly. So at unimportant Dueñas they remained and there their eldest child was born, the Infanta Isabella. It is characteristic of the mother that just before this event she had impetuously ridden down to Valladolid to pacify the populace who had risen against the Jews.

Ferdinand having gone to Aragon to help his warlike old father King John keep off the French, Isabella and her few adherents moved to Aranda. Hither her girlhood companion, Beatriz de Bovadilla, came to say that her husband would effect a reconciliation with the disgruntled king brother if his sister would be present in Segovia on an appointed day. So, leaving her child at Aranda, Isabella bravely rode back to the venerable rock-perched city of Segovia, passing, no doubt, under Augustus's marvelous Roman aqueduct which still stands above the town and whose broken arches she later repaired. The ride was

not in vain. So successful had the pacificator been that Henry came afoot to meet his sister, and himself led her white palfrey through the streets. Once more he said she was to be his successor; and when the young husband Ferdinand joined his wife the same consideration was extended to him.

Here in Segovia—there had been much riding back and forth meanwhile—Isabella heard of Henry's death. Immediately, in the old Alcázar of huge medieval towers, she had herself proclaimed Queen of Castile, and then as simply and unostentatiously as one could imagine she went round to the little plaza and had herself crowned. It is thrilling to remember this as you walk across the ancient cobblestoned square, with its bandstand in the very spot where the carpenters hastily put up her coronation platform, and proceed into the dim cathedral where she went to pray that she might be a good Queen.

Isabella ascended the long-abused throne of Castile and Leon in 1474. Ferdinand was in Aragon at the time; and, learning that she had dared step promptly into her legitimate place, he came back in a churlish huff. Women had never ruled in his kingdom, and he objected to it in Castile. However, this story was not started to show Ferdinand's pusillanimity, but his wife's greatness. She convinced him that it was not merely *her* right to rule that she was insisting upon, but their daughter's, should no son be born to them, so he gracelessly relinquished the quarrel. This

episode over, he fell in most energetically with her schemes for building up a great and glorious united Spain.

It is well for both that he did so. If ever there was need of unity in a royal household it was then. An opposing faction tried to put the dead King's al-



ISABELLA, QUEEN OF CASTILE
From the Painting by R. Laplaza

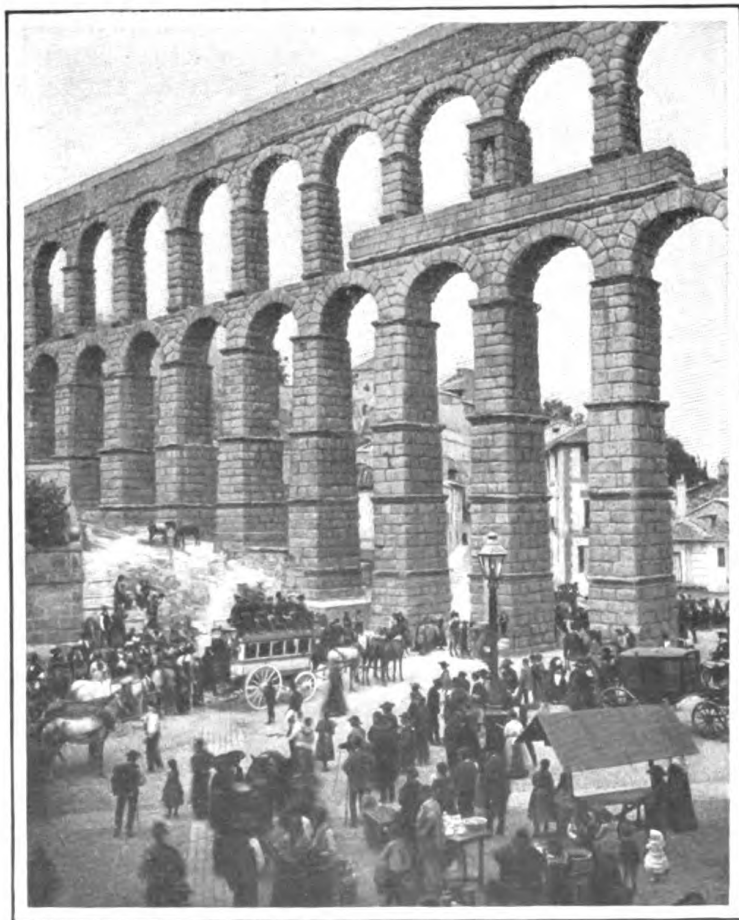
leged daughter "La Beltraneja," whose father was, in fact, Beltran de Cueva, on the throne. As part of the scheme the old King of Portugal asked the child in marriage and then headed her forces against Isabella. Now, in real truth, did Isabella ride for her life back and forth over Castile. Those earlier dashes with her brother's minions after her must have seemed tame by comparison. Not only did she go on special missions to the ends of the kingdom, but as Queen of a country without a capital she held

her migratory court in Dueñas, Valladolid, Tordesillas, Aranda, Avila, Toro, Segovia, Burgos. This is more than a mere list of names if it serves to suggest how, in consequence, all these bare, brown, decaying old towns hold to-day a rich enchantment of association. Americans (I was one) have been found prowling about Spain for some spot where the great Columbus is *supposed* to have lived, and passing by these places where his equally great patroness actually *did* live.

If through this War of the Succession I seem to follow the Queen's movements too closely, it is only to record the most unparalleled endurance heard of in a woman. First she summoned the few faithful adherents to meet her at Medina—in the same grim Fortress de la Mota—and asked what they could do toward raising an army. As the nobles for two

reigns past had become no better than heads of robber bands sallying out from their own castles, only those aided whose personal projects might be disturbed by the invasion of the Portuguese King. So meager indeed was their response that their Queen rode all day from one stronghold to another to win them over, for, after all, perhaps Isabella's greatest gift was a persuasive tongue which, as they all knew, was backed up by absolute integrity. All day she rode, and frequently all night she dictated despatches. It was then she proved that astounding ability that stood in such good stead later in the Moorish war, for in face of all obstacles she assembled soldiers and supplies with the skill of a tried commissary-general. On May 1, 1474, she had only five hundred followers. By August 15th she had gathered an army of over forty thousand!

One of her rides was all the way down to rocky Toledo to win back the once friendly Archbishop, who had now deserted her. He had gone off in a sulk when he found that she, not he, was to be ruler of Spain. As primate his vassals and his revenues were enormous; she was penniless, with nothing back of her but a just cause. He was boasting that he had "raised her from the distaff and would soon send her back to it"; and the poor harassed Queen must have swallowed, along with the fine yellow dust, a choking amount of pride on that long, bleak ride into Castilla Nueva. When she got to Toledo, he had left—gone up to Alcala de Henares, the other side of Madrid, and thither she fol-

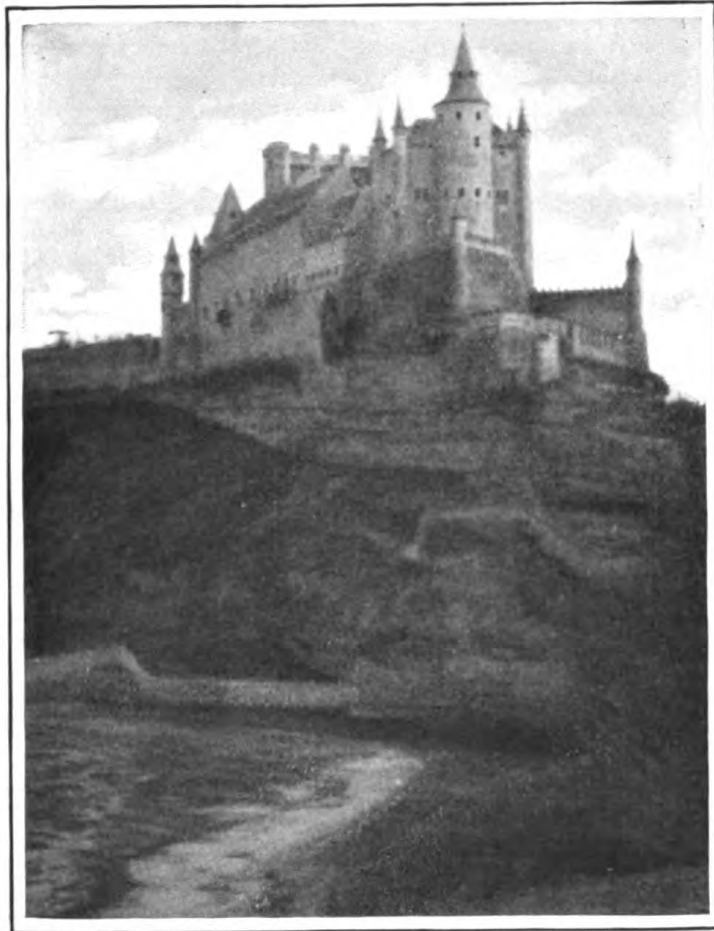


THE FAMOUS ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT SEGOVIA
Whose arches were repaired by Queen Isabella

lowed him, only to receive, after her arduous journey, his insulting refusal to see her. Nothing daunted, she redoubled her energies. She rode next to Segovia, then back to Medina, where her friends urged her to rest and await the second little one that was soon to arrive. But things were looking very black for Ferdinand up at Zamora, with old King Alfonso and his enormous Portuguese army close by at Toro, and the forty thousand Spanish dwindled to less than half. In fact, Ferdinand urged accepting Alfonso's offer to retire into Portugal on condition that the Castilian cities of Zamora and Toro were given him.

"Never!" cried the fearless Queen when she heard the message. "Not an inch of our territory! Not a stone of our fortresses!" And she hastened on to say it to Ferdinand in person, which indiscretion cost her *en route* the second child. But times were too strenuous for mourning or self-coddling, and we soon find this extraordinary woman at Zamora promising Ferdinand to continue up to Burgos, where she felt sure the revenues, supplies, and men they so desperately needed could be raised. If one knows Burgos—the coldest, most sunless city in Spain, set in an interminable expanse of barren mountains—one will see that it took a lion-hearted woman to penetrate the province in midwinter to persuade reluctant relays to come to her, and one is glad that her unparalleled fatigues were rewarded and that she led back several squadrons of light cavalry.

She was again in Tordesillas, where the little one had so recently been lost, when news came of Ferdinand's victory



ALCÁZAR OF SEGOVIA

Where Isabella had herself proclaimed Queen of Castile

and the utter rout of the enemy. This was no occasion for her swift Andalusian steed. Slowly, humbly, barefoot, she led the people to the little Church of St. Paul in the suburbs and thanked God that her beloved Castile was saved entire. She now left on urgent business for Segovia, which was no sooner reached than Ferdinand summoned her back to deal with the disaffected people of Toro. It was a long and wearisome road to retrace, but the Queen complied at once, covering the distance in amazingly short time; and as usual her silver tongue won over the malcontents.

Meanwhile the determined old Alfonso had gathered new forces and was raiding her borders toward the south. Immediately she led her best cavalry down into Estramadura—new territory to her eyes—and met the invader with his own methods. She drove him back,

but it was not the end of the succession dispute. When he died again years after, Isabella listened to her aunt, his sister-in-law, and agreed to meet this lady at Alcántara on the border to see if the matter could not be settled by treaty. Once more Isabella rode the long two hundred and fifty miles into Estramadura, and at Alcántara the two women arranged peaceably what the death of thousands of men had left unsettled.

In the interim, those stormiest first years having been vanquished, Isabella, always cherishing her ideal of the great Queen she had resolved to be, toiled unceasingly. She pushed her studies far beyond the rudiments with which her tutor at Arévalo had equipped her. She learned Latin; she summoned savants to expound the laws to her. In short, she dedicated herself to the kingly office with a solemnity and an unselfishness rarely matched by any ruler, man or woman. Everything about her existed, as it were, only for that purpose. Her soul assumed the high stature of all things good and wise and just. And one smiles to learn that through all these years of masculine occupations she "ever loved her needle." Along with her wise supervision of her children this is the touch of nature that makes her kin to all her sex. Proud are the churches to-day that can show an altar-cloth embroidered and presented by *Ysabel la Católica*.

In 1478 we find her publicly administering justice every Friday in the beautiful Moorish Alcázar of Seville. The tangle of tribunal corruption and unjust confiscation which she here straightened out would have terrified a less intrepid heart. In every direction the results of the two preceding vicious reigns were harrowing; but, blind to the self-established rights of the nobility to filch from their vassals, she never deviated from her sentence of restitution; none were too high to escape justice, none too lowly to come and personally demand it. At the same time she was working outside the court-room for peace, and succeeded in settling the century-old feud between the famous houses of Guzman and Ponce de Leon, that bitter feud that had spread more havoc in Andalusia than the war with Portugal had caused in the border provinces.

It was while here in Seville, with far rides desisted from for the winter, that the longed-for boy came to her—the first living child in eight years. And when she rode soon after to church for the christening, past orange gardens and jasmine bowers, the superb gilt housings of her steed and her own rich robe made a different-looking horsewoman from the one who, during nine preceding years, had so often galloped desperately, mud-splashed or dust-choked, and with her kingdom at stake over the wastes of Castile. Once, indeed, the ride had been for something more precious than her kingdom; for about a year before, just after she had reached northern Tordesillas from Estramadura, she learned that her little Isabella was in danger at Segovia—in the hands of threatening rebels. It was Beatriz de Bovadilla who brought her the news, that close friend she loved from the day they first saw each other as children to that last sad hour in the little turret chamber at Medina. How the mother rode night and day—past Olmedo and Villaguiño, never resting, till at Coca, twenty miles from her destination, sheer exhaustion forced her to pass a half-night in the castle there, now the most wonderful medieval fortress extant. But at the first flush of light in the east she was taking the remaining twenty miles that lay between her and her imperiled child, to force a denied entrance into her coronation city, and face alone the hostile mob in the courtyard of the old Alcázar. It was more than feminine charm and an eloquent tongue that did it—she made them a promise, and Isabella had never been known to break her word. The promise was in no sense a capitulation; it was nothing more than to thoroughly investigate their grievance and report to them next day. Her report was that they were entirely in the wrong; that the royal governor they complained of had simply carried out her orders; and these orders, having been formulated entirely for their good, must stand. At this firm statement the very mob that had so recently seized the governor and his royal ward cheered the intrepid Queen and dispersed peaceably.

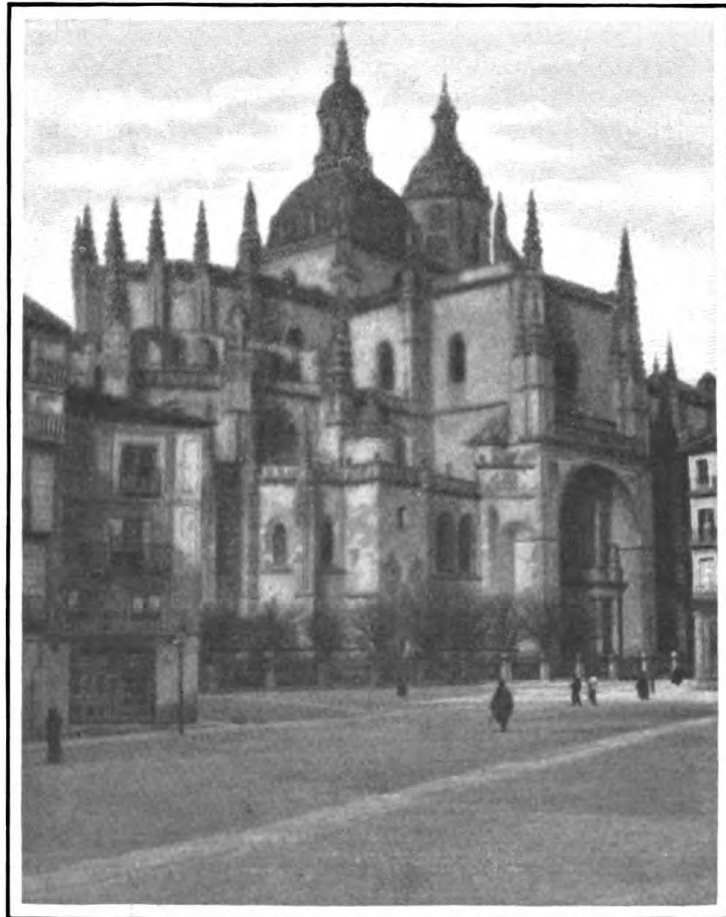
Another ride, a most impetuous one, was when Ferdinand's cousin Federigo,

in violation of the safe-conduct the Queen had given a young nobleman with whom he had quarreled in her anteroom at Valladolid, sent his servants to way-lay and beat his enemy in the streets. The minute she learned of it the indignant Queen was in the saddle, dashing through rain and sleet to his castle of Simancas to arraign the offender. It was seven leagues from Valladolid, but she had arrived and searched the castle through before her attendants could reach the scene. There was no unborn baby to pay the price of this rashness—she paid it alone; and as she lay suffering the next day she smiled whimsically to her women, "My poor body is lame from the blows Don Federigo gave to my safe-conduct."

Still another famous ride was when the Grand Master of the Order of Santiago died, and, hearing that the members were to meet next day at Uclés to elect his successor, Isabella, with the rapidity and decision that characterized her every movement, galloped off to prevent them. It was another one of those dreary Castilian stretches, past Madrid and far on toward Cuenca. But the journey had to be undertaken, for it was the chance she had long waited for in secret to commence curbing the power of the super-regal religious orders; she had the big plan of getting control for the kingdom of their enormous and misapplied revenues. Little did the old Archbishop of Toledo dream, when he sided with Portugal, that he was but revealing to Isabella her own superior genius, proving to her she could defy not only a primate, but even the most powerful Church organiza-

tion in Spain. She reached Uclés in time, and again her tremendous personality won the day. She wound around her finger this self-seeking, unscrupulous body of churchmen, than whom no Tsar was more jealously tenacious of his sacred privileges. They did exactly as she told them to do; they elected her own husband as their Grand Master. "*Jamais*," says De Maulde, "*un roi n'aurait exercé le même ascendant*." Certainly I can instance no such *ascendant* by a King. Her victory established a precedent. Ferdinand at every subsequent vacancy in the great orders became Grand Master of each till all were brought under the crown and finally dissolved. High time; they had become the "grim wolf" that "with privy paw daily devours apace." To thus quietly get control of them was one of Isabella's superb strokes of statesmanship.

There were many more such, for a



CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, SEGOVIA

woman so valiant in war could not remain inactive in peace. She soon put a tight curb on the haughty and grasping nobles as well. Spurious mints, for many grandees had taken to counterfeiting, were suppressed; the *Hermanidad*—a sort of honorary police who cleared the country of bandits—was established; commerce was encouraged; and so, some ten years after the war with Portugal, Isabella and Ferdinand (he had meanwhile inherited Aragon) found themselves masters of a busy, thriving country which they had brought up from the depths of ruin to be one of the foremost states of Europe.

Then it was that Isabella might have enjoyed a well-earned rest, or at least a respite, from that close personal supervision that she had so unremittingly given to Spain's affairs. She might, with a clearer conscience than any contemporary ruler, have settled down to nothing more serious in the way of monarchical duties than to hold court and receive the homage of her adoring subjects. But to be such a ruler was no part of her ambition; its appeal could not pale her splendid visions of a great Queen. Spain was at last prosperous, but its remoter interests, as well as those of all Europe, demanded that the Mohammedans should leave European soil. With the realization that here was a far stouter and skilfuler foe than had been encountered on the banks of the Duero, one that had baffled every Spanish king for seven centuries, Isabella staked her all—and it had been dearly won—on the enterprise.

In this war her activity was incessant. Surrounded now by a nobility of proven loyalty, she was not, as in her early reign, forced to ride from castle to castle and personally muster men, although all her statesmanship was needed to raise their number into the required thousands; but as she had become to her soldiers a mascot whose presence in camp was indispensable, she was constantly moving with them first from one frontier town to another of the Moorish kingdom; and later, when all was taken but that pearl of price, Granada, she sat down with them in the "tented field" under its walls.

She had not started out with the army from Cordova, however, for another little

one was soon to arrive, and Isabella had not forgotten the awful lesson learned years before at Tordesillas. But she nevertheless labored night and day to get food collected and transportation arranged. "I confide to you the honor of this flag!" rang out her words to the departing men, and the cheering was deafening and hope ran high. Alas! the day after the baby, the little Maria, was born, Ferdinand came all the way back to Cordova, crestfallen and discouraged, to tell her of his defeat and to urge the postponement of the war. But Isabella sick was even more exhilarating than in the flush of health. With extraordinary fortitude she re-inspired him with her own belief in a final victory and bade him go back to the frontier. "Glory is not to be won without danger," she told him. But she knew now in her own heart that Ferdinand, though a valorous soldier, was not a great general and that the conduct of the war must fall on her. So she soon left her bed and followed to the scene of the conflict. Mounted on her war-horse and clad in "knightly mail" she rode among her troops; and "with her coming," writes an old chronicler, "a grace seemed to be shed over the rugged features of war."

Finding the sick and wounded insufficiently cared for, she established the *Queen's Tent*, the first field hospital on record. She built roads and bridges. From Jaen, her base of operations, she sent fourteen thousand mules daily across the mountain-crest with grain to the army. She established a post that would bring her daily reports while her work as commissary-general separated her from Ferdinand, and sent back personal letters to her nobles complimenting them on their successes or on good intentions that had failed.

Next year government matters took her to Madrid, where in the forest of Manzanares she killed a fierce boar, and then to far-off Legroño in the Pyrenees, and to Vitoria a little south of it, thence back to Cordova, and on to Baena on the Moorish frontier. Two years later she is north again, awaiting in the old Moorish palace at Alcala de Henares the birth of the last child, Catalina. "I would have given half my kingdom," said Henry VIII. of England, "if Katherine had

been like her mother." We may justly doubt his sincerity. Had Catalina of Aragon resembled her brilliant mother, the egotistical, domineering King would not have waited eighteen years to find a pretext for divorcing her.

From this confinement to the successful close of the war in 1492 Isabella was seldom absent from Andalusia—once with Ferdinand to his bleak capital of Saragossa, and from there on to Vitoria. Valladolid and Medina, those two towns so familiar to her in early and more precarious days, again saw her, but only for a short time; for her whole heart was in pushing the Moorish war, and she was soon back in those kindlier and more fertile regions that she hoped to win for Spain. One by one the Moorish cities fell, and the Queen entered in triumph Malaga, Valencia, Murcia, Baza, Almeria. Before Granada there was a long wait. One night her tent caught fire and she narrowly escaped in her night-clothes. This conflagration was so extensive that she decided to build a real town of stone where the tent town had stood; hence Santa Fé—the holy faith for which she was fighting—and from Santa Fé she directed the rest of the war.

At last, the second day of 1492, that year so great in Spanish and American annals, she rode out from Santa Fé and into Granada to receive the keys of its citadel from the conquered Boabdil. Four days later she and Ferdinand, most gorgeously arrayed, made their triumphal entry into the city and took up their quarters in the fairy-like palace of the Alhambra. Spain at last belonged to the Spanish. One might think Isabella's work done and well done; for, whatever sympathy one may have for the expelled race, one must admit, all question of religion aside, that the time had come when Christian monogamy practised by white men and Mohammedan polygamy practised by blacks could not dwell amiably side by side. All Europe owed Isabella a debt of gratitude for deciding this question forever.

But a prouder day than that of her entry into Granada awaited her, and a territory far vaster than this fair Mediterranean province just won for her people, for that same year saw the

sailing of Columbus with the ships she had, against all opposition, furnished him.

"I will undertake this for my own crown of Castile," she had cried, when her ever-calculating and cautious consort would have nothing to do with the mad foreigner. But, of course, Ferdinand was with his wife to share the glory when the distrusted foreigner came back with the proofs of his sound theories and the gift of a world that Spain had ever dreamed of.

This meeting between Columbus and his patroness took place in Barcelona—the first we hear of Isabella's presence in that great Catalan seaport—described by Cervantes as "the shelter of strangers, the hospital of the poor, the native place of the brave." Columbus's discovery really meant decline to the Mediterranean side of Spain, but that was all in the future, and the inhabitants could still join whole-heartedly in Europe's colossal astonishment and Spain's unmatched triumph. Here surely was the great Queen's day of days. She could look back and smile at the time when her little court at Medina had scarce enough to eat and when her sovereignty hung by a thread. She who had held Castile, married Aragon, and conquered Granada, had now played her part in aiding Christopher Columbus to "achieve results more stupendous than those which Heaven has permitted any other mortal to achieve." Those who are capable of reconstructing the splendid scenes of that meeting in Barcelona will wonder, as I do, why we should not have in America monuments to both these great characters whose concerted efforts found our New World, instead of to one of them only.

Strangely sad were the closing years of this extraordinary woman. She who could secure prosperous days for her people was powerless against the pranks which fate chose to play against herself. Through all her amazingly active public career she had been a wise and devoted mother, and it was through these objects of her tenderest affections that she was to be stricken. There had always been, of course, her husband's infidelities; but since he had the decency not to intrude them at court, where she was determined that only the highest

moral tone should prevail, Isabella remained blind to them. In her children's conduct there was nothing shameful, however, and the trouble that came through them she could mourn openly.

Few women ever rendered such intelligent vigilance in the family circle. Now when she saw her children grown to irreproachable manhood and womanhood, and she thought to rest her tired mind and body, the first great blow came. These were days of much giving in marriage, and to hand over a delicately nurtured daughter into the keeping of a stranger hurts a mother. No wonder Isabella's heart was heavy when she rode with Juana, the third child, in 1496 up to Santander to see her depart across the stormy waters of Biscay toward Flanders to marry the faithless Philip. It was a great match, for he was heir to Austria and Burgundy; but it was Isabella the mother, not Isabella the statesman, who strained the girl to her heart and wished to put off the departure, at least till fairer weather came. Only the year before she had seen her first-born carried off into Portugal to return, a distracted young widow, ere six months had rolled away. Well for Juana had she been able to come back so soon to weep out a similar grief on her mother's breast. The fleet that carried away Juana brought back a fair young daughter-in-law, Philip's sister, who was to marry Don Juan, the heir of Spain. Isabella tried to be gay, took the newcomer to her heart, and conducted her down to Burgos. At the brilliant wedding-feast that followed Isabella must have contrasted again this scene with that when she rode almost friendless into Burgos to ask for men and money.

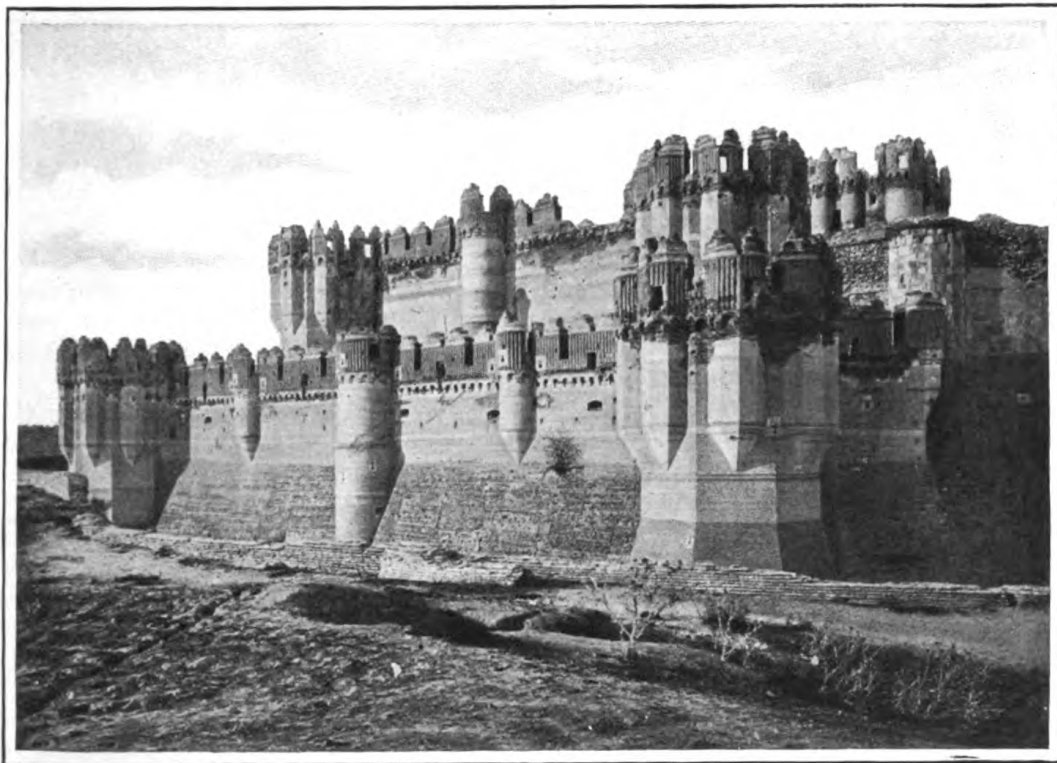
The wedding over, she rode with Isabella the young widow down to Alcántara (where she and her aunt had once made treaty together). This ride was to end in another parting, for Isabella junior met and married here her late husband's cousin, Prince Emmanuel of Portugal. Three days after the wedding news came that the recently married Juan, the apple of his mother's eye and a Prince of great promise, had been stricken mortally ill on his honeymoon; and, crueller still, Emmanuel of Portugal begged her to keep the news for at least a few days

from his bride. Ferdinand rushed off to his son's bedside just as Isabella years before had dashed to her brother's, but the heartbroken mother stayed on to smile and be gay with the wedding guests. But when all too soon the fatal news came, the young Juan's mother and sister mingled their tears together. Isabella had lost her only son. Spain had lost its male heir. Her own loyal Castile would accept her eldest daughter, but Ferdinand's kingdom of Aragon opposed a woman ruler. Thus not only was the mother love smitten, but thirty years' incessant labor for a united Spain seemed now crumbling to nothing. It was a black moment even for one so habitually courageous and hopeful as Isabella. But she conquered her grief as she had conquered everything else, and settled down to await serenely the little grandson that must come from at least one of the three marriages just consummated. John's came first; it was born dead.

There was nothing to do but invite the eldest daughter and her husband to come to Toledo and be proclaimed the future sovereigns. Aragon, as feared, objected. For once Isabella lost that forbearance that had always distinguished her; and, though she bravely mounted for the long ride to Saragossa to win over the Aragonese Cortes, she had first said, "I would rather tame these insolent subjects by arms." While she was there the question was settled for the moment by the birth of a son to the Portuguese couple. The young mother died. They brought her body to the stricken Queen up in grim old Saragossa, and there she laid her first-born away just as, only a year before, she had laid away her only son in dreary, rocky Avila.

But Spain had a male heir, and with pathetic devotion Isabella watched over this motherless baby on whose life so much depended, only to see him fail daily and die. Then her hopes turned to Juana, who also had a boy, and Juana and Philip and the child were invited down from Flanders to be proclaimed heirs. Isabella, who had been down in mild Andalusia, rode up to Toledo to meet them, but was too ill to go on to Saragossa for the Aragon function.

And now, worn and grief-stricken and with failing health, she was forced to



THE CASTLE OF COCA, SEAT OF THE GREAT FONSECA FAMILY
Where Isabella rested on her memorable ride to Segovia to gain possession of her child

witness her son-in-law's shameless neglect of his wife, and to contemplate the impending ruin of the great kingdom she had built up once it should come to his hands. He, in December, 1502, unable longer to remain away from the gaieties of Flanders, left Spain, and, against all her entreaties, left Juana, too. Then upon this Princess settled that gnawing melancholy under the influence of which, as we have seen at Medina, she tried to rejoin him. Under this last affliction Isabella sank; it "froze the current of her blood ere age had time to chill it."

Poor Isabella! Her ordeals had come thick and fast, yet they say she hid her breaking heart under "an admirable and touching composure." No child was in the little turret-room of the Castle de la Mota to comfort her dimming eyes. Her youngest was Princess of Wales in far-off England; Maria was Queen in Portugal; the eldest two were dead; and Juana, worse than dead, had gone back to Flanders. Only Ferdinand remained to murmur his false promise that never

by a second marriage would he deprive Juana's son of the crown.

With the dying year of 1504 she passed for the last time over the dreary plains of that Castile she so passionately loved. She had appointed Granada as the royal mausoleum; and on November 27th, the day after her death, the mournful cortège started from the little church in Medina del Campo southward. From the very day they set out a tremendous tempest arose which swept away bridges, rendered roads almost impassable, and never once abated night or day of the three weeks' melancholy march. At last the travel-worn cavalcade reached that same gate of Granada through which, twelve years before—and five children were with her then—she had so proudly ridden at the head of her victorious troops. This ride from Castile to Andalusia had been pitiless. This entry into the dearly won city was a lonely one; but as Columbus, deeply mourning, wrote to his son, the tired Queen lay "far from all concern of this rough and weary world."

They That Mourn

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

A WOMAN in black, seeing Eleanor's deep mourning, came and took the chair beside her, as though grief longed to be near grief. The business of the meeting had not yet begun, and after a moment she spoke, impetuously, yet with a tense composure, her eyes straining toward Eleanor's grave, pale face.

"I lost my little girl," she said. "It is just two months to-day. I had to do something, so I came here. I have two boys, but she was my only little girl."

Eleanor's instinct was to shrink from a grief so nakedly carried; but she made herself bend forward and murmur some word that meant comprehension.

The woman drew out a locket and showed a little face inside.

"She was ill only twelve hours," she went on, with the same strained composure. "Every one loved her, high and low, wherever she went. I don't believe—" The line of her lips broke, drawing down at one side on a sharp intake of breath, but her eyes remained brilliantly dry. The chairman of the meeting mounted the platform and rapped for order.

Eleanor paid little attention to the business that followed. The social demand for reticence seemed, all at once, too trivial to be remembered before this white-hot, world-filling sorrow. The woman had met something too big to be mastered: there was room for nothing else on her horizon. She had no curiosity as to the cause of Eleanor's black garments. After the meeting, Eleanor saw her tell some one else the same simple, breathless tale. A person on whom the actual sky had fallen must have so carried his astounding experience.

"That is pure grief—grief without remorse," she decided, as she left the meeting. "She gave everything, she loved wholly; she has no cause for shame." She shivered, and hurried out

to her waiting motor. After she had gone, some one told the woman in black that that was Eleanor Searles, whose mother had been lost in the wreck of the *Jessica* last June.

"Ah, I wish I had known," she said, but absently. "My little girl was nine on the 1st of June," she added.

Eleanor's house loomed big and empty that night. The door of the up-stairs sitting-room was open, and it seemed as if her approaching step must be met by her mother's welcoming, "Well, Nellie! Got home, dear? Kind o' tired? Want to set a minute?"

She paused in the doorway, looking about the room that was as startling in that harmonious house as her mother's presence had been between her father and herself. Then she went slowly in and threw herself down in the blue brocade arm-chair that had been her mother's first excited purchase when all the dreams of fairyland had come true and the prince had married her.

The beauty that had driven young Searles to madness and marriage had faded before Eleanor could remember. It had been the temporary bloom of color and curve and joyous country youth; and for any beauty that might have developed later the irritated man had no eyes. But Eleanor, in spite of her slim Searles physique, had not taken her heritage solely from her father. She had gone with him, imitated him in his patient, bored courtesy to the woman he had married, learned to scorn what he scorned as soon as the happy nursery warmth had begun to cool. Yet never in all those years had she been perfectly comfortable. And after her father's death, when the charm of his personality was removed and the importance of his approval less compelling, she had reluctantly grown more and more conscious of this cheerful, untutored, busy-handed woman, so appallingly alone in her luxurious house. But she had given no



THE BEAUTY HAD FADED BEFORE ELEANOR COULD REMEMBER

sign, still justified by her father's sanction, and youthfully afraid of committing herself to some bond that should hamper the perfect freedom of her own pursuits and pleasures. When her mother had suddenly decided to go to St. John's and look up a married sister, she had seen her off with a hard, hurried little kiss and a relief that could scarcely await the boat's sailing.

"You wouldn't care to come, too, Nellie, just for the trip?" Mrs. Searles had suggested, but without expressed wistfulness. Eleanor had wished, even before the news came, that she had put her refusal less abruptly. Afterward—

She started up, running from memories. Yet after dinner she came back to the room. She very often sat there now. That young mother whose grief was so pure that it could be spoken of haunted and oppressed her. The wise book she was reading on the economic status of women seemed dusty and re-

mote, and she finally turned to the little, warm-hearted books of her childhood, ranged in a dreadful veneered, glass-doored bookcase, which her mother had bought especially to hold them.

"I kind o' like to see *Dottie Dimple* and *Katy Did* around," she had explained, when she moved them to her sitting-room. Eleanor had missed the under-meaning of that longing. She did not care where the old volumes were kept.

She took down a handful of them, broken-backed and loose-leaved, all with "Nellie from Mamma" written in large, unfluent letters on the fly-leaf. Her mother's voice echoed through the pages that she had read aloud so lovingly and laboriously before her child had learned to wince at her country speech. Only once had this difference between them been put into words. The little Eleanor, studying her mother with puzzled eyes, had suddenly asked:

"Mother, why do you say 'doos,' when father says 'does'?" She had been frightened by the tragic change in her mother's face, the force of the hands that closed on her shoulders.

"Dearie, because I ain't had education. It's the only thing in life that matters, except bein' good—and folks 'll forgive you for bein' bad before they'll forgive you for not knowin' books. Don't you miss it—don't you let one chanst get by you! It's too late when you're grown up and kind o' brain-stupid and don't know how to learn. You got to get it little. Oh, my baby, don't you miss it! Don't you never shirk your lessons one day! There ain't no happiness on earth without you got education."

She had cried, and they had never spoken of it again; but Eleanor had not forgotten. Her father had been proud of her standing in school and college, of her intelligent reading, quite unaware that the real impetus had not come from his side of the family.

Behind *Dottie Dimple* lay an old copy-book. Supposing that it held her own childish work, Eleanor drew it out; then shrank away from its pages in pain and shame. For they were filled with her mother's slow, difficult writing. Spelling lessons, writing exercises, awkward little compositions; stern grammatical warnings, such as, "She and I done it, *not* Her and me done it," repeated twenty times; and across the end a despairing "It's no use. You can't teach an old dog."

Eleanor thrust back the book, locked the glass doors on it, and tried to get away from it by running to her own quarters. But she might as well have stayed. No chair could hold her still that evening. She longed to go to that woman who had lost her little girl and put fierce, rough questions to her:

"Suppose you had neglected your child, avoided her love, starved her with loneliness—how would you bear that?" But the woman would only have answered that that was an impossible supposition. Other people knew how to love before it was too late.

At last she went to bed; but the dawn found her still wide-eyed and tense. "If I could have her back for just one week!" she said to the creeping light. "I would

take anything on earth after that. One week, just to comfort her, to give her something real and warm and rightfully hers! One week—I could make it all up to her." She sat up in bed, stretching out her arms. "Are there no miracles any more? Do we never get a second chance? Just one week?"

The woman's name, Mrs. Gannon, was unfamiliar, but hearing that she was dressed in mourning, Eleanor went hurriedly to the drawing-room. Her thoughts had hovered persistently about the mother who had lost her little girl, and could see nothing else in the universe. But it was a person of another class who rose respectfully when Eleanor came in.

"I'm very bold in coming to you, miss," she began, and her pleasant English voice, crisp and honest, was reassuring. Her shabby black had roused fear of some whining tale. "But I'm a good seamstress, and I thought as 'ow, under the circumstances, you might be willing to 'elp me to some work."

"Under the circumstances?" Eleanor repeated. She saw that the woman was not going to cry, and so settled down willingly enough to hear her tale.

"I'm coming to that, miss." Mrs. Gannon returned to her chair and folded her hands self-respectingly at her belt. "You'll forgive me for touching on it, but my 'usband was a sailor, miss, and 'e was lost in the *Jessica* disaster. And so I thought you might be a little interested in 'elping me to get a start. There's three children, and I 'aven't lived 'ere long, so it's not so easy, is it, now?"

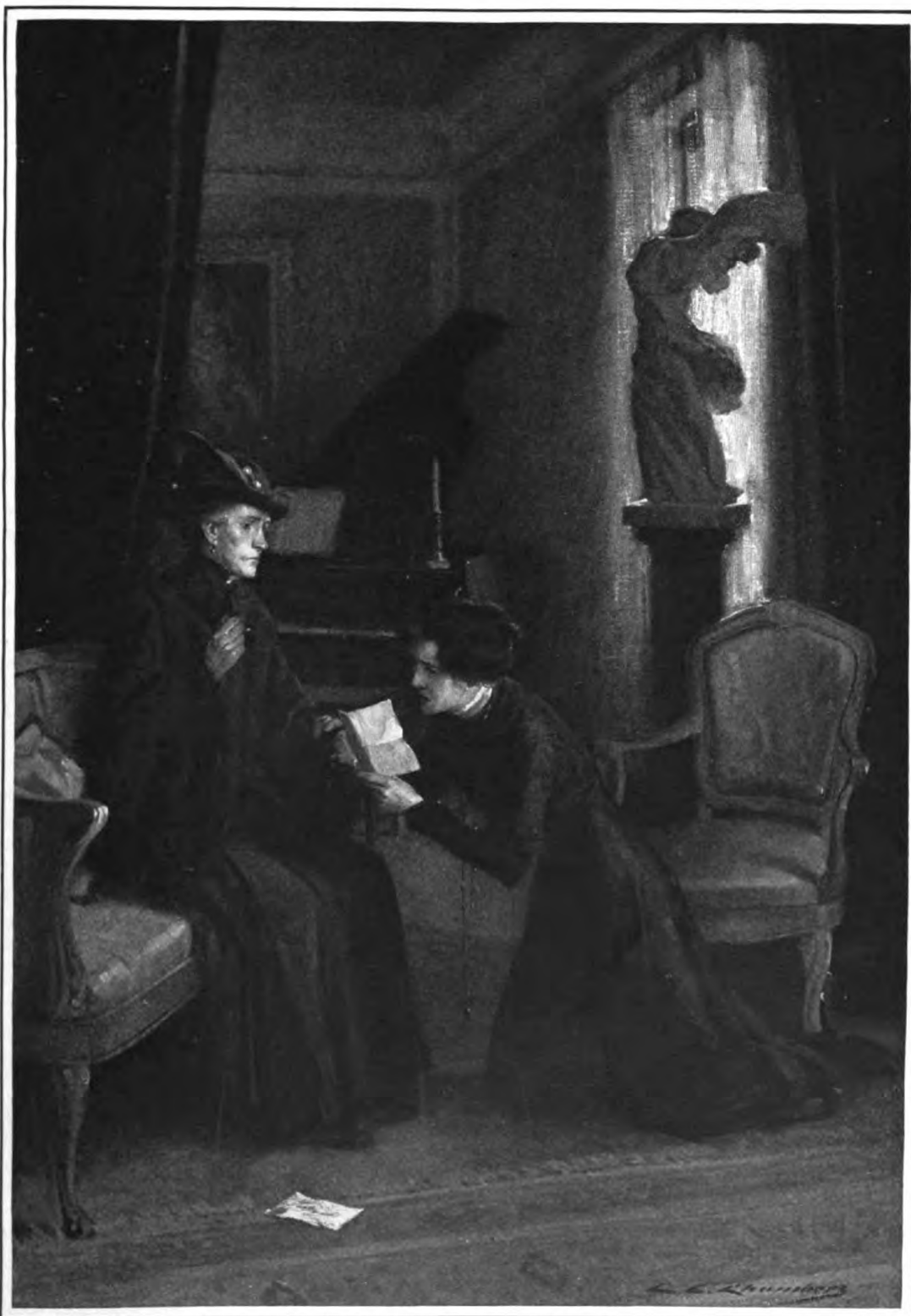
Eleanor had started and paled. "In the *Jessica* disaster?"

"Yes, miss." Mrs. Gannon maintained a cheerful, practical impersonality. "'E was a good 'usband, and I 'adn't 'ad to do nothing outside the 'ouse since we was merried—"

"Oh, but that is hard," Eleanor broke in.

"Well, yes, miss, it is. With three children. But I'm good with the needle—"

"Tell me, did they—was his body found?" The question forced itself past Eleanor's lips. In the first horror of the



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

SHE BENT NEARER, CLUTCHING THE WOMAN'S WRIST IN A GRIP THAT HURT

news she had been tortured by the thought of helpless voyagers going on and on with the restless tides.

"Oh no, miss. I mean to say, 'e was picked up by a fishing-boat and taken to a village, but 'e died of the hexposure three days later. I 'ave the letter 'ere that told me, so you can know it was all just like I say."

Mrs. Gannon was palpably honest. Eleanor had lifted her hand to motion away the letter, when her eyes fell on its handwriting. She bent nearer to it, clutching the woman's wrist in a grip that hurt. Then, with a cry, she crumpled down on the floor.

Her eyes opened before Mrs. Gannon could run for help. She motioned her back and sat up, dizzily, supported in the other's arm.

"Let me see it again," she whispered, and, with the letter in her hands, began to shake and sob. "It's my mother's writing! Oh, what does it mean? What does it mean?"

"Did she perish from the hexposure, too, miss?"

"But if she could write this letter, why didn't she write to me? Why did I not have one word or sign? Oh, am I mad?" She strained her hands against her throbbing head. "Wait till I get a piece of her writing," she commanded.

She came back with the old copy-book, careless now of everything but the truth that lay back of that letter; but she scarcely needed the literal confirmation. Though the page was unsigned, through every phrase she heard her mother's voice. Had a letter miscarried? Had she died up there later, in the little fishing-village? *Had she died at all?*

Faintness came over Eleanor again, but she fought it off. "I will start to-morrow--to-night," she said. "Stay and help me get ready. I must go and see for myself—my mother may be living."

Mrs. Gannon drew off her gloves and folded them with business-like alacrity. "Well, miss, I 'ope you'll find 'er well and 'earty," she said, cheerfully.

The journey was a nightmare of delays and difficulties. The little village on the southern coast of Newfoundland was so obscure that neither maps nor steamships knew of its existence; and

when at last, in a red, cold sunset, she stood among the fishing-boats that lined the beach, facing the straggling white hamlet, the hope that had brought her seemed clear madness.

A few battered old seamen, pottering about the boats, looked kindly questions at her, women came to their doors to stare, but she could not ask them anything. Even the hope that her mother might be buried there seemed too fantastic in this chill light of common day. She walked slowly along the beach toward the spire of a church, thinking that she might look among its gravestones and perhaps find shelter in its rectory. She was on British soil, so could count on one spot of order and establishment in the rude little place.

Darkness was closing down with Northern suddenness. Sand grated in her shoes, the bleak wind cut her cheeks, her bag dragged at her arm; but her bodily distress seemed remote and unimportant beside the torment of her exhausted spirit. The end of her endurance had come. She was lost in a bad dream, fumbling through a horror of darkness that had no end. Not till a bar of light struck on her eyes did she know that she had reached the church. The door was open, and she stumbled in.

A hanging lamp had been lit near the chancel, and in its circle of light stood a middle-aged woman busily fitting pew-cushions into new red covers. She moved vigorously, as one who has a great deal to do and is rejoiced to do it. Her worn face had been lined by sadness, but through it a cheerful spirit looked out. Eleanor, still in shadow, crept slowly nearer, pew by pew, till she touched the edge of the lamplight; and still the dream held. She saw her mother. She sank to her knees, hiding her face.

"Who's there?" She heard the old, warm, welcoming voice. "Land sakes, I didn't hear no one come in. You kind o'--" There was a pause, and the scissors fell with a clatter. "*Who is it?*"

Eleanor could not rise or speak; but she slowly lifted her face. In an instant she felt her mother kneeling beside her, gathering her up as she would have gathered up the little hurt Eleanor of twenty years before. Words came dimly through a thickening mist.

"Why, Nellie—why, my girl, did you come all this—I didn't mean to grieve you, Nellie. I thought you'd be kind o' glad and relieved, dear, truly. I wouldn't have hurt you for fifty million dollars! Why, Nellie, you did care about your old mother! She's worn out, my poor baby! Come and let mother take care of you."

Blinded, speechless, utterly spent, Eleanor let herself be drawn to her feet and half led, half carried to the house next door, where she was put to bed in a clean little whitewashed room, aglow with firelight from an open stove. Neither of them said much; but their hands clung together, and Eleanor's face was often pressed against the helping arms. When she had been made comfortable, she felt her mother standing over her, gently stroking her hair.

"Dearie, I didn't plan to do it," she was saying. "But there was just me and that pore fellow that pulled me up onto his raft—we was picked up together after I dunno how long, and brought here. The mail didn't go out for two weeks, so I had time to think; and, oh, dearie, there was such a lot to do here! They'd had an epidemic, and they was all so sick and weak and helpless. My, but it did seem good to get my hands on a job again! I hadn't had enough to do, dearie, and this was real work. And they was grateful, and loved me. So I kind o' stayed on and on. But I see it wasn't right. I didn't understand, and I ask you to forgive me." She was gone before Eleanor could shape the difficult words in her heart.

There was no need to shape them. Her mother understood. The miracle had happened, and just by being there, helpless and humbled and clinging, she was making up for all those cruel years. Her mind floated dazedly between the present and the past. Several times she started up in distress.

"I have dreamed so often that you came back," she exclaimed. "I wanted it so horribly. And the dreams were just as real as this. How can I know that this is true?" Her mother's hand on hers felt real, but the voice sounded remote and ineffably patient.

"Well, dearie, our hearts have found each other, anyhow. So it's all right."

"Yes, it's all right," Eleanor repeated, and fell asleep.

In the morning she was too ill to get up. Her mother stayed beside her, and would let no one else in, though she herself was called out twenty times. Evidently she was a power in the village, an undisputed authority on things pertaining to ailing babies and grandmothers, young lovers and parish problems. She answered every call with a jump of alacrity, and came back with the shining eyes of happy service. When Eleanor asked her what she had done for money, she laughed.

"My land, dearie, what I had sewed into my petticoat would last an old woman all her life, in this place," she explained. A fear brought Eleanor up on one elbow.

"But you will come back with me!" she exclaimed.

"I'll do whatever is right and best," was the grave answer.

Day and night merged into each other. Eleanor floated between fever and vagueness, and started up at intervals, calling desperately for her mother.

"Am I making it up to you?" she would plead. "Oh, mother, I have suffered so! Is it all right now?"

"It's all right, my baby," the answer would come, strongly, soothing her like a cool hand on her forehead.

One morning she woke up to a world suddenly stilled and exquisitely peaceful. The wind, which had howled for days, was quieted, and sunshine streamed across the bed. A sense of beauty and fulfilment had descended like a blessing. It might have been the earth's seventh day, after the first six days of labor. She and her mother smiled into each other's eyes.

"How long have I been here?" she asked.

"Just a week to-day, dearie."

"And I have made you happy?"

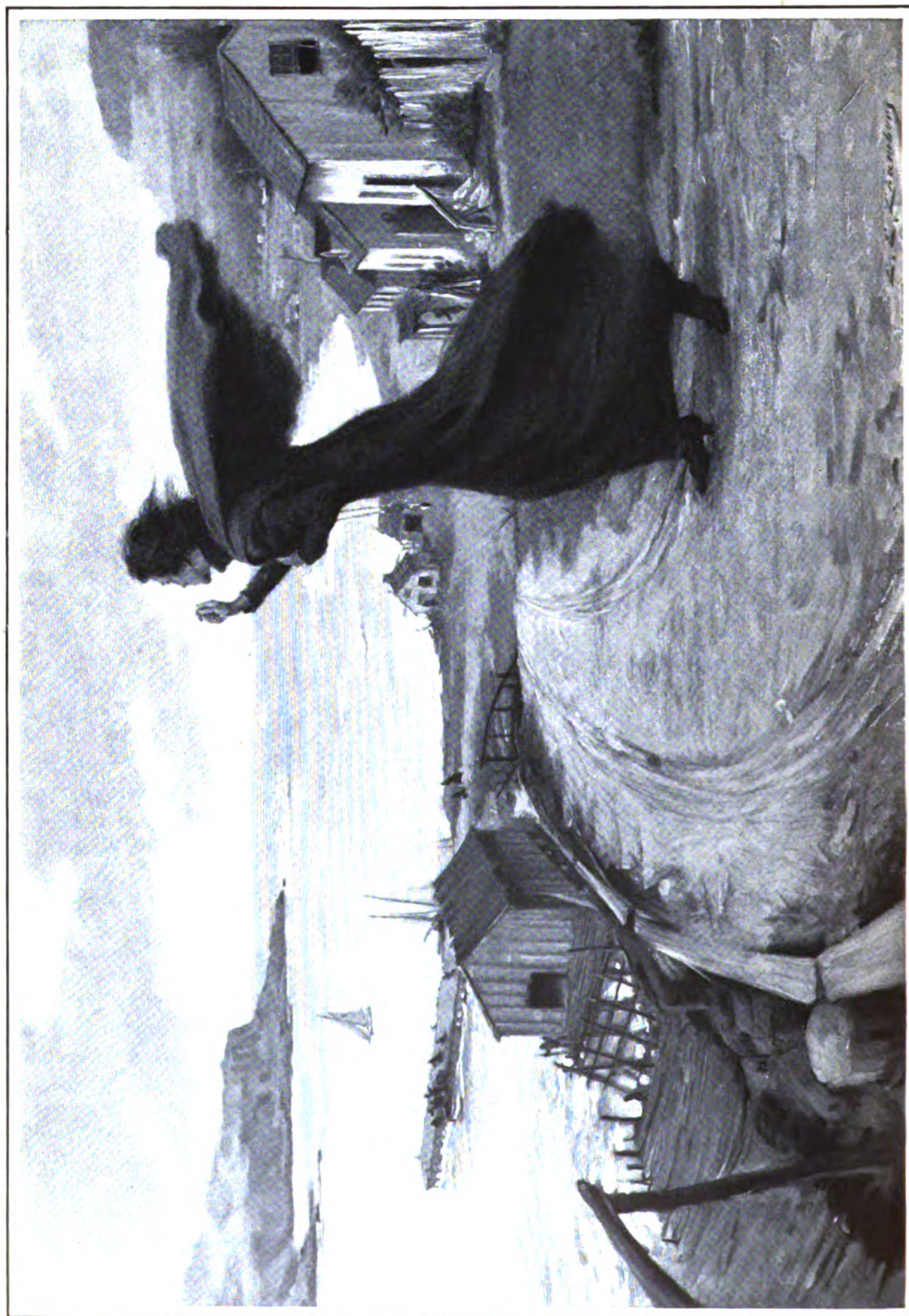
"So happy!"

"Am I ill?"

"I think you're better. I wish you could get out into this nice sunshine."

"Mother, when can we go back?"

A shadow fell on the other's face, but she answered cheerfully: "Why, there's a boat coming in this morning with a doctor, but you ain't strong enough to be



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

THERE WAS A CRY THAT SHATTERED THE SCENE INTO A CONFUSION OF MOVEMENT AND TERROR

taken, I'm afraid. We'll see what he says. Now, will you eat some breakfast, like a good girl?"

Eleanor submitted to the spoon at her lips. When her mother, ruddy and smiling in her fishwife's cloak, started for the beach to meet the doctor, she called her back. The fever brightness was coming up in her cheeks.

"I have learned how to love," she said. "All my books and all my teachers never taught me anything so big as what you taught me, mother—just by being you."

They clung to each other, smiling through tears. At the door her mother turned back.

"It's all right for ever and ever—remember that," she said, and her voice had a magic beauty.

The sunlight fell on the window like a summons. The churchyard was just beneath, and a confused memory of her need to hunt through its graves goaded Eleanor into dressing. She crept out by a side door, and presently stood in the fresh sunlight among the mounds. She found one with a wooden head-board showing the name "Peter Gannon" and a date. Beside it an oblong had been cut in the sod, and a few spadefuls of earth taken out. Her fevered brain began to conjure up terrors.

"Perhaps that is for me," she thought, and stood as lost and heart-sick as a child that has slipped from a guardian hand in the crowd. The need of her mother's sane, strong presence drove her down the beach road, struggling to run in the unwilling sand.

At last, rounding the corner of the school-house, she came in sight of the pier and its moving figures, cut with cameo delicacy on the still brightness of the morning. She saw the sail-boat coming in, and her mother's fluttering cloak, and the excited children scrambling underfoot, all as tiny and brilliant as though she looked through reversed glasses. Her feet had grown very heavy, and she paused, wavering. At that moment a child darted too near the edge, and she saw her mother spring forward.

There was a cry that shattered the scene into a confusion of movement and

terror. Eleanor stumbled on until women in the gathering crowd stopped her. By the fright in their eyes she knew.

"My mother is dead!" The words seemed to come from without and to strike her down like a bolt of lightning.

When she came out of the darkness and bewilderment, the same words were on her lips.

"My mother is dead," she told the figure beside her. A quieting murmur answered. Looking about, she saw hospital walls. Beyond the windows lay a gleam of roofs and spires, white with snow. She was too tired to wonder. Presently tears began to run down her cheeks. The nurse asked some question, but she could not explain that she was crying for her mother. It was pure grief, grief without shame; she cried longingly, yet with a great sense of peace. She had had no right to cry before. The nurse gave her something to drink, and she fell asleep.

When she woke again it was night, and a different nurse sat by her bed.

"How did I come here?" she asked, and at the quiet, lucid question the nurse started, looking keenly into her face.

"Oh, a doctor brought you, a long way," she said, soothingly. "Don't bother about that now."

"They told you I had lost my mother?" Eleanor went on; and remembered the woman who had lost her child and could speak of nothing else.

The nurse was bent over a chart. "You must try not to think of dreadful things," she said.

"Ah, but this was so wonderful!" Eleanor spoke with sudden strength. "It was like a perfect dream, and yet it was real. Real as my hand here—feel. Sad—oh yes, terribly sad; but she wouldn't call it dreadful. And it makes all the rest of my life possible. But no one will ever understand."

"You are not to talk," the nurse said, gently. "I want you to go to sleep."

Eleanor wound her arms about the pillow and hid her face. "Oh, it is so good to cry for my mother!" she murmured.

Editor's Easy Chair

WHEN the Reviewer came in, with a formless bulk of books, large and small, under his arm, something besides weariness in his glazing eye challenged the ever-sympathetic interest of the Easy Chair.

"You have got a queer assortment of shapes there," we said; and we added, "Well?"

"Yes," the Reviewer answered, weighed down into the window-seat by his load, "but no queerer than the assortment of kinds. I was just wondering why there could not be some law of the trade which should govern publishers in their output so as to make them give us histories at one season, essays at another, travels at another, poems at another, and so on, instead of heaping us indiscriminately with them all at once, regardless of the solstice."

"If you really want to know why," we responded, "we will tell you. It is because no sort of business is governed by any sort of law, not even the law of supply and demand. Business is always a bet, a gamble. Publishers, who are probably the best men and the wisest in the world, next to authors, are peculiarly the prey of anarchical impulse. They never know what the public wants; the public itself doesn't know; and they chance it. That is the reason why now and then they publish a good book. But tell us, O Reviewer, do *you* observe any law in *reading* books? Do you read histories exclusively at one season, essays at another, poems at another? We observe that you left out fiction altogether."

"I never read fiction now if I can help it. I cannot possibly rejoice in the happiness of young persons whose passions are rewarded as if they were the only virtues; and I no longer find a pleasure in having my heart wrung by their disappointments; though mostly they are such fools that I ought to be glad of it."

"Then what are you doing with Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Hilda Lessways* in your

heterogeneous burden there?" we demanded.

"Ah, *that* isn't fiction. That's truth, truth about a girl who is as great a fool as any that romance ever imagined, and yet as real as any that walks the world of living men and women. I don't care what becomes of her; there are too many of her, for one thing; there are so many millions of her going on all the time that when I satisfy myself as to what wrong thing she will do next I can pass to the next thing after it with a light heart. I'll own she keeps me interested. Her author has made a great find in her. He has divined the girl, new to his dreadful trade of novelist, who is generously and ambitiously wishful to be to the world of men what a younger sister tries to be to her elder brother; she is all will to know, to serve, to devote herself. Of course she is a fool, but she is a sublime fool. If I were not so superannuated, I think I should be in love with her; but even at my age I shouldn't want to marry her. Besides, she is not the only thing in the book. She belongs to a whole order of things which I don't find falsely noted in a single feature. She is so essentially of her belongings and surroundings and so texturally of the make of her associates that the author is not tempted to *work* her, to show her off as a phenomenon. As I read the book I was inclined to put it below *Clayhanger*; but now I don't know that I should."

"Ah! And that reminds us of that question of the times and terms of your reading? You must read a lot. Though, of course, there is such a thing as skipping."

"I don't skip much; I never could. I always wanted the agility for it. I don't say the dishonesty; I've been dishonest enough in other ways. But if you want the where and when of my reading, well, I mostly read in bed: to put myself asleep or to keep myself

awake; to fight away from the awful thinking that living comes to when it lasts long, or too long." At this point we reached for a block of the paper which we keep for lightning-notes, and were about to flash one down, when the Reviewer arrested the bolt. "No, no! Don't make that the text of an Easy Chair paper this time. My books happen this time to be more important than my habits of reading."

"Why, what else have you?" we asked, suspending our pencil in mid-air.

"Rather an old book, for me. It's been out more than six months. *The Mediæval Mind*, by Henry Osborn Taylor. Do you know it?"

"We must have known it six months ago; but now we have enough to do in knowing the books of six days ago. We have forgotten it, of course."

"You have forgotten few books as good, then. With your crass patriotism, I wonder you haven't remembered it as a monument of American scholarship, if nothing else. We don't excel much in studies that penetrate the past to its furthest recesses on given lines of inquiry, direct and divergent, and restore it to us in a synthesis animated by intelligent tolerance and humorous patience."

"Does any other scholarship excel in all those ways?"

"Well, no. One thinks of a German possibly diving deeper but coming up drier. A Frenchman would see things as keenly, but not the fun of them. An Englishman could have as much thoroughness, but he would not have the constant gaiety—I don't find another word for it—the joyous detachment, the delicate *bonhomie*, the charm—"

"Oh, come!" we said. "*Charm*—in two octavo volumes of more than five hundred pages each, and treating of topics like *Greek Philosophy as the Antecedent of the Patristic Apprehension of Fact; First Stage in the Appropriation of the Patristic and Antique; Reforms of Monasticism; The Hermit Temper; Symbolism; Latinity and Law; Ultimate Intellectual Interests of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries!*" We had possessed ourselves of the books, and were reading at unhandsome haphazard from their tables of contents.

The Reviewer waited in smiling security. "Yes, *charm*," he insisted. "For those subjects, and others that you have maliciously omitted, embrace the whole of European life for nearly a thousand years, when human knowledge reverently traced itself to the classic world, and devoted itself to an ideal of the spiritual world which this world unworthily adumbrated. Yes, there is fascination in this vision of a time when men lived for a future life in their desire for knowledge, but disavowed all earthly desire for it. You choose to ignore the beautiful and august figures which illumine it, and the amusing personalities which render it tolerable and even lovable in the retrospect, but these incomparable volumes abound in the study of such martyrs and mystics, and poets and zealots, and heroes and visionaries, seen mercifully in relation to their time, and justly in relation to our time and to all time. You may be so spoiled by modern fiction that you do not care for the appealing realities of the past—"

"Not so bad as that!" we protested.

"You mayn't feel the killing pathos of the chapters on Abélard and Héloïse, or the synthetic importance of the chapter on Dante—"

"Yes, yes; we do," we put in.

"But even *you* can't refuse to enjoy that delicious chapter on *The World of Salimbene*, or the sub-satirical study of the sentimentalism of St. Francis. I don't suppose any other time and place than ours would have given the author such a point of view as his, or any other civilization or environment would have produced him, with his peculiar smiling earnestness which is not bound to be always serious, far less solemn. What I feel to be the inalienably American (I begin to hate that word) quality of him and his work seems to be not of his intention, but of our national nature: he cannot help enjoying the absurdity of the inevitable contrasts in his most modern mind, his most occidental mind; but he does not seek it; rather it seeks him, and not only obliges him to a smile, but his reader to a burst of laughter. There are places enough betweenwhiles for pity and wonder. The chapter on the *Mystic Visions of Ascetic Women*, with their realization of Christ as their bridegroom,

so exalted, and yet so reduced to the terms of rapturous earthly love; and that ensuing fine chapter on *The Spotted Actuality*, mirroring the black and white mundane conditions in which the ultra-mundane aspirations result through our poor fallible nature, are passages which testify to the author's inclusive reach, and his subtle ability to express the finest meaning of his facts. Then in that final chapter on *The Mediæval Synthesis*, which is the most masterly analysis of Dante, the graphic humor of the author culminates in the saying that in the poet's dedication to Can Grande, 'his thoughts may be heard creaking scholastically.'

"That is charming. But, in two words, what is scholasticism?"

"In two words! What a monstrously impossible demand! Read Mr. Taylor, and in five or ten thousand words, but not a word too many, you will know it for a philosophy which abjured reasoning in the very region where believing could not avail."

"It seems to us," we pondered, "that 'that way madness lies.'"

"Exactly!" the Reviewer exulted. "Somewhere in one of his travel-studies, being 'wrought upon in the extreme' by the insistence of a certain aspect of the Middle Ages, Mr. Henry James confesses that the men of the medieval world seem, to him, simply mad; and scholasticism seems to have been excogitated by brains that were turned. Men groped so long in the blackness of the Dark Ages that when the kindly light of philosophy from the antique world began to diffuse itself in the *aer cieco* of their dismal state, they thought it wisest and best to put out their eyes. It *was* a mad world, my masters!"

"And it's the study of such a world in Mr. Taylor's thousand pages that you hold out as a supreme pleasure? What would a tired business man—"

At this the Reviewer exploded in violences unfit for print, but the sum of his explosion seemed to be that if the tired business man had any mind at all he would find more rest to it in that study than in even a musical comedy or some latest phase of symbolic dancing that included bare feet.

We laughed tolerantly, but said we did

not suppose that, after all, a business man was the dullest or densest of our kind, or of much worse taste than, say, a skilled laborer. Then we took up a favorite thesis of ours, to the effect that the commercial life was more abounding in sweetness and light than it generally had the credit for; and as we proceeded, an assenting smile broke over the clouded brow of the Reviewer. "All you have to do," we said, "is to find out the truth about it, and perhaps business would appear as attractive and important as scholasticism. Of course we know that just now business men are not the favorite exemplars they were at the time, thirty or forty years ago, when each of us was beginning millionaire. Now, if the story of every great business could be told with the gentleness, the fullness, the fairness of the story of *The House of Harper*, for instance—"

"For instance!" the Reviewer exclaimed. "Was there ever another business story like it?"

He took the volume from the bulk of books in his lap and shook it illustratively at us. "It's almost the history of our national literature, of our literary epoch. We began to read and write, to think and feel for ourselves almost at the very time when Harper & Brothers began to print for us. If they had printed for or from us alone they could not have marketed books enough to live by, and they drew freely upon the whole English-writing world. But before they became Harper & Cousins and Harper & Second Cousins, they made a law to themselves, in the absence of statute, by which they began to pay back to alien authors the forced loans of earlier days; and nothing is sweeter to read of in this pleasant book than the growth of the kindly relations of these great American publishers with those great English authors. There is hardly one of them but in some friendly form testifies to the kindness which the Harpers were able to establish between commerce and literature by the exercise of the good-will which seemed born in them. They were no Cheeryble Brothers; they did not squander their substance or affection without reasonable hopes of return; their benevolence was not sentimentalized; their motives were practical,

but they were the motives of honest men, fitter to be merchant princes than born princes would have been if they had taken to trade; and though they aimed to prosper through their abilities, they also prospered by their virtues. Their aims were never reckless of the common good. I found myself liking them more and more as I advanced with them from the sort of strict religiosity which governed them at the start through the liberalizing opinions of later times to the tolerance of almost any thinking that was sincere and considerate of others' convictions. It came to their letting a man utter his serious doubts in a book under their imprint as freely as he would, while they still carefully guarded in their periodicals the avenues to family life, and to the immature intelligences which it embraces. Certain things must not be said in the hearing of the children; that was their sane and wholesome notion, and it still governs at Franklin Square. I believe most of the good things come from the mean of life which is rightly praised as the golden mean, and not from the tops or the depths. The Harpers began as printers, and to the end each Harper who was taken into the business began as a printer, and learned the trade which was the base of their business. I think that was poetry as well as sense, and it was the sort of poetry which people may live without expense to their self-respect or detriment to the ideal. Yes, in this way the story of these most exemplary citizens is the history of our civilization. It is the idealization of the American real."

"You don't want to go too far, you know. Remember, going too far is your vice, if you have one."

"Well, we'll leave that view of the book, if you like, and come to something more appreciable, to the make of it. I don't know a book of its kind better made. The same ground had to be gone over several times in tracing the relations of the house to the multitude of authors and artists who had dealings with it; but I have not had the feeling of repetition at any time. It's as if the fine spirit of the writer had translated itself into esthetic terms and enabled him to do skilfully what he had meant so kindly."

"We don't know but we could go with you as far as that—or farther. But what else have you there in your formless fardel?"

The Reviewer hesitated in answering with what we should like to call a noble shame, though we are not sure but it might also be called ignoble. "Well," he said, finally, "here are two books as unlike these others as it is well possible for books to be. They are books of verse which the author's outright contempt for convention has caused him to have printed as prose. I wonder if you have seen them," and the Reviewer handed us two smallish volumes, one called *Prose Poems*, and the other *Business Prose Poems*, by Walt Mason. They had that air of provincial typography which is as unmistakable as the country cut of clothes, and we fastidiously noted that this prose-poet, who seemed to belong in Emporia, Kansas, was backed by the names of fellow-Westerners, good names enough, but lacking what we may call the authenticity of metropolitan tailoring as much as the typography. A glance showed that what was printed as prose was rhyme, and mighty good rhyme, which instantly seized our sense with a sort of brave, strong *go*, varying with the varying theme. We began to read, skeptically at first, but more and more persuaded, and at last so nearly convinced that we could not break away from those fascinating rhymes masking as prose, in a carnival concourse of pathos, and fun, and satire, and aspiration, but, above all, sense, sense, sense. Here with the baseball parlance, with the street corner and corner store of a small town, with that absolute village freedom of tongue which is dearer to you the farther you get from the small town in time and space, was the fearless recognition of life's actualities and eventualities. Here was the American nervousness wreaking itself in violent expression, and achieving intimate effects in the characterization of types and conditions. We wished to speak of all these things and more that came and went as we read these strenuous rhymes, but we could not rend ourselves from the books, and when at last we looked up the afternoon was going and the Reviewer was gone.

Editor's Study

IT does not lie within the province of the Study to discuss political issues.

Even when these issues no longer divide parties on old lines, there is still division on other lines, and a new partisanship is developed. Much as the people may agree as to certain things as desirable and as to certain other things as undesirable, even detestable, they differ as to the best methods of securing the right things, and, however disinterested they may be—that is, those of them who represent the practical intelligence and conscience of the community, and therefore really desire the right things—it seems as yet the hardest thing in the world for them to pull together in harmonious team-work.

The worst of it is that so much in politics is not disinterested, but is determined by separate and conflicting interests, and that so many politicians are actuated by ambitious motives. All thoughtful people agree as to the difficulty of the problems involved, and those who most deeply consider the matter do not hope for the cure of political evils through purely political remedies, but only through a change in the purpose and disposition of mankind.

We must enter upon an unpolitical prospect for the exercise of this hope. For, while the State is the largest form of our life, in the sense that it provincially incloses all others, yet its excellence is determined by that of the life it incloses—a life so bound up with that of the whole human world that it escapes political confinement, and patriotism itself becomes, without dissipation of its forces, a world-light and a world-hope. This expansion should be especially characteristic of our great American Republic. It is only the fit response to the expectation it has created in all the peoples of the world.

An ideal democracy is not ideal in a utopian sense any more than Christianity is; it is, indeed, an implication

of real Christianity. The first word of the gospel is that we must be born again, must have a new nature. An ideal democracy is the renaissance of the natural aristocracy which was primarily the basis of government, when aristocracy was understood to be the rule of the best; but it is a renaissance on a higher plane—that of a real culture of mind and heart. The absolute and unchecked direct control of public affairs by a numerical majority would not seem desirable, were it possible, even in an ideal democracy. Representative government would still be deemed the wisest as well as the only practicable form of public functioning. In such a democracy the urgency of life would be expressed in ardent desire of the best for all; organization to that end would be thoroughly vitalized, and more rather than less stress would be laid upon the principle of selection so as to secure the wisest delegation of authority. Government would then exist not merely for the maintenance of order, but as an organ of creative social activity through which the real culture of the community—the culture of mind and heart—would find its expression in positive terms, with marvelous results for humanity. A community thus inspired would imperatively demand the best leadership, and it is certain that this imagined community can never be realized save through the principle of selection and determination which secures ascent.

Man is social before he is political, and his politics are merely incidental in the evolution of social dynamics. Government is first a social necessity, and finally, in an ideal democracy, an immense social opportunity, when it becomes also an important factor in social dynamics; but, in the intermediate stages, political processes are for the most part mechanical, means for ends—for the protection of life, property, and individual rights, and for the adjustment of conflicting in-

terests—rather than for ends in themselves, such as express disinterested social aspirations, and therefore strongly and directly appeal to humane sensibility.

Suffrage is numerically divisible. Creative activity is indivisible—continuous; purposive, because it is of will (interpenetrated by intelligence), but following no precalculable plan—such as must be followed in definite constitutional provisions and legislative enactments. Suffrage is mechanical, and perhaps that is why it has not seemed naturally to belong to women and minors. It presupposes a mass made up of units that may be counted. It is a convenient mechanical device through which the people have a definite initiative, share, and ultimate control in such affairs as equally concern every one of the electorate. The ballot is the symbol and instrument of political equality, implying the homogeneity of the electorate mass. The electorate itself, even in our republic, has always been limited, a representative minority, the non-voters being a large majority of the whole population; but within these limits each unit is the political equal of every other. Evidently, then, the ballot cannot be a positive factor in social evolution, not even in the evolution of an ideal democracy.

In social dynamics the procedure is through creative activity, implying heterogeneity and the distinction of natural selection. Political functioning cannot produce new variations of humanity. The ballot may be perverted, and, under the influence of ambitious or interested leadership, may promote inequality, and may inaugurate revolution, but it cannot be evolutionary. Its accomplishment, for good or evil, establishes nothing in a natural procedure.

When the passions and interests of men enter into their politics, we are reckoning with human nature, and a kind of superficial dynamism is at work, but, politically, the alterations which may be effected are only mechanical. A tariff may be raised or lowered or removed, and so, in general, measures are taken, ratios fixed, penalties meted out. Quantities are dealt with, not qualities. Persons and things are put in places; everything seems visualized in space. But in social evolution changes of quality are

effected. Lovers of war become lovers of peace. Something of the soul enters into every activity, new graces are born, new sympathies emerge, banishing hate. Thus real culture is created; and we can see that out of this may come the ideal democracy, which is something very unpolitical. We are speaking of this evolution as manifested in the variations now presenting themselves to our view. Hitherto, when men were peacemakers and professed brotherly love and the charity which thinketh no evil, they seemed to have the peculiarity of a sect, to be called out from among men (an *ecclesia*, or church), to be unworldly. Now we see that, in the course of a continuous creation, these qualities are necessary to the realization of humanity, and genetically belong to man grown really human. What seemed unworldly has become a world-sense, the spiritual cult has become a generic culture.

This real culture, the fruition of creative activity, and quite distinct from technical education or any other product of institutional process and discipline, is the main concern of the life we are living to-day; it is the leaven of our social dynamics. It cannot be voted for or effected by legislation; its edicts and interpretations are spontaneous and imperative. But, while independent of formal institutions, it inspires and transforms them, constituting a creative and controlling individualism and a constructive statesmanship which can be expressed in no political formulation. Thus the State itself becomes human, responsive to the dominant social note, which is an overtone unheeded and even unheard by the ranting politician and the shouting crowd of his adherents. The true leader hears and waits, knowing that the real issue is beyond his articulation or his definite expectation. As a statesman he considers administrative methods or legislative measures not as directly factors in social evolution, but as permissive conditions, giving it free course; that is, he clearly sees at once the opportunities and the limitations of statesmanship. He cannot, for example, define, even to himself, the incalculable social prospect that would be opened up by the permanent establishment of peace between all nations; but

he can see in this peace the highway to that prospect, and work for its attainment. To that extent he represents and promotes the social movement which has its source in a real culture; and in so far as the electorate is imbued with that culture it will sustain such leadership.

The utmost that may be expected of government at its best in its actual operation is that it shall secure permissive conditions of social evolution. One of the most important of these, after the protection of the community against the oppression of an individual or of a class, is the protection of individual rights against collective aggression, and of the rights of a minority against the tyranny of a numerical majority. The provision against this possible tyranny through checks upon majority rule imposed by our Federal Constitution has permitted a natural and spontaneous social development, free from interruption or repression. To serve the same purpose, the deliberate transformation of our organic law, involving the removal of these checks, may come to seem not only safe but necessary, when justified by full-grown confidence in the power of vital, alert, and intelligent organization to lead and control the comparatively inert and apathetic portion of the electorate and to suppress demagoguery. But, even supposing so grave a problem to have the happiest solution, the ideal issues of creative social dynamics will forever lie beyond political definition or determination.

It is not directly within the power of any institution, political, educational, or religious, to create an ideal democracy. Religion is the most potent factor in such an evolution; but, as we have said, it is religion not as a sacred and inclosed cult, but as an open and expansive culture, in which it blends with all the currents of creative life in the world, that can regenerate humanity. It is the will to love as well as the will to believe, and begets reasonableness, the antidote to sophistry. Thus Christianity becomes identified with social evolution, keeping to the implications of eternity in the explicit disclosures of a realized humanity. From dwelling in the seats of the mighty it has not lost its first habit of dwelling

in the hearts of the lowly, where also it is might and light, giving articulation to the voiceless mass, finding thus the expression of its own spirit in the simplest terms. This is the undertone of the social harmony. Christianity is thus the ground of social solidarity, the main impulse of which is the desire of the people. Though not the directing brain, the people are the pulsing heart of social movement, the cherished source of power to which all high intelligence is tributary, the interpretation of its will.

In social dynamics there is an ever-changing prospect of humanity—of humanity seen as an indivisible harmony, not as made up of classes or even of individual units. The feeling of this organic integrity grows more intensive at every new stage of the evolution, with every new variation of the rhythmic harmony. Individualism itself transcends individuality and is interpenetrated by the collective sense. In this creative dynamics, the whole organism is seen not as homogeneous but as heterogeneous, disclosing diversities and distinctions as the result of natural specialization and selection. These distinctions cannot be awarded or determined by arbitrary choice or indicated by any classification; but they belong to the whole organism, as in a physiological synthesis the brain is the flowering of the whole body and owes its sustenance to the circulation of blood from the heart, so that the heart says, "It is my brain," and the brain, "It is my heart."

Politics and political economics will continue to be reactionary to this realization of the social ideal until the conflicts between classes and between special interests are reconciled, until class-consciousness, the sense of separate interests, and the motives of individual ambition are no longer dominant. These petty forms of reaction will as surely recede as have already vanished the larger forms—the so-called aristocracies, the despotisms, the Napoleons of an older era. This does not mean that reactionary tendencies can be, or indeed that it is wisely desirable that they should be, eliminated from our human nature, but only that they must inevitably yield to the leaven of a really Christian culture.

Editor's Drawer

Philip the Fly

BY GEORGE WESTON

WHEN I turned the corner of our avenue that Saturday afternoon, I saw Fido sitting on the lawn in front of the house (instead of galloping forward in his customary way) and looking sorrowfully toward me from behind our hydrangea bush. With a vague feeling of alarm I called and whistled him and (standing still and bending over) I slapped my evening paper against my knee and uttered inspiring cries. Thus encouraged, Fido came bounding forward according to his usual custom, and when he leaped up in his strenuous effort to welcome me home I was pleased to discover that his nose was very cold, this being (as Alicia always says) the surest of symptoms that all is well with Fido.

Nevertheless, it seemed to me (when Fido was leading the homeward procession with the paper in his mouth) that his features denoted worryment and that his fat old back had a troubled appearance which was quite unusual to him.

"Dear old Fido!" I cried (to encourage him).

But Fido (still trotting forward with the paper in his mouth) only looked as though his heart would break, and mournfully trotted on.

"Cats, Fido! Cats!" I cried (as a last desperate remedy).

But Fido (still trotting forward with the paper in his mouth) only gave such a sigh that he nearly dropped the paper, and trotted on more mournfully than before.

Whereupon I ran up our piazza steps in growing alarm (not knowing what to expect, but fearing the worst), and I have seldom felt more relieved than when Alicia

promptly opened the door to let us in. Fido, however, instead of running in ahead, dropped the paper on the door-mat and stiffly walked back to the top step of the piazza. And there he turned his back upon us and sat down and looked at the scenery with the air of a dog who can suffer in silence and whose feelings have been hurt more than he could ever attempt to express.

"Why, what's the matter with him?" I asked Alicia in utter bewilderment.

"Sh!" said Alicia, with her finger on her lip. "Don't pay any attention to him!"



HIS FAT OLD BACK HAD A TROUBLED APPEARANCE

"But what has happened?" I cried, looking again at the outcast on the top step.

"Sh!" said Alicia. "Come in and get your lunch. He's only listening."

Looking once more at Fido, I saw indeed that he had one of his ears turned back toward us, and from his attitude of strained attention it was evident that he was closely following our conversation. Feeling that I was looking at him, he turned his head for a moment to verify his suspicions, and then gazing out at the scenery again he gave his fat old back such a frightfully dejected appearance that I could hardly have been more surprised if Fido had burst into tears.

"Don't mind him, Edward!" repeated Alicia in a whisper, "but come on in and get your lunch. It's ready and waiting."

And she made such a bright and pleading little figure in her blue dress and her embroidered apron (the one with the three pockets and the thimble-holder) that for the moment I forgot the incomprehensible conduct of Fido, and went into the house.

"Now, that's funny!" I suddenly exclaimed, putting down my bouillon cup the better to express my growing amazement.

"What's funny, Edward?" asked Alicia,

and she peeped brightly around the center vase to see. "What's funny?"

"Why," I cried (with the air of a man who can feel the foundations of his home being swept from under him), "Peter isn't here, either!"

Peter is our glossy black cat (Alicia has raised him from a kitten), and never before (except on two unavoidable occasions when he had been nursing the honorable wounds of battle) had I known Peter to absent himself from the dining-room when there was the least indication or promise of food upon the table.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about Peter, Edward," said Alicia, retreating behind the center-piece, her little face as pink as the roses in the vase. And (peeping around again) she completely changed the subject by adding, "Do have another cup of bouillon, Edward! Do!"

"But, Alicia," I cried, looking at the vacant places where our two pets were in the habit of taking their hungry stations, "where is Peter?"

"He is out on the back piazza," said Alicia, a little coldly (I thought), and she went into a total eclipse behind the vase.

"Out on the back piazza?" I repeated.

"Sulking," said Alicia.

"Sulking?" I repeated, scarcely believing my ears.

"Oh, I suppose he would come in if I were to coax him," said Alicia. She fetched the steel from the sideboard and sharpened the carving-knife as though she were about to cut a bit of meat. Almost immediately Fido and Peter stalked in, but when they saw that Alicia was (in fact) not cutting any meat, Fido and Peter turned around and stalked out again "like a team" (as Alicia always says) and with so much dignity in the way they held their tails that I felt abashed and ashamed of myself in my own house.

"Edward," said Alicia, looking thoughtfully around the center-piece (after Fido and Peter had left the premises), "flies are terrible things; aren't they?"

"Flies?" I repeated, having now reached the stage where astonishment could no further go—"flies, Alicia?"

"Yes. The doctor said this morning that they were the bane of



"TO WARN THE LADIES OF AMERICA ABOUT THE HORRORS OF FLIES"

equalization. An after all, poor Edward, they can't help it, can they, Edward?

"Was Doctor Wilkinson here this morning?" I asked.

"No; not Doctor Wilkinson. This was another doctor, and he was selling fly-traps."

Whereupon, feeling that reason was tottering on its throne, I moved the center-piece to the side of the table so that I could see her with an unobstructed view. "Alicia," I pleaded, "tell me *all*!"

"About ten o'clock this morning, then," began Alicia, secretly pleased (I felt) because she held the key to so much mystery—"about ten o'clock this morning, Edward," she began, her dear little face all rosy with the news she had to tell, "I heard somebody tapping on the back door." Alicia tapped three times on the table and made quite a little drama out of it. "So I opened the door and there stood a man who introduced himself as Doctor Davis, and said that he was touring the country to warn the ladies of America about the horrors of flies."

"About the horrors of flies," I nodded, comfortably feeling that I was now about to follow one of the clues.

"Yes, and—oh, Edward!—I wish you could have heard him. He hadn't been talking a minute before he almost had me frightened. Did you know, Edward, that flies are responsible for ever so many things?"

"I have heard something about it," I admitted.

"Yes, and I nearly thought I had the neuralgia last week, and I mentioned it to him, and the way Fido wheezes sometimes when he runs too fast, and the doctor traced it all back to flies. I forget now," mused Alicia, "just what he said, but it sounded very reasonable at the time. It was either because we had to keep the doors shut on account of the flies, or something else. Anyhow, I bought a fly-trap from him and hung it up in the kitchen. The cutest thing, Edward! And what do you think? It hadn't been hanging there five minutes before it had caught a fly!"

"Never!" I cried.

"Yes, sir!" cried Alicia, her eyes as bright as diamonds.



I OPENED ONE OF THE WINDOWS AND SHOOK PHILIP OUT OF THE TRAP

And, "Never!" I cried again.

And, "Yes, sir!" repeated Alicia. "The biggest, hummingest blue-bottle fly you ever saw!"

"Did you kill it?"

"N-no," said Alicia.

"You didn't kill it?"

"N-n-no," said Alicia, more slowly than before. "After all, a fly can't help it, you know. I hate flies, of course, but when it comes right down to one little fly, sitting there all by himself, somehow I don't seem to hate him so much. And he is such a nice one."

"Who is?" I asked, beginning to wonder again.

"Our fly," said Alicia, thoughtfully playing with her fork.

"Our fly?" I asked, all at sea for the second time. "Our *fly*?"

"Yes," said Alicia, "the one in the trap. Come and look at him, Edward."

She cut up a plate of meat for Fido and Peter and put it in the corner of the pantry in its usual place. Then, leading the way into the kitchen (and if my arm was around her it makes no difference), she took me to a strange-looking object of wire-netting and

glass which hung from the shell in the corner. A humming arose when we drew near, and when I was inside the trap, I saw there a fly.

"There," said Alicia, proudly, "that's Philip."

"Philip!" I muttered.

"Philip the fly!" exclaimed Alicia, briskly nodding her pretty little head—"that's the name I gave him. And—oh, Edward!—I believe he knows me already!"

Philip (I noticed then) was regarding me through the meshing of the trap in a benign and approving manner and (stepping nearer) I saw that the bottom of his cage was graced with several varieties of refreshment, such as morsels of cake, sugar, and a bit of bread and butter and jam.

"Is that the bait?" I asked, pointing to Philip's provisions.

"No," said Alicia, uncertainly. And in a still more uncertain voice she added, "I was giving him something to eat."

In the pantry behind us I heard Fido and Peter hurriedly having their lunch.

"Ah-ha!" I cried, as a ray of light suddenly broke upon me, "so *that* is why Fido sits out on the front piazza!"

"Yes," nodded Alicia, "he's jealous because I have been talking to Philip."

"And *that* is why Peter sulks on the back porch!"

"Peter's jealous, too," sighed Alicia, "but they'll get over it quickly enough when—Philip—is gone. It seems a shame to kill him," she sighed again, "but I suppose it has to be done."

Inexorably then I lifted the trap from its hook and started for the cellar.

"Don't hurt him too much, Edward," pleaded Alicia.

And more inexorably than before I opened the cellar door and stepped down on the landing.

"Philip!" I called, and Alicia.

I looked back to find that she had turned away and was looking perfectly out of the window. In the parterre behind her, Fido was watching me and wagging his tail, and Peter (who had also had his eye on me) was sportively playing with Fido's wagging tail. I shut the door and descended to the cellar. There, with Alicia's woebegone little face still in my memory, I opened one of the windows and shook Philip out of the trap. He flew away and I returned upstairs.

"Did you?" whispered Alicia, when I hung the empty cage back on the hook.

"No," I answered, avoiding her eye, "I opened the window and let him fly away."

And then, as though by common consent, we carefully avoided the subject. I was reading the paper in the sitting-room when (from the kitchen) I heard Alicia's excited voice.

"Oh, Edward! Quick!"

I ran to the kitchen and found her standing in front of the fly-trap. And in the trap was a benign and peaceful blue-bottle fly who looked up from his bit of cake and regarded me with a look of tolerant familiarity.

"It's Philip!" laughed Alicia, almost trembling with her delight. "He flew in the door, buzzed right past me, and crawled into the trap!"

And there we were! And the more I looked, the louder I laughed. And the louder I laughed, the more Alicia talked to Philip. And the more Alicia talked to Philip, the more irrevocably did Fido and Peter seat themselves on the front and the back piazzas respectively, while Philip continued to gaze at me from his bit of cake with that benign and approving expression and as though he wished me to know that he was a wise old blue-bottle fly who had found a good home—and knew it.

When Phyllis Drives

BY E. MARRINER

WHEN Phyllis drives her motor-car,
And down the street we set the pace,
There's not a monarch, earl, or king
With whom I would exchange my place.
I long to take her hand in mine,
And tell her of the love I feel;
But, no, her thoughts are far from me,
And both her hands are on the wheel.

Her talk is all of chains and gears,
Of sprockets, rims, and springs,
Of non-skid tires, and inner-tubes,
Of carbureters, and such things
And when I'd take her hand in mine,
And tell her of the love I feel,
She says, "You really must look out,
And keep your hands, please, off the wheel."

It surely is a cruel fate
To love a girl who knows so much,
Who holds the wheel, likewise your heart,
Beneath her lightest finger-touch;
For when you'd take her hand in yours,
And tell her of the love you feel,
She says, "You really must take care,
And keep your hands, please, off the wheel."

Some day I hope a tire will burst,
Blow out, or come right off the car,
And that beside the road we'll stop,
Out in the country—very far.
And then I'll take her hand in mine,
And tell her of the love I feel,
When we are sitting there quite still,
And both her hands are off the wheel.



Uncle Jonathan Decides not to Leave his Money to Charity

Dangers of the Profession

THERE is a little boy in Columbus, Ohio, whose ideas about actors center about the performers that do lofty acts in the circus. That he has a proper appreciation of the danger of their calling and the means adopted for their safety is evidenced by his query on the occasion when he heard his father mention the name of Sir Henry Irving.

"Who is Sir Henry Irving, father?" he asked.

"He was a great actor, son."

"What show is he with?"

"He isn't with any show, now, son. He's dead."

"What happened? Did he miss the net?"

Couldn't Go

AT a fashionable party held the other evening, one of the male guests stood near the door yawning.

Another man, standing near, asked:

"Are you very much bored, sir?"

"Yes, dreadfully," came the answer, "And you?"

"Me? Oh, I am bored half to death."

The first man yawned again.

"Suppose we clear out together?" he suggested.

"I'm sorry I can't. I'm the host."

Still Profitable

THE new drug clerk had just filled a prescription for a woman customer for which he charged her one dollar and ten cents. After her departure the clerk discovered that the dollar was a counterfeit.

He went hurriedly to the proprietor and informed him of the fact.

"How about the ten cents," asked the proprietor—"is that good?"

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk, "that seems to be all right."

"Well," said the proprietor, "don't worry about it—we still make a nickel."

What Every Woman Knows

ALITTLE powder on a nose,
A little wave upon the hair,
A little violet on the clothes,
Might take a woman anywhere.

A little dimple in a cheek,
A little twinkle in an eye,
A little smile without a care,
Might take a woman anywhere.

A little word in shyness spoken,
A little squeeze, a little token,
A little car, a little air,
Might take a woman anywhere.

BELLA DONNA.

She Remembered

IN a New York minister's home there is a five-year-old lassie with a memory for faces. On the Christmas-tree of 1910 there were seven dolls for her, presented by various friends. There they remained for inspection during the holiday week. Then the mother, having the look-ahead temperament, concluded that seven dolls, in addition to other toys, were too much of a good thing, and resolved to kidnap three of the family to put by for the next year.

As no inquiries were made, she believed the scheme had been carried through successfully; so last Christmas she carefully hung the year-old dolls on the new tree. Next morning, accompanied by a member of the family, the little girl was taken to view the tree. Fixing her eyes on the dolls and holding her dimpled chin with a chubby hand, after a period of deep thought she remarked in a puzzled tone:

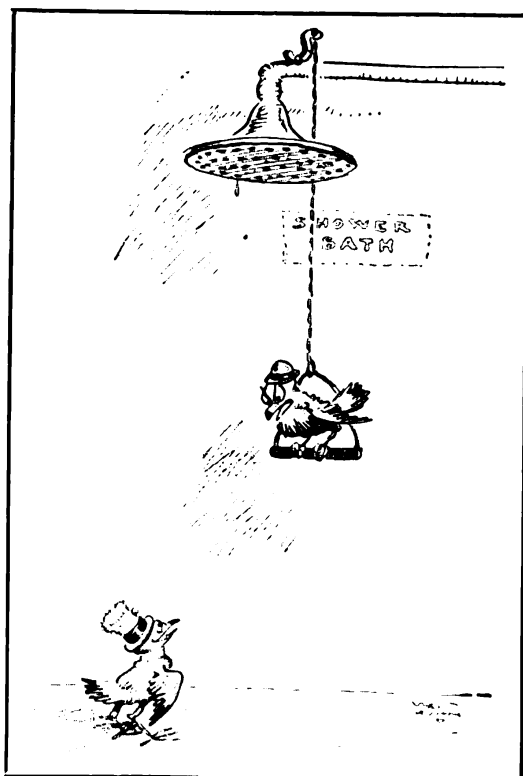
"Now, where in the dickens have I seen those faces before?"

Unworthy

A WOMAN lately wrote in editor of the personal columns, and said:

"I have lost three husbands and now have an offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?"

The reply came: "If you have lost three husbands I should say you are too careless to be trusted with a fourth."



"Don't you dare to come up here, Bill! Every time you do, it starts to rain."

Examples of Ambidexterity

A PHILADELPHIA school-teacher was endeavoring to make clear to her class the derivation and significance of the word "ambidextrous." "It comes from two Latin words," she said, "*ambo*, meaning both, and *dexter*, meaning right, or right-handed. In the strict, or literal sense, an ambidextrous person has two right hands, and he can use his left hand just as well as he can use his right. Do any of you know of an ambidextrous person?"

Whereupon two little boys raised their hands.

"My sister is," said one. "She plays the piano with both hands."

"My mother is," said the other lad. "She spansks just as hard with the left as she does with the right."

He Knew

A PROMINENT judge, who is an enthusiastic golfer, was examining a boy witness in a criminal suit.

"Are you sure you fully understand the nature and significance of an oath, my boy?" the judge inquired.

The boy looked at him in surprise as he answered:

"Sure, Judge, I understand. Don't I caddie for you at the Golf Club?"

The Pooh-Pooh Bird

YOU'VE often heard
The Pooh-Pooh Bird—
Don't hesitate to take my word!
Yet like myself you've never seen it,
For human gaze would but demean it.

To hide from sight
Is its delight,
And so it mostly flies by night,
And all its life its chief of joys is
To frighten folks with spooky noises.

When lamps are lit,
And lone you sit,
A-watching firelight shadows flit,
Some creaky sound will set you squirming,
Whose whereabouts you can't determine.

'Tis thieves perhaps—those furtive taps!
Hark—there again! Your courage saps;
'Tis now up-stairs, and now the basement,
And now outside, against the casement.

But take my word,
Those sounds you heard
Are nothing but the Pooh-Pooh Bird,
Who flits for fun 'round silent houses,
And some lone watcher's fear arouses.

If you would fright
This bird to flight,
Just cry "Pooh Pooh!" with all your might.
You'll find your courage quite recovered,
And he will flee when thus discovered.

BURGES JOHNSON.

Original from

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MISS ELEPHANT (*insinuatingly*). "Oh, Mr. Monk, how will I ever get across?"

An Official Epitaph

IN England they tell of an official in the Foreign Office who, not so long ago, retired from the service to the great regret of his friends and colleagues. It would appear that both he and they had a sense of humor, however, as witness the card in the shape of a funeral tablet which was placed upon the mantelpiece of his old room, bearing these observations:

"In memory of —, who departed this life on the — day of —. Scrupulous in the avoidance of every duty, he gracefully escaped the obligations of this transitory life. Regarding virtue as a thing beyond price, he was careful not to degrade it by practice. His mind was a storehouse of knowledge of which he had lost the key; and in finally paying the debt of nature he left to his sorrowing friends the consolation of meeting his other liabilities.

"PAX NOBIS!"

The man that formed the subject of this eulogy not only smiled thereat, but had it copied and placed over a mantel in his own house.

Little Dick's Tragedy

LITTLE DICK, at an old-fashioned Sunday-school picnic, with pies, cakes, and other delicacies galore, had enjoyed gastronomic pleasures to the fullest capacity of an accommodating stomach when a kind-hearted old lady offered him a luscious slice of a "four decker" maple-sugar walnut cake. To her surprise, the child refused it, and then, with a cry of distress, sobbed, in answer to her question as to whether he couldn't eat it:

"I can chew it, but I can't swallow it."

Why He Came

HARRY was out fishing one day and accidentally lost his foothold and fell into the river.

An old man went to his rescue, and as he was helping him out he asked:

"Well, my little man, how did you come to fall in the water?"

Harry sniffled for a moment and then answered:

"I didn't come to fall in the water, sir. I come to fish."



Sewing her Wild Oats—on her Hat

Her Family

AN artist who occupied a studio on the top floor of a large building was always friendly with the woman who cleaned his rooms.

"How many children have you, Molly?" he asked one morning as she was polishing the floor.

"It's siven I have, sir, thank ye for askin'. It's lucky I am, sir, bless 'em. I have four be the third wife of me second husband, and three be the second wife of me first."

Wanted the Cork Back

A WASHINGTON hotel man tells of a summer resort on the Atlantic coast which, curiously enough, has near it a glue factory which, when the wind happens to blow from that direction, is a source of much annoyance to the sojourners.

One evening a Philadelphia woman had armed herself with a supply of lavender salts and took a seat on the veranda near an elderly countryman who was evidently

unaware of the proximity of the aforesaid glue factory.

Whenever the breeze veered, the Philadelphia woman would open her smelling-bottle. The elderly person moved to the far end of the veranda, but was no better off. Finally he returned to the neighborhood of the Philadelphia woman and deferentially addressed her thus:

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but if you ain't takin' that for your health, would you mind puttin' the cork back until after supper? I'm going home then."

A Duty

"REMEMBER, boys, that in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," said the teacher, emphatically.

The boys seemed duly impressed. Shortly a youth raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, Leopold?"

"I was merely going to suggest," replied the lad, "that if such is the case it would be advisable to write to the publishers of that lexicon and call their attention to the omission."



Painting by Sydney Adamson

Illustration for "Within the Walls of Fez"

Digitized by Google THE BAZAARS ARE SCENES OF BEWILDERMENT AND JOY Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Variety of Valladolid

BY W. D. HOWELLS

WHEN you leave Burgos at 3.29 of a passably sunny afternoon you are not at once aware of the moral difference between the terms of your approach and those of your departure. You are not changing your earth or your sky very much, but it is not long before you are sensible of a change of mind which insists more and more. There is the same long groundswell of wheat-fields, but yesterday you were followed in vision by the loveliness of the frugal and fertile Biscayan farms, and to-day this vision has left you, and you are running farther and farther into the economic and topographic waste of Castile. Yesterday there were more or less agreeable shepherdesses in vivid plaids scattered over the landscape; to-day there are only unshorn shepherds; the plaids are ragged, and there is not sufficient compensation in the cavalcades of both men and women riding donkeys in and out of the horizons on the long roads that lose and find themselves there. Flocks of brown and black goats, looking large as cows among the sparse stubble, do little to relieve the scene from desolation; I am not sure but goats, when brown and black, add to the horror of a desolate scene. There are no longer any white farmsteads, or friendly villages gathering about high-shouldered churches, but very far away to the eastward or westward the dun expanse of the wheat-lands is roughed with something that seems a cluster of muddy protuberances, so like the soil at

first that they are not distinguishable from it, but, as your train passes nearer, prove to be a town at the base of table-lands, without a tree or leaf or any spear of green to endear it to the eye as the abode of living men. You pull yourself together in the effort to visualize the immeasurable fields washing those dreary towns with golden tides of harvest; but it is difficult. What you cannot help seeing is the actual nakedness of the land, which with its spindling stubble makes you think of that awful moment of the human head when utter baldness will be a relief to the spectator.

At times and in places, peasants were scratching the dismal surfaces with the sort of plows which Abel must have used, when subsoiling was not yet even a dream; and between the plowmen and their ox-teams it seemed a question as to which should loiter longest in the unfinished furrow. Now and then the rush of the train gave a motionless goatherd with his gaunt flock an effect of comparative celerity to the rearward. The women riding their donkeys over

"The level waste, the rounding gray."

in the distance were the only women we saw except those who seemed to be keeping the stations, and one very fat one who came to the train at a small town and gabbled volubly to some passenger who made no audible response. She excited herself, but failed to rouse the interest of the other party to the interview,

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who remained unseen as well as unheard. I could the more have wished to know what it was all about because nothing happened on board the train to distract the mind from the joyless landscape, until we drew near Valladolid. It is true that for a while we shared our compartment with a father and his two sons who lunched on slices of the sausage which seems the favorite refectio of the Latin as well as the Germanic races in their travels. But this drama was not of intense interest, and we grappled in vain with the question of our companions' social standard. The father, while he munched his bread and sausage, read a newspaper which did not rank him or even define his politics; there was a want of fashion in the cut of the young men's clothes and of freshness in the polish of their tan shoes which defied conjecture. When they left the train without the formalities of leave-taking which had hitherto distinguished our Spanish fellow-travelers, we willingly abandoned them to a sort of middling obscurity; but this may not really have been their origin or their destiny.

That spindling sparseness, worse than utter baldness, of the wheat stubble now disappeared with cinematographic suddenness, and our train was running past stretches of vineyard, where among the green and purple and yellow ranks the vintagers with their donkeys and carts were gathering the grapes in the paling light of the afternoon. Again the scene lacked the charm of woman's presence, which the vintage had in southern France. In Spain we nowhere saw the women sharing the outdoor work of the men; and we fancied their absence the effect of Oriental jealousy lingering from centuries of Moorish domination. To be sure, we saw them washing clothes at every stream, but that was work which they did not share with men, any more than the men shared the labor of the fields with them.

It was still afternoon, well before sunset, when we arrived at Valladolid, where one of the quaintest of our Spanish surprises awaited us. We knew that the omnibus of the hotel we had chosen would be the shabbiest omnibus at the station, and we saw without great alarm our Chilean friends drive off in an indefinitely finer vehicle. But what we were

not prepared for was the fact of *octroi* at Valladolid, and for the strange behavior of the local customs officer who stopped us on our way into the town. He looked a very amiable young man as he put his face in at the omnibus door, and he received without explicit question our declaration that we had nothing taxable in our trunks. Then, however, he mounted to the top of the omnibus and bumped our trunks about as if to test them for contraband by their weight. The investigation continued on these strange terms until the officer had satisfied himself of our good faith, when he got down and with a friendly smile at the window bowed us into Valladolid.

In its way nothing could have been more charming; and we rather liked being left by the omnibus about a block from our hotel, on the border of a sort of promenade where no vehicles were allowed. We had been halted near a public fountain, where already the mothers and daughters of the neighborhood were gathered with earthen jars for the night's supply of water. The jars were not so large as to overburden any of them when, after just delay for exchange of gossip, the girls and good wives put them on their heads and marched erectly away with them, each beautifully picturesque irrespective of her age or looks.

The air was soft and, after Burgos, warm; something Southern, unfelt before, began to qualify the whole scene, which as the evening fell grew more dramatic, and made that promenade the theater of emotions permitted such unrestricted play nowhere else in Spain, so far as we were witness. On one side the place was arcaded, and bordered with little shops, not so obtrusively brilliant that the young people who walked up and down before them were in a glare of publicity. A little way off, the avenue expanded into a fine oblong place, where the first martyrs of the Inquisition were burned. But the promenaders kept well short of this, as they walked up and down, and talked, talked, talked in that inexhaustible interest which youth takes in itself the world over. They were in the standard proportion of two girls to one young man, or if here and there a girl had an undivided young man to herself, she went before some older maiden

or matron whom she left altogether out of the conversation. They mostly wore the scant skirts and lavish hats of Paris, and, if the scene of the fountain was Arabically Oriental, the promenade was almost Americanly Occidental. The promenaders were there by hundreds; they filled the avenue from side to side, and

"The delight of
happy laughter.
The delight of
low replies,"

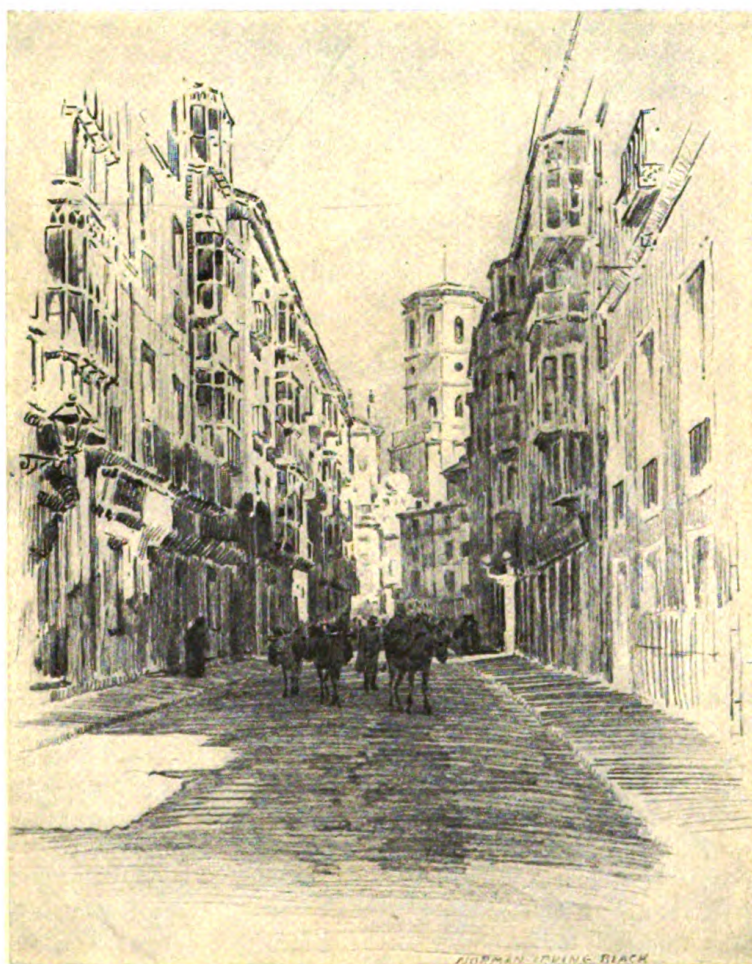
that rose from their progress, with the chirp and whisper of their feet, cheered the night as long as we watched and listened from the sun-balcony of our hotel.

There was no more heat in the radiators of the hotel there than at Burgos, but for that evening at least there was none needed. It was the principal hotel of Valladolid, and the unscrubbed and unswept staircase by which we mounted into it was merely a phase of that genial pause as for second thought in the march of

progress which marks so much of the modern advance in Spain, and was by no means an evidence of arrested development. We had the choice of reaching our rooms either through the dining-room or by a circuitous detour past the pantries; but the rooms had a proud little vestibule of their own, with a balcony over the great square, and if one of them had a belated feather-bed, the other had a new hair mattress, and the whole house was brilliantly lighted with electricity. As for the cooking, it was delicious, and

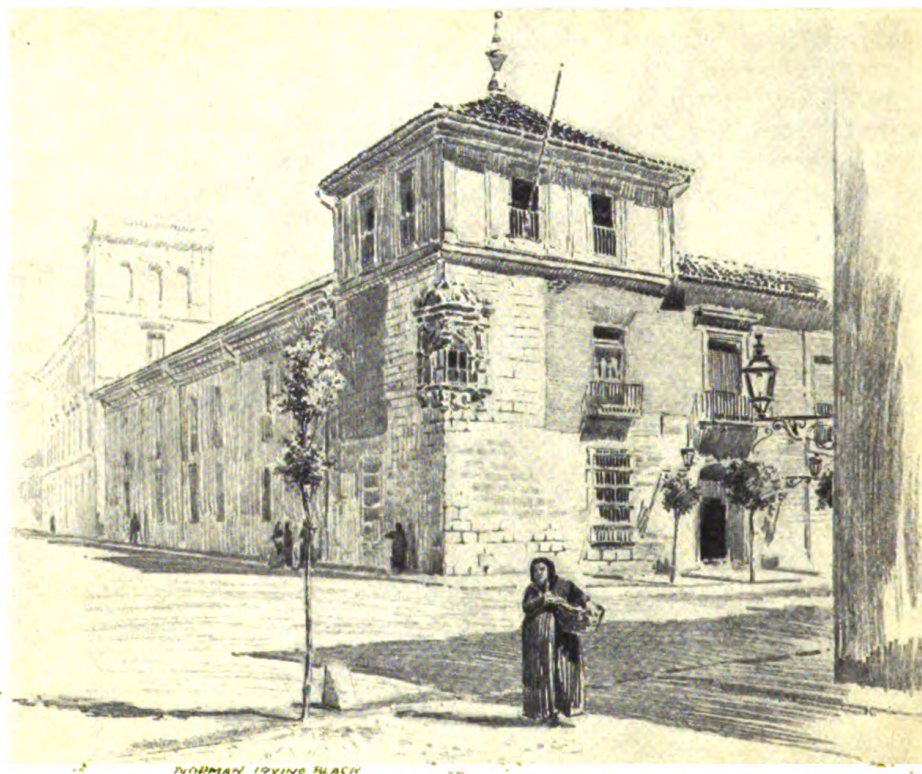
the table was of an abundance and variety which might well have made one ashamed of paying so small a rate as two dollars a day for bed and board, wine included, and very fair wine at that.

In Spain you must take the bad with the good; whether you get the good



A STREET LEADING TO THE CATHEDRAL

or not, you are sure of the bad, but only very exceptionally are you sure of the bad only. It was a pleasure not easily definable to find our hotel managed by a mother and two daughters, who gave the orders obeyed by the men servants, and did not rebuke them for joining in the assurance that when we got used to going so abruptly from the dining-room into our bedrooms we would like it. The elder of the daughters had some useful French, and neither of the younger ladies ever stayed for some ultimate details of



THE HOUSE IN WHICH PHILIP II. WAS BORN

dishabille in coming to interpret the mother and ourselves to one another when we encountered her alone in the office. They were all thoroughly kind and pleasant, and they were supported with surpassing intelligence and ability by the *chico*, a radiant boy of ten who united in himself the functions which the amiable inefficiency of the porters and waiters abandoned to him.

When we came out to dinner, after settling ourselves in our almost obtrusively accessible rooms, we were convinced of the wisdom of our choice of a hotel by finding our dear Chilians at one of the tables. We rushed together like two kindred streams of transatlantic gaiety, and in our mingled French, Spanish, and English possessed one another of our doubts and fears in coming to our common conclusion. We had already seen a Spanish gentleman whom we knew as a fellow-sufferer at Burgos roaming the streets of Valladolid and, in what seemed a disconsolate doubt, interrogating the windows of our hotel; and now we learned from the Chilians that he had

been bitterly disappointed in the inn which a patrician omnibus had borne him away to from our envious eyes at the station. We learned that our South American compatriots had found their own chosen hotel impossible, and were now lodged in rapturous gratitude under our roof. Their happiness penetrated us with a glow of equal content, and confirmed us in the resolution always to take the worst omnibus at a Spanish station as the sure index of the best hotel.

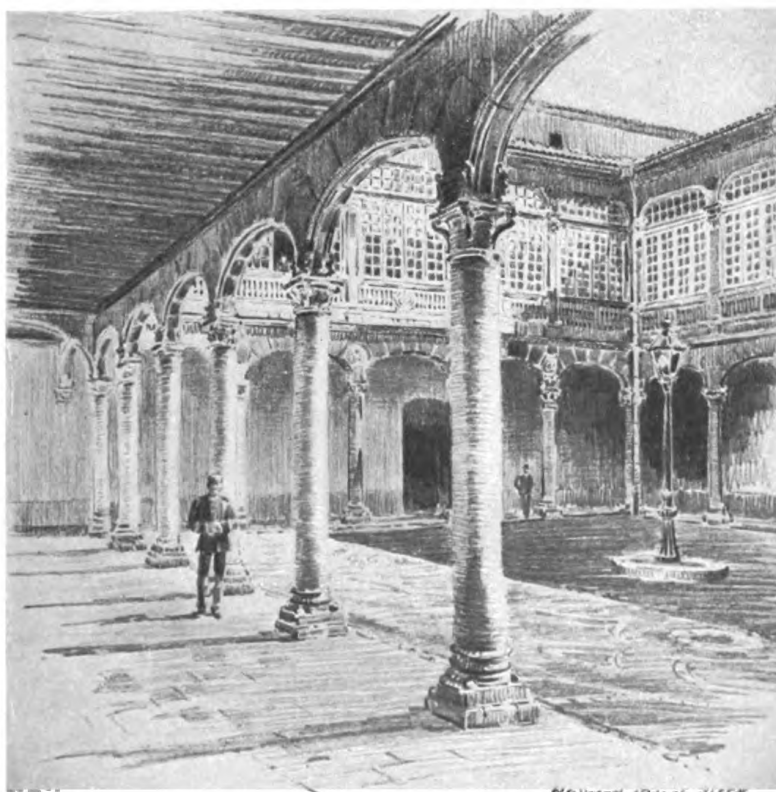
The street-cars, which in Valladolid are poetically propelled through lyre-shaped trolleys instead of our prosaic broomstick appliances, hummed unheeded if not unheard under our windows through the night, and we woke to find the sun on duty in our glazed balcony, and the promenade below already astir with life: not the exuberant young life of the night before, but still sufficiently awake to be recognizable as life. A crippled newsboy seated under one of the arcades was crying his papers; an Englishman was looking at a plan of Valladolid in a shop-window; a splendid cav-

ally officer went by in braided uniform, and did not stare so hard as they might have expected at some ladies in mantillas going to mass or market. In the late afternoon as well as the early morning we saw a good deal of the military in Valladolid, where an army corps is stationed. From time to time a company of infantry marched through the streets to gay music, and toward evening slim young officers began to frequent the arcades and glass themselves in the windows of the shops, their spurs clinking on the pavement as they lounged by or stopped and took distinguished attitudes. We speculated in vain as to their social quality, and to this day I do not know whether "the career is open to the talents" in the Spanish army, or whether military rank is merely the just reward of civil rank. Those beautiful young swells in riding-breeches and tight gray jackets approached an Italian type of cavalry officer; they did not look very vigorous, and the common soldiers we saw marching through the streets, largely followed by the populace, were not of formidable stature or figure, though agreeable enough to the eye.

While I indulge the record of these trivialities, which I am by no means sure the reader will care for so much, I feel that it would be wrong to let him remain as ignorant of the history of Valladolid as I was while there. My ignorance was not altogether my fault; I had fancied easily finding at some bookseller's under the arcade a little sketch of the local history such as you are sure of finding in any Italian town, done by a local anti-

quary of those always mousing in the city's archives. But the bookseller's boy and then the boy's mother could not at first imagine my wish, and when they did they could only supply me with a sort of business directory, full of addresses and advertisements. So instead of overflowing with information when we set out on our morning ramble, we meagerly knew from the guide-books that Valladolid had once been the capital of Castile, and, after many generations of depression following the removal of the court, had in these latest days renewed its strength in mercantile and industrial prosperity.

There are ugly evidences enough of this prosperity in the windy, dusty avenues and streets of the more modern town; but there are lanes and alleys enough, groping for the churches and monuments in suddenly opening squares, to console the sentimental tourist for the havoc which enterprise has made. The mind readily goes back through these to the palmy prehistoric times from which the town emerged to mention in Ptolemy, and



THE ROYAL PALACE COURTYARD

then begins to work forward past Iberian and Roman and Goth and Moor to the Castilian kings who made it their residence in the eleventh century. The capital won its first great distinction when Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile were married there in 1469. Thirty-five years later, these Catholic kings, as one had better learn at once to call them in Spain, let Columbus die neglected if not forgotten in the house, recently pulled down, where he had come to dwell in their cold shadow; they were much occupied with other things, and they could not realize that his discovery of America was the great glory of their reign; probably they thought the conquest of Granada was.

Later yet, by twenty years, the dreadful Philip II. was born in Valladolid, and in 1559 a very famous *auto da*

fé was celebrated in the Plaza Mayor. Fourteen Lutherans were burned alive for their heresy, and the body of a woman suspected after her death of imperfect orthodoxy was exhumed and burned with them. In spite of such precautions as these, and of all the pious diligence of the Holy Office, the reader will hardly believe that there is now a Spanish Protestant church in Valladolid; but such is the fact, though whether it derives from the times of the Inquisition, or is a modern missionary church, I do not know. That *auto da fé* was of the greatest possible distinction; the Infanta Juana presided, and the universal interest was so great that people paid a dollar and twenty-five cents a seat—money then worth five or six times as much as now. Philip himself came to another *auto* when thirteen persons were burned in the same

place, and he always liked Valladolid; it must have pleased him in a different way from Escorial, lying flat as it does on a bare plain, swept, but never thoroughly dusted, by winds that blow pretty constantly over it.

While the Inquisition was purging the city of its error, its great University was renouncing it not only throughout Spain, but in France and Italy; students frequented it from those countries, and artists came from many parts of Europe. Literature also came in the person of Cervantes, who seems to have followed the Spanish court in its migrations from Valladolid to Toledo and then to Madrid. Here also came one of the greatest characters in fiction, for



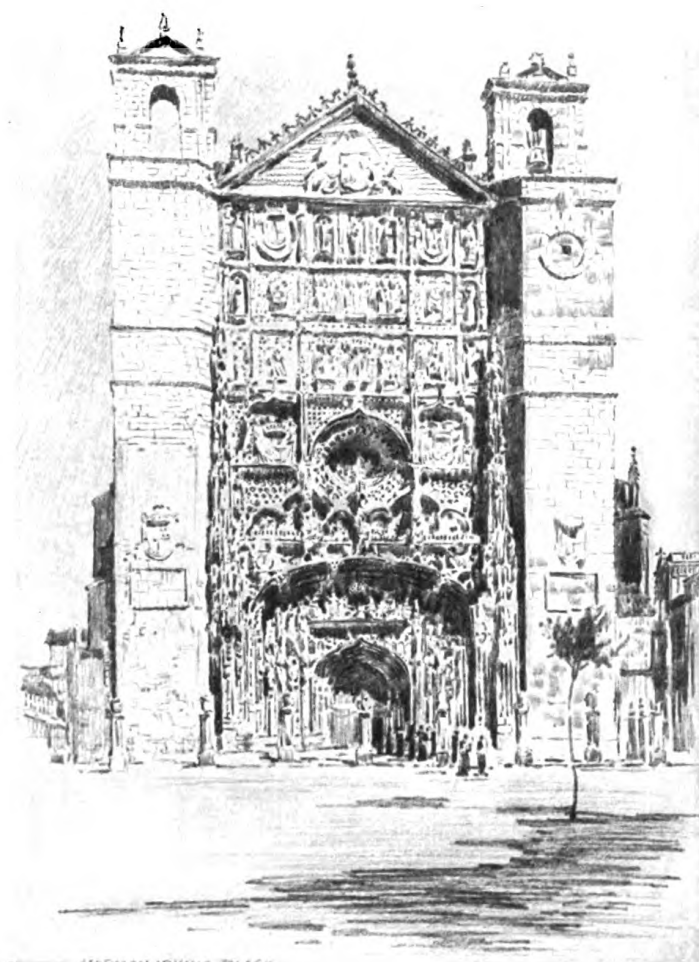
THE UNIVERSITY OF VALLADOLID

it was in Valladolid that Gil Blas learned to practise the art of medicine under the instruction of the famous Dr. Sangrado.

I put these facts at the service of the reader for what use he will while he goes with us to visit the Cathedral in Valladolid, a cathedral as unlike that of Burgos as the severest mood of Spanish renaissance could render it. In fact, it is the work of Herrera, the architect who made the Escorial so grim, and is the expression in large measure of his austere mastery. If it had ever been finished it might have been quite as dispiriting as the Escorial; but as it has only one of the four ponderous towers it was meant to have, it is not without its alleviations, especially as the

actual tower was rebuilt after the fall of the original, seventy years ago. The grass springs cheerfully up in the crevices of the flagging from which the broken steps falter to the portal, but within all is firm and solid. The interior is vast, and nowhere softened by decoration, but the space is reduced by the huge bulk of the choir which is, as in most Spanish cathedrals, planted in the center of it; and as we entered, a fine echo mounted to the Cathedral roof from the chanting and intoning within. When the service ended, a tall figure in scarlet crossed rapidly toward the sacristy. It was of such imposing presence that we resolved at once it must be the figure of a cardinal, or of an archbishop at the least. But it proved to be one of the sacristans, and when we followed him to

the sacristy with half a dozen other sight-seers he showed us a silver monstrance weighing a hundred and fifty pounds and decked with statues of our first parents as they appeared before the Fall. Besides this we saw, much against our will, a great many ecclesiastical vestments of silk and damask richly wrought in gold and silver. But if we were reluctant, there was a little fat priest there who must have seen them hundreds of times and had still a childish delight in seeing them again because he had seen them so often; he dimpled and smiled, and for his sake we pretended a joy in them which it would have been cruel to deny him. I suppose we were then led to the sacrifice at the several side altars, but I have no specific recollection of them; I know there was a pale, sick-looking young girl in



CHURCH OF SAN PABLO

white who went about with her father, and moved compassion by her gentle sorrowfulness.

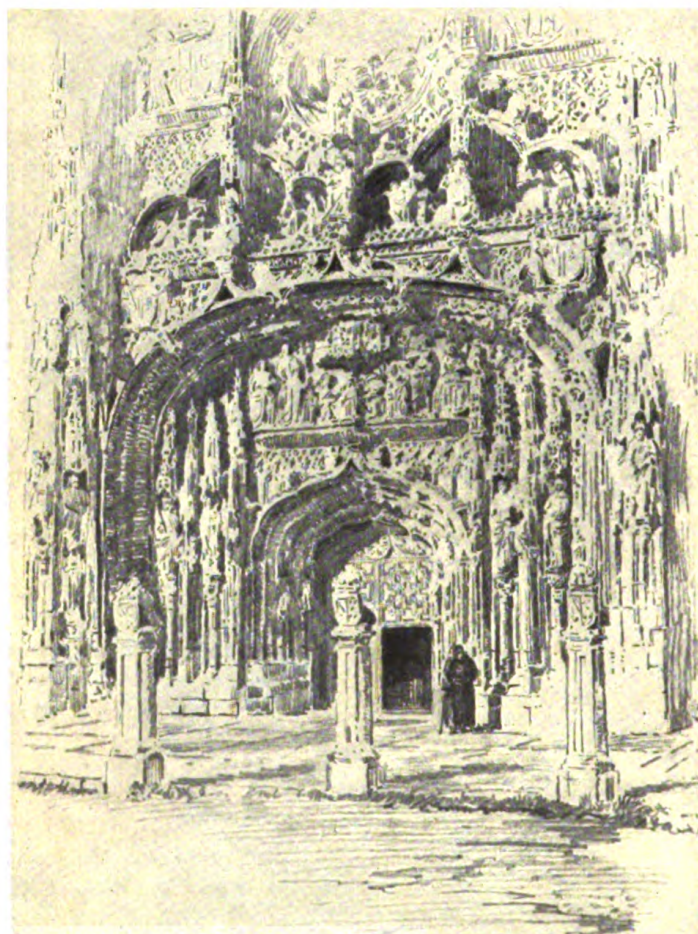
Of the University, which we visited next, I recall only the baroque façade; the interior was in reparation, and I do

But our knowledge of it enabled us to tell a fellow-countrywoman whom we presently met in the Museum of the University how she could best, or worst, get to that city. Our speech had bewrayed us to her, and she turned to us from the

other objects of interest to explain first that she was in a hotel where she paid only six pesetas a day, but where she could get no English explanation of the time-table for any money. She had come to Valladolid with a friend who was going next day to Salamanca, but next day was Sunday, and she did not like to travel on Sunday, and Segovia seemed the only alternative. We could not make out why she should be traveling alone through Spain with such a slender equipment of motive or object, but we perceived she was one of the most estimable souls in the world, and if she cared more for getting to Segovia that afternoon than for looking at the wonders of the place where we were, we could not blame her. We had to leave her, when

we left the Museum, in the charge of two custodians, who led her, involuntary but unresisting, to an upper chamber where there were some pictures which she could care no more for than for the wood carvings below.

We ourselves cared so little for those pictures that we would not go to see them. Pictures you can see anywhere, but not statuary of such singular interest, such transcendent powerfulness, as those carvings of Berruguete and other masters less



YERMAN IRVING BLACK

THE PORTAL OF SAN PABLO

not know whether it would have indemnified us for not visiting the University of Salamanca. That was in our list, but the perversity of the time-table forbade. You would go to Salamanca, yes, but you could not come back except at two o'clock in the morning; you could indeed continue on to Lisbon, but perhaps you did not wish to see Lisbon. A like perversity of the time-table, once universal in Spain, but now much reformed, kept us away from Segovia, which was also on our list.

known, which held us fascinated in the lower rooms of the Museum. They are the spoil of convents in the region about, suppressed by the government at different times, and collected here with little relevancy to their original appeal. Some are Scriptural subjects, and some are figures of the dancers who take part in certain ceremonials of the Spanish churches (notably the cathedral at Seville), which have a quaint reality, an intense personal character. They are of a fascination which I can hope to convey by no phrase of mine; but far beyond this is the motionless force, the tremendous repose of the figures of the Roman soldiers taken in the part of sleeping at the Tomb. These sculptures are in wood, life size and painted in the colors of flesh and costume, with every detail, and of a strong mass in which the detail is lost and must be found again by the wondering eye. Beyond all other Spanish sculptures they seemed to me expressive of the national temperament; I thought no other race could have produced them, and that in their return to the Greek ideal of color in statuary they were ingenuously frank and unsurpassably bold.

It might have been the exhaustion experienced from the encounter with their strenuousness that suddenly fatigued us past even the thought of doing any more of Valladolid on foot. At any rate, when we came out of the Museum we took refuge in a corner grocery (it seems the nature of groceries to seek corners the world over), and asked the grocer where we could find a cab. The grocer was young and kind, and not so busy but he could give willing attention to our case. He said he would send for a cab, and he called up from his hands and knees a beautiful, blond, half-grown boy who was scrubbing the floor, and despatched him on his errand, first making him wipe the suds off his hands. The boy was back wonderfully soon to say the cab would come for us in ten minutes, and to receive with self-respectful appreciation the peseta which paid for his promptness.

In the mean time we feigned a small need which we satisfied by a purchase, and then the grocer put us chairs in front of his counter, and made us his guests, while the other customers came and went. They came oftener than they

went, for our interest in them did not surpass their interest in us. We felt that through this we reflected credit upon our amiable host; rumors of the mysterious strangers apparently spread through the neighborhood, and the room was soon filled with people who did not all come to buy; but those who did buy were the most interesting. An elderly man with his wife brought a large bottle which the grocer put into one scale of his balance, and poured its weight in chick-peas into the other. Then he filled the bottle with oil and weighed it, and then he gave the peas along with it to his customers. It seemed a quaint convention, though we could not quite make out its meaning, unless the peas were bestowed as a sort of bonus; but the next convention was clearer to us. An old man in black corduroy, with a clean-shaven face and a rather fierce, retired-bull-fighter air, bought a whole dried stock-fish (which the Spaniards eat instead of salt cod), talking loudly to the grocer and at us while the grocer cut it across in widths of two inches and folded it into a neat pocketful; then a glass of wine was poured from a cask behind the counter, and the customer drank it off in honor of the transaction, with the effect also of pledging us with his keen eyes; all the time he talked, and he was joined in conversation by a very fat woman who studied us not unkindly. Other neighbors who had gathered in had no apparent purpose but to verify our outlandish presence, and to hear my occasional Spanish, which was worth hearing if for nothing but the effort it cost me. The grocer accepted with dignity the popularity we had won him, and when at last our cab arrived from Mt. Ararat, with the mire of the subsiding Deluge incrusting upon it, he led us out to it through the small boys who swarmed upon us wherever we stopped or started in Valladolid, and whose bulk was now much increased by the coming of that very fat woman from within the grocery.

As the morning was bright, we proposed having the top opened, but here still another convention of the place supervened. In Valladolid it seems that no self-respecting cabman will open the top of his cab for an hour's drive, and we could not promise to keep ours longer.

The grocer waited the result of our parley, and then he opened our carriage door and bowed us away. It was charming; if he had a place on Sixth Avenue I would be his customer as long as I lived in New York; and to this moment I do not understand why I did not bargain with that blond boy to come to America with us and be with us always. But there was no city I visited in Spain where I was not sorry to leave some boy behind, with the immense rabble of boys whom I hoped never to see again.

After this passage of real life it was not easy to sink again to the level of art, but if we must come down, there could have been no descent less jarring than that which left us in the exquisite *patio* of the College of San Gregorio, founded for poor students of theology in the time of the Catholic kings. The students who now thronged the place inside and out looked neither clerical nor poverty-stricken; but I dare say they were good Christians, and, whatever their condition, they were rich in the constant vision of beauty which one sight of seemed to us more than we merited. Perhaps the façade of the college and that of the neighboring church of San Pablo may be elsewhere surpassed in the sort of sumptuous delicacy of that Gothic which gets its name of plateresque from the silversmithing spirit of its designs; but I doubt it. The wonderfulness of it is that it is not mechanical or monotonous like the stucco fretting of the Moorish decoration which people rave over in Spain, but has a strength in its refinement which comes from its expression in the exquisitely carven marble. When this is grayed with age it is indeed of the effect of old silver-work; but the plateresque in Valladolid does not suggest fragility or triviality; its grace is perhaps rather feminine than masculine; but at the worst it is only the ultimatum of the decorative genius of the Gothic. It is, at any rate, the finest surprise which the local architecture has to offer, and it leaves one wishing for more rather than less of it, so that after the façade of San Gregorio one is glad of it again in the walls of the *patio*, whose staircases and galleries, with the painted wooden beams of their ceilings, scarcely tempt the eye from it.

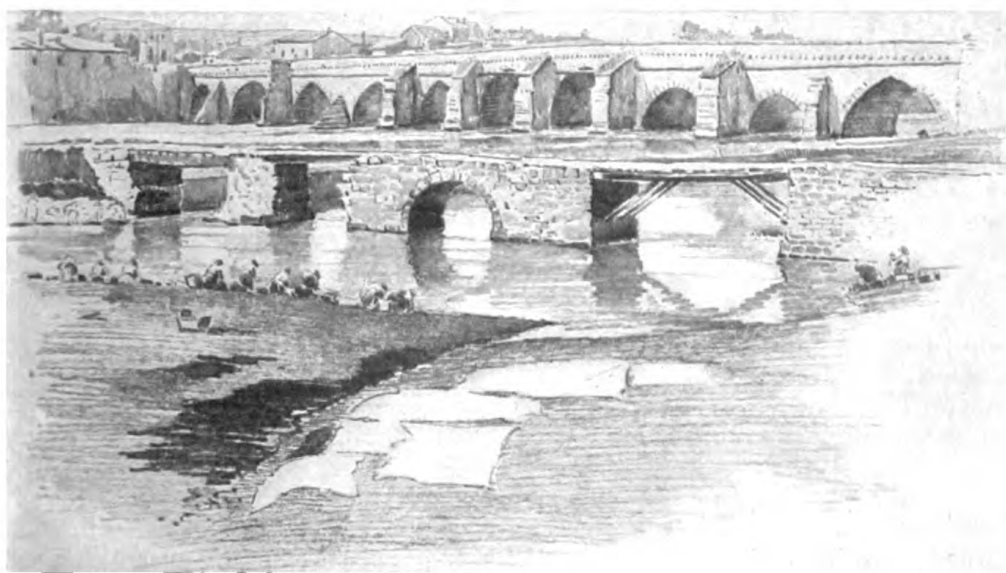
We thought the front of San Pablo deserved a second visit, and we were rewarded by finding it far lovelier than we thought. The church was open, and when we went in we had the advantage of seeing a large silver-gilt car moved from the high altar down the nave to a side altar next the door, probably for use in some public procession. The tongue of the car was pulled by a man with one leg; a half-grown boy under the body of it hoisted it on his back and eased it along; and a monk, with his white robe tucked up into his girdle, pushed it powerfully from behind. I did not make out why so strange a team should have been employed for the work, but the spectacle of that quaint progress was unique among my experiences at Valladolid, and of a value which I wish I could make the reader feel with me. We ourselves were so interested in the event that we took part in it so far as to push aside a bench that blocked the way, and we received a grateful smile from the monk in reward for our zeal.

We were in the mood for simple kindness because of our stiff official reception at the Royal Palace, which we visited in the gratification of our passion for *patios*. It is now used for provincial or municipal offices and guarded by sentries who indeed admitted us to the courtyard, but would not understand our wish (it was not very articulately expressed) to mount to the cloistered galleries which all the guide-books united in pronouncing so noble, with their decorative busts of the Roman emperors and arms of the Spanish provinces. The sculptures are by the school of Berruguete, for whom we had formed so strong a taste in the Museum; but our disappointment was not at the moment further embittered by knowing that Napoleon resided there in 1809. We made what we could of other *patios* in the vicinity, especially of one in the palace across from San Gregorio, to which the liveried porter welcomed us, though the noble family was in residence, and allowed us to mount the red-carpeted staircase to a closed portal in consideration of the peseta which he correctly foresaw. It was not a very characteristic *patio*, bare of flower and fountain as it was, and others more fully appointed did not entirely satisfy us. The fact is, the *patio* is to be seen best in Andalusia,

its home, where every house is built round it, and in summer cooled and in winter chilled by it. But if we were not willing to wait for Seville, Valladolid did what it could; and if we saw no house with quite the *patio* we expected, we did see the house where Philip II. was born, unless the enterprising boy who led us to it was mistaken; in that case we were, Ophelia-like, the more deceived.

Such things do not really matter; the guide-book's object of interest is seldom an object of human interest; you may miss it or ignore it without real personal loss; but if we had failed of that mystic progress of the silver car down the nave of San Pablo we should have been really if not sensibly poorer. So we should if we had failed of the charming experience which awaited us in our hotel at lunch-time. When we went out in the morning we saw a table spread the length of the long dining-room, and now when we returned we found every chair taken. At once we surmised a wedding breakfast, not more from the gaiety than the gravity of the guests; and the head-waiter confirmed our impression: it was indeed a *boda*. The party was just breaking up, and as we sat down at our table the wedding guests rose from theirs. I do not know but in any country the women on such an occasion would look

more adequate to it than the men; at any rate, there in Spain they looked altogether superior. It was not only that they were handsomer and better dressed, but that they expressed finer social and intellectual quality. All the faces had the quiet which the Spanish face has in such degree that the quiet seems national more than personal; but the women's faces were oval, though rather heavily based, while the men's were squared, with high cheek-bones, and they seemed more distinctly middle class. Men and women had equally repose of manner, and when the women came to put on their head-gear near our corner it was with a surface calm unbroken by what must have been their inner excitement. They wore hats and mantillas in about the same proportion; but the bride wore a black mantilla and black dress, with sprigs of orange-blossoms in her hair and on her breast for the only note of white. Her lovely, gentle face was white, of course, from the universal powder, and so were the faces of the others, who talked in low tones around her, with scarcely more animation than so many masks. The handsomest of them, whom we decided to be her sister, arranged the bride's mantilla, and was then helped on with hers by the others, with soft smiles and glances. Two little girls, imaginably sorry the feast



WOMEN WASHING AT THE STONE BRIDGE

was over, suppressed their regret in the tutelage of the maiden aunts and grandmothers who put up cakes in napkins to carry home; and then the party vanished in unbroken decorum. When they were gone we found that in studying the behavior of the bride and her friends we had not only failed to identify the bridegroom but had altogether forgotten to try.

The terrible Torquemada dwelt for years in Valladolid, and must there have excogitated some of the methods of the Holy Office in dealing with heresy. As I have noted, Ferdinand and Isabella were married there, and Philip II. was born there; but I think the reader will agree with me that the highest honor of the city is that it was long the home of the gallant gentleman who, after five years of captivity in Algiers and the loss of his hand in the battle of Lepanto, worked there, in his poverty and neglect, on the first part of a romance which remains and must always remain one of the first if not the very first of the fictions of the world. I mean that—

“Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,”

Michael Cervantes; and I wish I could pay here that *devoir* to his memory and fame which squalid circumstance forbade me to render under the roof that once sheltered him. One can never say enough in his praise, and even Valladolid seems to have thought so, for the city has put up a tablet to him with his bust above it in the front of his incredible house, and done him the homage of a reverent inscription. It is a very little house, as small as Ariosto's in Ferrara, which he said was so apt for him, but it is not in a long, clean street like that; it is in a bad neighborhood which has not yet outlived the evil repute it bore in the days of Cervantes. It was then the scene of nightly brawls, and in one of these a gentleman was stabbed near the author's house. The alarm brought Cervantes to the door, and, being the first to reach the dying man, he was promptly arrested, together with his wife, his two sisters, and his niece, who were living with him and who were taken up as accessories before the fact. The whole abomination is matter of judicial record, and it appears from this that suspicion fell upon the gentle family (one sister

was a nun) because they were living in that infamous place. The man whose renown has since filled the civilized world fuller even than the name of his contemporary, Shakespeare (they died on the same day), was then so unknown to the authorities of Valladolid that he had great ado to establish the innocence of himself and his household. To be sure, his *Don Quixote* had not yet appeared, though he is said to have finished the first part in that miserable abode in that vile region; but he had written poems and plays, especially his most noble tragedy of *Numancia*, and he had held public employs and lived near enough to courts to be at least in their shadow. It is all very Spanish and very strange, and perhaps the wonder should be that in this most provincial of royal capitals, in a time devoted to the extirpation of ideas, the fact that he was a poet and a scholar did not tell fatally against him. In his declaration before the magistrates he says that his literary reputation procured him the acquaintance of courtiers and scholars, who visited him in that pitiable abode where the ladies of his family cared for themselves and him with the help of one servant-maid.

They had an upper floor of the house, which stands at the base of a stone terrace dropping from the wide, dusty, fly-blown street, where I stayed long enough to buy a melon (I was always buying a melon in Spain) and put it into my cab before I descended the terrace to revere the house of Cervantes on its own level. There was no mistaking it; there was the bust and the inscription; but it was well I bought my melon before I ventured upon this act of piety; I should not have had the stomach for it afterward. I was not satisfied with the outside of the house, but when I entered the open doorway, meaning to mount to the upper floor, it was as if I were immediately blown into the street again by the thick and noisome stench which filled the place from some unmentionable if not unimaginable source.

It was like a filthy insult to the great presence whose sacred shrine the house should have been religiously kept. But Cervantes dead was as forgotten in Valladolid as Cervantes living had been. In some paroxysm of civic pride the tablet

had been set in the wall and then the house abandoned to whatever might happen. I thought foul shame of Valladolid for her neglect, and, though she might have answered that her burden of memories was more than she could bear, that she could not be forever keeping her celebrity sweet, still I could have retorted, But Cervantes, but Cervantes! There was only one Cervantes in the world, and there never would be another, and could not she watch over this poor once-home of his for his matchless sake? Then if Valladolid had come back at me with the fact that Cervantes had lived pretty well all over Spain, and what had Seville done, Cordova done, Toledo done, Madrid done, for the up-keep of his divers sojourns more than she had done, after placing a tablet in the house-wall? — certainly I could have said that this did not excuse her, but I must have owned that she was not alone, though she seemed most to blame.

It would be a poor sort of make-believe indeed if I pretended any lasting indignation with Valladolid because of that smell of Cervantes's house. There are a great many very bad smells in Spain everywhere, and it is only fair to own that a psychological change toward Valladolid had been operating itself in me since luncheon which Valladolid was not very specifically to blame for. Up to the time the wedding guests left us we had said Valladolid was the most interesting city we had ever seen, and we would like to stay there a week; then, suddenly, we began to turn against it. One thing: the weather was clouded, and it was colder. But we determined to be just, and after we left the house of Cervantes we

drove out to the promenades along the banks of the Pisuerga, in hopes of a better mind, for we had read that they were the favorite resort of the citizens in summer, and we did not know but even in autumn we might have some glimpses of social recreation. Our way took us



THE HOUSE IN WHICH CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS DIED

sorrowfully past hospitals and prisons and barracks; and when we came out on the promenade we found ourselves in the gloom of close-set mulberry-trees, with the dust thick on the paths under them. The leaves hung leaden-gray on the boughs, and there could never have been a spear of grass along those disconsolate ways. The river was shrunk in its bed, and where its current crept from pool to pool, women were washing some of the rags which already hung so thick on the bushes that it was wonderful there should be any left to wash. Squalid children abounded, and at one point a crowd of people had gathered and stood looking silently and motionlessly over the bank. We looked, too, and on a sand-bar near the shore we saw three gendarmes standing with a group of civilians. Between their fixed and absolutely motionless

figures the body of a drowned man lay on the sand, poorly clothed in workman's dress, and with his dead, clay-white hands stretched out from him on the sand, and his gray face showing to the sky. Everywhere people were stopping and staring; from one of the crowded windows of the nearest house a woman leaned with a rope of her long hair in one hand, and in the other the brush she was passing over it. On the bridge the man who had found the body made a merit of his discovery, which he dramatized to a group of spectators, without rousing them to a murmur or stirring them from their statuesque fixity. His own excitement in comparison seemed indecent.

That evening the young voices and the young feet began to chirp again under our sun-balcony. But there had been no sun in it since noon, and presently a cold, thin rain was falling and driving the promenaders under the arcades, where they were perhaps not unhappier for being closely massed. But we missed the prettiness of the spectacle, though as yet we did not know that it was the only one of the sort we might hope to see in Spain, where women walk little indoors, and, when they go out, drive and increase in the sort of loveliness which may be weighed and measured. Even under the arcades the promenade ceased early, and in the adjoining Plaza Mayor, where the *autos da fé* once took place, the rain still earlier made an end of the municipal music and the dancing of the lower ranks of the people. But we were fortunate in our Chilian friend's representation of the dancing; he came to our table at dinner, and did with charming sympathy a mother waltzing with her babe-in-arms for a partner.

He came to the omnibus at the end of the promenade, when we were starting for the station next morning, not yet shaven, in his friendly zeal to make sure of seeing us off, and we parted with confident prophecies of meeting one another again in Madrid. We had already bidden adieu with effusion to our landlady-sisters-and-mother, and had wished to keep forever our own the adorable *chico* who, when cautioned against trying to carry a very heavy bag, valiantly jerked it to his shoulder and made off with it to the omnibus as if it were nothing. I do not believe such a boy breathes out of Spain, where I hope he will grow up to the Oriental calm of so many of his countrymen, and rest from the toils of his non-age. At the last moment after the Chilian had left us, we perceived that one of our trunks had been forgotten, and the *chico* coursed back to the hotel for it and returned with the delinquent porter bearing it, as if to make sure of his bringing it. When it was put on top of the omnibus, and we were in probably unparalleled readiness for starting to the station, at an hour when scarcely anybody else in Valladolid was up, a mule composing a portion of our team immediately fell down, as if startled too abruptly from a somnambule dream. I really do not remember how it was got to its feet again; but I remember the anguish of the delay and the fear that we might not be able to escape from Valladolid after all our pains in trying for the Sud-Express at that hour; and I remember that when we reached the station we found that the Sud-Express was forty minutes behind time and that we were a full hour after that before starting for Madrid.



The Copy Cat

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THAT affair of Jim Simmons's cats never became known. Two little boys and a little girl can keep a secret—that is, sometimes. The two little boys had the advantage of the little girl because they could talk over the affair together, and the little girl, Lily Jennings, had no intimate girl friend to tempt her to confidence. She had only little Amelia Wheeler, commonly called by the pupils of Madame's school, "The Copy Cat."

Amelia was an odd little girl—that is, everybody called her odd. She was that rather unusual creature, a child with a definite ideal; and that ideal was Lily Jennings. However, nobody knew that. If Amelia's mother, who was a woman of strong character, had suspected, she would have taken strenuous measures to prevent such a peculiar state of affairs; the more so because she herself did not in the least approve of Lily Jennings. Mrs. Diantha Wheeler (Amelia's father had died when she was a baby) often remarked to her own mother, Mrs. Stark, and to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Wheeler, that she did not feel that Mrs. Jennings was bringing up Lily exactly as she should. "That child thinks entirely too much of her looks," said Mrs. Diantha. "When she walks past here, she switches those ridiculous frilled frocks of hers as if she were entering a ball-room, and she tosses her head and looks about to see if anybody is watching her. If I were to see Amelia doing such things, I should be very firm with her."

"Lily Jennings is a very pretty child," said Mother-in-law Wheeler, with an under-meaning, and Mrs. Diantha flushed. Amelia did not in the least resemble the Wheelers, who were a handsome set. She looked remarkably like her mother, who was a plain woman, only little Amelia did not have a square chin. Her chin was pretty and round, with a little dimple in it. In fact, Amelia's chin was the prettiest feature she

had. Her hair was phenomenally straight. It would not even yield to hot curling-irons, which her grandmother Wheeler had tried surreptitiously several times when there was a little girls' party. "I never saw such hair as that poor child has, in all my life," she told the other grandmother, Mrs. Stark. "Have the Starks always had such very straight hair?"

Mrs. Stark stiffened her chin. Her own hair was very straight. "I don't know," said she, "that the Starks have had any straighter hair than other people. If Amelia does not have anything worse to contend with than straight hair, I rather think she will get along in the world as well as most people."

"It's thin, too," said Grandmother Wheeler, with a sigh, "and it hasn't a mite of color. Oh, well, Amelia is a good child, and beauty isn't everything." Grandmother Wheeler said that as if beauty were a great deal, and Grandmother Stark arose and shook out her black silk skirts. She had money, and loved to dress in rich black silks and laces. "It is very little, very little indeed," said she, and she eyed Grandmother Wheeler's lovely old face, like a wrinkled old rose as to color, faultless as to feature, and swept about by the loveliest waves of shining silver hair.

Then she went out of the room, and Grandmother Wheeler, left alone, smiled. She knew the worth of beauty for those who possess it and those who do not. She had never been quite reconciled to her son's marrying such a plain girl as Diantha Stark, although she had money. She considered beauty on the whole as a more valuable asset than mere gold. She regretted always that poor little Amelia, her only grandchild, was so very plain-looking. She always knew that Amelia was very plain, and yet sometimes the child puzzled her. She seemed to see reflections of beauty, if not beauty itself, in the little colorless face, in the

figure, with its too-large joints and utter absence of curves. She sometimes even wondered privately if some subtle resemblance to the handsome Wheelers might not be in the child and yet appear. But she was mistaken. What she saw was pure mimicry of a beautiful ideal.

Little Amelia tried to stand like Lily Jennings; she tried to walk like her; she tried to smile like her; she made endeavors, very often futile, to dress like her. Mrs. Wheeler did not in the least approve of furbelows for children. Poor little Amelia went clad in severe simplicity; durable woolen frocks in winter, and washable, unfadable, and non-soil-showing frocks in summer. She, although her mother had perhaps more money wherewith to dress her than had any of the other mothers, was the plainest-clad little girl in school. Amelia, moreover, never tore a frock, and, as she did not grow rapidly, one lasted several seasons. Lily Jennings was destructive, although dainty. Her pretty clothes were renewed every year. Amelia was helpless before that problem. For a little girl burning with aspirations to be and look like another little girl who was beautiful and wore beautiful clothes, to be obliged to set forth for Madame's on a lovely spring morning, when thin attire was in evidence, dressed in dark-blue-and-white-checked gingham, which she had worn for three summers, and with sleeves which, even to childish eyes, were anachronisms, was a trial. Then to see Lily flutter in a frock like a perfectly new white flower was torture; not because of jealousy—Amelia was not jealous; but she so admired the other little girl, and so loved her, and so wanted to be like her.

As for Lily, she hardly ever noticed Amelia. She was not aware that she herself was an object of adoration; for she was a little girl who searched for admiration in the eyes of little boys rather than little girls, although very innocently. She always glanced slyly at Johnny Trumbull when she wore a pretty new frock, to see if he noticed. He never did, and she was sharp enough to know it. She was also child enough not to care a bit, but to take a queer pleasure in the sensation of scorn which she felt in consequence. She would eye Johnny from

head to foot, his boy's clothing somewhat spotted, his bulging pockets, his always dusty shoes, and when he twisted uneasily, not understanding why, she had a thrill of purely feminine delight. It was on one such occasion that she first noticed Amelia Wheeler particularly.

It was a lovely warm morning in May, and Lily was a darling to behold—in a big hat with a wreath of blue flowers, her hair tied with enormous blue silk bows, her short skirts frilled with eyelet embroidery, her slender silk legs, her little white sandals. Madame's maid had not yet struck the Japanese gong, and all the pupils were out on the lawn, Amelia, in her clean, ugly gingham and her serviceable brown sailor hat, hovering near Lily, as usual, like a common, very plain butterfly near a particularly resplendent blossom. Lily really noticed her. She spoke to her confidentially; she recognized her fully as another of her own sex, and presumably of similar opinions.

"Ain't boys ugly, anyway?" inquired Lily of Amelia, and a wonderful change came over Amelia. Her sallow cheeks bloomed; her eyes showed blue glitters; her little skinny figure became instinct with nervous life. She smiled charmingly, with such eagerness that it smote with pathos and bewitched. "Oh yes, oh yes," she agreed, in a voice like a quick flute obligato. "Boys are ugly."

"Such clothes!" said Lily.

"Yes, such clothes!" said Amelia.

"Always spotted," said Lily.

"Always covered all over with spots," said Amelia.

"And their pockets always full of horrid things," said Lily.

"Yes," said Amelia.

Amelia glanced openly at Johnny Trumbull; Lily with a sidewise effect.

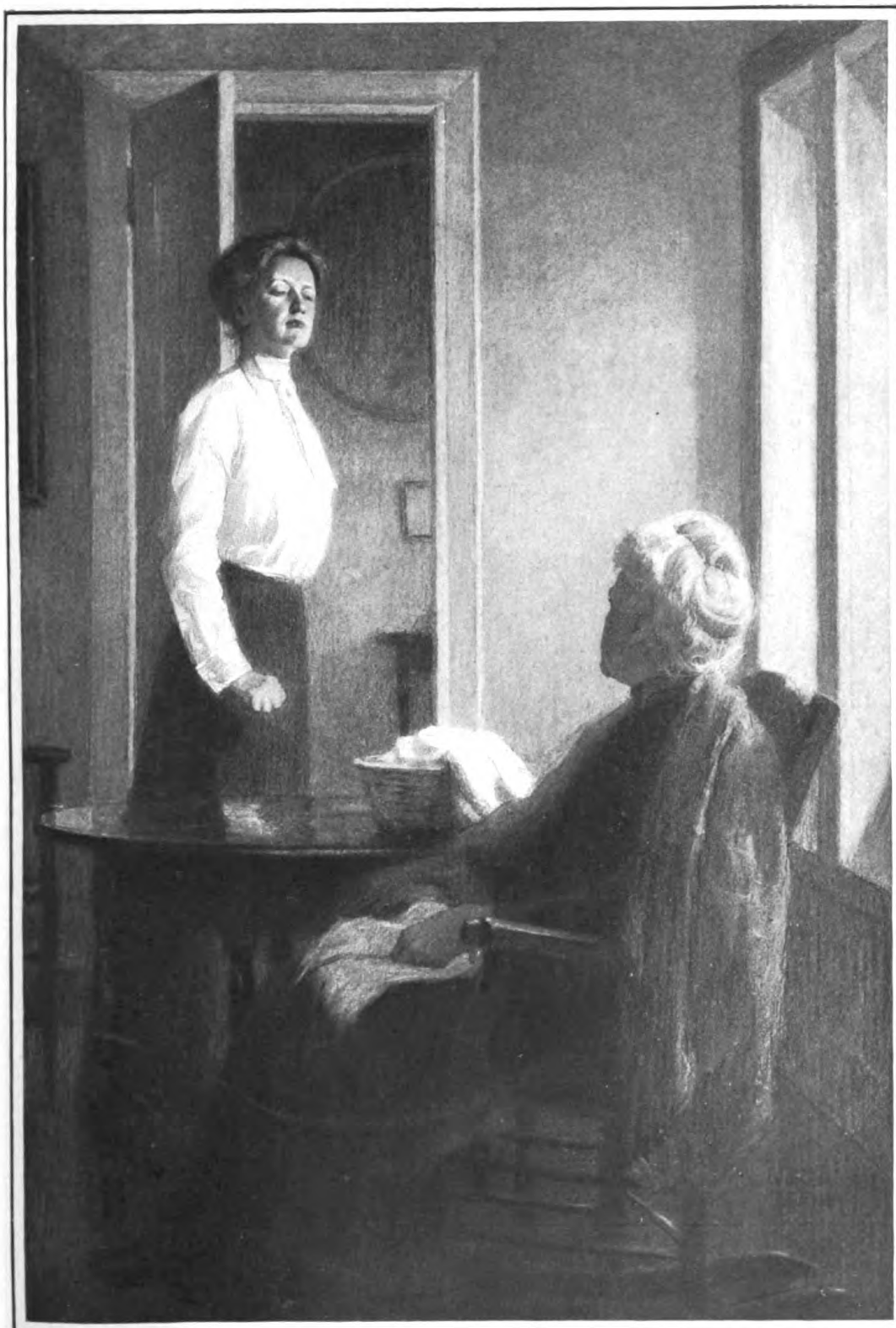
Johnny had heard every word. Suddenly he arose to action and knocked down Lee Westminster, and sat on him.

"Lemme up!" said Lee.

Johnny had no quarrel whatever with Lee. He grinned, but he sat still. Lee, the sat-upon, was a sharp little boy. "Showing off before the gals!" he said, in a thin whisper.

"Hush up!" returned Johnny.

"Will you give me a writing-pad—I lost mine, and mother said I couldn't



Drawn by Worth Brehm

"I DRESS MY DAUGHTER AS I CONSIDER BEST"

have another for a week if I did—if I don't holler?" inquired Lee.

"Yes, hush up!"

Lee lay still, and Johnny continued to sit upon his prostrate form. Both were out of sight of Madame's windows, behind a clump of the cedars which graced her lawn.

"Always fighting," said Lily, with a fine crescendo of scorn. She lifted her chin high, and also her nose.

"Always fighting," said Amelia, and also lifted her chin and nose. Amelia was a born mimic. She actually looked like Lily, and she spoke like her.

Then Lily did a wonderful thing. She doubled her soft little arm into an inviting loop for Amelia's little claw of a hand.

"Come along, Amelia Wheeler," said she. "We don't want to stay near horrid, fighting boys. We will go by ourselves."

And they went. Madame had a headache that morning, and the Japanese gong did not ring for fifteen minutes longer. During that time Lily and Amelia sat together on a little rustic bench under a twinkling poplar, and they talked, and a sort of miniature sun-and-satellite relation was established between them, although neither was aware of it. Lily, being on the whole a very normal little girl, and not disposed to even a full estimate of herself as compared with others of her own sex, did not dream of Amelia's adoration, and Amelia, being rarely destitute of self-consciousness, did not understand the whole scope of her own sentiments. It was quite sufficient that she was seated close to this wonderful Lily, and agreeing with her to the verge of immolation.

"Of course," said Lily, "girls are pretty, and boys are just as ugly as they can be."

"Oh yes," said Amelia, fervently.

"But," said Lily, thoughtfully, "it is queer how Johnny Trumbull always comes out ahead in a fight, and he is not so very large, either."

"Yes," said Amelia, but she realized a pang of jealousy. "Girls could fight, I suppose," said she.

"Oh yes, and get their clothes all torn and messy," said Lily.

"I shouldn't care," said Amelia. Then she added, with a little toss, "I almost

know I could fight." The thought even floated through her wicked little mind that fighting might be a method of wearing out obnoxious and durable clothes.

"You!" said Lily, and the scorn in her voice wilted Amelia.

"Maybe I couldn't," said she.

"Of course you couldn't, and if you could, what a sight you'd be. Of course it wouldn't hurt your clothes as much as some, because your mother dresses you in strong things, but you'd be sure to get black and blue, and what would be the use, anyway? You couldn't be a boy, if you did fight."

"No. I know I couldn't."

"Then what is the use? We are a good deal prettier than boys, and cleaner, and have nicer manners, and we must be satisfied."

"You are prettier," said Amelia, with a look of worshipful admiration at Lily's sweet little face.

"You are prettier," said Lily. Then she added, equivocally, "Even the very homeliest girl is prettier than a boy."

Poor Amelia, it was a good deal for her to be called prettier than a very dusty boy in a fight. She fairly dimpled with delight, and again she smiled charmingly. Lily eyed her critically.

"You aren't so very homely, after all, Amelia," she said. "You needn't think you are."

Amelia smiled again.

"When you look like you do now, you are real pretty," said Lily, not knowing or even suspecting the truth, that she was regarding in the face of this little ardent soul her own, as in a mirror.

However, it was after that episode that Amelia Wheeler was called "Copy Cat." The two little girls entered Madame's select school, arm in arm, when the musical gong sounded, and behind them came Lee Westminster and Johnny Trumbull, surreptitiously dusting their garments, and ever after the fact of Amelia's adoration and imitation of Lily Jennings was evident to all. Even Madame became aware of it, and held conferences with two of the under teachers.

"It is not at all healthy for one child to model herself so entirely upon the pattern of another," said Miss Parmalee.

"Most certainly it is not," agreed Miss Acton, the music-teacher.

"Why, that poor little Amelia Wheeler had the rudiments of a fairly good contralto. I had begun to wonder if the poor child might not be able at least to sing a little, and so make up for—other things; and now she tries to sing high like Lily Jennings, and I simply cannot prevent it. She has heard Lily play too, and has lost her own touch, and now it is neither one thing nor the other."

"I might speak to her mother," said Madame, thoughtfully. Madame was American born, but she married a French gentleman, long since deceased, and his name sounded well on her circulars. She and her two under teachers were drinking tea in her library.

Miss Parmalee, who was a true lover of her pupils, gasped at Madame's proposition. "Whatever you do, please do not tell that poor child's mother," said she.

"I do not think it would be quite wise, if I may venture to express an opinion," said Miss Acton, who was a timid soul, and always inclined to shy at her own ideas.

"But why?" asked Madame.

"Her mother," said Miss Parmalee, "is a quite remarkable woman, with great strength of character, but she would utterly fail to grasp the situation."

"I must confess," said Madame, sipping her tea, "that I fail to understand it. Why any child not an absolute idiot should so lose her own identity in another's absolutely bewilders me. I never heard of such a case."

Miss Parmalee, who had a sense of humor, laughed a little. "It is bewildering," she admitted. "And now the other children see how it is, and call her 'Copy Cat' to her face, but she does not mind. I doubt if she understands, and neither does Lily, for that matter. Lily Jennings is full of mischief, but she moves in straight lines; she is not conceited or self-conscious, and she really likes Amelia, without knowing why."

"I fear Lily will lead Amelia into mischief," said Madame, "and Amelia has always been such a good child."

"Lily will never *mean* to lead Amelia into mischief," said loyal Miss Parmalee.

"But she will," said Madame.

"If Lily goes, I cannot answer for Amelia's not following," admitted Miss Parmalee.

"I regret it all very much indeed," sighed Madame, "but it does seem to me still that Amelia's mother—"

"Amelia's mother would not even believe it, in the first place," said Miss Parmalee.

"Well, there is something in that," admitted Madame. "I myself could not even imagine such a situation. I would not know of it now, if you and Miss Acton had not told me."

"There is not the slightest use in telling Amelia not to imitate Lily, because she does not know that she is imitating her," said Miss Parmalee. "If she were to be punished for it, she could never comprehend the reason."

"That is true," said Miss Acton. "I realize that when the poor child squeaks instead of singing. All I could think of this morning was a little mouse caught in a trap which she could not see. She does actually squeak!—and some of her low notes, although, of course, she is only a child, and has never attempted much, promised to be very good."

"She will have to squeak, for all I can see," said Miss Parmalee. "It looks to me like one of those situations that no human being can change for better or worse."

"I suppose you are right," said Madame, "but it is most unfortunate, and Mrs. Wheeler is such a superior woman, and Amelia is her only child, and this is such a very subtle and regrettable affair. Well, we have to leave a great deal to Providence."

"If," said Miss Parmalee, "she could only get angry when she is called 'Copy Cat.'" Miss Parmalee laughed, and so did Miss Acton. Then all the ladies had their cups refilled, and left Providence to look out for poor little Amelia Wheeler, in her mad pursuit of her ideal in the shape of another little girl possessed of the exterior graces which she had not.

Meantime the little "Copy Cat" had never been so happy. She began to improve in her looks also. Her grandmother Wheeler noticed it first, and spoke of it to Grandmother Stark. "That child may not be so plain, after all," said she. "I looked at her this morning when she started for school, and I thought for the first time that there was a little resemblance to the Wheelers."

Grandmother Stark sniffed, but she looked gratified. "I have been noticing it for some time," said she, "but as for looking like the Wheelers, I thought this morning for a minute that I actually saw my poor dear husband looking at me out of that blessed child's eyes."

Grandmother Wheeler smiled, her little, aggravating, curved, pink smile.

But even Mrs. Diantha began to notice the change for the better in Amelia. She, however, attributed it to an increase of appetite and a system of deep breathing which she had herself taken up and enjoined Amelia to follow. Amelia was following Lily Jennings instead, but that her mother did not know. Still, she was gratified to see Amelia's little sallow cheeks taking on pretty curves and a soft bloom, and she was more inclined to listen when Grandmother Wheeler ventured to approach the subject of Amelia's attire.

"Amelia would not be so bad-looking if she were better dressed, Diantha," said she. Diantha lifted her chin, but she paid heed. "Why, does not Amelia dress perfectly well, mother?" she inquired.

"She dresses well enough, but she needs more ribbons and ruffles."

"I do not approve of so many ribbons and ruffles," said Mrs. Diantha. "Amelia has perfectly neat, fresh black or brown ribbons for her hair, and ruffles are not sanitary."

"Ruffles are pretty," said Grandmother Wheeler, "and blue and pink are pretty colors. Now, that Jennings girl looks like a little picture."

But that last speech of Grandmother Wheeler's undid all the previous good. Mrs. Diantha had an unacknowledged—even to herself—disapproval of Mrs. Jennings which dated far back in the past, for a reason which was quite unworthy of her and of her strong mind. When she and Lily's mother had been girls, she had seen Mrs. Jennings look like a picture, and had been perfectly well aware that she herself fell far short of an artist's ideal. Perhaps if Mrs. Stark had believed in ruffles and ribbons, her daughter might have had a different mind when Grandmother Wheeler had finished her little speech.

As it was, Mrs. Diantha surveyed her small, pretty mother-in-law with digni-

fied serenity, which savored only delicately of a snub. "I do not myself approve of the way in which Mrs. Jennings dresses her daughter," said she, "and I do not consider that the child presents to a practical observer as good an appearance as my Amelia."

Grandmother Wheeler had a temper. It was a childish temper and soon over—still, a temper. "Lord," said she, "if you mean to say that you think your poor little snipe of a daughter, dressed like a little maid-of-all-work, can compare with that lovely little Lily Jennings, who is dressed like a doll!"

"I do not wish that my daughter should be dressed like a doll," said Mrs. Diantha, coolly.

"Well, she certainly isn't," said Grandmother Wheeler. "Nobody would ever take her for a doll as far as looks or dress are concerned. She may be *good* enough. I don't deny that Amelia is a good little girl, but her looks could be improved on."

"Looks matter very little," said Mrs. Diantha.

"They matter very much," said Grandmother Wheeler, pugnaciously, her blue eyes taking on a peculiar opaque glint, as always when she lost her temper, "very much indeed. But looks can't be helped. If poor little Amelia wasn't born with pretty looks, she wasn't. But she wasn't born with such ugly clothes. She might be better dressed."

"I dress my daughter as I consider best," said Mrs. Diantha. Then she left the room.

Grandmother Wheeler sat for a few minutes, her blue eyes opaque, her little pink lips a straight line, then suddenly her eyes lit, and she smiled. "Poor Diantha," said she, "I remember how Henry used to like Lily Jennings's mother before he married Diantha. Sour grapes hang high." But Grandmother Wheeler's beautiful old face was quite soft and gentle. From her heart she pitied the reacher after those high-hanging sour grapes, for Mrs. Diantha had been very good to her.

Then Grandmother Wheeler, who had a mild persistency not evident to a casual observer, began to make plans and lay plots. She was resolved, Diantha or not, that her granddaughter, her son's

child, should have some fine feathers. The little conference had taken place in her own room, a large, sunny one, with a little storeroom opening from it. Presently Grandmother Wheeler rose, entered the storeroom, and began rummaging in some old trunks. Then followed days of secret work. Grandmother Wheeler had been noted as a fine needlewoman, and her hand had not yet lost its cunning. She had one of Amelia's ugly little gingham, purloined from a closet for size, and she worked two or three dainty wonders. She took Grandmother Stark into her confidence. Sometimes the two ladies by reason of their age found it possible to combine with good results.

"Your daughter Diantha is one woman in a thousand," said Grandmother Wheeler, diplomatically, one day, "but she never did care much for clothes."

"Diantha," returned Grandmother Stark, with a suspicious glance, "always realized that clothes were not the things that mattered."

"And, of course, she is right," said Grandmother Wheeler, piously. "Your Diantha is one woman in a thousand. If she cared as much for fine clothes as some women, I don't know where we should all be. It would spoil poor little Amelia."

"Yes, it would," assented Grandmother Stark. "Nothing spoils a little girl more than always to be thinking about her clothes."

"Yes, I was looking at Amelia the other day, and thinking how much more sensible she appeared in her plain gingham than Lily Jennings in all her ruffles and ribbons. Even if people were all noticing Lily, and praising her, thinks I to myself, 'How little difference such things really make. Even if our dear Amelia does stand to one side, and nobody notices her, what real matter is it?'" Grandmother Wheeler was inwardly chuckling as she spoke.

Grandmother Stark was at once alert. "Do you mean to say that Amelia is really not taken so much notice of because she dresses plainly?" said she.

"You don't mean that you don't know it, as observant as you are?" replied Grandmother Wheeler.

"Diantha ought not to let it go as

far as that," said Grandmother Stark. Grandmother Wheeler looked at her queerly. "Why do you look at me like that?"

"Well, I did something I feared I ought not to have done. And I didn't know what to do, but your speaking so makes me wonder—"

"Wonder what?"

Then Grandmother Wheeler went to her little storeroom and emerged bearing a box. She displayed the contents—three charming little white frocks fluffy with lace and embroidery.

"Did you make them?"

"Yes, I did. I couldn't help it. I thought if the dear child never wore them, it would be some comfort to know they were in the house."

"That one needs a broad blue sash," said Grandmother Stark.

Grandmother Wheeler laughed. She took her impecuniosity easily. "I had to use what I had," said she.

"I will get a blue sash for that one," said Grandmother Stark, "and a pink sash for that, and a flowered one for that."

"Of course they will make all the difference," said Grandmother Wheeler. "Those beautiful sashes will really make the dresses."

"I will get them," declared Grandmother Stark, with decision. "I will go right down to Mann Brothers' store now and get them."

"Then I will make the bows, and sew them on," replied Grandmother Wheeler, happily.

It thus happened that little Amelia Wheeler was possessed of three beautiful dresses, although she did not know it.

For a long time neither of the two conspiring grandmothers dared divulge the secret. Mrs. Diantha was a very determined woman, and even her own mother stood somewhat in awe of her. Therefore, little Amelia went to school during the spring term soberly clad as ever, and even on the festive last day wore nothing better than a new blue gingham, made too long, to allow for shrinkage, and new blue hair-ribbons. The two grandmothers almost wept in secret conclave over the lovely frocks which were not worn.

"I respect Diantha," said Grand-



PROCEEDED TO UNFOLD A PLAN NAUGHTILY INGENIOUS

mother Wheeler. "You know that. She is one woman in a thousand, but I do hate to have that poor child go to school to-day with so many to look at her, and she dressed so unlike all the other little girls."

"Diantha has got so much sense, it makes her blind and deaf," declared Grandmother Stark. "I call it a shame, if she is my daughter."

"Then you don't venture—"

Grandmother Stark reddened. She did not like to own to awe of her daughter. "I venture, if that is all," said she, tartly. "You don't suppose I am afraid of Diantha?—but she would not let

Amelia wear one of the dresses, anyway, and I don't want the child made any unhappier than she is."

"Well, I will admit," replied Grandmother Wheeler, "if poor Amelia knew she had these beautiful dresses and could not wear them she might feel worse about wearing that homely gingham."

"Gingham!" fairly snorted Grandmother Stark. "I cannot see why Diantha thinks so much of gingham. It shrinks, anyway."

Poor little Amelia did undoubtedly suffer on that last day, when she sat among the others gaily clad, and looked down at her own common little skirts. She was very glad, however, that she had not been chosen to do any of the special things which would have necessitated her appearance upon the little flower-decorated platform. She did not know of the conversation between Madame and her two assistants.

"I would have Amelia recite a little

verse or two," said Madame, "but how can I?" Madame adored dress, and had a lovely new one of sheer dull-blue stuff, with touches of silver, for the last day.

"Yes," agreed Miss Parmalee, "that poor child is sensitive, and for her to stand on the platform in one of those plain ginghamms would be too cruel."

"Then, too," said Miss Acton, "she would recite her verses exactly like Lily Jennings. She can make her voice exactly like Lily's now. Then everybody would laugh, and Amelia would not know why. She would think they were laughing at her dress, and that would be dreadful."

If Amelia's mother could have heard that conversation everything would have been different, although it is puzzling to decide in what way.

It was the last of the summer vacation, in early September, just before school began, that a climax came to Amelia's idolatry and imitation of Lily. The Jenningses had not gone away that summer, so the two little girls had been thrown together a good deal. Mrs. Diantha never went away during a summer. She considered it her duty to remain at home, and she was quite pitiless to herself when it came to a matter of duty.

However, as a result, she was quite ill during the last of August and the first of September. The season had been unusually hot, and Mrs. Diantha had not spared herself from her duty on account of the heat. She would have scorned herself if she had done so. But she could not, strong-minded as she was, avert something like a heat prostration after a long walk under a burning sun, nor weeks of confinement and idleness in her room afterward.

When September came, and a night or two of comparative coolness, she felt stronger, still she was compelled by most unusual weakness to refrain from her energetic trot in her duty-path; and then it was that something happened.

One afternoon Lily fluttered over to Amelia's, and Amelia, ever on the watch, spied her. "May I go out and see Lily?" she asked Grandmother Stark.

"Yes, but don't talk under the windows; your mother is asleep."

Amelia ran out. "I declare," said

Grandmother Stark to Grandmother Wheeler, "I was half a mind to tell that child to wait a minute and slip on one of those pretty dresses. I hate to have her go on the street in that old gingham, with that Jennings girl dressed up like a wax doll."

"I know it."

"And now poor Diantha is so weak—and asleep—it would not have annoyed her."

"I know it."

Grandmother Stark looked at Grandmother Wheeler. Of the two she possessed a greater share of original sin compared with the size of her soul. Moreover, she felt herself at liberty to circumvent her own daughter. Whispering, she unfolded a daring scheme to the other grandmother, who stared at her aghast a second out of her lovely blue eyes, then laughed softly. "Very well," said she, "if you dare."

"I rather think I dare!" said Grandmother Stark. "Isn't Diantha Wheeler my own daughter?" Grandmother Stark had grown much bolder since Mrs. Diantha had been ill.

Meantime Lily and Amelia walked down the street, until they came to a certain vacant lot intersected by a foot-path between tall, feathery grasses and golden-rod and asters and milkweed. They entered the foot-path, and swarms of little butterflies rose around them, and once in a while a protesting bumble-bee.

"I am afraid we will be stung by the bees," said Amelia.

"Bumble-bees never sting," said Lily; and Amelia believed her.

When the foot-path ended, there was the river-bank. The two little girls sat down under a clump of brook willows and talked, while the river, full of green and blue and golden lights, slipped past them and never stopped.

Then Lily proceeded to unfold a plan, which was not philosophical, but naughtily ingenious. By this time Lily knew very well that Amelia admired her, and imitated her as successfully as possible, considering the drawback of dress and looks.

When she had finished Amelia was quite pale. "I am afraid I am afraid, Lily," said she.

"What of?"

"My mother will find out; besides, I am afraid it isn't right."

"Whoever told you it was wrong?"

"Nobody ever did," admitted Amelia.

"Well, then, you haven't any reason to think it is," said Lily, triumphantly. "And how is your mother ever going to find it out?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't she ill in her room? And does she ever come to kiss you good night, the way my mother does, when she is well?"

"No," admitted Amelia.

"And neither of your grandmothers?"

"Grandmother Stark would think it was silly, like mother, and Grandmother Wheeler can't go up and down stairs very well."

"I can't see but you are perfectly safe. I am the only one that runs any risk at all. I run a great deal of risk, but I am willing to take it," said Lily, with a virtuous air. Lily had a small but rather involved scheme simply for her own ends, which did not seem to call for much virtue, but rather the contrary.

Lily had overheard Arnold Carruth and Johnny Trumbull and Lee Westminster and another boy, Jim Patterson, planning a most delightful affair, which even in the cases of the boys was fraught with danger, secrecy, and doubtful rectitude. Not one of the four boys had had a vacation from the village that summer, and their young minds had become charged, as it were, with the seeds of revolution and rebellion. Jim Patterson, the son of the rector, and of them all the most venturesome, had planned to take—he called it "take"; he meant to pay for it, anyway, he said, as soon as he could shake enough money out of his nickel savings-bank—one of his father's Plymouth Rock chickens and have a chicken-roast in the woods back of Doctor Trumbull's. He had planned for Johnny to take some ears of corn suitable for roasting from his father's garden; for Lee to take some cookies out of a stone jar in his mother's pantry, and for Arnold to take some potatoes. Then they four would steal forth under cover of night, build a camp-fire, roast their spoils, and feast.

Lily had resolved to be of the party. She resorted to no open methods; the stones of the fighting suffragettes were

not for her, little honey-sweet, curled, and ruffled darling; rather the time-worn, if not time-sanctified, weapons of her sex, little instruments of wiles, and tiny dodges, and tiny subterfuges, which would serve her best.

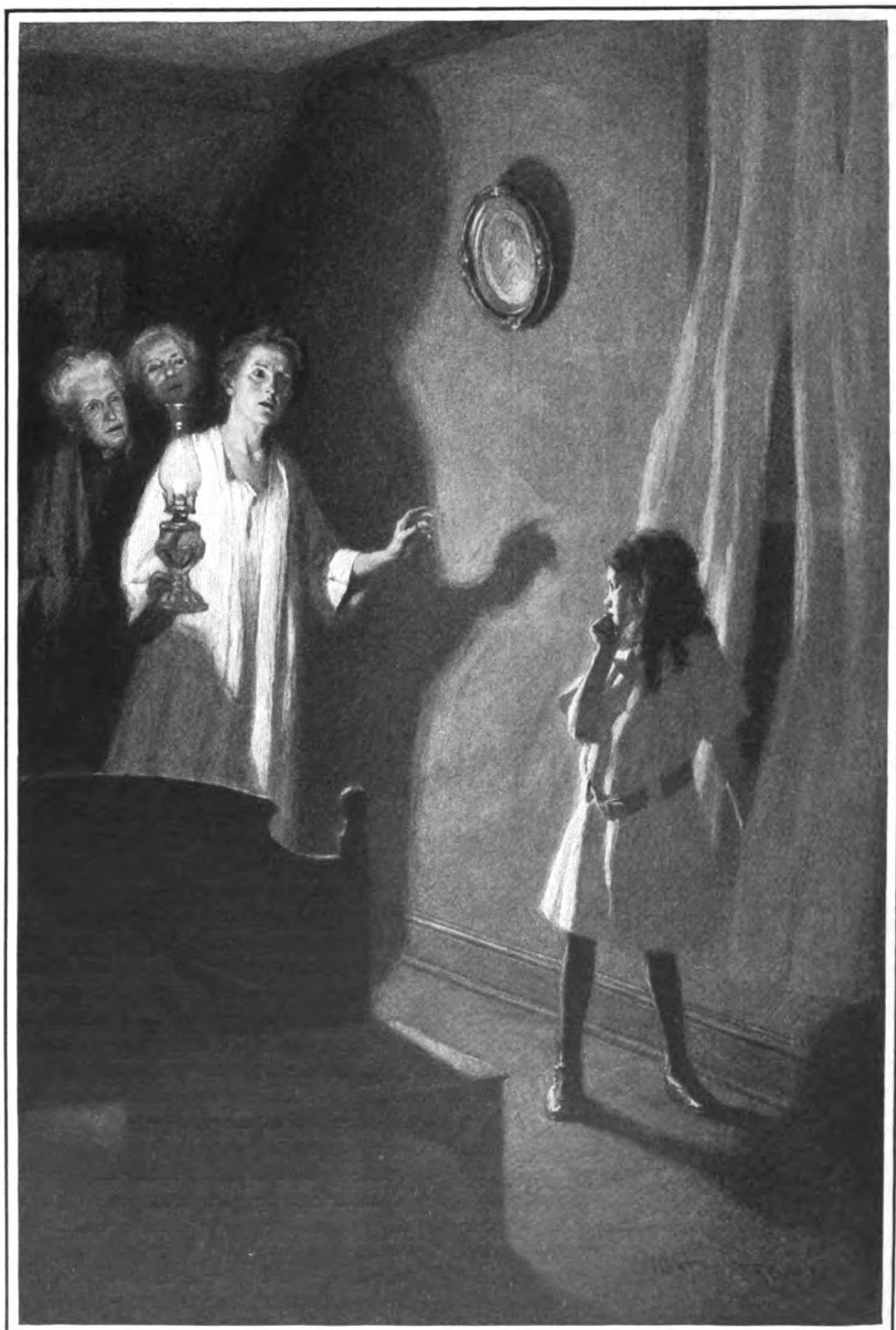
"You know," she said to Amelia, "you don't look like me. Of course you know that, and that can't be helped; but you do walk like me, and talk like me, you know that, because they call you 'Copy Cat.'"

"Yes, I know," said poor Amelia.

"I don't mind if they do call you 'Copy Cat,'" said Lily, magnanimously. "I don't mind a bit. But, you see, my mother always comes up-stairs to kiss me good night after I have gone to bed, and to-morrow night she has a dinner-party, and she will surely be a little late, and I can't manage unless you help me. I will get one of my white dresses for you, and all you have to do is to climb out of your window into that cedar-tree—you know you can climb down that because you are so afraid of burglars climbing up—and you can slip on my dress; you had better throw it out of the window and not try to climb in it, because my dresses tear awful easy, and we might get caught that way. Then you just sneak down to our house, and I shall be outdoors; and when you go up-stairs, if the doors should be open, and anybody should call, you can answer just like me; and I have found that light, curly wig Aunt Laura wore when she had her head shaved after she had a fever, and you just put that on and go to bed, and mother will never know when she kisses you good night. Then after the roast I will go to your house, and climb up that tree, and go to bed in your room. And I will have one of your gingham dresses to wear, and very early in the morning I will get up, and you get up, and we both of us can get down the back stairs without being seen and run home."

Amelia was almost weeping. It was her worshiped Lily's plan, but she was horribly scared. "I don't know," she faltered.

"Don't know! You've got to! You don't love me one single bit or you wouldn't stop to think about whether you didn't know." It was the world-old argument which floors love. Amelia succumbed.



Drawn by Worth Brehm

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

IT WAS AT THAT CRITICAL MOMENT THAT LILY ENTERED BY WAY OF THE WINDOW

The next evening a frightened little girl clad in one of Lily Jennings's white embroidered frocks was racing to the Jenningses' house, and another little girl, not at all frightened, but enjoying the stimulus of mischief and unwontedness, was racing to the wood behind Doctor Trumbull's house, and that little girl was clad in one of Amelia Wheeler's gingham. But the plan went all awry.

Lily waited, snuggled up behind an alder-bush, and the boys came, one by one, and she heard this whispered, although there was no necessity for whispering, "Jim Patterson, where's that hen?"

"Couldn't get her. Grabbed her, and all her tail-feathers came out in a bunch right in my hand, and she squawked so, father heard. He was in his study writing his sermon, and he came out, and if I hadn't hid behind the chicken-coop and then run I couldn't have got here. But I can't see as you've got any corn, Johnny Trumbull."

"Couldn't. Every single ear was cooked for dinner."

"I couldn't bring any cookies, either," said Lee Westminster; "there weren't any cookies in the jar."

"And I couldn't bring the potatoes because the outside cellar door was locked," said Arnold Carruth. "I had to go down the back stairs and out the south door, and the inside cellar door opens out of our dining-room, and I daren't go in there."

"Then we might as well go home," said Johnny Trumbull. "If I had been you, Jim Patterson, I would have brought that old hen if her tail-feathers had come out. Seems to me you scare awful easy."

"Guess if you had heard her squawk!" said Jim, resentfully. "If you want to try to lick me, come on, Johnny Trumbull. Guess you don't darse call me scared again."

Johnny eyed him standing there in the gloom. Jim was not large, but very wiry, and the ground was not suited for combat. Johnny, although a victor, would probably go home considerably the worse in appearance; and he could anticipate the consequences were his father to encounter him.

"Shucks!" said Johnny Trumbull, of the fine old Trumbull family and Madame's exclusive school. "Shucks! who

wants your old hen? We had chicken for dinner, anyway."

"So did we," said Arnold Carruth.

"We did, and corn," said Lee.

"We did," said Jim.

Lily stepped forth from the alder-bush. "If," said she, "I were a boy, and had started to have a chicken-roast, I would have *had* a chicken-roast."

But every boy, even the valiant Johnny Trumbull, was gone in a mad scutter. This sudden apparition of a girl was too much for their nerves. They never even knew who the girl was, although little Arnold Carruth said she had looked to him like "Copy Cat," but the others scouted the idea.

Lily Jennings made the best of her way out of the wood across lots to the road. She was not in a particularly enviable case. Amelia Wheeler was presumably in her bed, and she saw nothing for it but to take the difficult way to Amelia's.

Lily tore a great rent in the gingham going up the cedar-tree, but that was nothing to what followed. She entered through Amelia's window, her prim little room, to find herself confronted by Amelia's mother in a wrapper, and her two grandmothers. Grandmother Stark had over her arm a beautiful white embroidered dress. The two old ladies had entered the room in order to lay the white dress on a chair and take away Amelia's gingham, and there was no Amelia. Mrs. Diantha had heard the commotion, and had risen, thrown on her wrapper and come. Her mother had turned upon her.

"It is all your fault, Diantha," she had declared.

"My fault?" echoed Mrs. Diantha, bewildered. "Where is Amelia?"

"We don't know," said Grandmother Stark, "but you have probably driven her away from home by your cruelty."

"Cruelty?"

"Yes, cruelty. What right had you to make that poor child look like a fright, so people laughed at her? We have made her some dresses that look decent, and had come here to leave them, and to take away those old gingham things that look as if she lived in the almshouse, and leave these, so she would either have to wear them or go without, when we found she had gone."

It was at that crucial moment that Lily entered by way of the window.

"Here she is now," shrieked Grandmother Stark. "Amelia, where—" Then she stopped short. Everybody stared at Lily's beautiful face suddenly gone white. For once Lily was frightened. She lost all self-control. She began to sob. She could scarcely tell the absurd story for sobs, but she told, every word.

Then, with a sudden boldness, she too turned on Mrs. Diantha. "They call poor Amelia 'Copy Cat,'" said she, "and I don't believe she would ever have tried so hard to look like me only my mother dresses me so I look nice, and you send Amelia to school looking awfully." Then Lily sobbed again.

"My Amelia is at your house, as I understand?" said Mrs. Diantha, in an awful voice.

"Ye-es, ma-am."

"Let me go," said Mrs. Diantha, violently, to Grandmother Stark, who tried to restrain her. Mrs. Diantha dressed herself and marched down the street, dragging Lily after her. The little girl had to trot to keep up with the tall woman's strides, and all the way she wept.

It was to Lily's mother's everlasting discredit in Mrs. Diantha's opinion, but to Lily's wonderful relief, that when she heard the story, standing in the hall in her lovely dinner dress, with the strains of music floating from the drawing-room, and cigar smoke floating from the dining-room, she laughed. When Lily said, "And there wasn't even any chicken-roast, mother," she nearly had hysterics.

"If you think this is a laughing matter, Mrs. Jennings, I do not," said Mrs.

Diantha, and again her dislike and sorrow at the sight of that sweet, mirthful face was over her. It was a face to be loved, and hers was not.

"Why, I went up-stairs and kissed the child good night, and never suspected," laughed Lily's mother.

"I got Aunt Laura's curly, light wig for her," explained Lily, and Mrs. Jennings laughed again.

It was not long before Amelia, in her gingham, went home, led by her mother—her mother, who was trembling with weakness now. Mrs. Diantha did not scold. She did not speak, but Amelia felt with wonder her little hand held very tenderly by her mother's long fingers.

When at last she was undressed and in bed, Mrs. Diantha, looking very pale, kissed her, and so did both grandmothers.

Amelia, being very young and very tired, went to sleep. She did not know that that night was to mark a sharp turn in her whole life. Thereafter she went to school "dressed like the best," and her mother petted her as nobody had ever known her mother could pet.

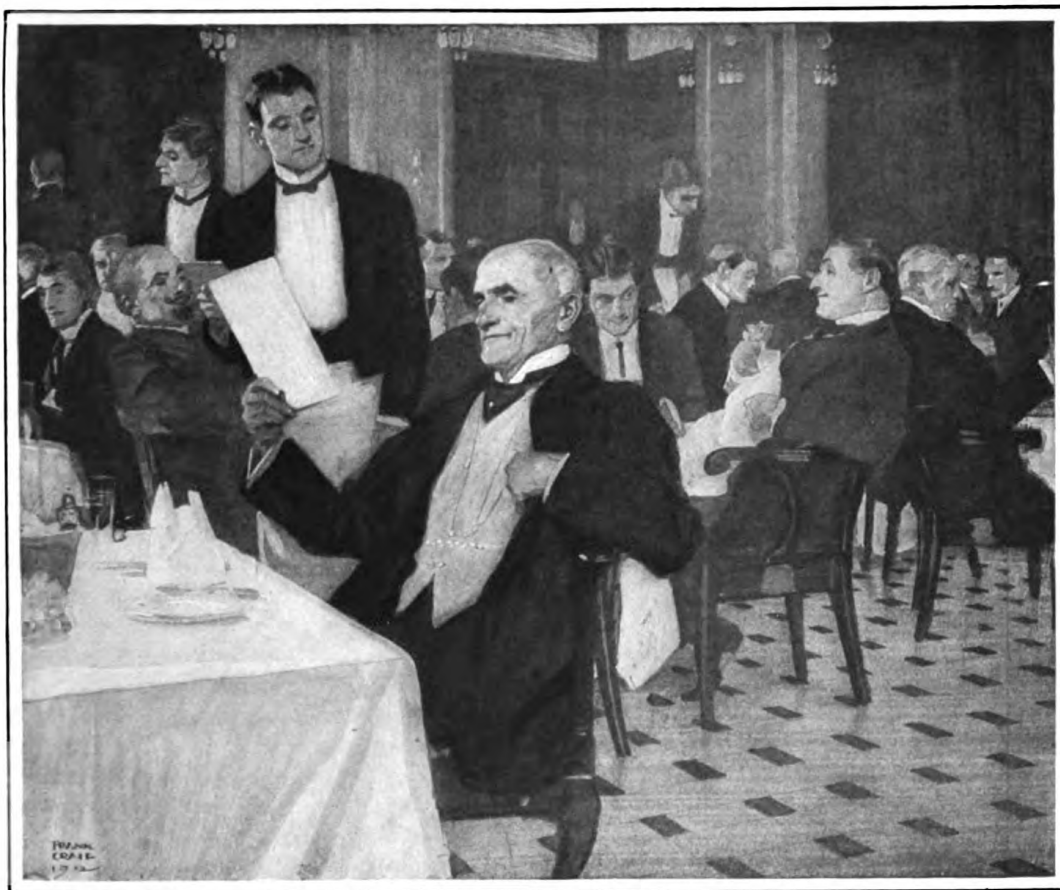
It was not so very long afterward that Amelia, out of her own improvement in appearance, developed a little stamp of individuality.

One day Lily wore a white frock with blue ribbons, and Amelia wore one with coral pink. It was a particular day in school; there was company, and tea was served.

"I told you I was going to wear blue ribbons," Lily whispered to Amelia. Amelia smiled lovingly back at her.

"Yes, I know, but I thought I would wear pink."





LUNCHEON IN A DOWN-TOWN CLUB

Your United States

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

FOURTH PAPER

WHAT strikes and frightens the backward European almost as much as anything in the United States is the efficiency and fearful universality of the telephone. Just as I think of the big cities as agglomerations pierced everywhere by elevator-shafts full of movement, so I think of them as being threaded, under pavements and over roofs and between floors and ceilings and between walls, by millions upon millions of live filaments that unite all the privacies of the organism—and destroy them in order to make one immense publicity. I do not mean that Europe has failed to adopt the telephone, nor

that in Europe there are no hotels with the dreadful curse of an active telephone in every room. But I do mean that the European telephone is a toy, and a somewhat clumsy one, compared with the inexorable seriousness of the American telephone. Many otherwise highly civilized Europeans are as timid in addressing a telephone as they would be in addressing a royal sovereign. The average European middle-class householder still speaks of his telephone, if he has one, in the same falsely-casual tone as the corresponding American is liable to speak of his motor-car. It is naught—a negligible trifle—but somehow it comes into the conversation!

"How odd!" you exclaim. And you are right. It is we Europeans who are wrong, through no particular fault of our own. The American is ruthlessly logical about the telephone. The only occasion on which I was in really serious danger of being taken for a madman in the

that on my next visit I shall find a telephone on every table of every restaurant that respects itself.

It is the efficiency of the telephone that makes it irresistible to a great people whose passion is to "get results"—the instancy with which the communication

is given, and the clear loudness of the telephone's voice in reply to yours: phenomena utterly unknown in Europe. Were I to inhabit the United States, I too should become a victim of the telephone habit, as it is practised in its most advanced form in those suburban communities to which I have already incidentally referred. There a woman takes to the telephone as women in more decadent lands take to morphia. You can see her at morn at her bedroom window, pouring confidences into her telephone, thus combining the joy of an innocent vice with the healthy freshness of breeze and sunshine. It has happened to me to sit in a drawing-room, where people gathered round the tele-



THE OPERATOR'S DESK IS ALWAYS A CENTER OF ACTIVITY

United States was when, in a Chicago hotel, I permanently removed the receiver from the telephone in a room designed (doubtless ironically) for slumber. The whole hotel was appalled. Half Chicago shuddered. In response to the prayer of a deputation from the management I restored the receiver. On the horrified face of the deputation I could read the unspoken query: "Is it conceivable that you have been in this country a month without understanding that the United States is primarily nothing but a vast congeries of telephone-cabins?" Yes, I yielded and admired! And I surmise

phone as Europeans gather round a fire, and to hear immediately after the ejaculation of a number into the telephone a sharp ring from outside through the open window, and then to hear in answer to the question, "What are you going to wear to-night?" two absolutely simultaneous replies, one loudly from the telephone across the room, and the other faintlier from a charming human voice across the garden: "I don't know. What are you?" Such may be the pleasing secondary scientific effect of telephoning to the lady next door on a warm afternoon.



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

AT MORN POURING CONFIDENCES INTO HER TELEPHONE

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Now it was obvious that behind the apparently simple exterior aspects of any telephone system there must be an intricate and marvelous secret organization. In Europe my curiosity would probably never have been excited by the thought of that organization—at home one accepts everything as of course!—but, in the United States, partly because the telephone is so much more wonderful and terrible there, and partly because in a foreign land one is apt to have strange caprices, I allowed myself to become the prey of a desire to see the arcanum con-

cealed at the other end of all the wires; and thus, one day, under the high protection of a demigod of the electrical world, I paid a visit to a telephone-exchange in New York, and saw therein what nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the most ardent telephone-users seldom think about and will never see.

A murmuring sound, as of an infinity of scholars in a prim school conning their lessons, and a long row of young women seated in a dim radiance on a long row of precisely similar stools, be-

fore a long apparatus of holes and pegs and pieces of elastic cord, all extremely intent: that was the first broad impression. One saw at once that none of these young women had a single moment to spare; they were all involved in the tremendous machine, part of it, keeping pace with it and in it, and not daring to take their eyes off it for an instant, lest they should sin against it. What they were droning about it was impossible to guess; for if one stationed oneself close to any particular rapt young woman, she seemed to utter no sound, but simply and without ceasing to peg and unpeg holes at random among the thousands of holes before her, apparently in obedience to the signaling of faint, tiny lights that in thousands continually expired and were rekindled. It was so that these tiny lights should be distinguishable that the



A CORNER OF THE FILING SECTION

illumination of the secret and finely appointed chamber was kept dim. Throughout the whole length of the apparatus the colored elastic cords to which the pegs were attached kept crossing one another in fantastic patterns.

We who had entered were ignored. We might have been ghosts, invisible and inaudible. Even the supervisors, less-young women set in authority, did not turn to glance at us as they moved restlessly peering behind the stools. And yet somehow I could hear the delicate shoulders of all the young women saying, without speech: "Here come these tyrants and taskmasters again, who have invented this exercise which nearly but not quite cracks our little brains for us! They know exactly how much they can get out of us, and they get it. They are cleverer than us and more powerful than us; and we have to submit to their discipline. But—" And afar off I could hear: "What are you going to wear to-night?" "Will you dine with me to-night?" "I want two seats." "Very well, thanks, and how is Mrs. . . .?" "When can I see you to-morrow?" "I'll take your offer for those bonds." . . . And I could see the interiors of innumerable offices and drawing-rooms. . . . But of course I could hear and see nothing really except the intent drone and quick gesturing of those completely absorbed young creatures in the dim radiance, on stools precisely similar.

I understood why the telephone service was so efficient. I understood not merely from the demeanor of the long row of young women, but from everything else I had seen in the exact and diabolically ingenious ordering of the whole establishment.

We were silent for a time, as though we had entered a church. We were, perhaps unconsciously, abashed by the in-



A YOUNG WOMAN WAS JUST FINISHING A FLORID SONG

tensity of the absorption of these neat young women. After a while one of the guides, one of the inscrutable beings who had helped to invent and construct the astounding organism, began in a low voice on the forlorn hope of making me comprehend the mechanism of a telephone-call and its response. And I began on the forlorn hope of persuading him by intelligent acting that I did comprehend. We each made a little progress. I could not tell him that, though I genuinely and humbly admired his particular variety of genius, what interested me in the affair was not the mechanics, but the human equation. As a professional reader of faces, I glanced as well as I could sideways at those bent girls' faces to see if they were happy. An absurd inquiry! Do I look happy when I'm at

work, I wonder! Did they then look reasonably content? Well, I came to the conclusion that they looked like most other faces—neither one thing nor the other. Still, in a great establishment, I would sooner search for sociological in-

as intensely absorbed as these appeared to be. But the illusion was there, and it was effective.)

I learned that even the lowest beginner earned five dollars a week. It was just the sum I was paying for a pair of clean sheets every night at a grand hotel. And that the salary rose to six, seven, eight, eleven, and even fourteen dollars for supervisors, who, however, had to stand on their feet seven and a half hours a day, as shop-girls do for ten hours a day; and that in general the girls had thirty minutes for lunch, and a day off every week, and that the Company supplied them gratuitously with tea, coffee, sugar, couches, newspapers, arm-chairs, and fresh air, of which last fifty fresh cubic feet were pumped in for every operator every minute.

"Naturally," I was told, "the discipline is strict. There are test wires. . . . We can check the 'time elements.' . . . We keep a record of every call. They'll take a dollar a week less in an outside place—for instance, a hotel. . . . Their average stay here is thirty months."

And I was told the number of ex-

formation in the faces of the employed than in the managerial rules.

"What do they earn?" I asked, when we emerged from the ten-atmosphere pressure of that intense absorption. (Of course I knew that no young women could possibly for any length of time be

changes there were in New York, exactly like the one I was seeing.

A dollar a week less in a hotel! How feminine! And how masculine! And how wise for one sort of young woman, and how foolish for another! . . . Imagine quitting that convent with its



ABSORBED IN THAT WONDROUS SATISFYING HOBBY

guaranteed fresh air, and its couches and sugar and so on, for the rough hazards and promiscuities of a hotel! On the other hand, imagine not quitting it!

Said the demigod of the electrical world, condescendingly: "All this telephone business is done on a mere few hundred horse-power. Come away, and I'll show you electricity in bulk."

And I went away with him, thoughtful. In spite of the inhuman perfection of its functioning, that exchange was a very human place indeed. It brilliantly solved some problems; it raised others. Excessively difficult to find any fault whatever in it! A marvelous service, achieved under strictly hygienic conditions—and young women must make their way through the world! And yet— Yes, a very human place indeed!

The demigods of the electric world do not condescend to move about in petrol motor-cars. In the exercise of a natural and charming coquetry they insist on electrical traction, and it was in the most modern and soundless electric brougham that we arrived at nightfall under the overhanging cornice-eaves of two gigantic Florentine palaces—just such looming palaces, they appeared in the dark, as may be seen in any central street of Florence, with a cinema-show blazing its signs on the ground floor, and Heaven knows what remnants of Italian aristocracy in the mysterious upper stories. Having entered one of the palaces, simultaneously with a tornado of wind, we passed through long, deserted, narrow galleries, lined with thousands of small, caged compartments containing "transformers," and on each compartment was a label bearing always the same words: "Danger, 6,600 volts." "Danger, 6,600 volts." "Danger, 6,600 volts." A wondrous relief when we had escaped with our lives from the menace of those innumerable volts! And then we stood on a high platform surrounded by handles, switches, signals—apparatus enough to put all New York into darkness, or to annihilate it in an instant by the unloosing of terrible cohorts of volts!—and faced an enormous white hall, sparsely peopled by a few colossal machines that seemed to be revolving and oscillating about their business with the fatalism of conquered and

resigned leviathans. Immaculately clean, inconceivably tidy, shimmering with brilliant light under its lofty and beautiful ceiling, shaking and roaring with the terrific thunder of its own vitality, this hall in which no common voice could make itself heard produced nevertheless an effect of magical stillness, silence, and solitude. We were alone in it, save that now and then in the far-distant spaces a figure might flit and disappear between the huge glinting columns of metal. It was a hall enchanted and inexplicable. I understood nothing of it. But I understood that half the electricity of New York was being generated by its engines of a hundred and fifty thousand horse-power, and that if the spell were lifted the elevators of New York would be immediately paralyzed, and the twenty million lights expire beneath the eyes of a startled population. I could have gazed at it to this day, and brooded to this day upon the human imaginations that had perfected it; but I was led off, hypnotized, to see the furnaces and boilers under the earth. And even there we were almost alone, to such an extent had one sort of senseless matter been compelled to take charge of another sort of senseless matter. The odyssey of the coal that was lifted high out of ships on the tide beyond, to fall ultimately into the furnaces within, scarcely touched by the hand-wielded shovel, was by itself epical. Fresh air pouring in at the rate of twenty-four million cubic feet per hour cooled the entire palace, and gave to these stoke-holes the uncanny quality of refrigerators. The lowest horror of the steamship had been abolished here.

I was tempted to say: "This alone is fit to be called the heart of New York!"

They took me to the twin palace, and on the windy way thither figures were casually thrown at me. As that a short circuit may cause the machines to surge wildly into the sudden creation of six million horse-power of electricity, necessitating the invention of other machines to control automatically these perilous vagaries! As that in the down-town district the fire-engine was being abolished because, at a signal, these power-houses could in thirty seconds concentrate on any given main a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch, lifting

jets of water perhaps above the roofs of sky-scrapers! As that the city could fine these power-houses at the rate of five hundred dollars a minute for any interruption of the current longer than three minutes—but the current had never failed for a single second! As that in one year over two million dollars' worth of machinery had been scrapped! . . . And I was aware that it was New York I was in, and not Timbuctoo.

In the other palace it appeared that the great American scrapping process was even yet far from complete. At first sight this other seemed to resemble the former one, but I was soon instructed that the former one was as naught to this one, for here the turbine—the “strong, silent man” among engines—was replacing the racket of cylinder and crank. Statistics are tiresome and futile to stir the imagination. I disdain statistics, even when I assimilate them. And yet when my attention was directed to one trifling block of metal, and I was told that it was the most powerful “unit” in the world, and that it alone would make electricity sufficient for the lighting of a city of a quarter of a million people, I felt that statistics, after all, could knock you a staggering blow. . . . In this other palace, too, was the same solitude of machinery, attending most conscientiously and effectively to itself. A singularly disconcerting spectacle! And I reflected that, according to dreams already coming true, the telephone-exchange also would soon be a solitude of clicking contact-points, functioning in mystic certitude, instead of a convent of girls requiring sugar and couches, and thirsting for love. A singularly disconcerting prospect!

But was it necessary to come to America in order to see and describe telephone-exchanges and electrical power-houses? Do not these wonders exist in all the cities of earth? They do, but not to quite the same degree of wondrousness. Hat-shops, and fine hat-shops, exist in New York, but not to quite the same degree of wondrousness as in Paris. People sing in New York, but not with quite the same natural lyricism as in Naples. The great civilizations all present the same features; but it is just the differences in degree between the same feature in this civilization and in that—it is just these

differences which together constitute and illustrate the idiosyncrasy of each. It seems to me that the brains and the imagination of America shone superlatively in the conception and ordering of its vast organizations of human beings, and of machinery, and of the two combined. By them I was more profoundly attracted, impressed, and inspired than by any other non-spiritual phenomena whatever in the United States. For me they were the proudest material achievements, and essentially the most poetical achievements, of the United States. And that is why I am dwelling on them.

Further, there are business organizations in America of a species which do not flourish at all in Europe. For example, the “mail-order house,” whose secrets were very generously displayed to me in Chicago—a peculiar establishment which sells merely everything (except patent-medicines)—on condition that you order it by post. Go into that house with money in your palm, and ask for a fan or a flail or a fur-coat or a fountain-pen or a fiddle, and you will be requested to return home and write a letter about the proposed purchase, and stamp the letter and drop it into a mailbox, and then to wait till the article arrives at your door. That house is one of the most spectacular and pleasing proofs that the inhabitants of the United States are thinly scattered over an enormous area, in tiny groups, often quite isolated from stores. On the day of my visit sixty thousand letters had been received, and every executable order contained in these was executed before closing time, by the co-ordinated efforts of over four thousand female employees and over three thousand males. The conception would make Europe dizzy. Imagine a merchant in Moscow trying to inaugurate such a scheme! A little machine no bigger than a soup-plate will open hundreds of envelopes at once.

They are all the same, those envelopes; they have even less individuality than sheep being sheared, but when the contents of one—any one at random—are put into your hand, something human and distinctive is put into your hand. I read the calligraphy on a blue sheet of paper, and it was written by a woman

in Wyoming, a neat, earnest, harassed, and possibly rather harassing woman, and she wanted all sorts of things and wanted them intensely—I could see that with clearness. This complex purchase was an important event in her year. So far as her imagination went, only one mail-order would reach the Chicago house that morning, and the entire establishment would be strained to meet it.

Then the blue sheet was taken from me and thrust into the system, and therein lost to me. I was taken to a mysteriously rumbling shaft of broad diameter, that pierced all the floors of the house and had trap-doors on each floor. And when one of the trap-doors was opened I saw packages of all descriptions racing after one another down spiral planes within the shaft. There were several of these great shafts—with divisions for mail, express, and freight traffic—and packages were ceaselessly racing down all of them, laden with the objects desired by the woman of Wyoming and her fifty-nine-thousand-odd fellow-customers of the day. At first it seemed to me impossible that that earnest, impatient woman in Wyoming should get precisely what she wanted; it seemed to me impossible that some mistake should not occur in all that noisy fever of rushing activity. But after I had followed an order, and seen it filled and checked, my opinion was that a mistake would be the most miraculous phenomenon in that establishment. I felt quite reassured on behalf of Wyoming.

And then I was suddenly in a room where six hundred billing-machines were being clicked at once by six hundred young women, a fantastic aural nightmare, though none of the young women appeared to be conscious that anything bizarre was going on. . . . And then I was in a printing-shop, where several lightning machines spent their whole time every day in printing the most popular work of reference in the United States, a bulky book full of pictures, with an annual circulation of five and a half million copies—the general catalogue of the firm. For the first time I realized the true meaning of the word “popularity”—and sighed. . . .

And then it was lunch-time for about a couple of thousand employees, and in

the boundless restaurant I witnessed the working of the devices which enabled these legions to choose their meals, and pay for them (cost price) in a few moments, and without advanced mathematical calculations. The young head of the restaurant showed me, with pride, a menu of over a hundred dishes—Austrian, German, Hungarian, Italian, Scotch, French, and American; at prices from one cent up as high as ten cents (prime roast-beef)—and at the foot of the menu was his personal appeal: “I desire to extend to you a cordial invitation to inspect,” etc. “*My* constant aim will be,” etc. Yet it was not *his* restaurant. It was the firm’s restaurant. Here I had a curious illustration of an admirable characteristic of American business methods that was always striking me—namely, the real delegation of responsibility. An American board of direction will put a man in charge of a department, as a viceroy over a province, saying, as it were: “This is yours. Do as you please with it. We will watch the results.” A marked contrast this with the centralizing of authority which seems to be ever proceeding in Europe, and which breeds in all classes at all ages—especially in France—a morbid fear and horror of accepting responsibility.

Later, I was on the ground level, in the midst of an enormous apparent confusion—the target for all the packages and baskets, big and little, that shot every instant in a continuous stream from those spiral planes, and slid dangerously at me along the floors. Here were the packers. I saw a packer deal with a collected order, and in this order were a number of tiny cookery utensils, a four-cent curling-iron, a brush, and two incredibly ugly pink china mugs, inscribed in cheap gilt respectively with the words “Father” and “Mother.” Throughout my stay in America no moment came to me more dramatically than this moment, and none has remained more vividly in my mind. All the daily domestic life of the small communities in the wilds of the West and the Middle West, and in the wilds of the back streets of the great towns, seemed to be revealed to me by the contents of that basket, as the packer wrapped up and protected one

article after another. I had been compelled to abandon a visitation of the West and of the small communities everywhere, and I was sorry. But here in a microcosm I thought I saw the simple reality of the backbone of all America, a symbol of the millions of the little plain people, who ultimately make possible the glory of the world-renowned streets and institutions in dazzling cities.

There was something indescribably touching in that curling-iron and those two mugs. I could see the table on which the mugs would soon proudly stand, and "father" and "mother" and children thereat, and I could see the hand heating the curling-iron and applying it. I could see the whole little home and the whole life of the little home. . . . And afterward, as I wandered through the warehouses—pyramids of the same chair, cupboards full of the same cheap violin, stacks of the same album of music, acres of the same carpet and wall-paper, tons of the same gramophone, hundreds of tons of the same sewing-machine and lawn-mower—I felt as if I had been made free of the secrets of every village in every State of the Union, and as if I had lived in every little house and cottage thereof all my life! Almost no sense of beauty in those tremendous supplies of merchandise, but a lot of honesty, self-respect, and ambition fulfilled. I tell you I could hear the engaged couples discussing ardently over the pages of the catalogue what manner of bedroom suite they would buy, and what design of sideboard. . . .

Finally, I arrived at the firm's private railway station, where a score or more trucks were being laden with the multifarious boxes, bales, and parcels, all to leave that evening for romantic destinations such as Oregon, Texas, and Wyoming. Yes, the package of the woman of Wyoming's desire would ultimately be placed somewhere in one of those trucks! It was going to start off toward her that very night!

Impressive as this establishment was, finely as it illustrated the national genius for organization, it yet lacked necessarily, on account of the nature of its activity, those outward phenomena of splendor which charm the stranger's eye

in the great central houses of New York, and which seem designed to sum up all that is most characteristic and most dazzling in the business methods of the United States. These central houses are not soiled by the touch of actual merchandise. Nothing more squalid than ink ever enters their gates. They traffic with symbols only, and the symbols, no matter what they stand for, are never in themselves sordid. The men who have created these houses seem to have realized that, from their situation and their importance, a special effort toward representative magnificence was their pleasing duty, and to have made the effort with a superb prodigality and an astounding ingenuity.

Take, for a good, glorious example, the very large insurance company, conscious that the eyes of the world are upon it, and that the entire United States is expecting it to uphold the national pride. All the splendors of all the sky-scrapers are united in its building. Its foyer and grand staircase will sustain comparison with those of the Paris Opéra. You might think you were going into a place of entertainment! And, as a fact, you are! This affair, with nearly four thousand clerks, is the huge toy and pastime of a group of millionaires, who have discovered a way of honestly amusing themselves while gaining applause and advertisement. Within the foyer and beyond the staircase, notice the outer rooms, partitioned off by bronze grilles, looming darkly gorgeous in an eternal windowless twilight studded with the beautiful glowing green disks of electric-lamp shades; and under each disk a human head bent over the black-and-red magic of ledgers! The desired effect is at once obtained, and it is wonderful. Then lose yourself in and out of the ascending and descending elevators, and among the unending multitudes of clerks, and along the corridors of marble (total length exactly measured and recorded). You will be struck dumb. And immediately you begin to recover your speech you will be struck dumb again. . . .

Other houses, as has been seen, provide good meals for their employees at cost price. This house, then, will provide excellent meals, free of charge! It will install the most expensive kitchens and

richly spacious restaurants. It will serve the delicate repasts with dignity. "Does all this lessen the wages?" No, not in theory. But in practice, and whether the management wishes or not, it must come out of the wages. "Why do you do it?" you ask the departmental chief, who apparently gets far more fun out of the contemplation of these refectories than out of the contemplation of premiums received and claims paid. "It is better for the employees," he says. "But we do it because it is better for us. It pays us. Good food, physical comfort, agreeable environment, scientific ventilation—all these things pay us. We get results from them." He does not mention horses, but you feel that the comparison is with horses. A horse, or a clerk, or an artisan—it pays equally well to treat all of them well. This is one of the latest discoveries of economic science, a discovery not yet universally understood.

I say you do not mention horses, and you certainly must not hint that the men in authority may have been actuated by motives of humanity. You must believe what you are told—that the sole motive is to get results. The eagerness with which all heads of model establishments would disavow to me any thought of being humane was affecting in its *naïveté*; it had that touch of ingenuous wistfulness which I remarked everywhere in America—and nowhere more than in the demeanor of many mercantile highnesses. (I hardly expect Americans to understand just what I mean here.) It was as if they would blush at being caught in an act of humanity, like school-boys caught praying. Still, to my mind, the white purity of their desire to get financial results was often muddied by the dark stain of a humane motive. I may be wrong (as people say), but I know I am not (as people think).

The further you advance into the penetralia of this arch-exemplar of American organization and profusion, the more you are amazed by the imaginative perfection of its detail: as well in the system of filing for instant reference fifty million separate documents, as in the planning of a concert-hall for the diversion of the human machines.

As we went into the immense concert-hall a group of girls were giving an

informal concert among themselves. When lunch is served on the premises with chronographic exactitude, the thirty-five minutes allowed for the meal give an appreciable margin for music and play. A young woman was just finishing a florid song. The concert was suspended, and the whole party began to move humbly away at this august incursion.

"Sing it again; do, please!" the departmental chief suggested. And the florid song was nervously sung again; we applauded, the artiste bowed as on a stage, and the group fled, the thirty-five minutes being doubtless up. The departmental chief looked at me in silence, content, as much as to say: "This is how we do business in America." And I thought, "Yet another way of getting results!"

But sometimes the creators of the organization, who had provided everything, had been obliged to confess that they had omitted from their designs certain factors of evolution. Hat-cupboards were a feature of the women's offices—delightful specimens of sound cabinetry. And still, millinery was lying about all over the place, giving it an air of feminine occupation that was extremely exciting to a student on his travels. The truth was that none of those hats would go into the cupboards. Fashion had worsted the organization completely. Departmental chiefs had nothing to do but acquiesce in this startling untidiness. Either they must wait till the circumference of hats lessened again, or they must tear down the whole structure and rebuild it with due regard to hats.

Finally, we approached the sacred lair and fastness of the president, whose massive portrait I had already seen on several walls. Spaciousness and magnificence increased. Ceilings rose in height, marble was softened by the thick pile of carpets. Mahogany and gold shone more luxuriously. I was introduced into the vast antechamber of the presidential secretaries, and by the chief of them inducted through polished and gleaming barriers into the presence-chamber itself: a noble apartment, an apartment surpassing dreams and expectations, conceived and executed in a spirit of majestic prodigality. The president had not been afraid. And his costly audacity was splendidly justified of

itself. This man had a sense of the romantic, of the dramatic, of the fit. And the qualities in him and his *état major* which had commanded the success of the entire enterprise were well shown in the brilliant symbolism of that room's grandiosity. . . . And there was the president's portrait again, gorgeously framed.

He came in through another door, an old man of superb physique, and after a little while he was relating to me the early struggles of his company. "My wife used to say that for ten years she never saw me," he remarked.

I asked him what his distractions were, now that the strain was over and his ambitions so gloriously achieved. He replied that occasionally he went for a drive in his automobile.

"And what do you do with yourself in the evenings?" I inquired.

He seemed a little disconcerted by this perhaps unaccustomed bluntness.

"Oh," he said, casually, "I read insurance literature."

He had the conscious mien and manners of a reigning prince. His courtesy and affability were impeccable and charming. In the most profound sense this human being had succeeded, for it was impossible to believe that, had he to live his life again, he would live it very differently.

Such a type of man is, of course, to be found in nearly every country; but the type flourishes with a unique profusion and perfection in the United States; and in its more prominent specimens the distinguishing idiosyncrasy of the average American successful man of business is magnified for our easier inspection. The rough, broad difference between the American and the European business man is that the latter is anxious to leave his work, while the former is anxious to get to it. The attitude of the American business man toward his business is pre-eminently the attitude of an artist. You may say that he loves money. So do we all — artists particularly. No stock-broker's private journal could be more full of dollars than Balzac's intimate correspondence is full of francs. But whereas the ordinary artist loves money chiefly because it represents luxury, the American business man loves it chiefly because it is the sole proof of success in his endeavor. He loves his business. It

is not his toil, but his hobby, passion, vice, monomania—any vituperative epithet you like to bestow on it! He does not look forward to living in the evening; he lives most intensely when he is in the midst of his organization. His instincts are best appeased by the hourly excitements of a good, scrimmaging, commercial day. He needs these excitements as some natures need alcohol. He cannot do without them.

On no other hypothesis can the unrivaled ingenuity and splendor and ruthlessness of American business undertakings be satisfactorily explained. They surpass the European, simply because they are never out of the thoughts of their directors, because they are adored with a fine frenzy. And for the same reason they are decked forth in magnificence. Would a man enrich his office with rare woods and stuffs and marbles if it were not a temple? Would he bestow graces on the environment if while he was in it the one idea at the back of his head was the anticipation of leaving it? Watch American business men together, and if you are a European you will clearly perceive that they are devotees. They are open with one another, as intimates are. Jealousy and secretiveness are much rarer among them than in Europe. They show off their respective organizations with pride and with candor. They admire one another enormously. Hear one of them say enthusiastically of another: "It was a great idea he had—connecting his New York and his Philadelphia places by wireless—a great idea!" They call one another by their Christian names, fondly. They are capable of wonderful friendships in business. They are cemented by one religion—and it is not golf. For them the journey "home" is often not the evening journey, but the morning journey. Call this a hard saying if you choose: it is true. Could a man be happy long away from a hobby so entrancing, a toy so intricate and marvelous, a setting so splendid? Is it strange that, absorbed in that wondrous satisfying hobby, he should make love with the nonchalance of an animal? At which point I seem to have come dangerously near to the topic of the singular position of the American woman, about which everybody is talking. . . .

The Secret Shelf

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

NATHAN was the "poor thing" of the village. An idiot, no; too cunning for that and too capable altogether, too skilled in his trade, too unexpected in speech and manner. He had, on occasions, been known to show even an extra intelligence, shining out—most amazing—in a way to downright dazzle rustic wits. In truth, there was for Nathan but one word, and it was one which the village never employed, having neither use for it nor knowledge of it. Nathan, the tailor, was a poet.

Well, but whatever he was, the village felt grateful for him. Nathan did nothing but make you laugh; not with him, but at him. He was solemn, and had never been heard to laugh.

He made skilled use of his needle, keeping his widowed mother, and saving a bit. Yet when he made you a suit of clothes, the cut and the stitching would be sound enough; yet now and then he infused some quality that made you walk the world looking the crack-pate. Nobody just knew how he did this, and you never could be sure of him. Bridegrooms of the village would tremble for the wedding suit; mourners dreaded lest a touch not truly dolorous became stitched into their grim new black. There was no other tailor for many miles round, so the village to a man allowed him to shape and stitch its cloth.

If the history of his mother had not been known, you might have said that Nathan was a changeling, so mutable was he and freakish. For still down here in Sussex, near the sea, sheepishly, yet with dogged faith, men believed in fairies, witches, ghosts, and devils. On winter nights, other topics failing, cronies, growing convivial in the village inn, would discuss the tailor and his ways. Or in lazy summer-time, people drifting along the dusty road would lean over the half-door of the forge and get the blacksmith's hearty opinion about

Nathan. The blacksmith was burly, filling out his leather apron. He was all sweat and smiles, and he was simple, too, with a simple sense of fun like a child, and the tailor was a rare joke always.

It was good to hear him roar and see him shake if you just mentioned Nathan. He would instantly mimic the tailor's walk; the forward poke of his head, the hunch of his shoulders, the claw-like curvings of his fine fingers. Sometimes, when he made too much noise, his sister Susan would stick her head in at the door that led from the smithy to the house and tell him sourly to give over. Susan Pipkin was a small, pinched woman nearing forty. It was as if the jolly forge, which fed her brother Benjamin's spirit and made his body big, had drawn the life from her and left her bleached. Only one touch of color had she, yet that was glorious. Her blue eyes were big and deep, fringed secretively by long lashes; black brows, delicately arched, and giving scorn, kept sentinel above them. Nobody had valued these eyes, since here she was, a spinster close upon forty. Only Nathan the tailor had looked into their depths, reading sweetness and knowledge. He said nothing, for he was shy and he was cold—an aloof, flightabout creature, not to be considered as a wooer. Yet he saw and he reveled; in his heart, so oddly stirred, he applauded. Susan, a woman, after all, knew all this perfectly well; therefore never would she, beyond a point, allow Nathan to be the sport of Benjamin. Was not this tailor the only adorer she had ever known? He constantly fluttered before her the mere tatter of a passion, a ghost thing, threadbare, gray—to invisibility, yet all that she knew.

When she thought of his eyes—curious, wistful, and joyous—looking into hers, as they had done for years, thought would take an odd current. She was uplifted and dissatisfied. She could not understand what it was that troubled her so,

and she would take feverishly to scrubbing. Or she would scold her jolly brother Benjamin. More than once, in this mood, she had gone to the tailor's shop, with a coat of the blacksmith's to have a new lining, or with breeches in need of a new seat. Then Nathan would stare at her; then she, unflinchingly, would meet that look; letting the steady splendor of her wonderful eyes flood the fusty shop. When she returned, there was new color in her face, and the blacksmith, grinning quizzically, would say:

"Bin down ter Nathan's? Them gig-lamps o' yourn, Sukey, ull set fire ter his shop one o' these days."

Susan at this would be outraged, angry, quite implacable, and she made him pay fully for his jest—cooking his food badly, neglecting his mending. Benjamin only laughed; he always laughed when he was sober and swore when he was drunk, using liquor for great occasions only. And, next to rallying the tailor behind his back, he loved to rally his sister Susan to her face about those enormous eyes that looked so odd in her sharp face. In the village it was considered that Susan's eyes amounted to a disfigurement.

"Gig-lamps! Saucer-eyes!" said the village when Susan was out of ear-shot. If Nathan heard people say things of this sort, he would shiver and go all over goose-flesh. But nobody took any notice of him. Was he not merely a topic to play with on wet days or idle days, dull hours through which you wished to thread the tinsel of a joke!

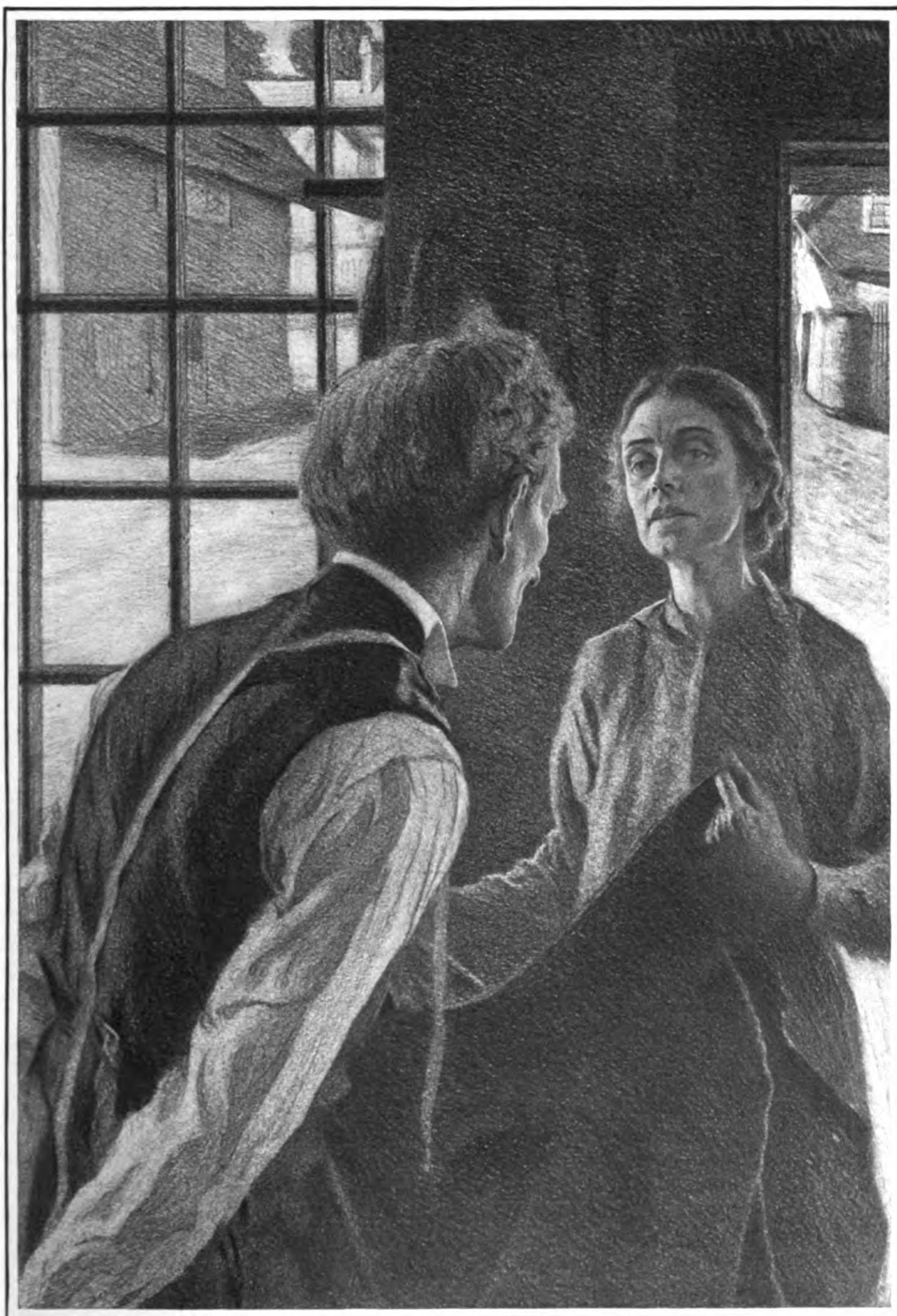
As he worked in his low-pitched, bow-windowed shop at the corner of the street, at the bottom of the hill, Nathan thought not of Susan Pipkin the woman at all. He had no use in the world for her or any woman. He merely considered the message which her eyes gave, and from time to time he would get dreamily up, uncrossing his little legs from the board, letting the garment upon which he worked fall upon the floor—or anywhere!—and, reaching to a shelf high up on the wall, he would fetch from it paper and a stump of pencil. He was what we call a poet. And this is why the village found no word for him, and why Benjamin Pipkin the blacksmith found him such a rare joke.

Nathan sometimes felt, upon days that were dazzling yet extra dull, that it would be a just act even to kill Susan Pipkin, if so you could get her eyes for your own and preserve forever their marvel and their glitter. This was a rare mood, and to be dismissed as impious. It only came on wet days, when the village street, seen through his window, looked strange. For he was very sensible to tricks of the atmosphere. There were times when the old thatched houses and the steep street were quite new—although he had known them all his life. This sight prompted, tempted, and fired him. His moral outlines were blurred—with the rain-driven street! He would reach up feverishly to the shelf and start writing.

Children going home from school on short winter afternoons would stand and flatten their noses against the window of the tailor's shop. He did such gnome-like things. They watched him thump upon the board with the heavy iron; or he would be cutting out, outlining the proposed garment with fascinating bits, thin and three-cornered—of pipe-clay, pink or blue. Many a little heart had a keen desire to possess a bit of the tailor's pretty pipe-clay.

Sometimes Nathan, all unheeding, his rough head close up to the window, would be merely scribbling, catching the last daylight, for his Muse would only flourish in the smile of day. He would be scribbling—doing lessons, the children might say. This annoyed them, for there was neither novelty nor mystery in it, but merely weary memories of to-day and a dread of to-morrow. They would hoot or tap mockingly upon the panes, frightening the absorbed tailor, dragging him back from that lovely land of dreams where poets live and where alone they can draw a long breath.

Nathan would jump up, start back, make what the children called "a face" at them; shake his little fist, then smile. And the cohort with a whoop and a skip would go off round the corner, leaving him alone. But the Muse had fled. He returned to tailoring, which he merely bore with, since it had the advantage of being a quiet trade. Only filial affection kept him to the board and away from glory. He had a delicate opinion of him-



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan

UNFLINCHINGLY SHE WOULD MEET NATHAN'S LOOK

self, and when his dear mother died he would pack up, get to London, make a book of his poems, and be famous.

So he went on: dressing his neighbors, ministering to his frail old mother, drinking in the splendor of Susan Pipkin's curious eyes—the butt of his village, the joy and jest of children. This—until he was forty-seven.

And he would go on naturally, until his sight grew too dim to thread a needle; for nothing in this remote place ever sharply changed. Fathers died and were buried when their full time came, sons simply succeeded to farm or shop. The roofs of cottages grew rotten and were re-thatched in winter-time, when straw was plentiful and labor cheap. Nathan's figure, seen through the bow-window, was a component part of the street. There was his big, sandy head; hair standing up in a fringe at the top, as if he neither brushed nor oiled it. There were his shoulders, bowed with forever stooping; the square, barrel-like body, the spindle legs, pale face, and little brown eyes, cunning and sad.

There would he be, stitching or scribbling, whenever you chose to look through or step in. There were bits of paper, fetched down from the shelf, covered with pencil scribbles and showing here and there rude pictures; to illustrate, perhaps better than the written word, the idea that he travailed with.

Odd scraps! Light showing here and there! Through his wild and floundering efforts at poetry—all of it tangled, yet none of it feeble—flashed the steady blue fire of Susan Pipkin's eyes. So much did they mean, so blissful and so blinding was the light they threw, that the tailor never cared to look upon the living woman at her daily task. Susan with a broom in her hand showed sacrilege.

He had written a straggling poem, all fire and confusion, calling it "The Box," and in it he expressed his fervent desire to have those jewels of hers, to keep as his own forever: blue eyes, a rich box, set delicately with blue enamels, hidden in some secret place.

Here, then, if they wanted him, was Nathan the tailor, stitching or scribbling. And he, naturally, would always be there until he came to die. Guess, then, how they missed him—how outraged, stupe-

fied, alarmed, and angry they were—when he went. And went shyly. Suddenly, without lingering illness, his mother died and was buried. The very next morning Nathan, saying nothing of his plans, shut up his shop and his cottage of good furniture, both of them his own freehold, and gave the key to the old woman next door, telling her vaguely to warm, air, and clean the place. He went off, walking steadfastly out of the village to the railway station, with a bundle under his arm and with a box on his back.

He went very early. The village awoke, looked for him as usual, and he was away. It solemnly discussed, it speculated, differed, and grumbled. Certainly it joked no more. Nathan, by secret departure, had lifted himself clean up from the realm of the popular fool. He at once attained tragedy. They considered that, in grief at his loss, he had certainly drowned himself. Yet why take a bundle and a box?

He left a curious blank in the village street, and very soon they began to whisper, these deprived neighbors of his, that the shop was haunted. Children came a longer way round from school so as not to pass it.

It was early January when he went. One night in March Robert Wellbelove, the hedger and ditcher, swore solemnly that in going up-street from the village inn to his own cottage he saw Nathan's shop blazing with light. And upon a board sat Satan stitching at a pair of breeches that were blazing scarlet and made of a stuff so strange that it never was woven on any earthly loom.

It was a June morning when Farmer Goatcher came to the smithy. He got off his horse with a deliberation that betokened something far more eloquent than shoeing. The blacksmith was sensible of the drama of this moment, and his usual jest died, formless, upon his lip. He only stared, with those round, blue eyes of his that were such a poor replica of his sister Susan's.

"I want a word wi' you, private, Benjamin." Even as he spoke, the farmer was fiddling with his thumb and forefinger in the slit of his waistcoat pocket.

"Why, certainly," returned the blacksmith, with a joviality that was forced, notwithstanding.

His own fingers fumbled as he took off his leather apron.

"It's pleasant in the garden," he said, looking down the path as his friend tied the horse to a post.

Great poppies were making a flame in Susan's border. They burned through the hot, faint airs of the day, and upon a branch of the espalier plum-tree sat a blackbird fluting. Benjamin Pipkin marked all of this.

"It be more private in the house," insisted Goatcher.

He was a big, weak-willed man, with the obstinacy common to his sort. So the two of them walked out of the beautiful day, which was all mystic, vague, and softly trembling.

"Fine weather for the hay," said Farmer Goatcher, looking approvingly round him.

He went with the blacksmith into the house and through the front door, which was only used on Sundays. They trod cautiously, and softly they shut themselves into the parlor. Through the wall they could hear the vigorous swish and scratch of Susan's brush as she scrubbed the kitchen table. She was singing, too: the sounds were related but unlovely.

"These yere wimmin make sech a noise ef they does a bit o' work," complained Benjamin. "But she wun't hear us talk through her scourin' an' squallin'. What's up wi' you, Goatcher? Look as ef you'd sin a ghost."

"So I hev, purty like. You read this, an' then you tell me, man ter man, what you feels your dooty as brother ter a single 'ooman ter be."

The farmer might have been imposing some legal oath, he spoke so solemnly. He cleared his throat, he blinked his small, crafty eyes, and he brought out from that waistcoat pocket where from the first he had fiddled with his finger and thumb a crumpled bit of printing torn from a newspaper. He handed it over to his neighbor.

The blacksmith read it once and read it twice; there was no smile upon his face, and he breathed thickly. He scratched his head, struck his immense, dirty hand upon his knee, and, picturesquely, he swore.

"It's all about a young 'ooman," he said at last, and looking at the tightly

shut window as if he very much wished that Goatcher would open it without waiting to be asked, "an' that 'ooman Susan Pipkin. 'Tis about eyes; her eyes. 'Tis by Nathan Ringrose, the tailor; here be his name wrote, bold, at the bottom. We all thought he wur dead. What be he a-doin' wi' my sister Sukey's eyes, ef he wun't own the whole 'ooman fer his law-ful wife?"

The blacksmith spoke in gasps, and he was twisting the paper about, making it blacker and more crumpled.

"'Tis a poem"—he read it again—"an' he hev called it 'The Box.'"

He sat blinking over the crack-brained tailor's ecstasies: discoursing as he did of marvelous eyes that were more blue and more bright than God's stars. You would set them in purest gold and keep them close in a box for your own self only. They were eyes with a light most bewitching, magnets to heaven.

"I can't shoe horses fer no man till this be set right," said Benjamin, the brother, piteously.

"Thet's why I come, bein' married," returned Goatcher, with his funny, weak blush and theatrical air of bluster. "Ef any man writ about my missus's eyes, blue, green, or brown, I'd choke 'un." He lifted his fist and shook it to the empty room. The blacksmith wanted to laugh.

"I goos ter London yesterday," proceeded the farmer, "an' bought the paper ter read on the journey up. Don't crumple thet poetry, man, an' destroy it! 'Tis your on'y evidence agen him. We allus knowed Nathan fer a fool, but we niver tokened 'un fer a villain. Wi' thet bit o' paper you'll confront him."

"Confront! Confound! I can't git at 'un. He be dead."

"No, he bain't; you bide a bit. Directly I got ter London I goos ter the office o' this paper; the address be writ at the bottom. I wur meanin' ter step in, bold, an' charge Nathan wi' molestin' a modest young 'ooman what he'd got no claim on. 'Tain't private ter drag out Susan's eyes like this, as you m' say, sing'ler though they be. 'Tain't her fault as she's got eyes big enough fer two, an' it be crool ter trade on another's disfigurement. All this I wur disposed ter tell 'un, wi' a full stop done wi' my fistes." Goatcher lifted and shook them again.

"I found the place, a foine, big house, yet dirty, an' wur hangin' about a bit, puttin' my words inter shape, fer you don't want ter set cart afore horse in a delicate matter, when down the stair an' inter the street who should step but Nathan hisself."

"Then he ain't dead? An' Wellbelove wur lyin' as well as drunk when he said he saw his ghost in the shop!"

"Dead! Fat an' smooth; shoulders squared back, a man a'most," declared the farmer. "Wearin' a grand suit o' black thet he niver fashioned hisself."

"You didn't speak?"

"'Twur wiser not ter speak. 'Tis a private matter." And he looked combatively into the blacksmith's smoldering glances. "I'm rare glad," he insisted, "as I didn't speak. 'Twould a-sp'iled the job fer you. I ain't Susan's nateral protector. You be."

"Yes, I be," the blacksmith nodded; and into the dull fire of his eyes there crept the sparkle of the battle spirit.

"I follered 'un," impressed Goatcher, "through street arter street. I wur footsore; 'twas a real cost in shoe-leather. At larst he stops at a grand house, puts a key in the door, walks in bold as bold. An' theer he be now, or theer he be at three o'clock yesterday. I got the direction. 'Tis near the Regent's Park."

He brought from his eloquent waistcoat pocket a second slip of paper. Upon it he had written in round, careful letters, "13a, Banbury Gate, London, N. W."

"I went on ter the Zoo arterwards," he said, simply. "It cooled me; fer I wur all in a sweat wi' the excitement o' the thing. Wunnerful interestin' spot, Benjamin. You did orter goo when you be done wi' Nathan."

"I'm niver done wi' he," returned the blacksmith; and now he blazed. "I'm off ter London ter-morrer. Theer's work as must be done ter-day in the smithy."

"Nathan be safe enough fer forty days," Goatcher chuckled, and stood up. "So homelike an' sleek he looked, a-lettin' hisself in wi' a little shiny key. You goo by the fust train. I'll be on the platform, faithful, ter wish you god-speed. I wish I could goo wi' 'ee an' watch the fight," he spoke heartily, "but 'tis a private job an' best left to the nearest of kin."

The blacksmith started early next morning. Overnight he told his sister Susan that he was going to London on business. To this bald statement, in the manner of men of his kind to their women folk, he added nothing more elucidatory, although he had not been to London for nearly eighteen years. And Susan asked no questions; she knew that she had better not. Her brother looked a little dangerous, and, which was a thing unusual with him, he had spent the evening at the inn, coming home late and looking unsteady. In a confused way, as she pulled off his boots for him by the big wood fire in the kitchen, he made her understand that, returning, he had fought with Wellbelove, the ditcher.

Susan took this intelligence, as she took the other more amazing piece, apathetically. Her brother said at the last, as he drew up the chains of the tall clock in the corner:

"You'd best hev summat hot an' tasty fer supper. I may bide late in London, an' I may bring back a friend."

As he said "friend" he laughed out loud, and his eyes were bloodshot. He stumbled on the stair; certainly he had been drinking more than was good for him. Yet women of Susan's sort are used to that, and it neither shocks nor dismays. It is masculine, that is all; and she knew that had she been Benjamin's wife instead of merely his sister he would have struck her to-night. She rather hugged herself upon her single state.

Early next morning, being barely awake, she heard him go softly downstairs in his stockings. Later on, rising, she did her house-work mechanically, just as usual, and she cooked extra things for supper, as she had been bidden. She was patient and quite non-curious; deference to the higher sex was in her very blood. Perhaps this was why she had half loved and half scorned Nathan Ringrose. Sitting sewing that afternoon, she recalled his glances and cherished them; for he was not a woman, yet you could hardly call him a man.

He was dead, as all in the village perfectly well knew. People wondered what was to be done with his house and shop and furniture. The ditcher had seen his ghost stitching away with the fury of Satan himself at flashing white breeches.

Wellbelove's narrative varied with his mood and his degree of hilarity; for sometimes it was Nathan's ghost stitching at white breeches, and at others it was the fiend himself working upon a garment of flame color, as was fitting.

Benjamin was strange in London, and, staring about him with the ready suspicion and the unalloyed wonder of the true rustic, he attracted many glances. This enraged him, since he knew that his Sunday trousers were wrong. Nathan Ringrose had made them—in his most impish mood. Also bright blue was perhaps too startling a shade in this dull city where men went dingily.

Farmer Goatcher, true to his word and grinning upon the station platform in the early sunshine, had said:

"Turn round, Benjamin. What be wrong wi' them trousers? They be too tight round the knee an' too bellied-out round the bottom. Your legs might be the sails of a smack."

The blacksmith had stared at him doubtfully, and just then the train came in, which was well. But the sting of the remark smarted all through the journey, and it made him even more relentless against Nathan, had this been possible. Yet whenever he thought of this tailor he wanted to laugh.

Arriving in London, he had his dinner at a place which dimly he remembered; yet streets and even the station had changed vastly in eighteen years. Then he asked a policeman to direct him to the Regent's Park.

When at last he found Banbury Gate he whistled in amazement; yet it was a hollow sound, seeming to hang disconsolate. Never had he felt so lonely. His whistle was a sound that you might compare to an empty sleeve: no heart in the whistle, no arm in the sleeve. Benjamin could only laugh and whistle to the sounds and the flare of his smithy.

These were grand houses, and Goatcher had been right, the old fool, the coward, and the sly old fox. It was cute of him to track down Nathan. Why did he not, neighborly, punch the blackguard's head?

They were stuccoed houses, and had been repainted in the spring; so that, to the blacksmith standing in the sun, staring and winking, they looked like

ivory palaces. At the entrance to each house were fluted pillars; before them was an inclosed garden shut in with great gates and high iron railings—cast iron, which surprised him, in this place of cunning and of richness. Beyond this garden was the narrow, busy road and the roar of traffic; beyond that, so he judged, surveying the distant stretch of green, was the Regent's Park and the horrible roar of wild beasts.

He had found this place, and now he distrusted it, for he felt sure that Nathan was not here; he felt perhaps that the farmer had played off a joke upon him. If he had, then he should suffer for it. Pulling himself together, increasingly conscious of his eccentric and too-bright trousers, he at length approached 13a and rang the bell. While he waited nervously upon the whitened step he measured the length of Banbury Gate with his anxious eye, wondering if he could safely take to his heels and be out of sight while there was time. He was a stranger and afraid. Once inside this splendid house, he might nevermore escape from it. Such things had been, it was well known. The blacksmith's heart, this dry June afternoon, ached for his smithy.

A maid-servant came to the door. She looked pretty and innocent enough; yet that, most like, was her cunning. He asked, his deep voice shaking, for Mr. Nathan Ringrose, and she answered quite simply that he was in the house, but very busy and seeing no one. She added that she had orders from her mistress not to disturb him.

Her mistress! Benjamin stared and stared. His great lip hung and his appearance was desolately comic—the big, forlorn thing, with his shiny face and his hat pushed far back on his head. The parlor-maid demurely, with the playful lightning of a smile, was surveying his legs. He marked that flash and grew hotter.

"You may send in your card, sir," she said, and produced a grand brass tray for him to put it on.

"Card?" He appeared perplexed, then his face lifted.

"Fetch a bit o' paper an' a pencil," he besought. "I'll write a word or two."

She departed, leaving him at the open

door, and he saw a wide staircase, with thick carpet flung upon a tessellated floor. He wondered, as simple folk do, how other folk could draw a free breath amid such grandeur; for we are all God's children.

The girl came back. She invited him inside, and, shadowing the paper with his hand so that while she waited she should not spy, the blacksmith wrote these words:

"Nathan Ringrose, you are a raskill, and unless you come home with me and marry my sister Susan I will brake your Hedd with my Hammer and finish you with my Fistes."

"He'll see me fast enough now, I'll warrant," he remarked, with a confiding, mighty grin, and handing over the paper.

The girl went off and presently returned. She told him that certainly Mr. Ringrose would see him and at once. She added, as if she quoted, would be "very glad" to see him; and the regular chirrup in her voice as she said this seemed to sound the tailor's joy at meeting his old neighbor. The blacksmith, treading warily, and glancing about him like some nervous woodland creature, followed her up flights of broad, yielding stairs, and passed, so he considered, innumerable doors. She stopped at one which was right at the top of the house, and stood aside for him to pass in. She was grinning broadly by now, and he heard her giggle as she ran down-stairs.

Nathan was sitting by a table set close beneath the big window; and through this window you might see the tops of trees, the patch of superbly blue sky, and the broken lines of many a sooty roof. Upon the table were sheets of paper, some clean and some scribbled on; also there were books, a grand inkstand, with two glass bottles and a woman's photograph. Benjamin goggled at this, for it was not Susan's. It presented a middle-aged woman with a kindly yet subtly eccentric expression. Her eyes were small and looked very black in the dough-like expanse of an extra big face. The blacksmith thought, queerly, of an unbaked currant bun. And he thought also, staring hard, "She's cracked." In a sense he was right, since the tailor's patroness was not commonplace.

Nathan turned slowly round; he sat

upon a grand, revolving chair. Everything about him was of the very best, and the blacksmith felt that they were living through a fairy tale. He turned round, looking puzzled and vague, yet not afraid—and this was queer! He put his pen down and he pushed away a sheet of paper upon which many words were most untidily written. Benjamin missed nothing. And he waited; he would not be the first to speak, although he had plenty to say: the villain should commit himself and then take his just thrashing.

"Benjamin!" said Nathan, coming out of a dream, looking friendly and simple and immensely glad.

The blacksmith thought that perhaps some spell had been put upon him and that the advent of a neighbor might remove it.

"I'm so pleased you've come," said the small tailor, and sighed and turned his back upon the table and upon everything that stood there.

"Oh, you be!" snarled the blacksmith.

He was sitting down, and he had taken off the bright-brown kid gloves which were his London and his Sunday wear.

"I don't"—Nathan looked at him in that queer, cunning way of his—"see many people. I'm working so hard."

"Work! I don't see no signs on it."

Benjamin, staring round the lofty room, found only a picture or so—and not so much as a yard measure spoke of the tailor.

"At my poems. I am to write a book."

"A book, a book!" the blacksmith spoke slowly. He was thinking, "About Susan?" dragging his chair closer to this pale, vague creature with the secret glances.

"About beautiful things," was the rapt and easy answer, made without any fear. "Clouds and trees and sounds; and the thoughts in your own heart, and the light in a woman's eyes."

The blacksmith fidgeted, then he restrained himself. Curiosity for the moment got the better of fury. Fighting might wait for a bit, since at any moment he could master Nathan, and put the little white fool in his pocket and carry him home to Susan, who should be his wedded wife.

"What made you sneak out of the village as you done?" he asked.

"I always meant to come to London and be famous and make my fortune when mother died," Nathan said.

He spoke as if this were the most natural thing in the world. Then he shivered and looked more timid and crushed than even the blacksmith had ever seen him look before.

"But I spent my money and was starving," he added, "and at last I took to selling my poems in the street. You see, I wanted bread; it had come to be as bad as that. I wrote them out neatly and stuck them on cards and drew little pictures round. Pretty they looked!" His small eyes glowed. "I've got some here still if I can find them for you to see." He put out his womanish hand to the tangled table.

"Niver mind them," snarled the blacksmith. He looked disgusted. "You—Nathan Ringrose an' a neighbor o' mine—hawked your wares at the street corner! You could ha' tramped home, where you hev a house an' shop an' furniture, your own freehold, an' a trade what no man can take from 'ee. Nathan Ringrose, you be a born nateral as well as a scamp."

"I couldn't come back. It would be cowardly," returned the tailor, and he squared his shoulders in a funny, frightened way, as if he had been taught to do this and constantly told not to stoop.

"You a coward! That's good," roared Benjamin, instantly.

He rocked about, he made the frail chair tremble and made the quiet room ring. He scoffingly surveyed through his tears of mirth the big head and silly body, the little, neat legs and boneless-looking hands of Nathan.

"Then she"—the tailor, not seeming hurt in the least, waved toward the photograph in the silver frame that stood upon the table—"came up to me and bought a card and got talking. She was my good angel—"

"Two sort o' angels, so I've been telled." The blacksmith, jeering, wiped his streaming eyes.

"And brought me here to her own home, so that I should have peace and quiet. And got two of my poems into print, and will make me famous, if I work hard enough, for she knows poets and printing-men."

Nathan had been speaking fast, and

as he spoke he stared out of the window, watching those pretty June clouds and turning all that he saw into words other than he spoke. He broke off with a startled choke, for his neighbor had a mighty hand suddenly between his little white neck and his nicely laundered collar.

"You come along home," said the blacksmith, not unkindly, yet emphasizing every word with a hearty shake, "an' be a man—ef you can—an' marry my sister Susan Pipkin."

"Marry Susan!" Nathan stared wildly. There was amazement in that look: gladness perhaps, and yet a sense of being assaulted in his most sacred feelings.

For he revered Susan—the eyes of her, that is. And sitting here in this strange London room, eating a dependent's bread and writing his poems to order, he had so often seen her eyes. He had seen, too, the village, with its sweet charms; and seen his beloved fusty shop, with the secret shelf that was set so high up on the wall. He had been homesick.

"She give you thet bit o' paper I sent up, sure-ly?" asked Benjamin—and stopped shaking; yet he kept his hand there!

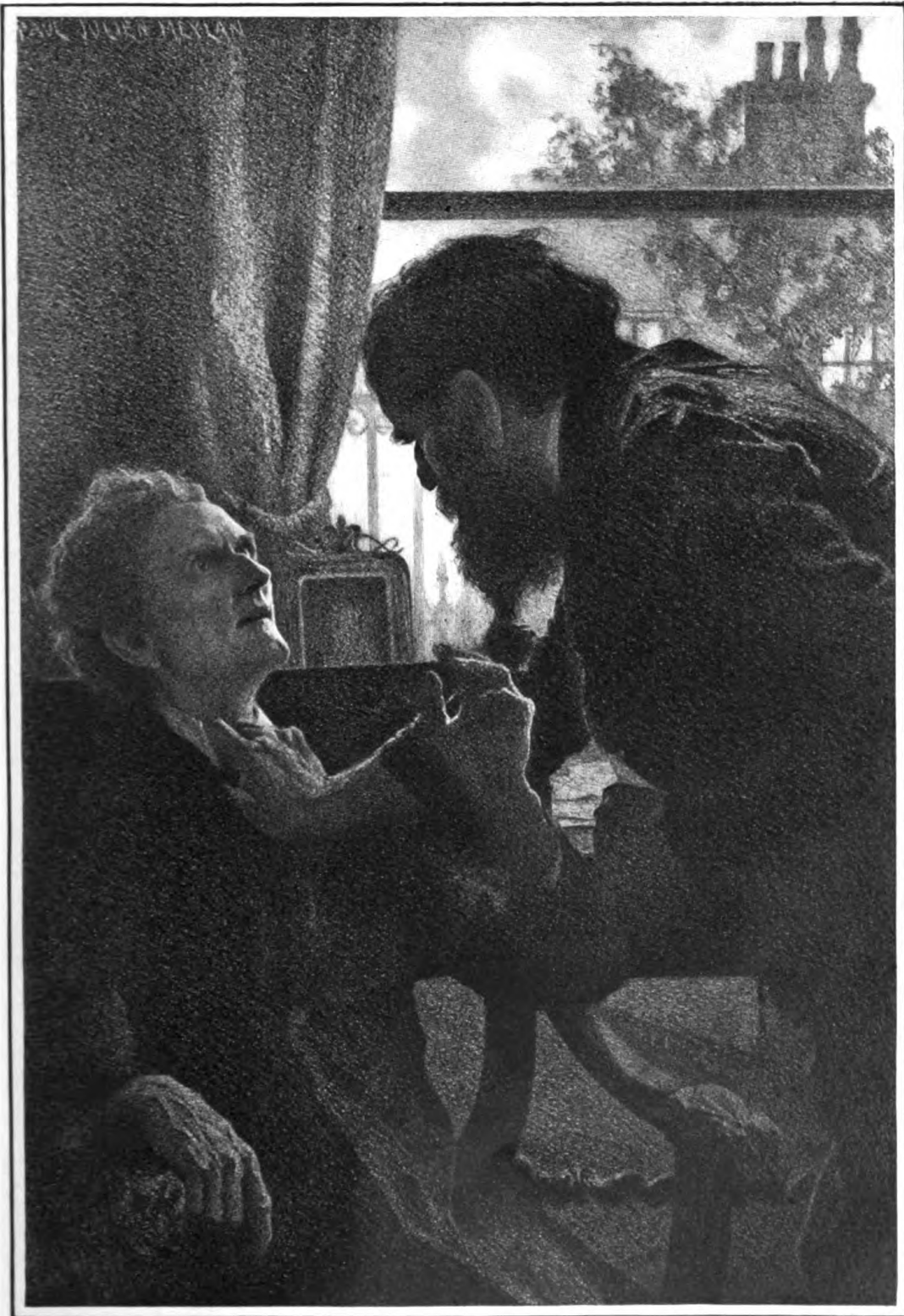
"No paper." Nathan with difficulty shook his sandy head. "Take your hand out of my neck. It's hot."

"An' it's heavy; thet I warns you." The blacksmith, in mercy, took his hand away for a bit. "She didn't give you thet paper? The cunnin' slut! I see mischief in her eye. She kep' it; thet's what she done, ter make game on, I'll be bound. An' you can't fight a 'ooman, ef she don't belong to you. I writ on the paper, Nathan Ringrose, thet you was a raskill fer draggin' my maidenly sister's eyes out in the light o' day, an' thet you must marry her. See?"

"Yes, I see," Nathan nodded.

He looked vague and white, mystic and elusive—just as he would look in his shop sometimes when he fitted your new suit, and fitted it, not badly, but freakishly. He also looked glad; there was no doubting this, and Benjamin, tender-hearted, at once softened toward the poor fool.

"You come away now," he blundered up in his big way and grinned: the longer he looked at Nathan, the longer grew the



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan

"YOU COME ALONG HOME, AND BE A MAN"



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grin—that was always his way, and would be. He was carrying back to the village not only a bridegroom for Susan, but a never-failing jest for himself.

"Got a hat?" he chuckled. "Git it. Got a box or sech-like? Put your clothes in an' I'll carry it."

"But she has been very kind to me; she has spared no expense; she saved me from starving; she has befriended young poets before," stammered Nathan, and he stared at the portrait of that middle-aged stranger with the simple face. Benjamin stared at it too, and, speaking, he delivered himself simply:

"She be another crack-pate. You come wi' me, Nathan Ringrose, afore it's too late an' fares worse wi' 'ee. I'm a man o' my word; an' I ain't telled, an' you niver axed, how 'twas I come here. Old Goatcher see this bit o' print in the paper."

He brought the offending poem from his pocket and spread it out upon the table before its author.

Nathan gazed at it with a fond hunger, from its head-line to its signature—and all of it enchanting! He merely deplored the black thumb-marks and the many crumplings.

"He seed you at the office o' the paper, an' then he follers you back here," explained Benjamin. "Thet's how it come about. Git your hat."

But Nathan wavered; he always had and would. In truth, staring out of the window again, he was thinking more of clouds and their shape than of any woman. Yet through the blue clouds there blazed blue eyes, and they were Susan's. Oh, but he did not wish to see her in her rough working clothes and with busy hands. Nor did he wish to see that sharp, white face, nor hear her scolding tongue.

"I can't come yet," he pleaded.

"But you do, an' this minit. Theer's paper in plenty," the blacksmith flourished his vast hand toward the table. "You'll leave a letter behind you writ this wise."

He paused, pondering, scowling, and grinning. Then he proceeded to dictate:

"I, Nathan Ringrose, hev gone ter my native place ter marry the girl o' my heart. You wun't see me no more, but with respectful thanks for all benefits received."

The tailor gave him one last, artful look, then he turned swiftly to the table, took paper, and wrote:

"I return to her whose eyes have lighted me; by the fire of those eyes I return. Gratitude and farewell.

"N. R."

He threw the pen down with a gesture that was fatigued and petulant. He was weary; for it was one thing to write poems as you would and when you would, between the long spells of sane labor, and it was quite another thing to write as you were told; to eat strange bread, to feel that in a sense you were a show thing and a captive; sort of pet dog and prisoner; and if you did not do your tricks you would be sent away into a starving freedom. He had felt a clown and a fool and a senseless burden many a time in this big house. It had been a beautiful prison. Sometimes he had longed with all his heart to make clothes for his patroness. Very nearly he had begged her for cloth. That would be doing something. Then, and then only, would he feel a man again and get back his bartered sense of dignity. All this he had suffered alone—an alien—here in London.

He would be glad to go, glad to get away, glad to see his pretty, native village, glad to sit in his shop and stitch. Very often he had downright longed for the gibe of little children as they passed the window; for there was caress in it, and there was kindness also in the bluff banter of neighborly men.

He had written. The blacksmith picked up the paper and read. Then he chuckled good-humoredly, remarking: "'Tain't what I telled 'ee ter take down, but it 'ull sarve. You be a rare fool, Nathan Ringrose, an' you allus will be."

He laughed till the room shook; then, seizing Nathan by the arm in quite a brotherly way, he asked:

"Got a hat?"

The tailor nodded; he made no further opposition. When he had found it, and when he had hastily stuffed his few possessions and his many papers into his box, they went stealthily out of the room and down the stairs. The box sat jauntily upon Benjamin's shoulders. The

carpets were so thick that feet made not a sound. In the kitchens, far below, servants were laughing. No doubt the blacksmith's message to his brother, the tailor, made the joke. But what did that matter now?

They got into the street and round the corner, and past the gardens and away from dignity and solitude. They hailed an omnibus and drove away to the railway station. They were free men. Nathan was scared and feebly smiling. Sweat was streaming down the blacksmith's jocular face. He mopped it.

"At the railway," he whispered, tapping the tailor's bony, small knee, "we'll hev a drink afore we starts. I wur froughtened ter drink afore I come; when the drink's in me I be mad, an' I might ha' murdered 'ee."

He laughed so heartily that the big omnibus seemed to laugh with him and to rock as it rushed.

That night at dusk Nathan and Susan stood alone in the parlor of the smith's house. It was after supper, and he, with a joke, had sent them in there. For himself he had gone to the smithy, looking to his forge to remove him from the confused and hectic mood of London.

Susan, upon the stiffly disposed table of this prudish room, had set a jug of white-flowering broom. It was delicate and vague; just as the dusk that deepened in the scented garden out there. Everything that you saw was ghostly, and Nathan, returned, delighted in it all.

It was better to earn your bread by the trade that you knew than to eat the bread of a stranger, liable at any moment to turn into a slave-driver. He would live by tailoring henceforth, and, detached from any thoughts of common needs, he would take poetry for his joy when his soul demanded it. And he knew that his soul must always be a lonely thing. This, in London, he had learned. In truth, "The Box" of which he had dreamed—some casket to contain those bright blue gems that were Susan Pipkin's eyes—was better compared to his own body, and not rich at all, but just a poor thing to prison his spirit.

As for Susan, she appeared merely angular and quite inflexible. Yet the

flashes of those great eyes of hers betrayed the simple truth, that she was only waiting.

Nathan nervously approached her. He put his hands upon her shoulders—and they were sharp! Her face, too, faded and cross, he did not wish to see. Shutting his eyes, as if, like a child, he prayed, he kissed his bride rapturously upon the eyelids, for she had lowered her glances. He kissed those heavy lids of hers; and this was plighting. He put his head upon her shoulder—so lean and so unfriendly. He sobbed there. It was a sound that Susan would never understand. Perhaps Nathan did not, himself. Only this he knew: that never should his wife, coming into his shop, stretch up her hand to that secret shelf where the papers were.

They stepped aside from each other and, sensibly, they sat upon the slippery sofa. There was nothing left to say. Benjamin had said it all for them as the three sat at supper in the kitchen. He had said it, he had set it round with boisterous humor, making betrothal sparkle with the broad joke.

Susan looked at the tailor, letting her rich blue fires play upon him. She looked at his long fingers, yellowed and nervous, the forefinger still roughened, for all his absence and his elegance. The sensitiveness and softness of those fingers filled her with scorn. Yet she was glad that at last she was going to be a married woman, and Nathan was the only one who had ever noticed her at all or cared for her in any way. He at least had made her worthy in her own sight.

Yet she was thinking, staring at those fingers. "'Tain't a man's hand an' a master's hand." For she wanted to be ruled by a man, as she had been all her life.

Nathan had his secret thoughts also. He was thinking of London, and already it all seemed nothing but a dream; beginning in grace, ending in captivity. To-morrow he would open his shop again. In six weeks, so the blacksmith had settled, he was to marry Susan.

So, speechless, he and she sat stiffly on the sofa until the jolly blacksmith called to them and told them to come out.

The Dilemma of the Public School

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

THE American public school is an efflorescence of political democracy.

With the extension of the franchise at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries came the demand for universal education. Working-class parents were willing to sacrifice the financial value of their children in order that, through learning, their children might rise in the world. Property-owners were willing to pay the necessary taxes, partly because there were those among them who had faith in democracy, but principally because of the wide-spread distrust of the illiterate mob. Illiteracy was identified with barbarism, and in a nation of barbaric voters what security could there be for property? Approaching the subject from opposite points of view, both groups were agreed that in a political democracy it was the business of the public school to make literacy universal.

Since its establishment, however, unforeseen social and economic changes have arisen which are to-day causing both property-owners and the members of the working-class to demand an extension of the school's activities. To-day the conflict of interest between and within these two complex groups is so radical that the attempt to reconcile them has placed the school in a peculiarly perplexing dilemma.

The difficulty, like so many of the difficulties of contemporary life, is chargeable to the industrial revolution. When the public school was founded, the apprentice system was still almost universal. Industrially, it was still the age of the freehold home, the small workshop, the independent journeyman. The skilled artisan was a "master" worker; he not only worked for hire, but he also taught the rising generation how the work should be done. His understudy, the apprentice, attached himself to the master, not only to earn a living, but primarily to learn a trade in order that he in turn might

become a master and hand down the cunning of the craft. Every man owned his own tools. A nation was to be built, work was abundant, and what a man earned was, as a rule, a just measure of his caliber—his industry and skill.

But the triumph of the power-driven machine has destroyed the apprentice system. Under the old régime the public hired the workman directly; to-day he must sell his labor to the owner of the machine. His tools have been taken from him, and with them has gone a large measure of his economic freedom. The capitalist manufacturer to-day requires a moderate number of highly trained technical experts to invent and improve machines; a moderate number of skilled workmen to make the machines and keep them in repair; a moderate number of superintendents and foremen to get the maximum product out of the machines; and a vast industrial army of operatives, who need have no skill beyond the ability to touch the lever or feed the loom—child's work, with the wages of a child. The machine contracted the demand for skilled workers. The master workmen of the earlier generation, in terror of the clamoring crowd of unskilled operatives, gripped their limited market tight by forming labor-unions to limit the accessions to their ranks, and thus to maintain wages. This was satisfactory neither to the machine-owner, who wanted more skilled workers and lower wages, nor to the unskilled, to whom it meant the closing of the door of equal opportunity which the school had promised to open to him and his children. The unskilled worker has grown bitter at a system that tends to force him into the vagrant ranks of the unemployed, while it forces his wife and children into the service of the machine in order that the family may live.

Here and there the school has been able to reconcile the interests of the machine-owner and the organized skilled

workers by establishing trade and industrial schools for a narrowly restricted number of pupils; but it has been unable to meet the exigencies of the vast army of the unskilled, who demand not only that the school shall educate them to the stature of men, but that it shall free them from economic bondage. The machine-owner does not demand universal industrial education, because it is expensive and his need of highly trained workers is limited; the skilled workman does not want universal trade or industrial education, because it would flood the market and destroy the basis for collective bargaining. The unskilled workman demands universal industrial education, because without it he sees ahead of him and his children the fate of helots bound to the machine as his Spartan predecessors were bound to the soil. Literacy has discovered to him the possibility of joy in life; and he is unwilling to remain forever in the primal ooze.

The problem of industrial education for the vast army of the unskilled is at once the greatest and most perplexing problem confronting the public school to-day.

Most of us who have gone through the academy and university, especially those of us who are teachers by profession, come slowly to an appreciation of the paramount importance of this problem. It is to the questions inside the school-room, the questions that entice the ingenuity of the pedagogical expert, that our cultivated minds are principally alert. We are distressed by the difficulty of giving children in the mass-formations of the public school the degree of individual attention essential to their spiritual awakening. As pedagogical experts, we rejoice at the experiments of Dr. Maria Montessori, that promise, like those of Froebel and Pestalozzi, to save our methods from fossilization; the invention of Binet, that gives us an approximately accurate index to the psychological anomalies of the backward child; the researches of Crampton, that suggest that the age of the child must be determined by its degree of physiological maturity rather than by days and years; and the theory of the late Francis W. Parker, that the very best ability is required in the elementary grades, and

that to use the child at its most tender and impressionable age as laboratory material for young and inexperienced or inferior and low-paid teachers is to defeat the ends of education by warping the child mind at the start. Because sick children are not good scholars, and because an uncontrolled epidemic might stop the educational process altogether, we welcome the school nurse and the school doctor. We organize special classes for atypical and defective children because their presence in the regular grades clogs the school mechanism. We encourage classes where, by means of special feeding and outdoor life, anemic children are fortified against tuberculosis. But it is not until we put our heads out of the window and hear the tax-paying manufacturer clamoring for skilled workers and see the bread-line forming in the slums that we begin to realize that the world has changed since the school was built, that the home which has lost its workshop and its master workman cannot live by literacy alone, and that the very existence of the school is involved in the ability of the masses to keep themselves healthfully alive. Why, we begin to ask, does the State need to hire policemen to keep the children at school? All of our internal problems of pedagogical technique begin to appear relatively unimportant when measured against this problem of hitching education up with life.

Industrial education as a function of the public school is not a new idea. As early as 1642 the Court of Massachusetts, "taking into consideration the great neglect of many parents and guardians in training up their children in learning and labor and other employment which may be profitable to the commonwealth, . . . ordained that the selectmen in every town should have power to take account of all parents and masters as to the children's education and employment. They were to see that the children could read and understand the principles of religion and the capital laws of the country, and that they were put to some useful work." Industrial schools for poor or dependent or delinquent children have for generations been the objects of philanthropic and governmental solicitude.

Here and there industrial schools have found their way into the public-school system. Frequently, as in the case of the Milwaukee trade school for boys and the Manhattan trade school for girls, they have been founded by philanthropists and later taken over by the municipality. Philadelphia established such a school with public money in 1906. The object of these public trade schools is to teach the trades in their entirety—their technique as well as the principles underlying it; in other words, to take the place of the old-time apprenticeship.

Organized labor has pretty generally opposed these schools on the ground that they turn out journeymen prematurely, and that, in times of strikes, they are likely to become "scab-hatcheries"; and manufacturers have not been satisfied with them, because their instruction is not definitely related to the specific requirements of particular concerns. The most important objection to them, however, is that, unlike some of the philanthropic schools, they do not enable the student to get a living while he learns. As a result they attract principally the children of the more prosperous working-class families, and where they have been most successful they have shown a tendency to become preparatory schools for technical colleges rather than broadly democratic institutions for the vocational training of the working masses.

To circumvent the labor-unions and at the same time to enable the student apprentices to support themselves, various great corporations have organized apprentice schools within their own establishments. One of the best known is that of the General Electric Company at West Lynn, Massachusetts. In explaining the existence of this school an officer of the corporation has epitomized the history of industrial education from the manufacturer's point of view. "An industrial situation arose," he says, "in which the supply of skilled labor proved inadequate to the demand. Industrial leaders could not command a sufficient supply of all-round skill to guide the large industrial army of machine operatives and instruct them in the various processes; to design and build the complicated machinery which the specialization of manufacture necessitated, and keep it in good

order and repair; and to develop the leadership which the expanding industries must depend on for their existence."

To meet this situation the General Electric Company and certain other great corporations and great railroads maintain apprentice schools to train workers for their particular needs. But except for certain highly specialized concerns like Hoe & Company, manufacturers of printing-presses, and the Solvay Process Company, manufacturers of soda ash, crystals, crown-fillers, and the like, the lesser manufacturers have apparently not considered it good economy to support such schools. Moreover, except in the case of the very powerful corporations, the opposition of the labor-unions has been an effective bar to their establishment. Even the apprentices themselves have not always accepted the advantages of these corporation schools in a spirit of unqualified gratitude. In describing the apprentice school of an important railroad, the United States Commissioner of Labor summarizes the objections of the workers. The schools of this railroad offer a four years' course. The boys are a highly selected group. They must have passed through at least five grades in the public school. They must stand the test of a rigorous physical examination, and they must be approved both by school-instructors and shop-foremen before they are accepted. "This apprentice-school system," says the commissioner, "has won the approval of the officials. Parents have in the main been very favorably disposed toward it. The men, however, have shown some opposition, not especially to the school feature as such, but to the whole system, because of the proportion of apprentices to journeymen; and the apprentices themselves have made some protest, because a very large part of the shop product is turned out by them, and they feel that, at least in their third and fourth years, they are doing regular journeymen's work at apprentices' pay."

But again the radical fault of these apprentice schools is that they reach but a small group of privileged workers; they leave the problem of the vast army of the unskilled operatives entirely untouched. At every turn it becomes increasingly apparent that it is with this

army that the public school as a democratic institution must be principally concerned. But to serve them it must overcome the antagonism of the trade-unions, for the aristocracy of labor have votes; it must overcome the objection of the manufacturers, because the manufacturers pay the school tax; and, above all, it must overcome the poverty of the vast army of the unskilled themselves.

Following the direction of least resistance, the educational authorities have usually turned to the evening school. In city after city night classes have been opened, and in certain instances laws have been enacted making attendance upon them compulsory for children who have gone to work without completing a certain minimum of grammar-school work. Always, however, the instruction in these evening schools has remained elementary and general; the opposition of the skilled workers has been avoided by keeping clear of the attempt to turn out finished journeymen. Besides, children who have worked all day do not make the most alert of students, and the night school has accordingly not grown in favor with educators. Despairing of the night schools, various States have made efforts to induce local authorities to operate trade or industrial-training schools by day. But whether, as in Connecticut, where the State has established industrial schools directly with State funds, or in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, where the States co-operate with the local authorities in the maintenance of day industrial schools, the same obdurate difficulties have arisen—the objection of the unions to complete trade training, the objection of the manufacturers to general trade preparatory training, and the inability of the unskilled and low-paid parents to sacrifice the financial aid of their children beyond the compulsory school age. The Cincinnati Superintendent of Schools sums up the situation. "We found," he writes, "that the night school did not attract the apprentice; even when the apprentices came, many of them soon dropped away. We came to see that the apprentice is distinctly a day-time proposition, and that *his education must be given, not in addition to his work, but in place of a part of his work.*"

And as a result of this discovery, Cincinnati is trying out the latest and the most widely heralded of our experiments in industrial education—the so-called co-operative continuation school, where, through an alliance between manufacturer and school, apprentices continue their education by day without loss of wages.

The experiment originated with Dean Schneider, of the engineering department of the municipal University of Cincinnati. In 1906 Dean Schneider made an arrangement with certain local manufacturers, by which his students spent alternate weeks, summer and winter, during a period of five years, in college class-room and commercial shop. By this device the university saved the expense of equipping laboratories with costly and perishable machinery, the students got their training in a normal environment, and the manufacturers secured direct access to an abundant supply of technical ability. Soon after this scheme was launched, certain manufacturers of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, hearing Dean Schneider describe it, decided to adapt it to the high schools of their city; and it is for this reason that the experiment as applied to high schools is frequently spoken of as the "Fitchburg Plan." In 1909, however, upon the initiative of certain prominent manufacturers in the Cincinnati Metal Trades Association, this same extension of Dean Schneider's idea to the high school was made in Cincinnati. The manufacturers agreed that if the school directors would furnish teachers, building, and ordinary school equipment, they would supply at least one hundred and fifty boys out of the ranks of their apprentices for four hours in each week without docking their wages.

For three years, now, the experiment has been under way. The school runs forty-eight weeks in the year, eight hours a day, and four and a half days a week; several hundred apprentices are in attendance four hours a week, and receive their usual wage for attendance. Two half-days the instructors spend visiting the boys in their workshops, counseling with their foremen, and getting materials for their class-room use. The co-operating manufacturers are enthusiastic; they have found, they say, that the

four hours a week spent by the boys in school, so far from decreasing their commercial output, has in many cases actually increased it. This result is in part accounted for by the systematic training of the boys, but in part also by the fact that the school-instructor, by working with the boys in the shops, frequently helps them to solve problems that have stumped their foremen. For the sake of the boys' education the city furnishes expert counsel to the manufacturers free of charge. Under the pressure of public opinion, the labor-unions of Cincinnati through their central body have indorsed the school, but the United States Commissioner of Labor in his study of industrial education gives evidence to show that the attitude of organized labor generally is not so cordial as this local indorsement would suggest. In 1909 a committee of the American Federation of Labor openly condemned the plan as it had been put into operation at Fitchburg, on the ground that the basis of co-operation placed the school entirely under the dominance of the employers.

"The manufacturer is not obliged to take any boy," runs the committee's protest, "or to keep any boy. . . . No matter how much a father may desire such a training for the boy, the city is helpless to do anything, as under this plan the veto power over the boy's right to public industrial education is in the hands of the manufacturer. . . . With a teacher too soft on the side of the manufacturers, we shall see, for the first time in a public-school system, a spirit new in evil power—a class of school-boys trained under a thoroughly un-American system of private selection of pupils, based on no public or competitive method, unless the manufacturers so permit; a system which needs no check in prejudicing its favorites against the large excluded class of their school-fellows and, later, against their fellow-workmen themselves."

This is a characteristic expression of the attitude of the organized skilled workers—the aristocracy of labor—toward practically all attempts that have so far been made to convert the public school into a training-ground for apprentices. That it is sound from the point of view of those who desire to keep a monopoly of the skilled labor-market

is beyond dispute; but neither is it questionable that the American Federation of Labor has made no suggestion for a scheme of education that will include the vast army of the unskilled. On the other hand, it is impossible to discover how the co-operative continuation school of Cincinnati, which within its field is probably the most effective that has been devised in this country, can, as at present organized, meet this fundamental objection; like the old-fashioned trade school and the apprentice school of the great corporations, it holds out no hope to the vast army who must serve the machine as ordinary operatives.

In discussing this defect with experts one finds that their enthusiasm for Dean Schneider's idea is largely based upon the faith that, since it is pedagogically sound, it will eventually unfold its opportunities to all boys and girls who enter industry in whatever capacity. And they point to a step which has already been taken in this direction in Ohio itself. In 1910 a compulsory education law was enacted, under which all children not otherwise employed are required to remain in school until they are sixteen. Moreover, the law requires all children who have not reached the eighth grade to continue their schooling until they are sixteen, whether they are employed or not, and continuation schools have been organized in which these working-children are compelled to spend at least eight hours a week, not in the evening, but between the hours of eight in the morning and five in the afternoon.

The precedent for compulsory continuation schools, like the precedent for so many of our social economic experiments, comes from Germany. In the city of Munich compulsory attendance upon the elementary schools is followed by compulsory attendance upon industrial continuation schools for all boys and girls who do not elect the higher academic courses. Boys must attend until they are eighteen; girls for three years after they have completed the elementary grades. Side by side with the compulsory continuation schools are voluntary continuation schools for students who prefer trade or vocational training to academic work.

Of the total school population of some-

what more than 100,000 children, about 20,000 are in these industrial continuation schools—9,400 boys and 7,500 girls under compulsion, and 3,700 girls as volunteers. The 9,400 boys are distributed into fifty-two trade and twelve general industrial schools. Every trade having as many as twenty-five apprentices has a school of its own. The twelve general schools are attended by about 1,100 unskilled workmen—day-laborers, barrowmen, errand-boys, servants. The 7,500 girls in the compulsory classes are distributed into forty schools. All of these girls are taught the principles of homemaking in addition to the technique of their particular trades. There are several voluntary continuation schools for advanced apprentices who are ready to become full-fledged journeymen and masters. One of these is devoted to commercial apprentices, a second to painters, a third to the building trades, another to the printers, locksmiths, and the like, a fifth to the wood-workers. The butchers' trade school is operated in connection with the town slaughter-house. In short, the continuation schools of Munich are woven into the very texture of the city's industrial life.

In describing these schools, Dr. Georg Kerschensteiner, Director of Education in Munich, says that attendance was made compulsory upon the children in the interest of the State, because "the youthful worker has more and more become an object of cheap labor," and cheap and ill-educated labor is an unsatisfactory foundation for national efficiency. So the children are forced to attend, although attendance usually costs them a deduction in wages. Furthermore, "as long as the continuation school remains optional, thousands of employers will prevent their youthful workmen from making use of its opportunities, except at the end of the day's work, when mind and body are fatigued; and even in cases where some reasonable employers would be willing to grant their boys time for study, they would probably do it only if the training in question were principally in the interest of their own trade." And besides, Dr. Kerschensteiner goes on to insist, it is a narrow view that sees in the competent workmen the exclusive aim of the industrial school; industrial edu-

cation must regard "technical training only as a means for mental and moral training"; its object must be the enlightened citizen of an industrial democracy who has a living joy in his work, and who "not only seeks to advance his own welfare through his work, but also consciously places his labor in the service of the community." Accordingly, the student in the Munich continuation schools is "instructed in the historical development of the trade to which he belongs; he is shown in the struggles of his fellow-workers the continually growing interdependence of interests among all citizens of a community; concrete examples of devotion to a common cause are placed before him; and so by degrees he is led to recognize how the problems arose which occupy town and nation to-day, and to understand the duties *and rights* of the individual within the State."

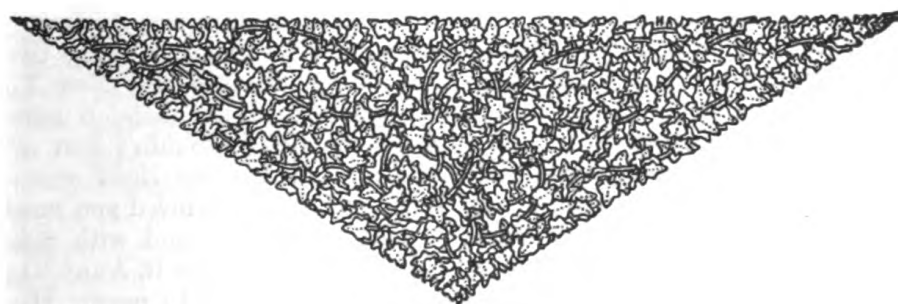
The Munich plan is a magnificent one. But one cannot study the effects of this highly developed education in Bavaria without being struck by the fact that with their higher training and their lofty conception of the rights of the individual within the State, the workers are rapidly growing discontented with the traditional social and economic status of their class. They are demanding that the employer, too, shall "consciously place his labor in the service of the community." Nowhere in Germany has the membership of the Social-Democratic party grown more rapidly than in Bavaria, of which Munich is the capital city, and the contention of these Socialists is that universal technical efficiency and an ennobled conception of the possibilities of joy in life are of little interest to the mass of the workers, unless their share in the increased fruits of their labor is sufficient to enable them and their children to maintain a worthy standard of living. As a result the workers of Bavaria are demanding in increasingly large numbers that the machines of industry shall be socially owned and operated "in the service of the community."

This is a fact abundantly worth noting, however skeptical one may be of the soundness of the socialist philosophy. And it is worth noting, too, that in America the nearest approach to a system of universal industrial education

has been made under conditions in certain fundamental respects not unlike those to which the Bavarian workers aspire. The rural school is not ordinarily classified as an industrial school, but in its recent development it is an industrial school in a very genuine sense. The very existence of the rural school to-day is dependent upon the prosperity of the farmers; accordingly, its instruction is being shaped more and more with specific reference not only to the spiritual, but also to the economic needs of the farming population. Everywhere corn clubs are being organized to train boys in scientific agriculture. Home-making and garden clubs have been formed, not only to teach girls how to keep house, but to enable them to increase the profits of the farm by growing and preparing fruit and vegetables for market. Through the United States Department of Agriculture, demonstrators have been placed in the field to co-operate with the rural school in the scientific education not only of the boys and girls, but of the parents as well. Because of this practical bearing of the new rural education, the rural school is making phenomenal progress. But this progress would not be possible if the farmer worked for wages and received of his increased crop barely enough to keep his family together with the aid of his wife and children. The farmer may have his difficulties with the commission merchant, or the transportation companies, or the produce exchanges; but, as a rule, he has this great advantage over the industrial worker, that he owns the machine which he operates—the land is his, and the reward of his increased efficiency reverts in the first instance to him. No one who has

traveled among the rural schools and met the farmers in the school assembly-rooms can doubt that this economic fact is principally accountable for the recent phenomenal development of rural education.

Whether the demands of national efficiency will ultimately force the development of universal industrial education along similar channels in our industrial centers; whether the solution of the city school's dilemma depends on the social ownership and operation of the machinery of production and exchange, so that the industrial workers may enjoy through co-operative ownership the advantage which the farmer enjoys through his individual ownership of the land, must remain a matter of surmise. But it would be a serious error to ignore the fact that it is in this direction that the workers, especially the vast army of the common operatives, are looking. Social ownership as a means of securing to the workers increased opportunities for education and a fuller life is not the programme of the Socialists of Bavaria and Germany alone; on all hands it is being preached by the Socialists of America, whose party membership has increased threefold within the past three years. In a more radical form it is being preached by the syndicalists, who not only inspired the great strike of the coal-miners in England, but organized the unskilled and low-paid operatives in the recent strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts. It may be an impossible or unwise aspiration; but it has the growing unrest of the wage-working masses behind it, and it is like to break out in action unless those who are now in charge of our institutions find a wiser way of solving the school's dilemma.



The Street Called Straight

A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

CHAPTER XXII

TO Madame de Melcourt the chief novelty of American life, for the first few days at least, lay in the absence of any necessity for striving. To wake up in the morning into a society not keeping its heart hermetically shut against her was distinctly a new thing. Not to have to plan or push or struggle, to take snubs or repay them, to wriggle in where she was not wanted, or to keep people out where she had wriggled in, was really amusing. In the wide friendliness by which she found herself surrounded she had a droll sense of having reached some scholastic paradise painted by Puvis de Chavannes. She was even seated on a kind of throne, like Justitia or Sapientia, with all kinds of flattering, welcoming attentions both from old friends who could remember her when she had lived as a girl among them, and new ones who were eager to take her into hospitable arms. It was decidedly funny. It was like getting into a sphere where all the wishes were gratified and there were no more worlds to conquer. It would pall in the end; in the end she would come to feel like a gourmet in a heaven where there is no eating, or an Englishman in some Blessed Isle where there is no sport; but for the moment it offered that refreshing change which strengthens the spirit for taking up the more serious things of life again. In any case it put her into a good humor of which the residents at Tory Hill were the first to feel the effect.

"Il est très bien, ton Anglais."

Olivia acknowledged this approval with a smile and a blush, as she went about the drawing-room trying to give it something of its former air. With the new turn of events it had become necessary to restore the house to a condition fit for occupancy. Madame de Melcourt had

moved into it with her maid and her man, announcing her intention to remain till she got ready to depart. Her bearing was that of Napoleon making a temporary stay in some German or Italian palace, for purposes of national reorganization and public weal. At the present instant she was enthroned amid cushions in a corner of the sofa, watching Olivia dispose of such bric-à-brac as had not been too remotely packed away.

"I always say," the old lady declared, "that when an Englishman is *chic* he's very *chic*, and your Ashley is no exception. I don't wonder you're in love with him."

When seated, the Marquise accompanied her words with little jerkings and perkings of her fluffy head, with wavings of the hands and rollings of the eyes—the correlatives of her dartings and dashings while on her feet.

It was easy for Olivia to keep her back turned while she managed to say, "He thinks you don't like him."

Madame shrugged her shoulders. "I like him as well as I could like any Englishman. He's very smart. You can see at a glance he's some one. From what I'd heard of him—his standing by you and all that—I was afraid he might be an eccentric."

"Whom did you hear it from?"

"Oh, I heard it. There's nothing wonderful in that. A thing that's been the talk of Boston and New York, and telegraphed to the London papers—you don't suppose I shouldn't hear of it some time. And I came right over—just as soon as I was convinced you needed me."

Olivia looked round with misty eyes. "I shall never forget it, Aunt Vic, dear—nor your kindness to papa. He feels it more than he can possibly express to you—your taking what he did so—so gently."

Drawn by Orson Lowell

"AND DID YOU CHANGE ANYTHING MORE THAN YOUR MIND?"





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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"*Ma foi!* The Guions must have money. When it comes to spending, they're not morally responsible. I'm the only one among them who ever had a business head; and even with me, if it hadn't been for my wonderful Hamlet and Tecla— But you can see what I am at heart—throwing two million francs into your lap as if it was a box of bonbons."

"I'm not sure that you ought, you know."

"And what about the Guion family honor and all that? Who's to take care of it if I don't? The minute I heard what had happened I held up my head and said, Everything may go so long as the credit of the Guion name is saved. *N'est ce pas?* We can't live in debt to the old man who advanced your papa the money."

"He isn't an old man at all," Olivia explained, quickly.

"*Ca ne fait rien.* His age isn't the question. I suppose he lent the money expecting us to pay him back at a handsome rate of interest."

"No, he didn't. That's just it. He lent it to us out of—out of—"

"Yes; out of what?"

"Out of pure goodness," she said, firmly.

"Fiddle-faddle! People don't do things out of pure goodness. The man who seems to be either a sentimentalist or a knave. If he's a sentimentalist, he does it for effect; if he's a knave, because it helps roguery. There's always some ax to grind."

"I think you'd have to make an exception of Mr. Davenant."

"Davenant? Is that his name? Yes, I believe your papa did tell me so—the boy Tom Davenant fished out of the slums."

With some indignation Olivia told the story of Davenant's birth and adoption. "So you see," she went on, "he has goodness in his blood. There's no reason why that shouldn't be inherited as much as—as insanity—or a taste for alcohol."

"Stuff, dear! The man, or the boy, or whatever he is, calculated on getting something better than he gave. We must simply pay him off and get rid of him. *Noblesse oblige.*"

"We may get rid of him, Aunt Vic, but we can never pay him off."

"He'll be paid off, won't he, if we return his loan at an interest of five—I'm willing to say six—per cent.?"

Olivia came forward, looking distressed. "Oh, I hope you won't, dear Aunt Vic. I mean about the five or six per cent. Give him back his money if you will, only give it back in the—in the princely way in which he let us have it."

"Well, I call that princely—six per cent."

"Oh, please, Aunt Vic! You'd offend him. You'd hurt him. He's just the sort of big, sensitive creature that's most easily wounded, and—"

"*Tiens!* You interest me. Stop fidgeting round the room and come and tell me about him. Sit down," she commanded, pointing to the other corner of the sofa. "There must be a lot I haven't heard."

If Olivia hesitated, it was chiefly because of her own eagerness to talk of him, to sing his praises. Since, however, she must sooner or later learn to do this with self-possession, she fortified herself to begin. With occasional interruptions from her aunt she told the tale as she understood it, taking as point of departure the evening when Davenant came to dine at Tory Hill, on his return from his travels round the world.

"So there was a time when you didn't like him," was Madame de Melcourt's first comment.

"There was a time when I didn't understand him."

"But when you did understand him you changed your mind."

"I couldn't help it."

"And did you change anything more than your—mind?"

There was so much insinuation in the cracked voice that Olivia colored, in spite of the degree in which she thought herself armed against all surprises. It was a minute or more before she was prepared with an answer.

"I changed my attitude toward him. Before that I'd been hostile and insolent, and then—and then—I grew humble. Yes, Aunt Vic—humble. I grew more than humble. I came to feel—well, as you might feel if you'd struck a great St. Bernard dog who'd been rescuing you in the snow. There's something about

him that makes you think of a St. Bernard—so big and true and loyal—”

“Did you ever think he might be in love with you?”

She was ready for this question, and had made up her mind to answer it frankly. “Yes. I was afraid he was advancing the money on that account. I felt so right up to—to a few days ago.”

“And what happened then?”

“Drusilla told me he’d said he—wasn’t.”

“And did you believe it?”

“I believed he’d—he’d—said it.”

Madame de Melcourt let that pass. “Did you think he’d fallen in love with you all of a sudden when he came that night to dinner?”

She resolved to tell the whole truth. “I’d known him before. He asked me to marry him years ago. And something happened. I hardly know how to tell you. I didn’t answer him.”

“Didn’t answer him?”

“I got up and walked away, right in the middle of—of what he was trying to tell me.”

“*Ti-ens!* And you had to take his money, after all?”

Olivia bowed her head.

“*Ca c’est trop fort,*” the old lady went on. “You’re quite right then when you say you’ll never be able to pay him off, even if you get rid of him. But he’s paid *you* off, hasn’t he? It’s a more beautiful situation than I fancied. He didn’t tell me that.”

Olivia looked up. “He didn’t tell you—? Who?”

“Your papa,” the old lady said, promptly. “It’s perfectly lovely, isn’t it? I should think when you meet him you must feel frightfully ashamed. Don’t you?”

“I should if there wasn’t something about him that—”

“And you’ll never get over it,” the old lady went on, pitilessly, “not even after you’ve married the other man. The humiliation will haunt you—*toujours!*—*toujours!* *N’est ce pas?* If it was me, I should want to marry a man I’d done a thing like that to—just to carry it off. But *you* can’t, can you? You’ve *got* to marry the other man. Even if you weren’t so horribly in love with him, you’d have to marry him, when he’s stood

by you like that. I should be ashamed of you if you didn’t.”

“Of course, Aunt Vic.”

“If he were to back out, that would be another thing. But as it is you’ve got to swallow your humiliation, with regard to this Davenant. Or, rather, you can’t swallow it. You’ve simply got to live on it, so to speak. You’ll never be able to forget for an hour of the day that you treated a man like that—and then took his money, will you? It isn’t exactly like striking a St. Bernard who’s rescuing you in the snow. It’s like beating him first, and then having him come and save you afterward. Oh, la, la! *Quelle drôle de chose que la vie!* Well, it’s a good thing we can return his money, at the least.”

“You’re so good about that, dear Aunt Vic. I didn’t understand I was to have it when I couldn’t see my way to—to—”

“To marry Berteuil. That’s all over and done with. I see you weren’t made for life in the real world. Anyhow,” she added, taking a virtuous air, “when my word was passed, it was passed. Not that your *dot* will do you much good. It’ll all have to go to settle the claims of this Mr.— By the way, where is he? Why doesn’t he come and be paid?”

“He’s out in Michigan, at a little place called Stoughton.”

“Then send for him.”

“I’m not sure we can get him. Cousin Cherry has written to him three times since he went away, and he doesn’t answer.”

“Cousin Cherry! What a goose! Who’d ever think she was the pretty Charlotte Hawke that Rodney Temple fell in love with? What’s the matter with you, over here, that you all grow old at a minute’s notice, so to speak? I never saw such a lot of frumps as the women who used to be my own contemporaries. Rodney and I were very good friends once. If I could only have settled down in humdrum old Waverton— But we’ll let bygones be bygones, and send for your man.”

“I’ll ask Cousin Cherry to write to him again.”

“Stuff, dear! That won’t do any good. Wire him yourself, and tell him I’m here.”

“Oh, but, Aunt Vic, dear—”

With little perkings of the head and much rolling of the eyes the Marquise watched the warm color rise in Olivia's cheeks and surge slowly upward to the temples. Madame de Melcourt made signs of trying to look anywhere and everywhere, up to the ceiling and down at the floor, rather than be a witness of so much embarrassment. She emphasized her discretion, too, by making a great show of seeing nothing in particular, toying with her rings and bracelets till Olivia had sufficiently recovered to be again commanded to send for Davenant.

"Tell him I'm here, and that I want to have a look at him. Use my name, so that he'll see it's urgent. Then you can sign the telegram with your own. Cousin Cherry! Stuff!"

Later that day Madame de Melcourt was making a confession to Rodney Temple.

"*Oui, mon bon Rodney.* It was love at first sight. The thing hadn't happened to me for years."

"Had it been in the habit of happening?"

"In the habit of happening?—that is too much to say. I may have had a little toquade from time to time—I don't say no—of an innocence!—or nearly of an innocence! *Mais que voulez-vous?*—a woman in my position!—a widow since I was so high!—and exposed to the most flattering attentions. You know nothing about it over here. '*L'amour est l'enfant de Bohème,*' as the song says, and whatever you can say for Waverton and Cambridge and Boston, you'll admit—"

He leaned back in his rocking-chair with a laugh. "One does the best one can, Vic. We're children of opportunity as well as *enfants de Bohème*. If your chances have been more generous and, I presume, more tempting than ours, it isn't kind of you to come back and taunt us."

"Don't talk about tempting, Rodney. You can't imagine how tiresome those men become—always on the hunt for money—always trying to find a wife who'll support them without their having to work. I speak of the good people, of course. With the bourgeoisie it's different. They work and take care of their

families like other people. Only they didn't count. If I hadn't money, they'd slam the door on me like that." She indicated the violence of the act by gesture. "As it is, they smother me. There are three of them at Melcourt-le-Danois at this present moment—Anne Marie de Melcourt's two boys and one girl. They're all waiting for me to supply the funds with which they're to make rich marriages. Is it any wonder that I look upon what's done for my own niece as so much saved! Henry's getting into such a hole seemed to me providential—gives me the chance to snatch something away from them before they—and when it's to go ultimately to *him*—"

"The young fellow you've taken such a fancy to?"

"You'd have taken a fancy to him, too, if you'd known only men who make it a trade to ask all and give next to nothing in return. You'd be smitten to the core by a man who asks nothing and offers all, if he was as ugly as a gargoyle. But when he takes the form of a blond Hercules, with eyes blue as the mysotis, and a mustache—*mais une moustache!*—and with no idea whatever of the bigness of the thing he's doing! It was the thunderbolt, Rodney—*le coup de foudre*—and no wonder!"

"I hope you told him so."

"I was very stiff with him. I sent him about his business just like that." She snapped her fingers. "But I only meant it with reserves. I let him see how I had been wronged—how cruelly Olivia had misunderstood me—but I showed him, too, how I could forgive." She tore at her breast as though to lay bare her heart. "Oh, I impressed him—not all at once, perhaps—but little by little—"

"As he came to know you."

"I wouldn't let him go away. He stayed at the inn in the village two weeks and more. It's an old chef of mine who keeps it. And I learned all his secrets. He thought he was throwing dust in my eyes, but he didn't throw a grain. As if I couldn't see who was in love with who—after all my experience! Ah, *mon bon Rodney*, if I'd been fifty years younger! And yet if I'd been fifty years younger I shouldn't have judged him at his worth. He's the type to which you can do justice only when you've a

standard of comparison, *n'est ce pas?* It's in putting him beside other men—the best—even Ashley over there—that you see how big he is.”

She tossed her hands in the direction of Ashley and Drusilla, sitting by the tea-table at the other end of the room. Mrs. Temple had again found errands of mercy to insure her absence.

“*Il est très bien, cet Ashley,*” the Marquise continued, “*chic—distinguished—*no more like a wooden man than any other Englishman. “*Il est très bien—but* what a difference!—two natures—the one a mountain pool, fierce, deep, hemmed in all round—the other, the great sea. *Voilà—Ashley et mon Davenant.* And he helped me. He gave me courage to stand up against the Melcourts—to run away from them. Oh, yes, we ran away—almost. I made a pretext for going to Paris—the old pretext, the dentist. They didn't suspect at my age—how should they?—or they wouldn't have let me come alone. Hélié or Paul or Anne Marie would have come with me. Oh, they smother me. We took the train to Cherbourg, just like two eloping lovers—and the *bateau de luxe*, the *Louisiana*, to New York. *Mais, hélas!—*”

She paused to laugh, and at the same time to dash away a tear. “At New York we parted, never to meet again—so he thinks. His work was done! He went straight to that funny place in Michigan to join his pal. He's there now—waiting to hear that Olivia has married her Englishman, as you might wait to hear that sentence of death on some one you were fond of had been carried out. *Ah, mon Dieu, quel brave homme!* I'm proud to belong to the people who produced him. I don't know that I ever was before.”

“Oh, the world is full of brave fellows, when the moment comes to try them.”

“Perhaps. I'm not convinced. What about *him?*” She flicked her hand again toward Ashley. “Would he stand a big test?”

“He's stood a good many of them, I understand. He's certainly been equal to his duty here.”

“He's done what a gentleman couldn't help doing. That's something, but it's possible to ask more.”

“I hope you're not going to ask it,” he began, in some anxiety.

“He strikes me as a man who would grant what was wrung from him, while the other—my blond Hercules!—gives royally, like a king.”

“There's a soul that climbs as by a ladder, and there's a soul that soars naturally as a lark. I don't know that it matters which they do, so long as they both mount upward.”

“We shall see.”

“What shall we see? I hope you're not up to anything, Vic?”

With another jerk of her hand in the direction of Ashley and Drusilla, she said, “That's the match that should have—”

But the old man was out of his seat. “You must excuse me now, Vic. I've some work to do.”

“Yes, be off. Only—”

She put her forefinger on her lips, rolling her eyes under the brim of her extravagant hat with an expression intended to exclude from their pact of confidence not only the other two occupants of the room, but every one else.

Olivia received the reply to her telegram: “Shall arrive in Boston Wednesday night.”

Considering it time to bring the purely financial side of the situation under discussion, Madame de Melcourt explained to her niece that she, the Marquise, had nothing to do, in her own person, with the extraordinary creature who was about to arrive. Her part would be accomplished when once she had handed over the *dot* either to Olivia or to her trustees. As the passing of this sum through Miss Guion's hands was to be no more than a formality, the question of trustees was not worth taking up. With the transfer of securities for the amount agreed upon from the one name to the other—a piece of business which would be carried out by Davis & Stern—the Marquise considered that she would have done all for which she could be called upon. Everything else concerned Olivia and her father and Davenant. Her own interest in the young man would be satisfied with a glance of curiosity.

The brief conversation to this effect having taken place before luncheon, Madame de Melcourt pursued other aspects of the subject with Colonel Ashley

when the repast was ended and coffee was being served to them in the library. Olivia having withdrawn to wait on her father, Madame de Melcourt bade him light his cigar while she herself puffed daintily at a cigarette. If she was a little grotesque in doing it, he had seen more than one elderly Englishwoman who, in the same pastime, was even more so.

Taking one thing with another, he liked his future great-aunt by marriage. That is, he liked a connection that would bring him into touch with such things in the world as he held to be important. While he had the scorn natural to the Englishman of the Service class for anything out of England that pretended to be an aristocracy, he admitted that the old French royalist cause had claims to distinction. The atmosphere of it clinging to one who was presumably in the heart of its counsels restored him to that view of his marriage as an alliance between high contracting powers which events in Boston had made so lamentably untenable. If he was disconcerted, it was by her odd way of keeping him at arm's-length.

"She doesn't like me—what?" he had more than once said to Olivia, and with some misgiving.

Olivia could only answer: "I think she must. She's said a good many times that you were *chic* and distinguished. That's a great deal for any Englishman from her."

"She acts as if she had something up her sleeve."

That had become something like a conviction with him; but to-day he flattered himself that he had made some progress in her graces. His own spirits, too, were so high that he could be affable to Guion, who appeared at table for the only time since the day of their first meeting. Hollow-cheeked, hollow-eyed, his figure shrunken, and his handsome hand grown so thin that the ring kept slipping from his finger, Guion essayed, in view of his powerful relative's vindication—for so he liked to think of it—to recapture some of his old elegance as a host. To this Ashley lent himself with entire good-will, taking Guion's timid claim for recognition as part of the new heaven and the new earth under process of construction. In this greatly improved universe, Olivia, too, acquired in her lover's eyes a charm,

a dignity, a softened grace beyond anything he had dreamed of. If she seemed older, graver, sadder perhaps, the change was natural to one who had passed through trials so sordid and so searching. A month of marriage, a month of England, would restore all her youth and freshness.

Nevertheless, he was glad to be alone with Madame de Melcourt. It was the moment he had waited for, the moment of paying some fitting tribute to her generosity. He had said little of it hitherto, not wanting, as he put it, "to drag it in by the hair of its head." He knew an opportunity would arise; and it had arisen.

It was the sort of thing he could have done better had he not been haunted by the Englishman's fear of being over-demonstrative. He was easily capable of turning a nice little speech. Apart from the fear of transgressing the canons of negative good form, he would have enjoyed turning one. As it was, he assumed a stammer and a drawl, jerking out a few inarticulate phrases of which the lady could distinguish only, "so awfully good of you," and "never forget your jolly kindness." This being masculine, soldier-like, and British, he was hurt to notice an amused smile on the Marquise's lips. He could have sworn that she felt the speech inadequate to the occasion. She would probably have liked it better had it been garnished with American flourishes or French ornamentation. "She's taking me for a jolly ass," he said to himself, and reddened hotly.

In contrast to his deliberate insufficiency the old lady's thin voice was silvery and precise. Out of some bit of obscure wilfulness, roused by his being an Englishman, she accentuated her Parisian affectations.

"I'm very much delighted, Co-lo-nel," she said, giving the military title its three distinct French syllables, "but you must not think me better than I am. I'm very fond of my niece—and of her father. After all, they stand nearer to me than any one else in the world. They're all I've got of my very own. In any case, they should have had the money some day—when I—that is, I'd made my will—*n'est ce pas?* But what matters

a little sooner or a little later? And I want my niece to be happy. I want a great many things—but when I've sifted them all, I think I want that more than anything else."

Ashley bowed. "We shall always feel greatly indebted—" he began, endeavoring to be more elegant than in his words of a few minutes earlier.

"I want her to be happy, Co-lo-nel. She deserves it. She's a noble creature, with a heart of gold and a spirit of iron. And she loves me, I think."

"I know she does, by Jove!"

"And I can't think of any one else who does love me, for myself." She gave a thin, cackling laugh. "They love my money. *Le bon Dieu* has counted me worthy of having a good deal during these later years. And they're all very fond of it. But she's fond of *me*. I was very angry with her once; but now I want her to be happy with the man—with the man she's in love with. So when Mr. Davenant came and told me of your noble character—"

"The devil he did!"

Ashley sprang out of his chair. The cigar dropped from his limp fingers. In stooping to pick it up he caught the echo of his own exclamation. "I beg your pardon—" he began, when he had raised himself. He grew redder than ever; his eyes danced.

"*Ca ne fait rien*, Co-lo-nel. It's an expression of which I myself often use the equivalent—in French. But I don't wonder you're pleased. Your friend Mr. Davenant made the journey to Europe purposely to tell me how highly you were qualified as a suitor for my niece's hand. When one has a friend like that—"

"But he's not my friend."

"You surprise me, Co-lo-nel. He spoke of you with so much praise—so much affection, I might say. He said no one could be so worthy to marry my niece—no one could make her so happy—no one could give her such a distinguished position in the world—no one was so fine a fellow in his own person—"

He looked mystified. "But he's out there in Michigan—"

She puffed delicately at her cigarette. "He stayed with me two weeks at Melcourt-le-Danois. That is, he stayed at

the inn in the village. It was the same thing. I was very angry with my niece before that. It was he who made me see differently. If it were not for him I shouldn't be here. He traveled to France expressly to beg my help—how shall I say?—on your behalf—in simplifying things—so that you and Olivia might be free from your sense of obligation to him—and might marry—"

"Did he say he was in love with her himself?"

She ignored the hoarse suffering in his voice, to take another puff or two at her cigarette. "*Ma foi*, Co-lo-nel, he didn't have to."

"Did he say—?" He swallowed hard, and began again, more hoarsely, "Did he say she was—in love with—with him?"

There was a hint of rebuke in her tone. "He's a very loyal gentleman. He didn't."

"Did he make you think—?"

"What he made me think, Co-lo-nel, is my own affair."

He jumped to his feet, throwing his cigar violently into the fire. For a minute or two he stood glaring at the embers. When he turned on her it was savagely.

"May I ask your motive in springing this on me, Marquise?"

"*Mon Dieu*, Co-lo-nel, I thought you'd like to know what a friend you have."

"Damn his friendship! That's not the reason. You've something up your sleeve."

She looked up at him innocently. "Have I? Then I must leave it to you to tell me what it is. But when you do," she added, smiling, "I hope you'll take another tone. In France men are gallant with women—"

"And in England women are straight with men. What they have to say they say. They don't lay snares or lie in ambush—"

She laughed. "*Quant à cela, Co-lo-nel, il y en a pour tous les goûts, même en Angleterre.*"

"I'll bid you good-by, Madame."

He bowed stiffly and went out into the hall. She continued to smoke daintily, pensively, while she listened to him noisily pulling on his overcoat and taking his stick from the stand. As he

passed the library door he stopped on the threshold.

"By Gad, she's mine!" he said, fiercely.

She got up and went to him, taking him by the lapel of the coat. There was something like pity in her eyes as she said: "My poor fellow, nobody has raised that question. What's more, nobody *will* raise it—unless you do yourself."

CHAPTER XXIII

ASHLEY'S craving was for space and air. He felt choked, strangled. There was a high wind blowing, carrying a sleety rain. It was a physical comfort to turn into the teeth of it.

He took a road straggling out of the town toward the remoter suburbs, and so into the country. He marched on, his eyes unseeing, his mouth set grimly—goaded by a kind of frenzy to run away from that which he knew he could not leave behind. It was like fleeing from something omnipresent. Though he should turn his back on it never so sternly, and travel never so fast, it would be with him. It had already entered into his life as a constituent element; he could no more get rid of it than of his breath or his blood.

And yet the thing itself eluded him. In the very attempt to apprehend it by sight or name, he found it mysteriously beyond his grasp. It was like an enemy in the air, deadly but out of reach. It had struck him, though he could not as yet tell where. He could only stride onward through the wind and rain, as a man who has been shot can stride on till he falls.

So he tramped for an hour or more, finding himself at last amid bleak, dreary marshes, over which the November twilight was coming down. He felt lonely, desolate, far from his familiar things, far from home. His familiar things were his ambitions, as home was that life of well-ordered English dignity in which to-morrow will bear some relation to to-day.

He felt used up by the succession of American shocks, of American violences. They had reduced him to a condition of bewilderment. For four or five weeks he had scarcely known from minute to

minute where he stood. He had maintained his ground as best he was able, holding out for the moment when he could marry his wife and go his way; and now when ostensibly the hour had come in which to do it, it was only that he might see confusion worse confounded.

He turned back toward the town. He did so with a feeling of futility in the act. Where should he go? What should he do? How was he to deal with this new, extraordinary feature in the case? It was impossible to return to Tory Hill as if the Marquise had told him nothing, and equally impossible to make what she had said a point of departure for anything else. If he made it a point of departure for anything at all, it could only be for a step which his whole being rebelled against taking.

It was a solution of the instant's difficulties to avoid the turning to Tory Hill and go on to Drusilla Fane's. In the wind and rain and gathering darkness the thought of her fireside was cheering. She would understand him, too. She had always understood him. It was her knowledge of the English point of view that made her such an efficient pal. During all the trying four or five weeks through which he had passed she had been able to give him sympathetic support just where and when he needed it. It was something to know she would give it to him again.

As he told her of Davenant's journey to France, he could see her eyes grow bigger and blacker than ever in the flickering firelight. She kept them on him all the while he talked. She kept them on him as from time to time she lifted her cup and sipped her tea.

"Then that's why he didn't answer mother's letters," she said, absently, when he had finished. "He wasn't there."

"He wasn't there, by Jove! And don't you see what a fix he's put me in?"

She replied, still absently, "I'm not sure that I do."

"He's given away the whole show to me. The question is now whether I can take it—what?"

"He hasn't given away anything you didn't have before."

"He's given away something he might perhaps have had himself."

She drew back into the shadow, so that he might not see her coloring. She had only voice enough to say, "What makes you think so?"

"Don't *you* think so?"

"That's not a fair question."

"It's a vital one."

"To you—yes. But—"

"But not to you. Oh, I understand that well enough. But you've been such a good pal that I thought you might help me to see—"

"I'm afraid I can't help you to see anything. If I were to try I might mislead you."

"But you must *know*, by Jove! Two women can't be such pals as Olivia and you—"

"If I did know, I shouldn't tell you. It's something you should find out for yourself."

"Find out! I've *asked* her."

"Well, if she's told you, isn't that enough?"

"It would be enough in England. But here, where words don't seem to have the same meaning as they do anywhere else—and surprises are sprung on you—and people have queer, complicated motives—and do preposterous, unexpected things—"

"Peter's going to see old Cousin Vic might be unexpected, but I don't think you can call it preposterous."

"It's preposterous to have another man racing about the world trying to do you good, by Jove!"

"He wasn't trying to do you good so much as not to do you harm. He thought he'd done that, apparently, by interfering with Cousin Henry's affairs in the first place. His asking the old Marquise to come to the rescue was only an attempt to make things easier for you."

He sprang to his feet. "And he's got me where I must either call his bluff or—or accept his beastly sacrifice."

He tugged fiercely, first at one end, then at the other, of his bristling, horizontal mustache. Drusilla tried to speak calmly.

"He's not making a sacrifice if there was nothing for him to give up."

"That's what I must find out."

She considered it only loyal to say: "It's well to remember that in making the attempt you may do more harm than

good. 'Where the apple reddens, never pry, lest we lose our Edens—' You know the warning."

"Yes, I know. That's Browning. In other words, it means, let well enough alone."

"Which isn't bad advice, you know."

"Which isn't bad advice—except in love. Love won't put up with reserves. It must have all, or it will take nothing."

He dropped into a low chair at the corner of the hearth. Wielding the poker in both hands, he knocked sparks idly from a smoldering log. It was some minutes before she ventured to say:

"And suppose you discovered that you couldn't *get* all?"

"I've thought that out. I should go home and ask to be allowed to join the first punitive expedition sent out—one of those jolly little parties from which they don't expect more than half the number to come back. There's one just starting now—against the Carrals—up on the Tibet frontier. I dare say I could catch it."

Again some minutes went by before she said: "Is it as bad as all that?"

"It's as bad as all that."

She got up because she could no longer sit still. His pain was almost more than she could bear. At the moment she would have given life just to be allowed to lay her hand soothingly on his shoulder or to stroke his bowed head. As it was, she could barely give herself the privilege of taking one step toward him, and even in doing this she was compelled to keep behind him, lest she should betray herself in the approach.

"Couldn't I—?"

The offer of help was in the tone, in its timid beseeching.

He understood it, and shook his head, without looking up.

"No," he said, briefly. "No. No one can."

She remained standing behind him, because she hadn't the strength to go away. He continued to knock sparks from the log. Repulsed from the sphere of his suffering, she was thrown back on her own. She wondered how long she should stand there, how long he would sit, bending like that, over the dying fire. It was the most intolerable minute

of her life, and yet he didn't know it. Just for the instant she resented that—that while he could get the relief of openness and speech, she must be condemned forever to shame and silence. If she could have thrown herself on her knees beside him, and flung her arms about his neck, crying: "I love you; I love you! Whoever doesn't—I do!—I do!" she would have felt that life had reached fruition.

The minutes became more unendurable. In sheer self-defense she was obliged to move, to say something, to break the tensivity of the strain. One step—the single step by which she had dared to draw nearer him, stretching out yearning hands toward him—one step sufficed to take her back to the world of conventionalities and commonplaces, where the heart's aching is taboo.

She must say something, no matter what, and the words that came were: "Won't you have another cup of tea?"

He shook his head, still without looking up. "Thanks; no."

But she was back again on her own ground, back from the land of enchantment and anguish. It was like returning to an empty home, after a journey of poignant romance. She was mistress of herself again, mistress of her secret and her loneliness. She could command her voice, too. She could hear herself saying, as if some one else was speaking from the other side of the room:

"It seems to me you take it too tragically to begin with—"

"It isn't to begin with. I saw there was a screw loose from the first. And since then some one has told me that she was—half in love with him, by Jove!—as it was."

She remained standing beside the tea-table. "That must have been Cousin Henry. He'd have a motive in thinking so—not so much to deceive you as to deceive himself. But if it's any comfort to you to know it, I've talked to them both. I suppose they spoke to me confidentially, and I haven't felt justified in betraying them. But rather than see you suffer—"

He put the poker in its place among the fire-irons, and swung round in his chair toward her. "Oh, I say! It isn't suffering, you know. That is, it isn't—"

She smiled feebly. "Oh, I know what it is. You don't have to explain. But I'll tell you. I asked Peter—or practically asked him—some time ago if he was in love with her—and he said he wasn't."

His face brightened. "Did he, by Jove?"

"And when I told her that the other day—she said—"

"Yes? Yes? She said—?"

"She didn't put it in so many words, but she gave me to understand—or *tried* to give me to understand—that it was a relief to her, because, in that case, she wasn't obliged to have him on her mind. A woman *has* those things on her mind, you know, about one man when she loves another."

He jumped up. "I say! You're a good pal. I shall never forget it."

He came toward her, but she stepped back at his approach. She was more sure of herself in the shadow.

"Oh, it's nothing—"

"You see," he tried to explain, "it's this way with me: I've made it a rule in my life to do—well, a little more than the right thing—the high thing, if you understand—and that fellow has a way of getting so damnably on top. I can't allow it, you know. I told you so the other day."

"You mean, if he does something fine, you must do something finer."

He winced at this. "I can't go on swallowing his beastly favors, don't you see? And, hang it all! if he is—if he is my—my rival—he must have a show."

"And how are you going to give him a show, if he won't take it?"

He started to pace up and down the room. "That's your beastly America, where everything goes by freaks—where everything is queer and tortuous, and you can't pin any one down."

"It seems to me, on the contrary, that you have every one pinned down. You've got everything your own way, and yet you aren't satisfied. Peter has taken himself off; old Cousin Vic has paid the debts; and Olivia is ready to go to the church and marry you on the first convenient day. What more can you ask?"

"That's what *she* said, by Jove!—the old Marquise. She said the question would never be raised unless I raised it."

Drusilla tried to laugh. "*Eh, bien?* as she'd say herself."

He paused in front of her. "*Eh, bien,* there is something else; and," he added, tapping his forehead sharply, "I'll be hanged if I know what it is."

She was about to say something more when the sound of the shutting of the street door stopped her. There was much puffing and stamping, with shouts for Jane to come and take an umbrella.

"I say, that's your governor. I'll go and talk to him."

He went without another look at her. She steadied herself with the tips of her fingers on the tea-table, in order not to swoon. She knew she wouldn't swoon; she only felt like it, or like dying. But all she could do was limply to pour herself out an extra cup of tea and drink it.

In the library, Ashley was taking heart of grace. He had come to ask advice, but he was really pointing out the things that were in his favor. He repeated Drusilla's summing up of them almost word for word.

"You see, as far as that goes, I've everything my own way. No question will be raised unless I raise it. The fellow has taken himself off; the Marquise has most generously assumed the family liabilities; and Olivia is ready to come to church with me and be married on the first convenient day. I should be satisfied with that, now, shouldn't I?"

The old man nodded. "Your difficulties do seem to have been smoothed out."

He sat fitting the tips of his fingers together and swinging his leg in his desk chair.

The light of the green-shaded desk lamp alone lit up the room. In the semi-obscurity, porcelains and potteries gleamed like crystals in a cave. Ashley paced the floor, emerging from minute to minute out of the gloom into the radiance of the lamp.

"I'm not called on to go poking behind things to see what's there, now, am I?"

"Not in the least."

"I'm willing to consider every one, and I think I do. But there are limits, by Jove! Now, really?"

"The minute we recognize limits it's our duty not to go beyond them. It's

thus far and no farther—for the man who knows the stretch of his tether, at any rate. The trouble with Peter is that his tether is elastic. It'll spin out as far as he sees the need to go. For the rest of us there are limits, as you say—but about him there's something—something you might call limitless."

Ashley rounded, sharply. "You mean he's so big that no one can be bigger?"

"Not exactly. I mean that very few of us *need* to be as big as that. It's all very well for him; but most of us have to keep within the measure of our own capacity."

"And sit down under him, while he looms up into God knows where?"

"Well, wouldn't that be your idea?"

"Can't say that it is. My idea is that when I take my rights and keep them, I'm as big as any one."

"Quite so; as big as any one—who takes his rights and keeps them. That's very true."

Ashley stopped, one hand behind him, the other supporting him as he leaned on the desk. "And that's what I propose to do," he said, aggressively.

"It's a very high ideal."

"I propose to accept the *status quo* without asking any more questions."

"I should think that would be a very good plan. A wise man—one of the wisest—wrote, apropos of well-disposed people who were seeking a standard of conduct, 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.' I should think you'd have every reason for that kind of self-approval."

"Do you mean that, sir? or are you—trying it on?"

"I'm certainly not trying it on. The man who takes his rights and keeps them can be amply justified. If there's a counsel of perfection that goes beyond that standard—well, it isn't given to all men to receive it."

"Then you think it isn't given to me. You'd put me down as a good sort of chap who comes in second best."

"What makes you think I should do that?"

"Because—because—hang it all! if I let this fellow keep ahead of me—why, I *should* come in second best."

"You say, '*keep ahead of me.*' Do you think he's ahead of you now?"

Ashley straightened himself. He looked uncomfortable. "He's got a pull, by Jove! He made that journey to France—and cracked me up to the Marquise—and wheedled her round—when all the while he must have known that he was hammering nails into his own coffin. He did it, too, after I'd insulted him and we'd had a row."

"Oh, that's nothing. To a fellow like him that sort of thing comes easy."

"It wouldn't come easy to me, by Jove!"

"Then it would be all the more to your credit if you ever did anything of the kind."

The Englishman bounded away. Once more he began to pace the floor restlessly. The old man took his pipe from a tray, and his tobacco-pouch from a drawer. Having filled the bowl with meditative leisure, he looked round for a match. "Got a light?"

Ashley struck a vesta on the edge of his match-box and applied it to the old man's pipe.

"Should you say," he asked, while doing it, "that I ought to attempt anything in that line?"

"Certainly not—unless you want to—get ahead."

"I don't want to stay behind."

"Then it's for you to judge, my son."

There was something like an affectionate stress on the two concluding monosyllables. Ashley backed off, out of the lamplight.

"It's this way," he explained, stammeringly: "I'm a British officer and gentleman. I'm a little more than that—since I'm a V. C. man—and a fellow—dash it all! I might as well say it!—I'm a fellow they've got their eye on—in the line of high office, don't you know. And I can't—I simply *can't*—let a chap like that make me a present of all his chances—"

"Did he have any?"

Ashley hesitated. "Before God, sir, I don't know—but I'm inclined to think he had. If so, I suppose they're of as much value to him as mine to me."

"But not of any more."

He hesitated again. "I don't know about that. Perhaps they are. The Lord knows I don't say that lightly, for mine are— Well, we needn't go into that.

But I've got a good deal in my life, and I don't imagine that he, poor devil—"

"Oh, don't worry. A rich soil is never barren. When nothing is planted in it, nature uses it for flowers."

Ashley answered restively. "I see, sir, your sympathies are all on his side."

"Not at all. Quite the contrary. My certainties are on his side. My sympathies are on yours."

"Because you think I need them."

"Because I think you may."

"In case I—?"

"In case you should condemn yourself in the thing you're going to allow."

"But what's it to be?"

"That's for you to settle with yourself."

He was silent a minute. When he spoke it was with some conviction. "I should like to do the right thing, by Jove!—the straight thing—if I only knew what it was."

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about that. In the Street called Straight, my son, there are lights to show the way."

"Rum old cove," was Ashley's comment to himself, as he went back to Boston. "Got an answer to everything."

From the hotel he telephoned an excuse to Olivia for his unceremonious departure from Tory Hill. "Had an upset" was the phrase by which he conveyed his apologies, leaving it to her to guess the nature of his mischance. As she showed no curiosity on the point, he merely promised to come to luncheon in the morning.

During his dinner he set himself to think, though, amid the kaleidoscopic movement of the hotel dining-room, he got little beyond the stage of "mulling." Such symptoms of decision as showed themselves through the evening lay in his looking up the dates of sailing of the more important liners, and the situation of the Carral country on the map. He missed, however, the support of his principle to be Rupert Ashley at his best. That guiding motto seemed to have lost its force owing to the eccentricities of American methods of procedure. If he was still Rupert Ashley, he was Rupert Ashley sadly knocked about, grown incapable of the swift judgment and prompt action which had hitherto been his leading characteristics.

He was still beset by uncertainties when he went out to Waverton next morning. Impatient for some form of action, he made an early start. On the way he considered Rodney Temple's words of the previous afternoon, saying to himself: "In the Street called Straight there are lights to show the way, by Jove! Gad, I should like to know where they are."

Nevertheless, it had a clarifying effect on his vision to find, on walking into the drawing-room at Tory Hill, Miss Guion seated in conversation with Peter Davenant. As he had the advantage of seeing them a second before they noticed him, he got the impression that their conversation was earnest, confidential. Olivia was seated in a corner of the sofa, Davenant in a low chair that gave him the appearance of being at her feet.

It was exactly the stimulus Ashley needed to bring his faculties into action. He was at once in possession of all his powers. The feeling inspired by the sight of them together transformed him on the instant into the quick, shrewd, diplomatic officer in whom he recognized himself. It was a feeling too complicated to be called jealousy, though jealousy might have been in it as an ingredient pang. If so, it was entirely subordinate to his new sense—or rather his old sense—of being equal to the occasion. As he crossed the room he felt no misgiving, no hesitation. Neither did he need to forecast, however rapidly, his plan of speech or action, since he knew that in urgent cases it was always given him. If he had to define this sudden confidence he might have said that Rupert Ashley at his best had been restored to life again, but even that would not have expressed the fullness of his consciousness of power.

He nodded to Davenant before shaking hands with Miss Guion. "Hello! Back again?"

Davenant got up from his low chair with some embarrassment. Ashley bowed over Olivia's hand with unusual courtliness. He seated himself in the other corner of the sofa, as one who had a right to the place.

"I had to come East on business," Davenant explained at once.

Olivia hastened to corroborate this statement. "Aunt Vic wanted Mr. Davenant to come—to settle up all the things—"

"And I had another reason," Davenant interrupted, nervously. "I was just beginning to tell Miss Guion about it when you came in. I've a job out there—in my work—that would suit Mr. Guion. It would be quite in his line—legal adviser to a company—and would give him occupation. He'd be earning money, and wouldn't feel laid aside; and if he was ill, I could look after him as well as any one. I—I'd like it."

Olivia looked inquiringly at Ashley. Her eyes were misty.

"Hadn't you better talk to *him* about it?" Ashley said.

"I thought I'd better speak to you and Miss Guion first. I understand you've offered to—to take him—"

"I shouldn't interfere with what suited him better, in any case. By the way, how did you like the *Louisiana*?"

Davenant's jaw dropped. His blue eyes were wide with amazement. It was Olivia who undertook to speak, with a little air of surprise that Ashley should make such an odd mistake.

"Mr. Davenant wasn't on the *Louisiana*. It was Aunt Vic. Mr. Davenant has just come from the West. You do that by train."

"Of course he was on the *Louisiana*. Landed on the—let me see—she sailed again yesterday!—landed on the 20th, didn't you?"

"No, no," Olivia corrected again, smiling. "That was the day Aunt Vic landed. You're getting every one mixed."

"But they came together," Ashley persisted. "He brought her. Didn't you?"

The look on Olivia's face frightened Davenant. He got up and stood apologetically behind his chair. "You'll have to forgive me, Miss Guion," he stammered. "I—I deceived you. I couldn't think of anything else to do."

She leaned forward, looking up at him. "But I don't know what you did, as it is. I can't understand—what—what any one is saying."

"Then I'll tell you, by Jove! All the time you thought he was out there at Michigan he was over in France, fol-



Drawn by Orson Lowell

AS HE CROSSED THE ROOM HE FELT NO MISGIVING, NO HESITATION

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lowing up the Marquise. Tracked her like a bloodhound—what? Told her the whole story—how we'd got to a deadlock, and everything. Made her think that unless she came and bailed us out we'd be caught there for the rest of our lives."

Olivia's eyes were still lifted to Davenant's. "Is that true?"

"It's true, by Jove!—true as you live. What's more, he cracked me up as though I was the only man alive—said that when it came to a question of who was worthy—worthy to marry you—he wasn't fit to black my boots."

"No," Davenant cried, fiercely. "There was no question of me."

"Bosh! Bosh, my good fellow! When a man does what you've done there's no question of any one but him."

The color was hot in Davenant's cheeks, but he himself could not have told whether it came from astonishment or anger. "Since Colonel Ashley knows so well what happened, I shall leave him to tell it."

He was about to make his escape, when Olivia stopped him. "No, no. Wait—please wait. Tell me why you did it."

"I'll tell you," Ashley broke in. He spoke with a kind of nervous jauntiness. "I'll tell you, by Jove! We'd had a row. I called him a cad. I called him a damned cad. There *was* a damned cad present on that occasion—only—only I didn't hit the right nail on the head. But that's not what I'm coming to. He struck me. He struck me right in the teeth, by Jove! And when a man strikes you, it's an insult that can only be wiped out by blood. Very well; he's offered it—his blood. He didn't wait for me to draw it. I suppose he thought I wouldn't go in for the heroic. So of his own accord he went over there to France and shed his heart's blood, in the hope that I might overlook his offense. All right, old chap; I overlook it."

With a laugh Ashley held his hand up toward Davenant, who ignored it.

"Miss Guion," Davenant said, huskily, "Colonel Ashley is pleased to put his own interpretation on what was in itself a very simple thing. You mayn't think it a very creditable thing, but I'll tell you just what happened, and you can

draw your own conclusions. I went over to France, and saw your aunt, the Marquise, and asked her to let me have my money back. That's the plain truth of it. She'll tell you so herself. I'd heard she was very fond of you—devoted to you—and that she was very rich and generous—and so I thought if I told her exactly how matters stood, it would be a good chance to—to—recoup myself for—the loan."

Ashley sprang up with another laugh. "He does that well, doesn't he?" he said to Olivia. "Come along, old boy," he added, slipping his arm through Davenant's. "If I let you stay here you'll perjure your very soul."

Davenant allowed himself to be escorted to the door. Over his shoulder Ashley called back to Olivia: "Fellows are never good friends till after they've had a fight."

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN Ashley, after pushing Davenant gently out into the hall, returned to Olivia, she was standing by the mantelpiece, where the five K'anghsi vases had been restored to their place in honor of the Marquise.

"Rum chap, isn't he?" Ashley observed. "So awfully queer and American. No Englishman would ever have taken a jaunt like that—after the old lady—on another chap's behalf. It wouldn't go down, you know."

Olivia, leaning on the mantelpiece, with face partially turned from him, made no reply.

He allowed some minutes to pass before saying: "When I asked him how he liked the *Louisiana* I wanted to know. I'm thinking of taking her on her next trip home."

She turned slightly, lifting her eyes. There was a wonderful light in them, and yet a light that seemed to shine from afar. "Wouldn't that be rather soon?"

"It would give me time for all I want. Now that I'm here I'd better take a look at New York and Washington, and perhaps get a glimpse of your South. I could do that in three weeks."

She seemed to have some difficulty in

getting her mind to follow his words. "I don't think I understand you."

There was a smile on his lips as he said: "Don't you *infer* anything?"

"If I inferred anything, it would be that you think of going home—alone."

"Well, that's it."

She turned fully round. For a long minute they stood staring at each other. Time and experience seemed both to pass over them before she uttered the one word: "Why?"

"Isn't it pretty nearly self-evident?"

She shook her head. "Not to me."

"I'm surprised at that. I thought you would have seen how well we'd played our game, and that it's—up."

"I don't see—not unless you're trying to tell me that you've—that your feelings have undergone a—"

He was still smiling, rather mechanically, though he tugged nervously at the end of his mustache. "Wouldn't it be possible, now that everything has turned out so—so beautifully—wouldn't it be possible to let the rest go without—without superfluous explanations?"

"I'm ready to do anything you like; but I can't help being surprised."

"That must be because I've been more successful than I thought I was. I fancied that when I saw how things were with you, you saw how they were with me—and that—"

"Saw how they were with you? Do you mean?—No, you can't mean!—It isn't—Drusilla?"

Since Drusilla would do as well as another, he still stood smiling. She clasped her hands. Her face was all aglow.

"Oh, I should be so glad! It's only within a few weeks that I've seen how it was with—"

He hastened to interrupt her, though he had no idea of what she was going to say. "Then so long as you do see—"

"Oh, yes; I—I begin to see. I'm afraid I've been very stupid. You've been so kind—so noble—when all the while—"

"We won't discuss that—what? We won't discuss each other at all. Even if you go your way, and I go mine, we shall still be—"

He didn't finish, because she dropped

again to the sofa, burying her face in the cushions. It was the first time he had ever seen her give way to deep emotion. If he had not felt so strong to carry the thing through to the end he would have been unnerved. As it was, he sat down beside her, bending over her bowed head. He made no attempt to touch her.

"I can't bear it," he could hear her panting. "I can't bear it."

"What is it that you can't bear? The pain?"

She nodded, without raising her head.

"Or the happiness?" he asked, gently.

She nodded again.

"That is," he went on, "pain for me, and happiness about—about—the other chap."

She made the same mute sign of affirmation.

"Then, perhaps, that's just as it should be."

When Ashley got out to the road Davenant was still standing by the gate, uncertain whether to turn back to the house or go away. Ashley continued to smile jauntily. If he was white about the temples and sallow in the cheeks, there was no one to notice it.

"Miss Guion wants to see you," he announced to Davenant. "It's about that matter of her father. I dare say you'll pull it off. No, not just now," he added, as Davenant started to go up the driveway. "She—she's busy. Later will do. Say this afternoon. Come along with me. I've got something to tell you. I'm on my way to the 'Temples'."

Once more Ashley slipped his arm through Davenant's, but they walked on in silence. The silence continued till they were on the embankment, when Ashley said: "On second thoughts, I sha'n't tell you what I was going to just now."

"That's all right," Davenant rejoined, and no more was said till they reached Rodney Temple's door.

"Good-by." Ashley offered his hand. "Good-by. You're a first-rate sort. You deserve everything you're—you're coming in for."

Davenant could only wring the prof-

ferred hand wonderingly, and continue on his way.

Inside the house, Ashley asked only for Drusilla. When she came to the drawing-room he refused to sit down. He explained his hurry on the ground that he was on his way to Boston to take the earliest possible train for New York.

"Oh, yes. That's it," he said, in answer to her dumb looks of inquiry. "It couldn't go on, you see. You must have known it—in spite of what you told me last night. You've been an out-and-out good pal. You've cheered me up more than a bit all the time I've been here. If it hadn't been for you— Oh, yes, I'm hit; but not hit so hard that I can't still go on fighting—"

"Not in the Carral country, I hope."

"N-no. On second thoughts that would be only running away. I'm not going to run away. Wounds as bad as mine have healed with a bit of nursing, and— Well, good-by. Say good-by to your father and mother for me, will you?—especially to your governor. Rum old chap, but sound—sound as—as Shakespeare and the Bible—what? Good-by once more. Meet again some time."

It was at the door, to which she accompanied him, that he said: "By the way, when are you coming home?"

She called all her dignity to her aid in order to reply lightly: "Oh, I don't know. Not for ages and ages. Perhaps not at all. I may stay permanently over here. I don't know."

"Oh, I say—!"

"In any case, I'm here for the winter."

"Oh, but I say, by Jove! That's forever. You'll be back before spring?"

She weakened in spite of herself. "I couldn't possibly leave till after Christmas."

"Christmas! It's the end of November now. Well, that's not so bad. Expect to be in Southsea some time early in the new year. See you then."

He had gone down the steps when he turned again. Drusilla was still standing in the open doorway.

"It's awfully queer, but I feel as if—you'll laugh, I know—but I feel as if I'd been kept from the commission of a crime. Funny, isn't it? Well, I'll be off.

See you in Southsea not later than the middle of January. Good-by again; and don't forget my message to your governor."

CHAPTER XXV

IT was late in the afternoon when Davenant reappeared at Tory Hill, having tramped the streets during most of the time since leaving Ashley in the morning. He was nervous. He was even alarmed. He had little clue to Olivia's judgment on his visit to the Marquise, and he found Ashley's hints mysterious.

It was reassuring, therefore, to have her welcome him with gentle cordiality into the little oval sitting-room, where he found her at her desk. She made him take the most comfortable seat, while she herself turned partially round, her arm stretched along the back of her chair. Though the room was growing dim, there was still a crimson light from the sunset.

He plunged at once into the subject that had brought him, explaining the nature of the work her father would be called on to do. It would be easy work, though real work, just what would be within his powers. There would be difficulties, some arising from the relationship of the Massachusetts Bar to that of Michigan, and others on which he touched more lightly; but he thought they could all be overcome. Even if that proved to be impossible, there were other things he knew of that Mr. Guion could do—things quite in keeping with his dignity.

"I've already talked to papa about it," she said. "He's very grateful—very much touched."

"There's no reason for that. I should like his company. I'm—I'm fond of him."

For a few minutes she seemed to be pondering, absently. "There's something I should like to ask you," she said, at last.

"Yes, Miss Guion? What is it?"

"When people have done so much harm as—as we've done, do you think it's right that they should get off scot-free—without punishment?"

"I don't know anything about that, Miss Guion. It seems to me I'm not called upon to know. Where we see

things going crooked we must butt in and help to straighten them. Even when we've done that to the best of our powers, I guess there'll still be punishment enough to go round. Outside the law-courts, that's something we don't have to look after."

Again she sat silent, watching the shifting splendor of the sunset. He could see her profile set against the deep red glow like an intaglio on sard.

"I wonder," she said, "if you have any idea of the many things you've taught me?"

"I?" He almost jumped from his seat. "You're laughing at me."

"You've taught me," she went on, quietly, "how hard and narrow my character has been. You've taught me how foolish a thing pride can be, and how unlovely we can make even that noble thing we call a spirit of independence. You've taught me how big human nature is—how vast and deep and—and *good*. I don't think I believed in it before. I know I didn't. I thought it was the right thing, the clever thing, to distrust it, to discredit it. I did that. It was because, until I knew you—that is, until I knew you as you *are*—I had no conception of it—not any more than a peasant who's always starved on barren, inland hills has a conception of the sea."

He was uncomfortable. He was afraid. If she continued to speak like that he might say something difficult to withdraw. He fell back awkwardly on the subject of her father and the job at Stoughton."

"And you won't have to worry about him, Miss Guion, when you're over there in England," he said, earnestly, as he summed up the advantages he had to offer, "because if he's ill, I'll look after him, and if he's *very* ill, I'll cable. I promise you I will—on my solemn word."

"You won't have to do that," she said, simply, "because I'm going, too."

Again he almost jumped from his chair. "Going, too? Going where?"

"Going to Stoughton with papa."

"But—but—Miss Guion—!"

"I'm not going to be married," she continued, in the same even tone. "I thought perhaps Colonel Ashley might have told you. That's all over."

"All over—how?"

"He's been so magnificent—so wonderful. He stood by me during all my trouble, never letting me know that he'd changed in any way—"

"Oh, he's changed, has he?"

Because he sat slightly behind her, she missed the thunderous gloom in his face, while she was too intent on what she was saying to note the significance in his tone.

"Perhaps he hasn't changed so much, after all. As I think it over I'm inclined to believe that he was in love with Drusilla from the first—only my coming to Southsea brought in a disturbing—"

"Then he's a hound! I'd begun to think better of him—I did think better of him—but now, by God, I'll—"

With a backward gesture of the hand, without looking at him, she made him resume the seat from which he was again about to spring.

"No, no. You don't understand. He's been superb. He's still superb. He would never have told me at all if he hadn't seen—"

She stopped with a little gasp.

"Yes? If he hadn't seen—what?"

"That I—that I—I care—for some one else."

"Oh! Well, of course, that does make a difference."

He fell back into the depths of his chair, his fingers drumming on the table beside which he sat. Minutes passed before he spoke again. He got the words out jerkily, huskily, with dry throat.

"Some one—in England?"

"No—here."

During the next few minutes of silence he pulled himself imperceptibly forward, till his elbows rested on his knees, while he peered up into the face of which he could still see nothing but the profile.

"Is he—is he—coming to Stoughton?"

"He's *going* to Stoughton. He's been there—already."

If there was silence again it was because he dared not frame the words that were on his tongue.

"It isn't?—it can't be—?"

Without moving otherwise, she turned her head so that her eyes looked into his obliquely. She nodded. She could utter no more than the briefest syllables. "Yes. It is."

His lips were parched, but he still forced himself to speak. "Is that true?—or are you saying it because—because I put up the money?"

She gathered all her strength together. "If you hadn't put up the money, I might never have known that it was true; but it *is*—true. I think it was true before that—long ago—when you offered me so much—so *much*!—that I didn't know how to take it—and I didn't answer you. I can't tell. I can't tell when it began—but it seems to me very far back—"

Still bending forward, he covered his eyes with his left hand, raising his right in a blind, groping movement in her direction. She took it in both her own, clasping it to her breast, as she went on:

"I see now—yes, I think I see quite clearly—that that's why I struggled against your help, in the first place. . . . If it had been anybody else I should probably have taken it at once. . . . You must have thought me very foolish. . . . I suppose I was. . . . My only excuse is that it was something like—like revolt—first against the wrong we had been doing, and then against the great, sublime thing that was coming up out of the darkness to conquer me. That's the way I felt. . . . I was afraid. . . . I wanted something smaller—something more conventional—such as I'd been trained for. . . . It was only by degrees that I came to see that there were big things to live for—as well as little. . . . It's all so wonderful!—so mysterious! I can't tell! . . . I only know that now—"

He withdrew his hand, looking troubled. "Are you—are you—*sure*?"

She reflected a minute. "I know what makes you ask that. You think I've changed too suddenly. If so, I can explain it."

The silence in which he waited for her to continue assented in some sort to this reading of his thoughts.

"It isn't that I've changed," she said at last, speaking thoughtfully, "so much as that I've wakened to a sense of what's real for me as distinguished from what's been forced and artificial. You may understand me better if I say that in leading my life up to—up to recently, I've

been like a person at a play—a play in which the situations are interesting and the characters sympathetic, but which becomes like a dream the minute you leave the theater and go home. I feel that—that with you I've—I've got home."

He would have said something, but she hurried on.

"I've not changed toward the play, except to recognize the fact that it *was* a play—for me. I knew it the instant I began to learn about papa's troubles. That was like a summons to me, like a call. When it came, everything else—the things I'd been taught to strive for and the people whom I had supposed to be the only ones worth living with, grew distant and shadowy, as though they belonged to a picture or a book. It seemed to me that I woke then for the first time to a realization of the life going on about me here in my own country, and to a sense of my share in it. If I hadn't involved myself so much—and involved some one else with me—my duty would have been clearer from the start. But Colonel Ashley's been so noble!—he's understood me so well!—he's helped me so much to understand myself!—that I can't help honoring him, honoring him with my whole heart, even if I see now that I don't—that I never did—care for him in the way—"

She pressed her handkerchief to her lips to keep back what might have become a sob.

"Did you know I—I loved you?" he asked, still speaking hoarsely.

"I thought you must," she said, simply. "I used to say I hoped you didn't—but deep down in my heart—"

He got up and strode to the window, where, with his back to her, he stared awhile at the last cold glimmer of the sunset. His big frame and broad shoulders shut out the light to such an extent that when he turned it was toward a darkened room. He could barely see her, as she sat sidewise to the desk, an arm along the back of her chair. His attitude bespoke a doubt in his mind that still kept him at a distance.

"You're not—you're *not*—saying all this," he pleaded, "because you think I've done anything that calls for a reward. I said once that I should never take anything from you, and I never shall

—unless it's something you give only because you can't help it.”

Her answer was quite prompt. “I’m not giving anything—or doing anything. What has happened seems to me to have come about simply and naturally, like the sunrise or the seasons, because it’s the fullness of time and what God means. I can’t say more about it than that. If it depended on my own volition I shouldn’t be able to speak of it so frankly. But now—if you want me—as you wanted me once—”

She rose and stood by her chair, holding herself proudly and yet with a certain meekness. With his hands clasped behind him, as though even yet he dared not touch her, he crossed the twilight room toward her.

Late that night Henry Guion stood on the terrace below the Corinthian-columned portico. There was no moon, but the stars had the gold fire with which they shine when the sky is violet. Above

the horizon a shimmering halo marked the cluster of cities and towns. In the immediate foreground the great elm was leafless now, but for that reason more clearly etched against the starlight—line on line, curve on curve, sweeping, drooping, interlaced.

Guion stood with head up and figure erect, as if from strength given back to him. Even through the darkness he displayed some of the self-assurance and stoutness of heart of the man with whom things are going well. He was remembering—questioning—doubting.

“I had come to the end, . . . and I prayed . . . yes, I *prayed*. . . I asked for a miracle, and the next day it seemed to have been worked. . . Was it the prayer that did it? . . . Was it any one’s prayer? Was it any one’s faith? . . . Was it—*God*? . . . Had faith and prayer and God anything to do with it? . . . Do things happen by coincidence and chance? . . . or is there a Mind that directs them? . . . I wonder! . . . I wonder! . . .”

[THE END.]

Truth Silent

BY ANNE BUNNER

WE have so wronged the truth with spoken words!
Words—where an utter silence should have been;
The gods are greatly simple—they touch hands,
And laugh, and love, and no thought lies between.

Yet we have built between our souls a wall
Of foolish words, false thoughts that could not live
In a great silence, but were born of speech,
And being born, were bitter to forgive.

The gods must pity those who would not keep
Their priceless gift. Truth silent is so clear
To simple god-like hearts, and we—ah, Dear,
How blind we were! Surely the gods must weep.

How Dorante Crossed the Rubicon

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

DORANTE always addressed M. Joly as "monsieur." Having no recollection of her own father, it might be supposed that when M. Joly assumed the paternal rôle, Dorante would have recognized his claim to the paternal title. It is not to be inferred that because she did not do so she had withheld her love. She adored him. When, dressed in her best frock, she went out for a walk with him, to hold his hand produced in her a sort of ecstasy. That M. Joly returned this adoration was a secret Dorante had discovered at the very beginning of their acquaintance. Perhaps the very fact that this man who had rescued her from poverty and toil was *not* her father had something to do with the ecstasy and timidity of her love. For Dorante, if not at this time a woman, was going to be one, and therefore discriminated between the affection of a real father and that of a substitute—that is, between love acquired by the accident of birth and love inspired by herself. To say "father" was to say something commonplace. To say "monsieur" was to liberate emotions which gave her much happiness which she did not comprehend.

With this title M. Joly was equally content. That he should be so addressed when, a stranger, he first took her hand in his, was to be expected. That she should persist in so addressing him both amused and pleased him. Dorante had not arrived in the ordinary course of nature—an event which, however agreeable, is nevertheless to be expected. Dorante was the unexpected. Her love was not an obligation; it was a gift. In each case there was that vague sense of possessing something which was not a primary right. Perhaps these subtle distinctions were the result of sex. Perhaps, if Dorante had been a boy, they would have vanished. For it was also true that from the very outset she had not hesitated to call Madame Joly "mamma."

On none of the new duties consequent

upon Dorante's adoption had M. Joly entered with more enthusiasm than that of her education. Having peculiar views on this subject, it was fortunate that he could begin with a blank page; for the atmosphere of the Restaurant des Tournelles, in which Dorante's earlier years had been passed, redolent as it was of delectable things, was suggestive of drudgery rather than learning. In arithmetic, for example, she had never gone beyond the calculation of the number of revolutions of the spit required to roast the fowls and joints in whose subsequent fate she had so infinitesimal a share. In this direction M. Joly confined his instruction to the lower levels of the multiplication table; for, he said, as mathematics is an organ of expression, and as Dorante will never have any ideas worthy of expression in that language, it is useless to acquire it.

In history, especially that of his beloved France, he had his own methods. When making an excursion into the past, he followed the same path which he took in their walks—that is to say, the path of the woods and the flowers—with the result that a stretch of monotonous white road which covered her shoes with dust was forgiven for the sake of the mystery and charm of the byway to which it led. Thus, even of that dreary and chaotic period of the Merovingian Kings, Dorante had some very definite knowledge, her memory being tricked into obedience by such romantic details as that the slave Ingonda had become the wife of Clothar, and that the great Queen Fredegond was reputed to be a witch with a magic ring. M. Joly himself had felt no great interest in Fredegond's ring until after Dorante had proclaimed its importance. Not infrequently, in opening her eyes to one world, he was surprised to find that she opened his to another, and that while he was beginning her education she was completing his own. In sharing thus with her his mental estate he found a



WHILE HE WAS BEGINNING HER EDUCATION SHE WAS COMPLETING HIS OWN

number of coins which had been overlooked.

The fear that somewhere in Dorante's unknown past the seeds of evil were waiting for their springtime had gradually faded from Madame Joly's thought. Dorante was uniformly happy, and happiness rarely mates with predestined evil. She illustrated the paradox that happiness forgets past misery, though misery never forgets past happiness. The Restaurant des Tournelles, from which she had been rescued, before whose big fireplace she had so often turned the spit at the peril of her complexion, had passed into an oblivion which would have been complete but for an occasional dream, in which M. Joly's protecting hand was suddenly transformed into another—a hand rough and hard, which had a disagreeable habit of cuffing. She awoke then with a start of terror, endeavoring to grasp the handle of the spit which in her sleep had slipped from her tired fingers—to realize subsequently the immense advantage of misery in dreams over misery in life.

Nevertheless, entranced as Madame Joly had been to take to her bosom what the good God had not seen fit to give her, she had had her misgivings. What might not this waif from the nest of criminals whom her husband had tracked to the cellar of the Restaurant des Tournelles inherit from her mysterious past! She

had therefore devoted herself to that branch of Dorante's education to which M. Joly paid no attention whatever. Contrary to all that might be expected from a man whose life had been spent in the detection of crime, M. Joly, late inspector of police, seemed absolutely oblivious to any danger from the malignant germs which might lurk in the dower bequeathed to Dorante by her ancestors. He had a theory that with good material the problem of education did not exist, and that with bad material it was hopeless. Association with criminals, and above all with Madame Joly, had confirmed his theory of human nature. Madame Joly went regularly to confession. He had ceased to speculate upon what she confessed, never having been able to convict her of anything worth confessing. He classified this act of contrition with certain other harmless luxuries necessary to normal feminine life—as the lace and like trifles in the upper drawer of Madame Joly's chest. He even shared some of Dorante's excitement over the white dress in preparation for her first communion.

With the consummation of this sacrament, Madame Joly's confidence in the future deepened. She was therefore astonished when, one day, M. Joly said:

"Wait till she has crossed the Rubicon."

"What Rubicon?" she asked, looking up in surprise.

"The Rubicon of Knowledge."

At this remark Madame Joly became lost in reflection. She had crossed that Rubicon at the door of a little cabinet in a certain restaurant known as the Fountain of Health—not at the Mairie, where signatures were affixed to official documents, nor at St. Médard, where the curé had mumbled his Latin, not even when friends kissed her cheeks and said farewell as if she were setting out for some far country—but on the threshold of that cabinet where the door opened upon the little table set for two, and closed upon the world. Her head bent lower over her needle, but not in disquietude. The Promised Land had made good the promise. If M. Joly had not been there, the needle would have dropped from her hand.

"Monsieur," asked Dorante, on the day of the ceremony at St. Médard, "why do you not go to confession like mamma?"

"Dorante," said M. Joly, unable on the spur of the moment to explain why heresy was not synonymous with depravity, "get my hat and we will go for that scarf embroidered with *paillettes* which you admired in the window of that brigand who sells the treasures of the Orient made in Nuremburg."

With the passing of years Dorante made a discovery. In the Restaurant des Tournelles the strange characters on the menu which in some mysterious manner stood for the delicacies in its larder had often excited her curiosity. Why should any one devote so much time to the study of that bit of pasteboard in order to satisfy so simple a thing as hunger? When, later, Madame Joly had with much labor pieced together for her these strange characters into words, she was on the road to knowledge—the knowledge of all those discoveries made by her forebears and recorded for her benefit or undoing. Her astonishment at this unexpected freedom



HE EVEN SHARED SOME OF DORANTE'S EXCITEMENT OVER THE WHITE DRESS

to satisfy her curiosity without asking questions was as if, in the Restaurant des Tournelles, permission had suddenly been given her to work her will in its larder. On "monsieur's" bookshelves were inexhaustible mines of information. Not all that she found there was wholly intelligible. But that did not matter. When she did not understand, it was enough to wonder.

It was not, however, in a book that she made her discovery. The book had only said—it was a lady of the Middle Ages speaking through the lips of a troubadour—"all that I possess would I give for the beauty that was mine on that day when my lover kissed me in the wood"—and straightway closing the book, Dorante looked in her mirror and made her discovery.

"Monsieur," she asked one day, "is not Dorante the name of a man?"

They were sitting under the lime-tree in the wood of Verrières, from which the forest paths radiated like the spokes of an immense wheel.

"Yes, of a certain nobleman, a count or marquis, in one of Monsieur Molière's comedies."

Dorante knew this nobleman well, having made his acquaintance on one of M. Joly's bookshelves. She also recollected at that moment that the lover who had stolen that kiss in the Middle Ages was a marquis, keeper of the Marches of Poitou.

"It does not please you?" asked M. Joly.

"I am accustomed to it, monsieur; but it seems to me that—if it belongs to a man—"

"Be tranquil. We also are accustomed to it, and those who are not so will not on that account mistake you for a marquis."

At the thought of being so mistaken Dorante smiled, her eyes fixed upon the far reaches of the forest road already filling with shadows.

"Are there marquises at the present time?" she asked, after a silence.

"They exist," replied M. Joly, thoughtfully, "but they are no longer of the same importance."

It was not long after this conversation that, sitting with Madame Joly one evening in the library, he said:

"Marie, do you know that Dorante is seventeen?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And that—" he hesitated.

"Yes, I have been thinking of that," said Madame Joly, tranquilly.

"You have been thinking of what?"

"Of what you were about to speak to me."

"How could you know of what I was about to speak when it only occurred to me to-day?"

"Why to-day?" asked Madame Joly, looking up quickly.

"Why does any idea occur at any time?"

"It occurs to me often."

M. Joly laid down his book and took off his glasses.

"Marie, you have something to tell me."

"I? What should I tell you that you do not know?"

"Tell me what I know, if you please."

Madame Joly's needles fell into her lap.

"You observed nothing last week at the theater?"

"I observed Monsieur Coquelin and Madame Bartet."

"And in the garden, when Dorante reads with you, you observe nothing?"

"Really, Marie, one would say I was entering upon my dotage."

"No, but we observe different things."

"Well, are you never going to tell me what it is you observe which I do not?"

"I observe that when sitting in the arbor you turn your back to the wall of our neighbor's garden."

"Well?"

"And that consequently you do not see the young man at the window which overlooks the wall."

"That is true, I had not observed him. And this young man, is he also interested in the House of Molière?"

"Since he always selects the same evening which we do, you can judge whether it is Monsieur Coquelin on the stage or some one in the audience who most interests him," said Madame Joly, taking up her needles again.

M. Joly watched for a time their regular movements in silence.

"Marie," he said, at length, "I have imagined that some day Dorante would disappear as she came—that in some



HER HEAD BENT LOWER OVER HER NEEDLE

moment of aberration—for what happens to others when the blood takes fire might also happen to her. I have thought, too, of those ruffians who once abused her—that they would some day return to claim her—for that also happens. But I had not thought of the young man in our neighbor's garden."

Madame Joly smiled.

"Have you made other observations also?"

This time Madame Joly laid aside her work altogether, sitting down on the footstool beside him and resting her cheek on his knee.

"Do you remember the seat in the Luxembourg garden?"

"By the Fontaine de Médicis? Yes, certainly. It was there I first saw you. You used to sit there dreaming, your hands folded in your lap."

"I was not dreaming."

"And once, as I passed on the way to the Prefecture, you looked up and smiled."

"Not the first time."

"Well, no, I admit it was not the first time."

"Nor the second."

"In those days I was not keeping account of the number of times I passed, but of the time that must elapse before I should pass again. At all events, you confess that you smiled."

Madame Joly raised her head.

"So has Dorante."

"The little wretch!" exclaimed M. Joly. "But why have you not spoken of all this before?"

"Because for the past few days this young man has disappeared. I said to myself, he has perhaps gone away altogether and will be forgotten. But from certain signs I discovered to-day I know that Dorante has not forgotten."

Hitherto M. Joly had found the duties of paternity agreeable. Now for the first time they began to oppress him. There had never been in his mind the least doubt that Dorante would marry—in some indefinite future. He would in due time select a suitable companion for her, with the result that in addition to a daughter he would have a son. It had not occurred to him that, like Diogenes, he would require a lantern to find this suitable person, or that for Dorante there should exist a Fontaine de Médicis.

The truth is that this marriage, like death, of all things the most certain, had been, like death, of all things the least thought of. The buds were swelling, the sap beginning to flow, and he was not ready! Marriage! What uncertainties, what tragedies it concealed! To transplant to an unknown soil a plant just about to flower was to coquette with chance, that element which in his profes-

sional life he had above all others sought to eliminate. It was contrary to all reason that this most common of all human events should be the least subject to control. Who the devil was this young man who, without asking leave, uprose in his life like an island from the sea, to disturb its peace! He went back in thought to the little girl of the Restaurant des Tournelles. How willingly, how confidently, she had forsaken the old for the new. To be sure, that was only natural. No one would hesitate to exchange blows and misery for caresses and comfort. Was she grateful? Unquestionably. But what is gratitude, or even affection, when opposed to love? . . .

"What signs, Marie?"

"When you spoke to me just now," said Madame Joly, who had been waiting patiently during these reflections, "I was about to confide them to you. To-day, while you were absent with Dorante in the town, I entered her room to put away the clothes which came from the laundry. While so doing, I saw in a drawer, hidden under a night-dress, the silver box in which she keeps the chain you gave her on her birthday, and which always stands on the writing - desk by the window. 'What is it doing here?' I said to myself. When I had finished, as I was leaving, I saw the chain hanging by her mirror. She had forgotten to put it away, I thought; I will put it back in its place myself—and I went again to the drawer and took out the box. Always she kept the key in her desk. I opened it. The key was not there. 'She has taken it with her,' I said—and replaced the box where I found it. At that moment the key fell from the folds of the night-dress. I opened the box. Inside was another key—a much larger one."

"Go on," said M. Joly.

"You remember, before our neighbor bought from us the land which adjoins ours, there was in the wall a wooden door leading to the kitchen garden which we formerly had in the plot where his house now stands. When that garden was abandoned to him the door was closed—and then forgotten. It is now quite hidden by shrubbery."

M. Joly made a movement of assent.

"And under the key was a paper, on which I recognized the handwriting of Dorante. Did I do wrong in reading it?"

"What did it say?"

"It said, 'All that I possess would I give for the beauty that was mine on that day when my lover kissed me in the wood.'"

"The devil!" muttered M. Joly.

"Within this paper was folded another—rolled into the shape of a little ball—and containing three words in a handwriting which I did not recognize."

"What were those three words? Speak, Marie."

"Can you not guess? There are only three words which, when they cannot be spoken, must be written, and which no wall can separate from the one for whom they are destined."

M. Joly was silent. It was useless to pretend that he did not comprehend. He went to the window, drawing aside the curtain.

"She is asleep. There is no light on the trees from her room."

"Yes, doubtless, she is asleep."

He turned toward her, throwing up his hand with one of those gestures of mingled incredulity and distress.

"What you tell me, Marie, I would not believe if another than you told it to me."

She looked up at him, a momentary smile passing over her face.

"Such things occur only on the stage," he said, stubbornly.

"They occur on the stage," replied Madame Joly, "for the reason that they have first occurred elsewhere. When you were inspector you used to tell me of things far more incredible."

"Have you that key, Marie?"

"No, I replaced it. Where are you going?"

"I am going into the garden to get the air."

The night was warm and dark. Stirred by the light summer wind the leaves made a whispering sound. His hands crossed behind his back, M. Joly walked slowly down the gravel path. At the arbor where he was in the habit of reading with Dorante he stopped. "The little wretch!" he kept repeating—"the little wretch!" It was only by repeating these words that he kept alive the flame of his resentment. When arresting the counterfeiter in the Restaurant des Tournelles, he had said, "You will pay with twenty years for the few thousand francs you

have enjoyed. A laborer at three francs a day makes a better bargain." Why should Dorante seek by stealth what was to be had for the asking? Was there, then, a pleasure in what could be possessed only under the cover of darkness? and did darkness itself give zest as well as cover to crime? Bah! what madness! to speak of Dorante and crime in the same breath. He would light a cigar. To smoke was tranquilizing.

A distant bell was striking ten. At the last stroke, feeling for his match-box, he heard a sound—yes, the sound of footsteps. He was about to say: "Marie, is it you?" when he realized that the footsteps were approaching, not the arbor, by the gravel path, but the gate in the shrubbery, over the soft turf. He returned the cigar to his pocket and listened. Another sound, as of a key grating in a rusty lock. An older hand would have oiled that lock, he thought, mechanically. Low voices warned him that to

remain was to be discovered. He stepped out softly on the grass, and sat down on the wooden seat encircling the arbor.

"Dorante, dear Dorante—how good you are—"

"I do not know whether I am good or not—"

"Oh yes, you are good—since you are here—"

"Please—"

"But I love you, Dorante—are you not happy as I am?"

"Yes, I am happy—but I am afraid."

"Of what? Have you not confidence in me? Tell me—once—that you love me?"

"Oh yes, I think so—"

"But say so, Dorante—will you not say so—I wish to hear it!"

"I do—I do."

Silence. M. Joly rose to his feet.

"Do you remember the day I first saw you? You were sitting here—your hands folded in your lap—like one dreaming—"



"AND IN THE GARDEN, YOU OBSERVE NOTHING?"

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"BUT I LOVE YOU, DORANTE—ARE YOU NOT HAPPY AS I AM?"

"I was not dreaming."

"And when you raised your eyes to mine you smiled—"

"Not the first time."

M. Joly sighed. He saw Marie sitting by the Fontaine de Médecis.

"The second, then—"

"No, nor the second."

"Does that matter? You smiled, and at that smile I loved you; and you—did you not love me then also—a little?"

"Perhaps—a little—I do not know."

"But now—you know now?"

"Hark!"

"It is nothing."

"Hush! I heard something."

"Dorante, you are trembling—yes, you shall go—but once more, tell me—"

"Yes—yes—yes— Oh, I am afraid—let me go—I cannot bear it."

"There—see—I obey you—you will come again?—"

"No—yes—I do not know—"

"Dorante, Dorante—"

A light footstep hurried over the grass and all was still.

M. Joly had made up his mind. To the entrance of the arbor was but a step, and, taking this step, he drew from his pocket his match-box and began lighting his cigar. By the light of the taper he saw a young man, pale and trembling.

"Sit down," he said, quietly. "We will have a little conversation together. It is true that it is dark here, but I observe darkness does not prevent people from coming to an understanding."

"Monsieur—"

"I owe you no apology for listening," pursued M. Joly, calmly, "for if I had not listened you would not have heard much that was agreeable to you. Moreover, in one's own garden one is not obliged to retire to some distant corner at the mere sound of voices. Have you, perchance, the key to my gate?"

"Here it is, monsieur."

"Good. Hereafter you will come in by the other door, which has a bell provided for visitors."

"Monsieur, I have done wrong—I confess it."

"At the Prefecture we value confessions only when we lack evidence. Or do you take me for a priest who gives absolution?"

"Monsieur, you have the right to upbraid me—I have done wrong—but, believe me, I love her—"

"Oh, as to that sentiment, I share it. Between us there is, however, a difference. In expressing this sentiment, I choose the daytime, whereas you prefer the night."

"Monsieur, I entreat you. Mademoiselle Dorante is innocent—I swear it—it is I who am to blame."

"Have I blamed her?" said M. Joly, blandly. "If there is blame it will fall where it belongs. But what is done is done. There remains only Madame Joly who is ignorant of your sentiments. Come, then, I wish to present you to my wife."

"But, monsieur—"

"Oh, Madame Joly is a most amiable person. Fear nothing," and M. Joly led the way up the gravel path.

"Marie," he said, opening the library door, "here is a gentleman who wishes to pay you his respects. For the moment I leave you. I have a visit to make."

As he passed through the gate into the street M. Joly saw a light shining in Dorante's room. "Ah," he muttered, "that young man will arouse the whole neighborhood." Closing the gate behind him, he hurried down the deserted street and rang his neighbor's bell. A servant, astonished to see a man without a hat at such an hour, opened the door grudgingly.

"Is your master in?"

"He has not gone out, Monsieur Joly," replied the servant, recognizing him.

"Well, then, announce me."

She led the way along a narrow hall, and threw open a door at its farther extremity. Following close upon her heels, M. Joly announced himself.

A little old man in a dressing-gown and velvet skull-cap was seated at a table loaded with books and papers and lighted by a single candle.

"Ah, it is you, neighbor, at this hour!"

"I disturb you?" said M. Joly.

"By no means, by no means; I am delighted. Sophie, another candle."

"One is sufficient," said M. Joly, bestowing on Sophie a glance which said, leave us, and seating himself in the chair offered him. "You will pardon my visit at this hour, which as you have just observed, is a late one. For that, however, it is not I who am responsible—but your son."

"My son! but my son is in Paris."

"At this moment," said M. Joly, dryly, "your son is asking Madame Joly for the hand of Dorante."

"What are you saying, Monsieur Joly! It is impossible."

"When the impossible becomes true, in time one gets accustomed to it, and I assure you I am not inventing anything, Monsieur Laurens."

"He has done this without asking my permission—without consulting me."

"Oh, as to that, you are under no disadvantage. Dorante has not consulted me, either."

"But, monsieur, I repeat, this is impossible. I have other plans for Edmond—I—"

"In that respect, then, the advantage is mine. For as regards Dorante, I have made none. As to yours, they are impossible."

"I understand nothing," said M. Joly's neighbor, staring at his guest, bewildered.

"Monsieur," replied M. Joly, smiling, "my life has been spent in interfering with the plans of others. At the Prefecture it is our sole business. It is with regret that in this instance I interfere with yours. Whether we two shall interfere with those of two children whom a wall four meters in height has not been able to separate is the question I have come to propose to you. When, taking the air in my garden, I find these two children exchanging—what shall I say?—those promises which to persons of our age would seem extravagant if we did not remember that we also were at one time inclined to indulge in them—"

"Monsieur Joly, you amaze me."

"The question arises whether your son, who, as I said, is at this moment asking my wife for the hand of Dorante, is worthy of that hand, and whether the

hand of which he has already possessed himself in my garden can be withdrawn without doing violence to the heart which has surrendered it. I have not the honor of knowing your son intimately. Doubtless he will explain to you what he is now explaining to Madame Joly—ah!” turning to the door at whose threshold appeared a face radiant with that hope of youth which fears no obstacles—“here he is. I leave you together.”

“Papa! Papa!” cried Dorante, spring-

ing to his neck before he had time to close the door of his library.

“It is not worth while at this late day to begin calling me papa,” said M. Joly, half-suffocated.

When, some months later, he stood for the second time before the altar of St. Médard, and Dorante, on tiptoe, lifted her face for the kiss of blessing, he whispered:

“Well, he is not a marquis—but, as I once told you, marquises are no longer of the same importance.”

O Giorno Felice!

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

MY store is spent; I am fain to borrow:
Give me to drink of a vintage fine!
Pour me a draught—a draught of To-morrow.
Brimming and fresh from a rock-cool shrine:
Nectar of earth,
For the longing and dearth
Of a heart still young.
That waiteth and waiteth a song unsung!

Glad be the strain!
In the cup pour no pain:
Leave at the brim not a taste of sorrow!
Spring would I sing! For the bird flies free,
The sap is astir in the oldest tree,
And the Maiden weaves,
Mid a laughter of leaves,
The bud and the blossom of joys to be!

Aye, Winter took all;
But I heard the Spring call,
And my heart, denied,
With a rapturous shiver—
Like that that makes eager the pulse of the river
When something at last tells it Winter is past—
Awoke at the sound of her voice, and replied.
A libation to Spring!—ah, quickly! pour fast!
She is there! She is here!—in the sky—on the sea—
In the Morning-Land waiting my heart and me!

Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

NINTH PAPER

THE new home of the Clemens family in Hartford became more beautiful to them as things found their places, and as the year deepened, and the wonder of autumn foliage lit up their landscape. Sitting on a little upper balcony, one October Sunday, Mrs. Clemens wrote:

The atmosphere is very hazy, and it makes the autumn tints even more soft and beautiful than usual. Mr. Twichell came for Mr. Clemens to go walking with him; they returned at dinner-time, heavily laden with autumn leaves.

And, as usual, Clemens, finding the letter unfinished, took up the story in his own fashion:

Twichell came up here with me to luncheon after services, and I went back home with him and took Susie along in her little carriage. We have just got home again, middle of afternoon, and Livy has gone to rest and left the west balcony to me. There is a shining and most marvelous miracle of cloud effects mirrored in the brook—a picture which began with perfection and has momentarily surpassed it ever since, until at last it is almost unendurably beautiful. . . .

There is a cloud picture in the stream now whose hues are as manifold as those in an opal and as delicate as the tintings of a sea-shell. But now a muskrat is swimming through it and obliterating it with the turmoil of wavelets he casts abroad from his shoulders.

The customary Sunday assemblage of strangers is gathered together in the grounds discussing the house.

Twichell and Clemens took a good many walks these days—long walks, for Twichell was an athlete and Clemens had not outgrown the Nevada habit of pedestrian wandering. Talcott's Tower, a wooden structure about five miles from Hartford, was one of their favorite objective-points, and often they walked out and back, talking so continuously, and

so absorbed in the themes of their discussions, that time and distance slipped away almost unnoticed.

It was during one of these walks that they planned a far more extraordinary undertaking: nothing less, in fact, than a walk from Hartford to Boston. This was early in November. They did not delay the matter, for the weather was getting too uncertain.

Clemens wrote Redpath:

DEAR REDPATH.--Rev. J. H. Twichell and I expect to start at 8 o'clock Thursday morning to walk to Boston in twenty-four hours — or more. We shall telegraph Young's Hotel for rooms Saturday night, in order to allow for a low average of pedestrianism.

It was half-past eight on Thursday morning, November 12th, that they left Twichell's house in a carriage, drove to the East Hartford bridge, and there took to the road, Twichell carrying a little bag and Clemens a basket of lunch.

The papers had got hold of it by this time, and were watching the result. They did well enough that first day, following the old Boston stage road, arriving at Westford about seven o'clock in the evening, twenty-eight miles from the starting-point. There was no real hotel at Westford, only a sort of tavern, but it afforded the luxury of rest. "Also," says Twichell, in a memorandum of the trip, "a sublimely profane hostler whom you couldn't jostle with any sort of mild remark without bringing down upon yourself a perfect avalanche of oaths."

Westford was about as far as they continued the journey afoot. Clemens was exceedingly lame next morning, and had had a rather bad night, but he swore and limped along six miles farther, to North Ashford; then gave it up. They drove from North Ashford to the rail-

way, where Clemens telegraphed Redpath and Howells of their approach.

To Redpath:

We have made thirty-five miles in less than five days. This demonstrates that the thing can be done. Shall now finish by rail. Did you have any bets on us?

To Howells:

Arrive by rail at 7 o'clock, the first of a series of grand annual pedestrian tours from Hartford to Boston to be performed by us. The next will take place *next year*.

Redpath read his despatch to a lecture audience, with effect. Howells made immediate preparation for receiving two way-worn, hungry men. He telegraphed to Young's Hotel: "You and Twichell come right up to 37 Concord Avenue, Cambridge, near Observatory. Party waiting for you."

They got to Howells's about nine o'clock, and the refreshments were waiting. Miss Longfellow was there, Rose Hawthorne, John Fisk, Larkin B. Mead, the sculptor, and others of that pleasant sort.

It was during the trip to Boston with Twichell that Mark Twain saw for the first time what was then a brand-new invention, a typewriter; or it may have been during a subsequent visit, a week or two later. At all events, he had the machine and was practising on it December 9, 1874, for he wrote two letters on it that day, one to Howells and the other to Orion Clemens. In the latter he says:

I am trying to get the hang of this new-fangled writing-machine, but am not making a shining success of it. However, this is the first attempt I ever have made, and yet I perceive that I shall soon easily acquire a fine facility in its use. I saw the thing in Boston the other day, and was greatly taken with it.

He goes on to explain the new wonder, and on the whole his first attempt is a very creditable performance. With his usual enthusiasm over an innovation, he believes it is going to be a great help to him, and proclaims its advantages.

This is the letter to Howells:

You needn't answer this: I am only practising to get three: *another slip-up there*: only practising to get the hang of the thing. I notice I miss fire and get in a good many

unnecessary letters and punctuation marks. I am simply using you for a target to bang at. Blame my cats! but this thing requires genius in order to work it just right.

In an article written long after, he tells how he was with Nasby when he first saw the machine in Boston through a window, and how they went in to see it perform. In the same article he states that he was the first person in the world to apply the type-machine to literature, and that the story of *Tom Sawyer* was probably the first type-copied manuscript.*

The new enthusiasm ran its course and died. The typewriter was not perfect in those days, as it is now, and the keys did not always respond readily. He declared it was ruining his morals—that it made him "*want to swear*." He offered it to Howells because, he said, Howells had no morals, anyway. Howells hesitated, so Clemens traded the machine to Bliss for a side-saddle. But perhaps Bliss also became afraid of the influence, for in due time he brought it back. Howells, again tempted, hesitated, and this time was lost. What eventually became of the machine is not history.

One of those happy *Atlantic* dinners which Howells tells about came toward the end of that year. It was at the Parker House, and Emerson was there, and Aldrich, and the rest of that group.

"Don't you dare to refuse that invitation," said Howells; and Clemens naturally didn't, and wrote back:

I want you to ask Mrs. Howells to let you stay all night at the Parker House, and tell lies and have an improving time, and take breakfast with me in the morning. I will have a good room for you and a fire. Can't you tell her it always makes you sick to go home late at night, or something like that? That sort of thing arouses Mrs. Clemens's sympathies easily.

Two memories of that old dinner remain to-day. Aldrich and Howells were not satisfied with the kind of neckties that Mark Twain wore (the old-fashioned black "string" tie, a Western survival), so they made him a present of two

* *Tom Sawyer* was not then complete, and had been laid aside. The first type-copied manuscript was probably early chapters of the Mississippi story, two discarded type-written pages of which still exist.

cravats when he set out on his return for Hartford. Next day he wrote:

You and Aldrich have made one woman deeply and sincerely grateful—Mrs. Clemens. For months—I may even say years—she has shown an unaccountable animosity toward my necktie, even getting up in the night to take it with the tongs and blackguard it — sometimes also getting so far as to threaten it.

When I said you and Aldrich had given me two new neckties, and that they were in a paper in my overcoat pocket, she was in a fever of happiness until she found I was going to frame them; then all the venom in her nature gathered itself together — insomuch that I, being near to a door, went without, perceiving danger.

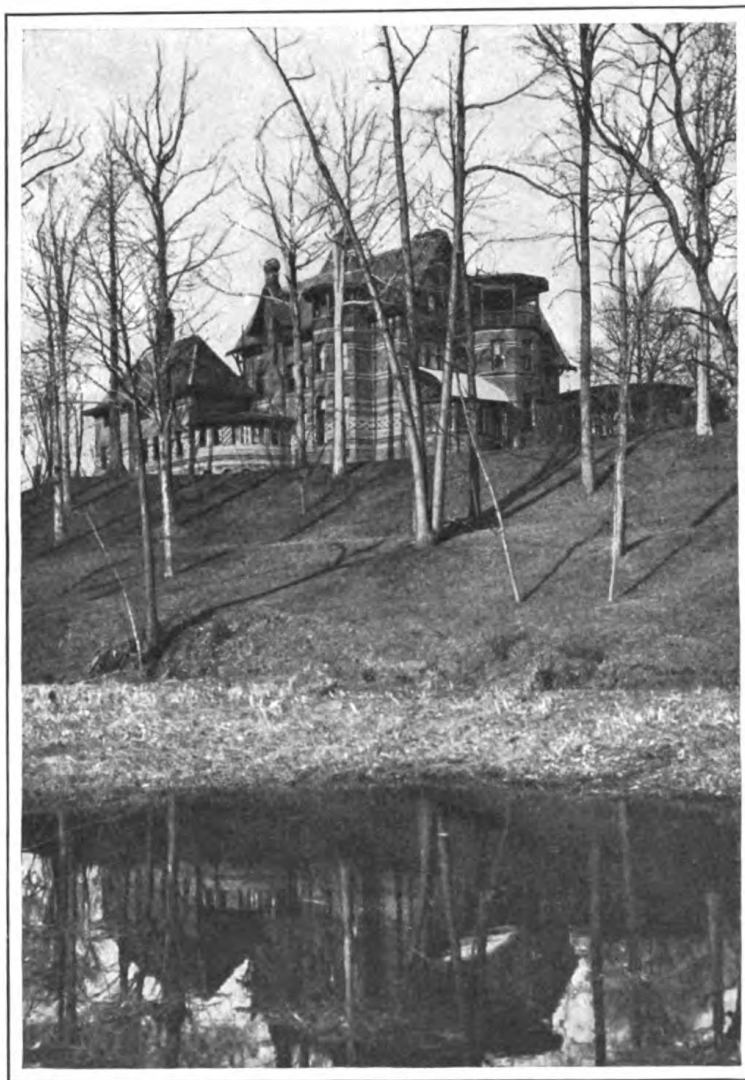
It is recorded that eventually he wore the neckties, and returned no more to the earlier mode.

Another memory of the dinner is linked to a demand that Aldrich made of Clemens that night for his photograph. Clemens, returning to Hartford, put up fifty - two different specimens in as many envelopes, with the idea of sending one a week for a year. Then he concluded

that this was too slow a process, and for a week sent one every morning to "His Grace of Ponkapog." Aldrich lived at Ponkapog, hence the title.

"His Grace" stood it for a few days, then protested. "The police," he said, "are in the habit of swooping down upon a publication of that sort," and he kept up the playful burlesque in this charming, inimitable fashion. On New-Year's

Day no less than twenty pictures came at once—photographs and prints of Mark Twain, his house, his family, his various belongings. Aldrich sent a warning then that the perpetrator of this outrage was known to the police as Mark Twain,



A REAR VIEW OF THE HARTFORD HOUSE

alias "The Jumping Frog," a well-known California desperado, who would be speedily arrested and brought to Ponkapog to face his victim. This letter was signed "T. Bayleigh, Chief of Police," and on the outside of the envelope there was a statement that it would be no use for that person to send any more mail-matter, as the post-office had been blown up. So the jolly farce closed.

The "inspiration tank," as Clemens sometimes called it, had now filled up again. He had received from somewhere new afflatus for the story of Tom and Huck, and was working on it steadily. The family remained late in Hartford, and early in July (1875), under full head of steam, he brought the story to a close. On the 5th he wrote Howells:

I have finished the story and didn't take the chap beyond boyhood. I believe it would be fatal to do it in any shape but autobiographically—like *Gil Blas*. I perhaps made a mistake in not writing it in the first person. If I went on, now, and took him into manhood, he would just lie, like all the one-horse men in literature, and the reader would conceive a hearty contempt for him. It is not a boy's book, at all. It will only be read by adults. It is only written for adults.

Of course he wanted Howells to look at the story. It was a tremendous favor to ask, he said, but he knew of no other person whose judgment he could "ven-

ture to take, fully and entirely. Don't hesitate to say no, for I know how your time is taxed, and I would have honest need to blush if you said yes."

"Send on your manuscript," wrote Howells. "You've no idea what I may ask you to do for *me* some day."

But Clemens, conscience-stricken, "blushed and weakened," as he said. On Howells insisting, he wrote:

But I will gladly send it to you if you will do as follows: dramatize it if you perceive that you can, and take, for your remuneration, half of the first \$6,000 which I receive for its representation on the stage. You could alter the plot entirely, if you chose. I could help in the work, most cheerfully, after you had arranged the plot. I have my eye upon two young girls who can play "Tom" and "Huck."

Howells was not without experience in dramatization, and Clemens had full faith in him in any field of literary art.

Howells insisted on seeing the story, and expressed pleasure in the idea of a play, but urged Clemens to do the work himself. He could never find time, he said, and he doubted whether he could enter into the spirit of another man's story. Clemens did begin a dramatization then or a little later, but it was not completed. Mrs. Clemens, to whom he had read the story as it proceeded, was as anxious as her husband for Howells's opinion, for it was the first extended piece of fiction Mark Twain had undertaken alone. He carried the manuscript over to Boston himself, and, whatever their doubts may have been, Howells's subsequent letter set them at rest. He



A FAMILY GROUP ON THE VERANDA OF THE HARTFORD HOUSE

wrote that he had sat up till one in the morning to get to the end of it, simply because it was impossible to leave off.

It is altogether the best boy story I ever read. It will be an immense success, but I think you ought to treat it explicitly as a boy's story; grown-ups will enjoy it just as much if you do, and if you should put it forth as a story of boys' character from the grown-up point of view you give the wrong key to it.

Viewed in the light of subsequent events, there has never been any better literary opinion than that—none that has been more fully justified.

Clemens was delighted. He wrote concerning a point here and there, one inquiry referring to the use of a certain strong word. Howells's reply left no doubt:

I'd have that swearing out in an instant. I suppose I didn't notice it because the locution was so familiar to my Western sense, and so exactly the thing Huck would say, but it won't do for children.

Clemens's acknowledgment of the correction was characteristic:

Mrs. Clemens received the mail this morning, and the next minute she lit into the study with danger in her eyes, and this demand on her tongue: "Where is the profanity Mr. Howells speaks of?" Then I had to miserably confess that I had left it out when reading the MS. to her. Nothing but almost inspired lying got me out of this scrape with my scalp. Does your wife give you rats like that when you go a little one-sided?

The Clemens family did not go to Elmira that year. The children's health seemed to require the sea-shore, and in August they went to Bateman's Point, near Newport, Rhode Island. Not much happened there. It was just a resort, by no means as pleasant as Quarry Farm, only to be taken because it was down on the prescription. Clemens most of the time played tenpins in an alley that had gone to ruin. The balls would not stay on the track; the pins stood at inebrate angles. It reminded him of the old billiard-tables of Western mining-camps, and furnished the same uncertainty of play. It was his delight, after he had become accustomed to the eccentricities

of the alley, to invite in a stranger and watch his suffering and his frantic effort to score.

They returned to Hartford in September, and Clemens began, with great enthusiasm, a new story; one of the many beginnings that exhausted its force and plot presently, or met with household disapproval because of its unfortunate design. Reviewing the manuscripts which his wife induced him to discard, and certain edited manuscripts, one gets a partial idea of what the reading world owes to Olivia Clemens.

Among the abandoned literary undertakings of these early years of authorship there is the beginning of what was doubtless to become a book, "The Second Advent"—a story which opens with a very doubtful miraculous conception in Arkansas, and leads only to grotesquerie and literary disorder. There is another, "The Autobiography of a Damn Fool"—a burlesque on family history, hopelessly impossible; yet he began it with vast enthusiasm, and until he allowed his wife to see the manuscript, thought it especially good. "Livy wouldn't have it," he said, "so I gave it up." There is another, "The Mysterious Chamber," strong and fine in conception, vividly and intensely interesting; the story of a young lover who is accidentally locked behind a secret door in an old castle, and cannot announce himself. He wanders at last down into subterranean passages beneath the castle, and he lives in this isolation for twenty years. The question of sustenance was the weak point in the story. Clemens could invent no way of providing it except by means of a waste-pipe or conduit from the kitchen, into which scraps of meat, bread, and other items of garbage were thrown. This he thought sufficient, but Mrs. Clemens did not highly regard such a literary device. Clemens could think of no good way to improve upon it, so this effort, too, was consigned to the penal colony—a set of pigeonholes kept in his study. To Howells and others when they came along he would read the discarded yarns, and they were delightful enough for such a purpose, as delightful as the sketches which every artist has, turned face to the wall.

Captain Stormfield, published for the

first time only a few years ago, lay under the ban for many a year, though never entirely abandoned. This manuscript was recommended for publication by Howells, who has since admitted that it would hardly have done then; and indeed, in its original, primitive nakedness, publication would have been doubtful even in this day of wider toleration.

It should be said here that there is not the least evidence (and the manuscripts are full of evidence) that Mrs. Clemens was ever supersensitive or narrow or unliterary in her restraints. She became his public, as it were, and no man ever had a more open-minded, clear-headed public than that. No one realized her worth more than he. No one made fuller acknowledgment of it, not only afterward, but then, and to her. On her thirtieth birthday (November 27, 1875) he wrote her a letter which conveys something of the tribute of his love.

LIVY DARLING.—Six years have gone by since I made my first great success in life and won you, and thirty years have passed since Providence made preparation for that happy success by sending you into the world. Every day we live together adds to the security of my confidence that we can never any more wish to be separated than we can imagine a regret that we were ever joined. You are dearer to me to-day, my child, than you were upon the last anniversary of this birthday; you were dearer then than you were a year before—you have grown more and more dear from the first of those anniversaries, and I do not doubt that this precious progression will continue on to the end—that is, if my strong but sluggishly demonstrative love has not already reached its limit and perfection.

Let us look forward to the coming anniversaries, with their age and their gray hairs, without fear and without depression, trusting and believing that the love we bear each other will be sufficient to make them blessed.

So, with abounding affection for you and our babies, I hail this day that brings you the matronly grace and dignity of three decades!

The long-delayed book of *Sketches*, contracted for five years before, was issued that autumn. *The Jumping Frog*, which he had bought from Webb, was included in the volume; also the French translation which Madame Blanc ("Th. Benzon") had made for the *Revue des*

Deux Mondes, with Mark Twain's re-translation back into English, a most astonishing performance in its literal rendition of the French idiom.

Among the new matter in the book were "Some Fables for Good Old Boys and Girls," in which certain wood creatures are supposed to make a scientific excursion into a place at some time occupied by men. It is the most pretentious feature of the book, and in its way about as good as any. Like *Gulliver's Travels*, its object was satire, but its result is also of interest.

It was in this volume of sketches that Mark Twain first spoke in print concerning copyright, showing the absurd injustice of discriminating against literary ownership by statute of limitation. He did this in the form of an open petition to Congress, asking that all property, real and personal, should be put on the copyright basis, its period of ownership limited to a "beneficent term of forty-two years." Of course this was regarded as a joke, as in a sense it was; but like most of Mark Twain's jokes it was founded on reason and justice.

The approval with which it was received by his literary associates led him to still further flights. He began a determined crusade for international copyright laws. It was a transcendental beginning, but it contained the germ of what, in the course of time, he would be largely instrumental in bringing to a ripe and magnificent conclusion. In this first effort he framed a petition to enact laws by which the United States would declare itself to be for right and justice, regardless of other nations, and become a good example to the world by refusing to pirate the books of any foreign author. He wrote to Howells, urging him to get Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and others to sign this petition.

I will then put a gentlemanly chap under wages, and send him personally to every author of distinction in the country and corral the rest of the signatures. Then I'll have the whole thing lithographed (about one thousand copies), and move upon the President and Congress *in person*, but in the subordinate capacity of the party who is merely the agent of better and wiser men—or men whom the country cannot venture to laugh at.

I will ask the President to recommend the

thing in his message (and if he should ask me to sit down and frame the paragraph for him, I should blush—but still I would frame it). And then, if Europe chooses to go on stealing from us, we would say with noble enthusiasm, "American law-makers do steal, but not from foreign authors—not from foreign authors!" . . . If we only had some God in the country's laws, instead of being in such a sweat to get Him into the Constitution, it would be better all around.

The petition never reached Congress. Holmes agreed to sign it—with a smile, and the comment that governments were not in the habit of setting themselves up as high moral examples, except for revenue. Longfellow also pledged himself, and a few others; but if there was any general concurrence in the effort, there is no memory of it now. Clemens abandoned the original idea, but remained one of the most persistent and influential advocates of copyright betterment, and lived to see most of his dreams fulfilled.

It was about this period that Mark Twain began to exhibit openly his more serious side; that is to say, his advocacy of public reforms. A club paper on "Universal Suffrage" sounded a first note, and his copyright petitions were of the same spirit. In later years he used to say that he had always felt it was his mission to teach, to carry the banner of moral reconstruction, and here at forty we find him furnishing evidences of this inclination. In the *Atlantic* for October, 1875, there was published an unsigned three-page article entitled "The Curious

Republic of Gondour." In this article was developed the idea that the voting privilege should be estimated not by the individuals, but by their intellectual qualifications. Gondour was a Utopia where this plan had been established:

BUNYT KTOP M LKJHGFDSA:QWERTYUIOP:L-08VW64329W RT
HA
HARTFORD, DEC. 9,
DEAR BROTHER:
I AM TRYING T TO GET THE HANG OF THIS NEW F
FANGLED WRITING MACHINE, BUT AM NOT MAKING
A SHINING SUCCESS OF IT. HOWEVER THIS IS THE
FIRST ATTEMPT I EVER HAVE MADE, & YET I PER-
CEIVETHAT I SHALL SOON & EASILY ACQUIRE A FINE
FACILITY IN ITS USE. I SAW THE THING IN BOS-
TON THE OTHER DAY & WAS GREATLY TAKEN WITH
IT. SUSIE HAS STRUCK THE KEYS ONCE OR TWICE,
& NO DOUBT HAS PRINTED SOME LETTERS WHICH DO
NOT BELONG WHERE SHE PUT THEM.
THE HAVING BEEN A COMPOSITOR IS LIKELY TO BE
A GREAT HELP TO ME, SINCE O NE CHIEFLY NEEDS
SWIFTNESS IN BANGING THE KEYS. THE MACHINE COSTS
125 DOLLARS. THE MACHINE HAS SEVERAL VIRTUES
I BELIEVE IT WILL PRINT FASTER THAN I CAN WRITE.
ONE MAY LEAN BACK IN HIS CHAIR & WORK IT. IT
PILES AN AWFUL STACK OF WORDS ON ONE PAGE.
IT DONT MUSS THINGS OR SCATTER INK BLOTS AROUND.
OF COURSE IT SAVES PAPER.
SUSIE IS GONE,
NOW, & I FANCY I SHALL MAKE BETTER PROGRESS.
WORKING THIS TYPE-WRITER REMINDS ME OF OLD
ROBERT BUCHANAN, WHO, YOU REMEMBER, USED TO
SET UP ARTICLES AT THE CASE WITHOUT PREVIOUS-
LY PUTTING THEM IN THE FORM OF MANUSCRIPT. I
WAS LOST IN ADMIRATION OF SUCH MARVELOUS
INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY.
LOVE TO MOLLIE.
YOUR BROTHER,
SAM.

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST TYPEWRITTEN LETTER

It was an odd idea, and ingenious. You must understand, the Constitution gave every man a vote; therefore that vote was a vested right, and could not be taken away. But the Constitution did not say that certain individuals might not be given two votes or ten. So an amendatory clause was

inserted in a quiet way; a clause which authorized the enlargement of the suffrage in certain cases to be specified by statute. . . .

The victory was complete. The new law was framed and passed. Under it, every citizen, howsoever poor or ignorant, possessed one vote, so universal suffrage still reigned; but if a man possessed a good common-school education and no money, he had two votes; a high-school education gave him four; if he had property, likewise, to the value of three thousand *sacos*, he wielded one more vote; for every fifty thousand *sacos* a man added to his property he was entitled to another vote; a university education entitled a man to nine votes, even though he owned no property.

The author goes on to show the beneficent results of this enactment; how the country was benefited and glorified by

the fear that the world might refuse to take him seriously over his own signature or *nom de plume*.

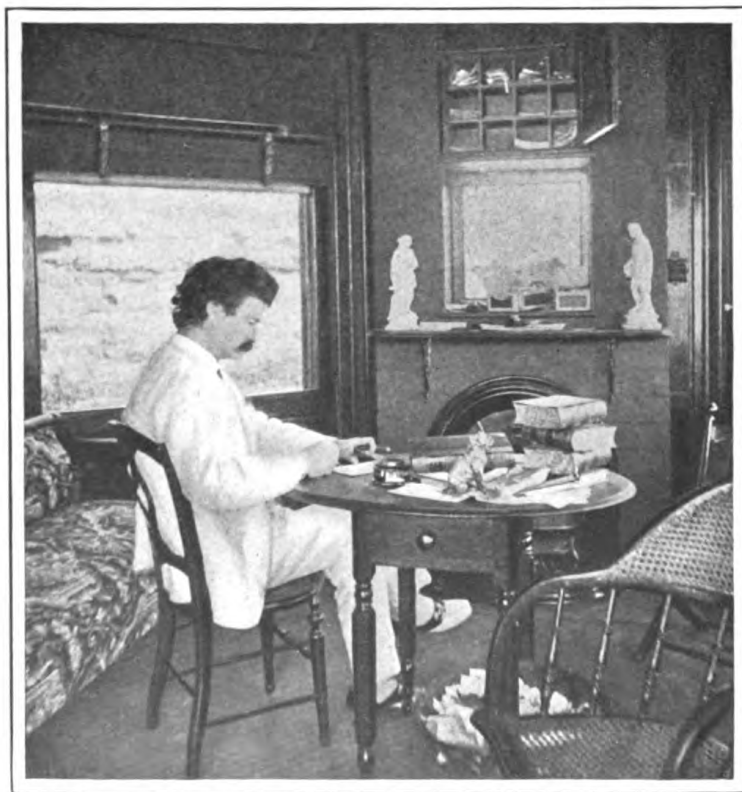
Howells urged him to follow up the "Gondour" paper; to send some more reports from that model land. But Clemens was not pledged altogether to national reforms.

In conversation with John Hay, Hay said to Mark Twain: "A man reaches the zenith at forty, the top of the hill. From that time forward he begins to descend. If you have any great undertaking ahead, begin it now. You will never be so capable again."

Of course this was only a theory of Hay's—a rule where rules do not apply, where in the end the problem resolves itself into a question of individualities. John Hay did as great work after forty as ever before; so did Mark Twain; and both of them gained in intellectual strength and public honor almost to the very day of their death.

Yet it must have seemed to many who knew him, and to himself, like enough, that Mark Twain at forty had reached the pinnacle of his fame and achievement. His name was on every lip; in whatever environment, observation and argument were likely to be pointed with some saying or anecdote attributed rightly or otherwise to Mark Twain.

He was in a constant state of siege, besought by all varieties and conditions of humanity for favors such as only human need and abnormal ingenuity can invent. His ever-increasing mail presented a marvelous exhibition of the human species on undress parade.



IN THE STUDY AT QUARRY FARM

this stimulus toward enlightenment and industry. No one ever suspected that Mark Twain was the author of the fable. It contained almost no trace of his usual literary manner. Nevertheless he wrote it, and only withheld his name, as he did in a few other instances, in

Young men wrote requesting verses or sentiments to be inscribed in young ladies' autograph albums; young girls wrote asking him to write a story of his life, to be used as a school composition; men starting obscure papers coolly invited him to lend them his name as editor, assuring him that he would be put to no trouble, and that it would help advertise his books; a fruitful humorist wrote that he had invented some five thousand puns, and invited Mark Twain to father this terrific progeny in book form for a share of the returns. But the list is endless. He said once:

"The symbol of the race ought to be a human being carrying an ax, for every human being has one concealed about him somewhere, and is always seeking the opportunity to grind it."

Letters came queerly addressed. There is one envelope still in existence which bears Clemens's name in elaborate design and a very good silhouette likeness, the work of some talented artist. "Mark Twain, United States," was a common address; "Mark Twain, The World," was also used; "Mark Twain, Somewhere," mailed in a foreign country, reached him promptly, and "Mark Twain, Anywhere," found its way to Hartford in due season. Then there was a letter (though this was later; he was abroad at the time), mailed by Brander Matthews and Francis Wilson, addressed, "Mark Twain, God Knows Where." It found him after traveling half around the world on its errand. In his answer he said, "He *did*." Then some one sent a letter addressed, "The Devil Knows Where." This also reached him, and he answered, "He *did*, too." Surely this was the furthest horizon of fame.

Meantime *Tom Sawyer* remained unpublished.

"Get Bliss to hurry it up!" wrote Howells. "That boy is going to make a prodigious hit."

But Clemens delayed the book, to find some means to outwit the Canadian pirates, who thus far had laid hands on everything, and now were clamoring at the *Atlantic* because there was no more to steal.

Moncure D. Conway was in America, and agreed to take the manuscript of

Sawyer to London and arrange for its publication and copyright. Conway read *Tom Sawyer* on the ship and was greatly excited over it. Later, in London, he even lectured on it, arranging meantime for its publication with Chatto & Windus, establishing a friendly business relation with that firm which Mark Twain continued during his lifetime.

Clemens lent himself to a number of institutional amusements that year, and on April 26, 1876, made his first public appearance on the dramatic stage.

It was an amateur performance, but not of the usual kind. There was genuine dramatic talent in Hartford, and the old play of the "Loan of a Lover," with Mark Twain as Peter Spyk and Miss Helen Smith as Gertrude, with a support sufficient to their needs, gave a performance that probably furnished as much entertainment as that pleasant old play is capable of providing. Mark Twain had in him the making of a great actor. As a reader or lecturer he was always more the actor than the orator. Henry Irving once said to him:

"You made a mistake by not adopting the stage as a profession. You would have made even a greater actor than a writer."

Yet it is unlikely that he would ever have been satisfied with the stage. He had too many original literary ideas. He would never have been satisfied to repeat the same part over and over again, night after night from week to month and from month to year. He could not stick to the author's lines even for one night. In his performance of the easy-going, thick-headed Peter Spyk his impromptu additions to the lines made it hard on the company, who found their cues all at sixes and sevens, but it delighted the audience beyond measure. No such impersonation of that character was ever given before or ever will be given again. It was repeated with new and astonishing variations on the part of Peter, and it could have been put on for a long run. Augustin Daly wrote immediately, offering the Fifth Avenue Theater for a "benefit" performance, and again, a few days later, urging acceptance—"not for one night, but for many."

Clemens was tempted, no doubt. Perhaps, if he had yielded, he would to-day have had one more claim on immortality.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer appeared late in December (1876), and immediately took its place as foremost of American stories of boy life, a place which it unquestionably holds to this day. We have already considered the personal details of this story, for they were essentially nothing more than the various aspects of Mark Twain's own boyhood.

It was that fall and winter that Bret Harte came to Hartford and collaborated with Mark Twain on the play "Ah Sin," a comedy-drama, or melodrama, written for Charles T. Parsloe, the great impersonator of Chinese character. Harte had written a successful play which unfortunately he had sold outright for no great sum, and was eager for another venture. Harte had the dramatic sense and constructive invention. He also had humor, but he felt the need of the sort of humor that only Mark Twain could furnish. Furthermore, he believed that a play backed by both their reputations must start with great advantages. Clemens also realized these things, and the arrangement was made. Speaking of their method of working, Clemens once said:

"Well, Bret came down to Hartford and we talked it over, and then Bret wrote it while I played billiards, but, of course, I had to go over it to get the dialect right. Bret never did know anything about dialect." Which is hardly a fair statement of the case. They both worked on the play, and worked hard.

"Ah Sin" was put on at Washington, at the National Theater, on the evening of May 7, 1877. It had been widely exploited in the newspapers, and the reputations of the authors insured a crowded opening. Clemens was unable to go over on account of a sudden attack of bronchitis. Parsloe was nervous accordingly, and the presence of Harte does not seem to have added to his happiness.

"I am not very well myself," he wrote to Clemens. "The excitement of the first night is bad enough, but to have the annoyance with Harte that I have is too much for a new beginner."

Nevertheless, the play seems to have gone well, with Parsloe as Ah Sin, a Chinese laundryman who was also a great

number of other diverting things, with a fair support and a happy-go-lucky presentation of frontier life which included a supposed murder, a false accusation, and a general clearing-up of mystery by the pleasant and wily and useful and entertaining Ah Sin. It was not a great play. It was neither very coherent nor convincing, but it had a lot of good fun in it, with character parts which, if not faithful to life, were faithful enough to the public conception of it to be amusing and exciting. At the end of each act, not only Parsloe, but also the principal members of the company were called before the curtain for special acknowledgments. When it was over there was a general call for Ah Sin, who came before the curtain and read a telegram from Mark Twain:

I am on the sick-list, and therefore cannot come to Washington; but I have prepared two speeches—one to deliver in event of failure of the play, and the other if successful. Please tell me which I shall send. Maybe, better to put it to vote.

MARK TWAIN.

The house cheered the message, and when it was put to vote decided unanimously that the play had been a success—a verdict more kindly than true.

J. I. Ford, of the theater management, wrote to Clemens the morning after the first performance, urging him to come to Washington in person and "wet nurse" the play until "it could do for itself."

Ford expressed satisfaction with the play and its prospects, and concludes:

"I inclose notices. Come if you can. 'Your presence will be worth ten thousand men. The king's name is a tower of strength.' I have urged the President to come to-night."

The play made no money in Washington, but Augustin Daly decided to put it on in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theater, with a company which included, besides Parsloe, Edmond Collier, P. A. Anderson, Dora Goldthwaite, Henry Crisp, and Mrs. Wells, a very worthy group of players indeed. Clemens was present at the opening, dressed in white, which he affected only for warm-weather use in those days, and made a speech at the end of the third act.

"Ah Sin" did not excite much enthusiasm among New York dramatic critics.

The houses were promising for a time, but for some reason the performance as a whole did not contain the elements of prosperity. It set out on its provincial travels with no particular prestige beyond the reputation of its authors, and it would seem that this was not enough, for it failed to pay, and all parties concerned presently abandoned it to its fate and it was heard of no more. Just why "Ah Sin" did not prosper it would not become us to decide at this far remove of time and taste. Poorer plays have succeeded and better plays have failed since then, and no one has ever been able to demonstrate the mystery. A touch somewhere, a pulling about and a readjustment might have saved "Ah Sin," but the pullings and haulings which they gave it did not. Perhaps it still lies in some managerial vault, and some day may be dragged to light and

reconstructed and recast and come into its reward. Who knows? Or it may have drifted to that harbor of forgotten plays whence there is no returning.

On the 16th of May, 1877, Mark Twain set out on what, in his note-book, he declared to be "the first actual pleasure trip" he had ever taken—meaning that on every previous trip he had started with a purpose other than that of mere enjoyment. He took with him his friend and pastor, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, and they sailed for Bermuda, an island resort not so well known or so fashionable as to-

day. It seems curious that he should have made his first pleasure trip, and his last one, to those dainty Atlantic islands, but he fell in love with them during that first visit, and his heart went always back to them.

Clemens and Twichell did not go to a hotel. Clemens did not wish to be known, and under assumed names they took up quarters in a boarding-house, with a Mrs. Kirkham, and were unmolested and altogether happy in their wanderings through four golden days. Mark Twain could not resist keeping a note-

Amateur Theatricals.

STAGE DIRECTOR, DR. W. A. M. WAINWRIGHT
MUSICAL DIRECTOR, MR. HENRY WILSON

The performance will commence with the Piece entitled:

Loan of a Lover!

Peter Spyk,	-	Mr. Samuel L. Clemens
Captain Amersfort,	-	Mr. J. O. Breed
Swyzel,	- - -	Mr. Geo. H. Day
Delve,	- - -	Mr. B. E. Warner
Ernestine,	- - -	Miss Kitty Beach
Gertrude,	- - -	Miss Helen Smith

After which the Farce of

Turn Him Out.

Nicodemus Nobbs,	-	Mr. Alfred B. Bull
Mr. Mackintosh Moke,	-	Mr. E. B. Warner
Mr. Eglantine Roseleaf,	-	Mr. J. O. Breed
Julia (Moke's Wife),	-	Miss Helen Smith
Susan (a maid of all work),		Mrs. C. A. Taft

PROGRAMME OF THE THEATRICALS IN WHICH MARK TWAIN APPEARED

book, setting down bits of scenery and character and incident, just as he had always done. He was impressed with the cheapness of property and living in the Bermuda of that period. He makes special mention of some cottages constructed of coral blocks "all as beautiful and as neat as a pin, at the cost of four hundred and eighty dollars each." To Twichell he remarked:

"Joe, this place is like heaven, and I'm going to make the most of it."

"Mark," said Twichell, "that's right; make the most of a place that is *like* heaven while you have a chance."

The first Bermuda voyage was always a happy memory to Mark Twain. To Twichell he wrote that it was the "joy-ourest trip" he had ever made.

Not a heartache anywhere, not a twinge of conscience. I often come to myself out of a reverie and detect an undertone of thought that had been thinking itself without volition of mind, *viz.*, that if we had only had ten days of those walks and talks instead of four.

There was but one regret: Howells had not been with them. Clemens denounced him for his absence:

If you had gone with us and let me pay the \$50 which the trip and the board and the various knickknacks and mementoes would cost, I would have picked up enough droppings from your conversation to pay me 500 per cent. profit in the way of the *several* magazine articles which I could have written, whereas I can now write only one or two, and am therefore largely out of pocket by your proud ways.

To Howells again, in June, he wrote:

To-day I am deep in a comedy which I began this morning—principal character, an old detective. I skeltoned the first act and *wrote* the second to-day, and am dog-tired, now. Fifty-four pages of MS. in seven hours.

Seven days later, the Fourth of July, he said:

I have piled up 151 pages on my comedy. The first, second, and fourth acts are done, and done to my satisfaction, too. To-morrow and next day will finish the third act and the play. Never had so much fun over anything in my life—never such consuming interest and delight, and, just think, I had Sol Smith Russell in my mind's eye for the old detective's part, and, hang it!

he has gone off pottering with Oliver Optic, or else the papers lie.

He was working with enthusiasm, you see, believing in it with a faith which, alas! was no warrant for its quality. Even Howells caught his enthusiasm and became eager to see the play and to have the story it contained told for the *Atlantic*.

But in the end it proved a mistake. Dion Boucicault, when he read the manuscript, pronounced it better than "Ah Sin," but that was only qualified praise. Actors who considered the play, anxious enough to have Mark Twain's name on their posters and small bills, were obliged to admit that while it contained marvelous lines, it wouldn't "go."

"Simon Wheeler, the Amateur Detective," had plenty of good material in it—plenty of dialogue and situations; but the dialogue wouldn't play and the situations wouldn't act. Clemens realized that perhaps the drama was not, after all, his forte; he dropped "Simon Wheeler," lost his interest in "Ah Sin," even leased "Colonel Sellers" for the coming season, and so, in a sort of fury, put theatrical matters out of his mind.

He had entered upon what, for him, was a truer domain. One day he picked up from among the books at the farm a little juvenile volume, an English story of the thirteenth century, by Charlotte M. Yonge, entitled, *The Prince and the Page*. It was a story of Edward I. and his cousins, Richard and Henry de Montfort; in part it told of the submerged personality of the latter, picturing him as having dwelt in disguise as a blind beggar for a period of years. It was a story of a sort and with a setting that Mark Twain loved, and as he read there came a correlative idea. Not only would he disguise a prince as a beggar, but a beggar as a prince. He would have them change places in the world, and each learn the burdens of the other's life.*

The plot presented physical difficulties. He still had some lurking thought of stage performance, and saw in his mind a spectacular presentation, with all the

*There is no point of resemblance between *The Prince and the Pauper* and the tale that inspired it. No one would ever guess that the one had grown out of the readings of the other, and no comparison of any sort is possible between them.

costumery of an early period as background for a young and beautiful creature who would play the part of prince. The old device of changelings in the cradle (later used in *Pudd'nhead Wilson*) presented itself to him, but it could not provide the situations he had in mind. Finally came the thought of a playful interchange of raiment and state (with startling and unlooked-for consequence)—the guise and personality of Tom Canty, of Offal Court, for those of the son of Henry VIII., little Edward Tudor, more lately sixth English king of that name. This little prince was not his first selection for the part. His original idea had been to use the late King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales) at about fifteen, but he found that it would never answer to lose a prince among the slums of modern London, and have his proud estate denied and jeered at by a modern mob. He felt that he could not make it seem real; so he followed back through history, looking along for the proper time and prince, till he came to little Edward, who was too young—but no matter; he would do.

He decided to begin his new venture in story form. He could dramatize it later. The situation appealed to him immensely. The idea seemed a brand-new one; it was fascinating, and he was saturated with the atmosphere and literature and history—the data and detail of that delightful old time.

He wrote about four hundred manuscript pages of the tale that summer; then, as the inspiration seemed to lag a little, put it aside, as was his habit, to wait until the ambition for it should be renewed. It was a long wait, as usual. He did not touch it again for three years.

Clemens was never much inclined to work away from his Elmira study. "Magnanimous Incident Literature" (for the *Atlantic*) was about his only completed work of the winter of 1877-78. He was always tinkering with *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*, and after one reconstruction Howells suggested that he bring it out as a book, in England, with Dean Stanley's indorsement, though this may have been only semi-serious counsel. The story continued to lie in seclusion.

But he had one new book in the field—a small book, but profitable. Dan Slote's firm issued for him the *Mark Twain Scrap-book*, and at the end of the first royalty period rendered a statement of twenty-five thousand copies sold, which was well enough for a book that did not contain a single word that critics could praise or condemn. Slote issued another little book for him soon after—*Punch, Brothers, Punch!*—which, besides that lively sketch, contained the "Random Notes" and some seven other selections.

Mark Twain was tempted to go into the lecture field that winter, not by any of the offers, though these were numerous enough, but by the idea of a combination which he thought might be not only profitable but pleasant. Thomas Nast had made a great success of his caricature lectures, and Clemens, recalling Nast's long-ago proposal, found it newly attractive. He wrote to Nast, proposing a joint tour.

Undoubtedly this would have been a profitable combination, but Nast had a distaste for platforming—had given it up, as he thought, for life. So Clemens settled down to the fireside days, that afforded him always the larger comfort. The children were at an age to be entertaining and to be entertained. In either case they furnished him plenty of diversion when he did not care to write. They had learned his gift as a romancer, and, regardless of the extravagance of his tales, in this field he was always sure of at least one devoted audience. They sometimes assisted by furnishing subjects. They would bring him a picture, requiring him to invent a story for it without a moment's delay. Sometimes they suggested the names of certain animals or objects, and demanded that these be made into a fairy-tale. If they heard the name of any new creature or occupation they were likely to offer them as impromptu inspiration. Once he was suddenly required to make a story out of a plumber and a "bawgunstrictor," but he was equal to it. On one side of the library, along the bookshelves that joined the mantelpiece, were numerous ornaments and pictures. At one end was the head of a girl, which they called "Emeline," and at the other end was an oil-painting of a cat. When other

subjects failed, the romancer was obliged to build a story impromptu, and without preparation, beginning with the cat, working along through the bric-à-brac, and ending with "Emeline." This was the unvarying programme. He was not allowed to begin with "Emeline" and end with the cat, and he was not permitted to introduce an ornament from any other portion of the room. He could vary the story as much as he liked. In fact, he was required to do that. The trend of its chapters, from the cat to "Emeline," was a well-trodden and ever-entertaining way.

He gave up his luxurious study to the children as a sort of nursery and play-room, and took up his writing-quarters, first in a room over the stables, then in the billiard-room, which, on the whole, he preferred to any other place, for it was a third-story remoteness, and he could knock the balls about for inspiration.

The billiard-room became his headquarters. He received his callers there and impressed them into the game. If they could play, well and good; if they could not play, so much the better. He could beat them extravagantly, and he took a huge delight in such conquests. Every Friday evening, or oftener, a small party of billiard-lovers gathered, and played until a late hour, told stories and smoked till the room was blue, and comported themselves in general good-fellowship. Mark Twain always had a genuine passion for billiards. He was never tired of the game. He could play all night. He would stay till the last man gave out from sheer weariness; then he would go on knocking the balls about alone. He liked to invent new games and new rules for old games, often inventing a rule on the spur of the moment to fit some particular shot or position on the table. It amused him highly to do this; to make the rule advantage his own play, and to pretend a deep indignation when his opponents disqualified his rulings and rode him down.

The German language became one of the interests of the Clemens home during the early months of 1878. The Clemenses had long looked forward to a sojourn in Europe, and the demand for another Mark Twain book of travel fur-

nished an added reason for their going. They planned for the spring sailing, and to spend a year or more on the Continent, making their headquarters in Germany. So they entered into the study of the language with an enthusiasm and perseverance that insured progress. There was a German nurse for the children, and the whole atmosphere of the household presently became linguistically Teutonic. Of course it would amuse Mark Twain, as everything amused him, but he was a good student; he acquired a working knowledge of the language in an extraordinarily brief time, just as in an earlier day he had picked up piloting. He would never become a German scholar, but his vocabulary and use of picturesque phrases, particularly those that combined English and German words, were often really startling, not only for their humor, but for their expressiveness.

Necessarily the new study would infect his literature. He conceived a plan for making Captain Wakeman (Stormfield) come across a copy of Ollendorff in heaven, and proceed to learn the language of a near-lying district.

They arranged to sail early in April, and, as on their former trip, persuaded Miss Clara Spaulding, of Elmira, to accompany them. They wrote to the Howellses, breaking the news of their going, urging them to come to Hartford for a good-by visit. Howells and his wife came. The Twichells, Warners, and other Hartford friends paid repeated farewell calls. The furniture was packed, the rooms desolated, the beautiful home made ready for closing. They went to Elmira for a few days, and a brief visit was paid to Fredonia. Clemens found his nephew, Sam Moffett, a fine young fellow, whom he was inclined to take abroad with them. His niece, Annie, had become the wife of Charles L. Webster, a civil engineer, a young man of ability and fair promise. Clemens was mightily pleased with Webster, and made a mental note of his possibilities, little dreaming of the importance of their future association.

They were to have pleasant company on the ship. Bayard Taylor, then recently appointed minister to Germany, wrote that he had planned to sail on the same vessel; Murat Halstead's wife and daughter were listed among the passengers.

Clemens made a brief speech at Taylor's "farewell dinner."

The "Mark Twain" party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Clemens, Miss Spaulding, little Susy, and Clara ("Bay"), and the nurse-maid Rosa, sailed on the *Holsatia*, April 11, 1878. Bayard Taylor and the Halstead ladies also sailed, as per programme; likewise Murat Halstead himself, for whom no programme had been made. There was a storm outside, and the *Holsatia* anchored down the bay to wait until the worst was over. As the weather began to moderate Halstead and others came down in a tug for a final word of good-by. When the tug left, Halstead somehow managed to get overlooked, and was presently on his way across the ocean with only such wardrobe as he had on and what Bayard Taylor, a large man like himself, was willing to lend him. Halstead was accused of having intentionally allowed himself to be left behind, and his case did have a suspicious look; but in any event they were glad to have him along.

In a written word of good-by to Howells, Clemens remembered a debt of gratitude, and paid it in the full measure that was his habit.

And that reminds me—ungrateful dog that I am—that I owe as much to your

training as the rude country job printer owes to the city boss who takes him in hand and teaches him the right way to handle his art. I was talking to Mrs. Clemens about this the other day, and grieving because I never mentioned it to you, thereby seeming to ignore it or to be unaware of it. Nothing that has passed under your eye needs any revision before going into a volume, while all my other stuff does need so much.

That was fine and generous, and it was deserved. Mark Twain's literary technique had improved under Howells beyond doubt.

In that ancient day, before the wireless telegraph, the voyager, when the land fell away behind him, felt a mighty sense of relief and rest, which to some extent has gone now forever. He cannot entirely escape the world in this new day; but *then* he had a complete sense of dismissal from all encumbering cares of life. Among the first note-book entries Mark Twain wrote:

To go abroad has something of the same sense that death brings—"I am no longer of ye; what ye say of me is now of no consequence—but of how much consequence when I am with ye and of ye. I know you will refrain from saying harsh things *because* they can't hurt me, since I am out of reach and cannot hear them. This is why we say no harsh things of the dead."

A Panel Set Between

BY JULIA NEELY FINCH

AS I went up the narrow way—
 Betwixt two towering walls of gray,
 I caught a glimpse of God's blue sky.
 Along the low horizon line
 Was etched in lines, keen-cut and fine,
 A flock of birds in sweeping flight:
 The bough of a tree just budding green,
 And a floating cloudlet silver white.
 All this a panel set between
 Two towering walls, on God's blue sky.

The Black Pawn

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was hot news. Presently the water-side of Key West would flame with it.

A whisper for spark: then flashes of rumor and a spreading flare of sure intelligence. It was hot news, red hot. But for the moment it was dark in the keeping of Yellow Billy Brown. Returning from the sponge fleet off the Leopard's Spots, in the wake of the gale, the negro had picked it up off Pa-an'-Ma Key. He grinned now, and he chuckled and gloated, as he slipped past the anchored small craft to the broiling sponge-wharf. All sound asleep! The harbor was a still glare of blue and green: the yellow water-side was drowsing in a hot wind from the west. Yellow Billy Brown could waken a rush and a roar with a whisper. Yellow Billy Brown could fetch the snoring blacks on the jump from their shady places; he could fill the waterside streets with scurry and laughter; he could overrun the cove with a stampede of fluttering sail. And Yellow Billy Brown meant to do it, too! But not yet. It was good—it was curiously exciting—to have a secret in keeping.

Yellow Billy Brown hugged a consciousness of importance as he strutted up the street—cherished even the timid assurance of a welcome almost anywhere.

"Ah got news, boss!" was all he need say.

Yellow Billy Brown was neither yellow nor brown. He was black—coal black, and big and amiable. At the corner by Cochin's place, up town, he glistened and grinned in the sun. It was the gossip exchange; waterside news came there for barter. But there was nobody about. The town was hot; it was yet early and dusty and dull, and the world had fallen unexpectant in the thick heat. Yellow Billy Brown waited. He wished that some white man of quality might come along to sniff the news of the day. Bald Tom Reed, the wrecking-master, perhaps, or even dapper little Banty Lafit, with his smart clothes and waxed mustaches.

Either one of these brisk rivals in the blithe profession of salvage and loot would tip an eager ear to the whisper that was burning Billy Brown's tongue. Billy Brown chuckled to think of it. But nobody came. And Billy Brown's news grew hotter and hotter. His tongue was beginning to blister. He could hold it no longer. The news would surely find place in the first white ear of consequence to appear on the corner.

It chanced to be the ear of Banty Lafit. But the little wrecking-master was a fellow of peppery respect for the traditions; and he had the tongue and the hand and the eye of a pirate. The prospect of presuming to accost him, even with news, disquieted Billy Brown. He quaked. But he grinned ingratiatingly—like a dog wagging his tail. He would get favor in the only way: he would curry it. And then, in a voice hoarse with mystery, he ventured to whisper:

"Ah say, boss!"

It was a large familiarity. Banty Lafit was outraged. He bristled—he flushed. "You black—" he began to sputter, according to the custom.

"Ah got news, boss!" And Billy Brown winked.

The wink was too much for the pride of Banty Lafit. "You damned black nigger—"

"Ah got news!" Billy Brown complained.

Well, of course! There might be profit in the condescension, after all. And there are occasions—

"Yassa, boss!"

Banty Lafit followed on the negro's heels, submitting to a black wink, the jerk of a black head, and a beckoning black finger. "Billy," says he, at the mouth of an alley, around the corner, "what do you know, anyhow?" He cocked his head, and regarded the negro inimically, through half-closed, quivering lids.

Billy Brown rolled his eyes.

"You want to get your head bust open?" Banty Lafit snarled. "What do you know, nigger?"

"Wreck on Pa-an'-Ma, boss!"

Banty Lafit shot glances up and down the street. His eye darted into the alley. He scowled. The street was empty; the windows were shuttered. Alert, eager, in low, quick questions, he jerked a description of the wreck out of Billy Brown's throat. A big ship—cargo and tonnage unknown to Billy Brown. Bound out from Galveston, no doubt. From Galveston? Good Lord! Cotton, maybe. If so—and the ship in trouble—a fortune in salvage to the first wrecker aboard! She lay listed on the westerly reefs of Pa-an'-Ma. Hard and fast, too. But it had been the ebb of the tide when Billy Brown flitted past. How long had Billy Brown been ashore? Half an hour. Had he told? No; so help him God—no! Was he lying? No! Banty Lafit would skin the black hide from his black back—would bust him open—would cut his black heart out—if he lied so much as a syllable. Once more, was he lying? "No; no! No, boss!" Banty Lafit was the only man in Key West who had the news of the wreck on Pa-an'-Ma.

"Ah wouldn't lie t' you, boss!" Billy Brown protested, with anxious deference. "Ah doan' *dast*."

Blood flushed Banty Lafit's eyes. "If you lie to me," he snarled, "you damned black—"

"Ah—Ah—Ah *wouldn't*!" Billy Brown stuttered.

Hot news, sure enough! And there was a fortune in it! But it would never keep warm. The arrival of a coastwise schooner—a fisherman from the kingfish banks—a farmer from the outer keys—would put it in a bucket of water. Before noon the waterside would run mad of the lust for salvage. "Wreck on Pa-an'-Ma!" The cry would come leaping up the street. "Wreck on Pa-an'-Ma!" There would be fifty craft on the wing to the westward. And Bald Tom Reed himself, with wide ears for the first whispers of wreck, was already due on the corner. Bald Tom Reed would have the news, somehow, before Banty Lafit had rounded Third Key.

Bald Tom Reed was coming now, by Gad! At that moment Banty Lafit caught

sight of his rival's wide straw hat and fluttering alpaca coat swinging down the street. He jerked the negro into the alley. The devil and all to pay! How outwit the old rascal? Banty Lafit had the start; but Bald Tom Reed, with Lafit's launch laid up, had a craft fleet enough to foot it through any small advantage. Banty Lafit fumed. He whimpered. Then all at once he began to chuckle. It would be a laugh, at last, on Bald Tom Reed. Smart Banty Lafit!

The nigger? Oh, never mind the nigger! Let the nigger take care of himself. It sure would go damned hard with the nigger, though!

Lafit smoothed out his grin. "Billy," said he, in a quick whisper, "I got a job for you."

Billy Brown was flattered. "Yassa, boss?" But he began to shift uneasily.

"You know Bald Tom Reed?"

"Oh, yassa!" It looked more unpromising than ever.

Lafit came as near to a confidential tapping of the negro's breast as a fastidious delicacy permitted. "Ha! Look here!" said he, sharply. "I tell you what I want you to do," he ran on. "In three minutes Tom Reed will be on the corner in front of Cochin's." He spoke eagerly; his eyes, flashing trickery, gimleted Billy Brown's panic-stricken attention. The negro was transfixed. "I want you to tell him just what you've told me. Understand? Just what you've told me—and just that way, too." A knowing smile, now, and a wink suggesting a flattering comradeship in guile. The wink would surely fetch the nigger!

"Yassa, boss." Billy Brown was quaking.

"There's a wreck. A cotton ship—sure. You saw it with your own eyes. You're just in. Nobody knows it. You haven't seen me. You haven't told a soul. And you reckoned that Tom Reed would pay you about ten dollars for the news. You've kept it dark for him. He'll give you the money. You take it."

"Yassa, boss."

"And Billy—"

"Yassa?"

"The wreck isn't on Pa-an'-Ma. Understand? It's on Jump Key."

"Jump Key!" Billy Brown gasped. "Dat's east."

Lafit's face lowered. "Think I'm wanting Tom Reed to go west, you nigger?" he growled.

"Oh, mah Lawd!"

"Huh! An' *me* bound west to Pa-an'-Ma?"

"Oh, mah Gawd!" Billy Brown groaned. He was to be broken on the wheel. It was perfectly clear. He was to be employed to carry deceit to a man who would be terrible in chastisement. "Ah—Ah—Ah doan' *dast* tell Mistah Reed no lie," he stuttered.

"You don't *what*?" Lafit spat at him.

Billy Brown cringed. "He skin mah hide, Mistah Lafit," he chattered.

"Aw, he can't hurt you," Lafit scoffed.

"He break mah bones."

"Keep out of his way, then, you fool nigger!"

Billy Brown whimpered like a terrified child. "Ah'm a dead niggah!" he groaned.

"Look here!" Lafit panted. Time pressed. The news—news of wreck—might at any moment be loosed in the street. "I'm not the man to be hard on a nigger, am I? I reckon you know me, don't you? I reckon I'll take care of you, won't I, nigger? If Tom Reed turns nasty, I'll send you up to Tampa. Now!" Lafit was pleased with his generosity.

"Ah wasn't contemplatin' no vacation," Billy Brown complained. "Ah was jest contemplatin'—"

Lafit laughed. "When Bald Tom Reed gets back from Jump Key," said he, grimly, "you'll contemplate a swift move to any spot you can find in a hurry this side of hell."

"Ah got mah fambly!"

Lafit lost his temper. This was really too palpably an excuse. A nigger! "What the devil do I care about your family?" he sputtered.

"Ah—Ah—Ah'm scared."

"Scared? Yes, by Gad!" Lafit flashed.

"You're scared of *me*, nigger!"

Billy Brown caught his breath. "Yassa, boss," he gasped.

Lafit was disgusted. Time pressed. It was an honest, a virtuous disgust. Damn these niggers, anyhow! Give 'em a chance to do a man a favor, and they turn up their noses. Huh! And do 'em a favor yourself—take care of 'em—get

'em out of trouble—offer to send 'em up to Tampa—and what do you get? Eh! Ingratitude, by Gad! What did the nigger mean, anyhow? Wouldn't do what he was told, wouldn't he? Lafit would shilly-shally no longer. There was no time. And a man can't argue with a nigger. It makes a nigger obstinate. No, sir. There's only one way to deal with a balky nigger. You take a club, by Gad! And you hit hard. You hit hard and quick and often. A nigger can stand a lot. "You do what you're told, you black pup," Lafit began in a fury, "or I'll—" He proceeded from this tame and meager beginning to a compelling flight of intimidating malediction. It was one way to manage a nigger; it was Lafit's way. A stronger nature, Bald Tom Reed, perhaps, might have wasted less energy; but Lafit, dapper little Lafit, was incapable of any other method.

Billy Brown cowered. His face was screwed as if with physical pain. He put up his hands as if to shield his head from a shower of blows. Presently the light went out of his eyes. He sighed. His head drooped.

"I reckon you got me, nigger?" Lafit broke off.

"Yassa, boss," said Billy Brown. "Ah—reckon." Billy Brown had been bullied for a long time. He yielded to the ancient compulsion. It was the same as it always had been. His spirit had been broken before he was born. "Yassa, boss," he repeated, hopelessly. "Ah—reckon!"

When Bald Tom Reed got back from Jump Key his amiability had not been at all perturbed by the misadventure. He was quite as amiable as ever; he was never amiable. Bald Tom Reed appeared to hold his facial muscles in peculiar fear; he seemed to be afraid that should he smile, scowl, sneer, or otherwise disturb the calm of his lean countenance he would be sure to crack his tight, yellow skin. Consequently he did nothing of the sort. His face was dry of feeling; he kept it dry. What it expressed was what Bald Tom Reed's low, drawling voice, as sensitive as a fiddle-string, persuaded the beholder it indicated. Perhaps in particular cases the beholder's own conscience had a good deal to do with what

appeared to go on behind Tom Reed's yellow mask. This was good. The lank old fellow in the alpaca coat might know, think, or intend anything at all. It was uncanny; no nigger, at any rate—not the sauciest buck—could withstand the arrows of command that flashed without warning from the dark ambush of Tom Reed's thick and low-drawn brows.

There was no defiance; there was never more than a gulp and a shiver and a—
“Yassa, boss!”

Returning, now, from Jump Key, Bald Tom Reed found himself a laughing-stock, from the waterside to the back rooms of the Club. He was unmoved; he was somewhat curious, however, concerning the fortunes of Banty Lafit; and he was mildly interested in the whereabouts of Yellow Billy Brown. Lafit (said they) had the wreck. She was not a cotton ship. No; she was an oil-carrier—a small bark, oddly refitted with compartments for the trade. A fool captain, a small gale of wind; he had run her ashore on the outer reef in the flying dark. When Banty Lafit turned up, the fool had thanked God and signed the contract in fear of a pounding sea. Sound sense, too! A toothsome wreck; a mint of money in salvage. And the salvage operation was proceeding. Favored by tide and sea, Banty Lafit had already floated the craft. But she was leaking below. They were lightering cargo from a forward compartment. Lighter and donkey-engine alongside; they were pumping oil into the sea. The craft was floating in oil, by Gad! You never saw nothing like it.

Insurance? Yes; the underwriters' agent was already in town.

“Well, Tom,” chuckled Banty Lafit, who chanced in, that night, at the Club, “I reckon I put one over on you at last.”

“Ya-as,” Bald Tom drawled. “I reckon, son.”

“What you going to do about it, Tom?”

“We-ell, you see, Jimmie,” Reed drawled, without turning to the speaker, his eyes fixed on Lafit, “it's a game that two can play at. Mm-m. Ya-as,” he repeated, musing. “Two can play at that game.”

Lafit laughed. “I tell you what you do, Tom, to ease your mind,” he chortled.

“Mm-m?”

“You go kill that nigger.”

There was a burst of laughter. “Banty,” says Bald Tom, when this had fallen away, “you got that wreck, they say?”

“Grappled, by Gad!”

Bald Tom Reed's thick brows fell slowly over his flaming eyes. “You can't keep her, Banty,” said he, quietly. “I'm going to take her away from you, by Gad!” There was in this an intention so fixed and sinister that nobody laughed.

Yellow Billy Brown was not a shiftless waterside negro. He was of consequence to himself. It was not his habit to lie asleep in the sun. “No, sah; not dis niggah. Ah'm pow'ful busy, boss. Ah got mah wuk ter do.” From time to time, as opportunity offered to ship with a crew, he was a sponge-fisherman; he was at other times a jack-of-all-trades to the town, and clever at all. He had capacity; he was industrious, too, and frugal and peaceable. There was now no mystery about his whereabouts. He was running the donkey-engine on the lighter alongside Banty Lafit's wreck off Pa-an'-Ma. He lived, of course, in terror of Bald Tom Reed. That implacable old white man in the alpaca coat would visit him heavily with vengeance. He would make no haste, perhaps; but he would be sure and terrible. Billy Brown's terror was not at all comical; it was real and overwhelming—raw and livid and hopeless. The whispers of wisdom urged Billy Brown to flee the wrath. But Tampa was far away north. And the donkey-engine! He had no heart to leave the engine!

Billy Brown felt no remorse. Nor did he accuse himself of any folly. His own will had had nothing whatsoever to do with the affair. It did not even occur to him that he might have saved his skin by defying Banty Lafit. Nor would he in this way have managed to save his skin; Banty Lafit could flay as well as Bald Tom Reed. Nobody was to blame. It was like being caught in a hurricane. Billy Brown had done what he must, being commanded, according to the traditions. Had Bald Tom Reed, a white man of quality, issued new commands, Billy Brown would no doubt have obeyed, the compulsion being immediate and unopposed. And Bald Tom Reed did. There drifted down from Key West the

intimation that Bald Tom "wanted" Billy Brown. The negro brooded resentfully upon this. "Huh! Skin mah black back, huh? Bus' mah black head open, huh?" Nothing of the sort (was the whisper); Tom Reed was quite otherwise inclined. Billy Brown fumed, he snorted, he guffawed contempt, he whined complaint—he defied Tom Reed. He "wasn't takin' no o'dahs from Bald Tom Reed, was he? Huh?"

When he knocked off that night at dusk for his spell of rest, Billy Brown slipped away to Key West on the wings of a westerly wind.

Bald Tom Reed sat at a dusty desk, in a dusty waterside cubby, overlooking the lights of harbor. He was alone. It was late at night. Bald Tom was still waiting for the negro. A patient man; he stared brooding out from the half-lit little room upon the shadows at anchor, the moving lights, glimmers of red and green, the fixed lights of warning, and the stars high beyond in a soft, black sky. In the course of the years, Bald Tom had gathered some rough-and-ready knowledge of the law as it related to wrecks and salvage, and for his present uses he had framed a rough-and-ready definition of a derelict. A derelict was a craft abandoned by her crew in peril of their lives. The definition might not stand; Bald Tom Reed was not for the moment greatly concerned about that. It was sufficient for contention; and contention, waged with the fury of a man's fortune, might issue either way. It was Bald Tom Reed's purpose to put Banty Lafit's oil-ship in peril; and no doubt, so swift and horribly would that peril come, she would be instantly abandoned. It was in the old man's mind then to seize the craft, and at law maintain its derelict condition.

When the negro entered, Bald Tom, without turning from the salty night, breathed "Mm-m!" It was a ghastly greeting. Billy Brown had looked for a low, drawling rush of malediction. He quavered "Yassa, boss!" and waited in a sweat of fear. There were chairs. Billy Brown did not sit down.

"We-ell, nigger," Bald Tom drawled, faging about, "I want you."

"Ah been so info'med, Mistah Reed."

"Mm-m. Ya-as."

"Ah come, didn't Ah?" Billy Brown gasped, in swift defense. "Didn't Ah come?"

"Mm-m." There was a long silence. Billy Brown looked everywhere but into Bald Tom's glowering eyes. He shifted, he grinned, he scowled, he squirmed. It was torture. He wished Tom Reed would strike.

"We-ell, nigger," the white man drawled on, presently, "it 'll be flood-tide down around your job to-morrow night just after dusk. You get the time fixed in your mind, nigger. Just after dusk. Got it? Mm-m? There's a good deal of oil about your ship, I reckon? Pumpin' considerable, ain't you? Mm-m? Ya-as. It 'll hang around there thick at the flood if there's no wind. I'll do the praying for a quiet night myself. I got something else for you to do. Now, listen! You haul your fire just after dusk, nigger. Got that? Mm-m? Put the fire overboard. I reckon there'll be trouble then. I reckon you'll see the crew leave that craft in a hurry. That's what I want. I'll be just around the westerly point of Pa-an'-Ma, nigger. I reckon I'll be the first man aboard that craft when the trouble's over. She'll be mine then. I'll save her myself."

Billy Brown's eyes were bulging in terror. He had started back. The vision of flame had unfolded slowly. He stood shuddering. "Mistah Reed, boss," he stuttered, "wh-wh-what yo' say Ah got t' do?"

"It's your job, nigger, to get the fire in that oil."

"Oh, Lawd!" Billy Brown wailed.

"Mm-m?" Bald Tom purred.

"Dat oil will sho' cotch, Mistah Reed!"

"Ya-as, I reckon," Reed drawled. "But I ain't as sure as I'd like to be. So I want you to have a rotten log handy on the lighter, soaked in oil; and when you put your fire overboard, set fire to the log, and put it overboard, too. I reckon that ought to make a sure thing of it. You hear me, nigger?" he flashed. "*I want that oil afire!*"

"Dat ship, boss!—dat ship will sho' explode!"

"Oh no," said Reed, comfortably. "I reckon not. She's an iron hull. But they'll *think* she'll explode. And that's all I want."

"What 'll Ah do, Mistah Reed?"

"You? Oh, you do what the crew does. If you can't do that, just lie flat on the lighter. The fire won't last long, I reckon."

Billy Brown sighed and shook his head. "Boss—"

Bald Tom sniffed opposition. "Mm-m?" he grunted.

"Ah jest can't do dat, boss!" Billy Brown was sobbing. Tears ran down his cheeks. He was in abject terror. "Ah doan' objec', boss. Ah admiah yo', Mistah Reed. But Ah—Ah—Ah'm too mo'tal scared!"

"We-ell, nigger," Bald Tom drawled, "you know the law, I reckon?"

"Yassa, boss."

"False pretenses, nigger?"

This was mysterious and terrifying. "Yassa, boss," Billy Brown gulped. He was like a child answering at random.

"We-ell," Bald Tom went on, grimly, turning again to the starlit sky, "when a nigger gets ten dollars from a white man on a lie, that's false pretenses. For a crime like that they send a nigger to the turpentine camps for twenty years."

"A'mighty Gawd!" Billy Brown groaned. It was a cry of uttermost despair.

Reed laughed dryly.

It was very still off Pa-an'-Ma. They had knocked off work. A whisper went far; a laugh rang like a cymbal. A creak aloft, low voices on deck, some small commotion from the lighter alongside—nothing more. Night had come swift as a black curtain. A yellow day, then a great glow of sunset color, a subsiding crimson flame, and the dark. It was the dark of the moon; stars were brilliantly out. Pa-an'-Ma was a squat shadow near by. There was a white line of beach and a ragged black line of palms. It was after dusk now, and a windless night. A breath of air from the west; it was not yet wind. There was no lapping water, there was no ripple; the sea was flat and black. Banty Lafit's oil-ship, swinging at anchor, her leaky bows high, had turned her nose to the west, yielding to the breath of air and the first gentle tug of the tide. She lay in a pool of oil pumped from her forward compartments. But the oil was sluggishly drifting to the east.

It would presently be gone. A greasy field to leeward, a diminishing patch to windward; the ship's anchor chains were already clearing.

Banty Lafit gossiped on deck with the insurance adjuster and the disgruntled captain.

"I'm ready for my repairs," growled the captain.

"Time to clean this thing up," says the insurance surveyor.

"I'll tow you into Key West to-morrow," promised Banty Lafit.

On the lighter, busy with his fires, Yellow Billy Brown was in rebellion. It was a red mood. Nor was it a mere flare. The negro's instructions from Bald Tom Reed had been explicit; there was to be fire, and Bald Tom Reed was to be first aboard an abandoned craft. Billy Brown was not stupid; he understood. Bald Tom Reed had even indulged the negro with some hint of the motive of it all. It was not so much the salvage money that Bald Tom coveted as the humiliation of Banty Lafit. Two could play at Banty Lafit's game, he reckoned. That was it; two could play at Banty Lafit's game. But Yellow Billy Brown was in furious rebellion. He had never before rebelled. He had complained, that was all. He had now been left without escape; it was either the fire or the turpentine camps. All day long he had been in a turmoil of questioning and indignation. He had discovered injustice. To this perception he had been driven by a terror beyond him to ease with complaining. Hitherto oppression had been the negro's lot in life. Just a lot in life—a thing to be borne. He was now a rebellious victim of injustice. Terror was gone. The negro was in a reckless fury of resentment.

It was in tempestuous defiance of Bald Tom Reed that Billy Brown made ready to haul his fires.

Bald Tom Reed, patient as a black spider in the shadow of Pa-an'-Ma, ventured the nose of his boat beyond the point. He was here in seclusion; dark lay thick on the sea. He waited. It was still all black about the ship. No commotion; no glare. A gurgle of laughter came over the water. There was silence. Bald Tom held his temper; he was not an impatient man. He waited.

But still there was no swift flame. It was long after dusk now. The time was past. By this the sea should have been afire. Bald Tom was puzzled. But he waited. By and by he glimpsed a little flare. He chuckled. There was an instant outcry of "Fire!" Yells of fright, then. Negroes screamed. Bestial screams, these! A white man roared orders. He continued to bawl. Tom Reed laughed to hear him. The flare burst. Little flames shot off from the ship. They leaped on—leaving blazing patches. In a moment the ship was floating in low, smoky flame under a red sky. Wild outcries, now, that increased in terror. Men ran about the decks in a panic. Banty Lafit danced fore and aft. Bald Tom Reed chuckled to see him in the lurid light. Then the first rush from peril: three negroes ran forward and dived from the rail into the weltering flame, emerging, presently, beyond the circle of fire.

White men—Banty Lafit and all—scrambled over the bows by the anchor chains. They tumbled into a boat and pulled frantically away.

Bald Tom shot from his shadow into the light and flame and clambered aboard by the bows. He was confronted by a glaring negro.

"You black rascal!" Bald Tom roared. "You—"

Billy Brown shook his fist under Bald Tom Reed's sacred nose. "Three in dis yere game, boss!" he yelled. "An' Ah reckon de niggah wins!"

there never was a trial of it. Whether or not Bald Tom Reed's rough-and-ready definition of a derelict was sound in law was never at all determined. With Banty Lafit back on deck in a howling rage, when the smoky flame was expiring to leeward, there was nothing for Bald Tom to do but stand with Billy Brown. If a salvage claim resided with the first man aboard, according to Tom Reed's contention, then salvage was clearly to the negro. The insurance surveyor was witness; the captain, too—and Banty Lafit himself. Bald Tom Reed grimly swallowed the pill. He maintained instantly, with unexampled fervor, in behalf of the member of an oppressed race, that Billy Brown was entitled to salvage, sir, and should have it if it cost Bald Tom Reed the last penny of his fortune. Billy Brown was Tom Reed's nigger. And Bald Tom Reed wasn't going to stand by and see his own nigger robbed by a tricky little pup of a wrecking-master of the name of Lafit. Mm-m? No, sir. No man could accuse Tom Reed of deserting his own nigger in time of trouble. Never had done it; never would do it. And by the formidable quality of all this bluster the little Lafit was poignantly impressed.

It was Billy Brown who proposed the suitable compromise, "Ah—Ah—Ah reckon," he said, with proper pomposity, "dat in dis yere interprise us three well-info'med an' respec'able men—kin—jest—be—pa'tnuhs."

"I reckon," sighed Lafit, discouraged.

"Mm-m. Ya-as," drawled Bald Tom

Reed.





A SPACIOUS RECTANGLE SURROUNDED BY HIGH CRENELATED WALL

Within the Walls of Fez

BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

WE entered the city in the gloaming through a western gate. Within sparkled the lights of many shops, glinting upon the changing colors of the crowd. Above the shops great battlements towered which echoed the tinkling of the water-carriers' bells. To the left we entered another large gate. A spacious rectangle surrounded by high crenelated wall spread before us, and dimly in the fading light a twin gate was seen at the far end through which figures passed with lights. On our right a gate of Portuguese character guarded the Sultan's arsenal. Thus through many gates we twisted and turned, passing long, mysterious open spaces between high walls so like parts of Peking that the Moorish figures alone made the city Fez.

After a long journey through bewildering streets we halted at a silent, darkened house. A Moor opened the door and said in Spanish that the consul was not in, but while the assistant consul was making us welcome, the consul arrived. Soon we were out again under the stars, with our pack-train in charge of a Moor, bound for the Dar Menebhi.

Out of a street like a slum we entered metal-clad doors, passed through a twisting, dark, but spacious passage guarded at intervals by heavy gates, and then, even in the night, it seemed that we had entered our fairy palace. The lantern glinted on the tiled courtyard and on the falling waters in the plashing fountain. Dimly four great doors appeared, one in the center of each side of the court.

Tall, graceful pillars rose toward the stars. High overhead were barren and latticed windows ready for the dark-eyed beauties of the tale. The huge painted double doors on the right were pulled open on groaning hinges, and we entered a room about fifty feet in length and full twenty broad. The painted ceiling was dimly revealed by a lamp so high that the pattern was lost in gloom.

We had entered a palace. Everything was upon a grand scale, and our tiny camp cots seemed made to fit our Lilliputian selves, while we looked in the shadows for a race of giants to rank with the architectural dimensions of the place. Curiously, in the center of each great door, full fourteen feet in height, a small wicket gate with a Moorish arch was cut; the Lilliputians had fashioned little gates for their own convenience after capturing a Gargantuan palace.

Saddle-sore and weary, I lay on my cot and listened to the voice of the fountain, feeling, out beyond the serene seclusion of the palace, the teeming life of Fez. Once before this I had gained a great Oriental capital in the saddle. The road to Peking was won through the smoke of battle and over a road strewn with corpses of men and beasts. Alas, also of women and children! To-day as we left that terrible mountain trail and came toward the city, on the foothills the cactus bushes were torn and splintered by shells. Dead horses blown to pieces littered the trail. For miles and miles not a living creature was seen till we reached the French camp within gunshot of Fez. One hundred and seventy miles of hill and valley from Tangier to Fez we did in six days of riding under the blazing African sun, by day scorched in the furnace breath of the Sheergi with a thermometer well over a hundred, and by night chilled to the marrow by the cold winds that blew through clothes and blankets, from midnight until dawn.

Yesterday at sundown, having lost the trail, we had climbed into a mountain village and sought protection with the headman. He gave us a camp site near the stacks of barley around which lay a score of armed men. Keen, scowling faces greeted us and watched the pitching of our tents. Then the Kaid came and ordered a guard around our camp, later

sending milk and eggs, and barley for our horses. In the dawn they showed us the shell-holes in their houses blown in by the French cannon, and told us that where our tents had stood, scarcely a month ago a battle was fought and many of their tribe, the Oulad Djamas, were killed. But now they had submitted to the Sultan, which in reality means to the arms of France. The headman pointed out our trail, and showed us on the horizon, where the distant mountains met the sky, a V-shaped gap, called "The Gate," beyond which lay Fez.

On this last day of the journey in the late afternoon, we two, the artist and his wife, were alone in the endless ranges of towering hills. We had ridden hard, and, miles behind, far beyond our sight in the twisted cañon, our tired pack was struggling along. Turning to enjoy the sinking sun, we saw, bathed in a golden light, a succession of noble peaks that seemed to reach to the very end of the world. Nature grand and solitary awed our spirits, but a sense of dread underlay the finer mood. Would we reach Fez that night? Every day the journey had taken more hours by the watch than Marrakshi had judged. We had passed no water all afternoon; dried salt lay in the channels from the winter's mineral-charged torrents, and a sickly odor of iodine rose from the chasms. A night without water in the mountains, and Fez how far ahead? The thought dismayed us. We pushed on, urging our tired horses over ridge after ridge, guessing at the number of peaks to be passed before the trail should descend into the Fez valley.

At last a wonderful valley appeared that reached across the world. To the left a great cliff of rock rose sheer out of the hills. At our feet lay beautiful foothills clad with lovely olive groves. A walled fôndak stood on a slope and the castle of some Kaid was placed upon a mountain-top. But Fez—where was the city?

We lay upon the grass and let our horses graze. Looking up the long cañon into the fading sunset glow, after long waiting we saw a little golden dust that crept slowly down the trail. Our packs were coming. Together we descended the foothills among the olive groves, past the French camp, and in the dusk, with the white stars above us, we went down into

the city, the city of silence and of rushing water.

For several days the palace contented us. Fez lay outside, we knew, but Fez could wait. Tired, overworked bodies demanded rest, and one's fancy could roam contented in the empty palace-rooms, and revel in such details as the intricate tile-work, each piece no bigger than a joint of one's thumb, and often narrower than a little finger. The tinted arabesque in molded plaster, and the painted doors, the grated windows, and the little "opera-box," gorgeous in Chinese colors and gilt, which opened from a guest's suite in the corner by the entrance gate and commanded a view of all the court, surely these things were enough for the present to fill one with wonder and delight.

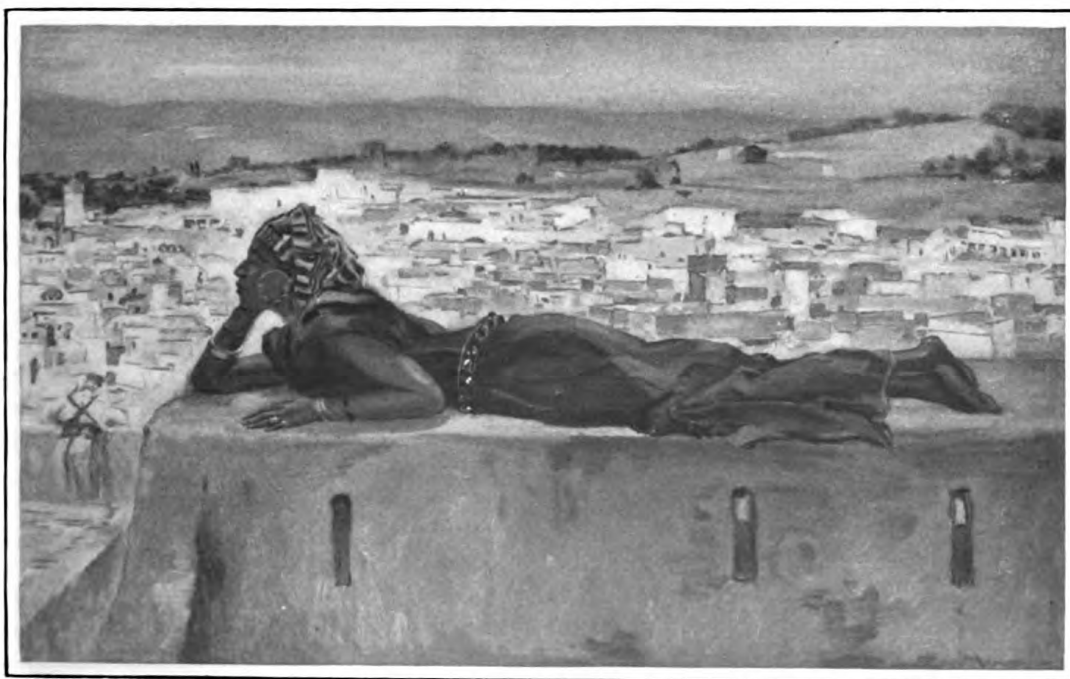
We lay in the chairs that Balding and Selous sent us, content to know that in the court the thermometer stood at eighty, and watched the doves drinking in the fountain, while "Tiger," our mascot kitten from Tangier, vainly tried to catch them. Adjoining our court was another quite as large. Over it, arching beams met in a dome without glass, and from this was suspended the chain for a huge lantern. Here a slave girl dwells. Once I broke the sacred law of the roof,

and overlooked the parapet to find a pretty child playing with water in the fountain.

All of this palace and more houses than one can tell of in Fez, added to another palace and many more houses in Tangier, belong to the notorious Si Menebhi. Once Menebhi was a very poor man. But when Abd-el-Aziz was Sultan he rose to official position and soon grew enormously rich, and in Morocco his official scalp, if not all of his head, was wanted. But Menebhi was warned. Now he enjoys British protection, his property is safe, and there is much money in many banks where even the long arm of the Sultan of Morocco cannot reach it.

Selous, who is a nephew of the African big-game hunter of that name, came almost daily at the tea hour, and out of a generous heart brought his library in sections, and often London journals which carried a whiff of the world.

Having a chair or a book to send one morning, he asked his servant to take it to the gentleman who had just arrived. The servant knew of another arrival, so he said, "To which one shall I go, to Muley Imra or the other?" Translated, "Muley Imra" means "the owner of the wife." So let "the Imra" serve as a



THE FADING CITY AT SUNSET

simple appellative for the lady whose excursions in Moorish society must adorn the tale.

Ahmed was the first of that series of stable-boys whose adventures, in imitation of the *Arabian Nights*, we might relate as the "Tale of the Eight Grooms."

In Ahmed's charge I first saw the wonderful bazaars of Fez. Requiring money—which the Moors term *floos*, always with a delicious working of the two first fingers and thumb, as though softly feeling a piece of gold—I decided to call on a certain Jew to whom my bank had kindly supplied a letter.

After traversing the most picturesque streets that ever I have seen, alive in types and rich in Oriental notes quite unknown on the coast, we came upon a fine gateway, which the artist immediately worshiped, sensing a picture, while Ahmed, who had no Spanish and no English, forcefully endeavored to convey that I might safely enter, no one would hurt me! I think perhaps his mind cleared when I relieved my feelings by taking a snapshot of the place.

The Jew proved a real brother of Shylock, in his black gabardine and skull-cap. His beard, however, was not grown reverend, neither had it been shaved for three days, which added a disreputable appearance to a sufficiently unreliable face. He tried to cheat me by count and denomination of coins, but, finding that I knew the currency, he cheerfully added the rest. Outside of the open door a group of Moors and Jews had formed on the wooden gallery. Some were leaning on the carved rail, while others obstructed the doorway in their eagerness to see the pile of silver growing. The Oriental figures and their surroundings blended in pictures of rich genre. The Jew, his grubby office, the assistant boy who spoke six words of French, and the group on the gallery were compositions, harmonies in color, and interesting types to the painter's eye. My white helmet and riding-breeches, together with my unholy possession of so much money, turned me into an object of great interest to them. Guarded by Ahmed from the importunities of the bepatched holy man—a fat, truculent fellow who demanded alms—we came through that splendid gate,

crossed an irregular quadrangle, and entered a little side court.

A light softened by the reed lattice fell through the vines that covered the court and veiled the sun. The court was a potter's bazaar. Square shops were let into the walls, and piled to the ceiling with vases of classic beauty in a color of grayish-cream unglazed earthenware. Dotted in black on this delicate ground were various charming designs in geometrical forms. Clad in pale heliotrope, wearing a white turban, some faded yellow showing at his throat, sat the potter, deftly touching a design on a vase, a design he knew by heart, for he laid on the dots surely, without a pattern or even an encircling line to guide his hand.

From the potter's we came to the slipper bazaar, thence to the bazaar for cloth, for meat, and for leather bags—*M'skarrahs*; thence to the raisin and spice bazaar, and next to the bazaar where men were ornamenting richly the belts worn by the fashionable women of the day to clasp their loose garments. To every one the bazaars are scenes of bewilderment and joy, but to these emotions an artist adds the poignance of despair—despair at the elusive quality of those dissolving pictures in this human kaleidoscope of moving colors, ever changing, and so rapidly that the mind fails to carry a simple vision or one perfect thought.

The narrow streets of the bazaars are never open to the sky, but always screened from the sun by a roof of lattice and trailing vines, or a hooded roof of wood and beams. Each shop is a little square box. The open front is door and window in one. A man could not lie across its narrow width. The merchandise can be reached by the squatting shopkeeper usually without rising. Sometimes he dozes, troubled by the flies, when an assistant boy from the gloomy interior may offer goods over his dormant form. The shutters divide across the center. The upper half is raised on its hinges and propped up by a rod, creating a greater shade; the lower part, a flap hinged under, descends to the ground. A wooden step set in it helps the corpulent shopkeeper to mount the floor a yard above the ground. Set side by side, these little shops extend along the covered streets that form the bazaars of Fez.

Dreaming on this alien world, I dipped under a wooden stave across a little street that ended in some gate of mystery. A shopkeeper shouted at me, and Ahmed with an alarmed face was pulling me by the sleeve away from the sacred shrine of Muley Idrees! I had forgotten that where the bars are up, "Jews, Christians, and animals are forbidden to pass."

Although the tomb of the ancient saint is guarded, yet the largest mosque in Morocco is easily studied through its many open doors. The Karueein covers several acres of ground and has more pillars than any man has accurately counted, for every traveler tells a different tale. At odd corners of the bazaar a gate will open, offering a view of a large square in the sunlight seen through shadowy alleys of pillars where tiny oil-lamps burn dimly above the praying figures on the mats. From another gate one may get a glimpse of a fountain where devout Moslems are washing before prayer. All seems very open to the passer's view, only his footsteps may not lead him with safety across the threshold of a single door!

Ahmed, for a silver coin, betrayed his country and, if the tale be true, an absent husband. The need for Moorish ladies in pretty clothes to pose for pictures was sore upon me, and Ahmed dived into the depths of Fez and brought to our fairy palace two veiled and muffled beings, with very dark and devilishly flashing eyes. The Imra prevailed upon them to come out of their mummy clothes and at last display their faces, which were passably pretty, but not so ravishing as the eyes alone led one to suppose. However, their charming costumes of brilliant colors, veiled by outer garments of transparent white, the great barbaric ear-rings, and the gorgeous headgear so charmingly arranged, made full amends.

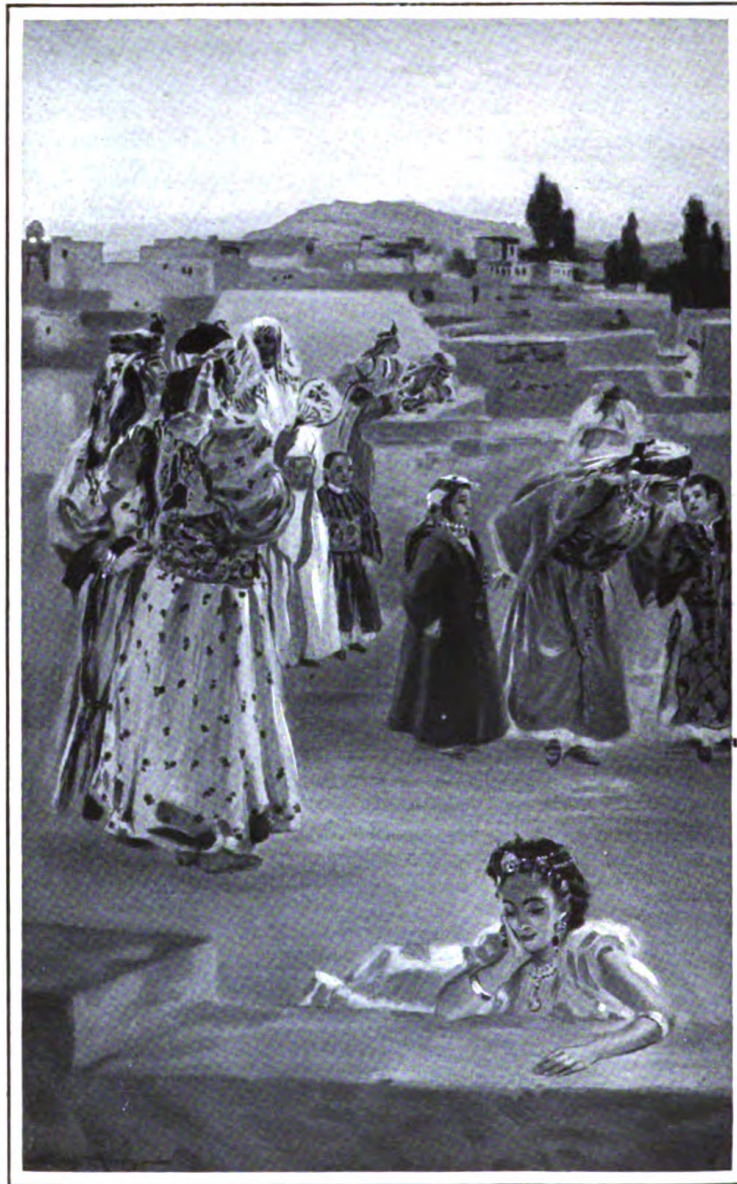
Tea was taken with much loud sipping in Oriental appreciation, and palms were

duly crossed with silver dollars to every one's satisfaction, but without reckoning on the father and the husband of the younger woman (whose escape had been effected by bribing a doorkeeper) or the traveling husband of the elder, who



A MONEY-CHANGER

had not yet returned to Fez. A day came when the younger lady appeared to my surprise in old and faded clothing, her great ear-rings, with their false emeralds, gone, not even a ring left upon her fingers. Her feet were thrust into old and faded shoes, and the brilliant plumage of her headgear was replaced by a soiled and torn handkerchief. Nor ever was there a more sorrowful and tear-stained countenance than the little lady wore!



IN THE EVENING WOMEN ASCEND TO THE ROOFS

It was a tale of an outraged Moslem husband and father, a young wife stripped of all her finery, yet still defiant, forsaking the house of wrath for the peace of refuge in that sanctuary where all—no matter what their crimes—are safe, the very holy of holies, the Mosque of Muley Idrees itself! Balding, besides being one of the heroes of the Sherarda campaign, is a skeptic and a cynic. He questioned the whole story, and substituted a sordid one in which virtue was as absent as husbands. But we prefer to believe the tear-stained lady. Her tale, even if false, is so truly Oriental!

white beard such as Michael Angelo gave to his Moses. We shook hands solemnly, kissed each his own hand, then placed it over his heart, and bowed with a great gravity. The Imra was much impressed, but, being only a woman, the Moors heeded her less. The Tiger came out to see what it was all about, and Marrakshi thrilled in every nerve of his Moslem body when the reverend one saluted him as "Shereef," which means "Holy One" and descendant of the Prophet.

We were then informed that the great affair of gathering the reverend one's

If one should dream that the Orient is free from servant problems let him read "The Tale of the Eight Grooms," and be wise. For Ahmed had departed in great rage. In our minds it was not consistent with the scheme of things that he should spend five hours daily in the bazaars while the stable minded its own affairs. The Moors hate remonstrance, so Ahmed departed. Then a youth who borrowed his name from the ex-Sultan Abd-el-Aziz worked well for one week. He was paid and something over, the Imra not having the exact change. He failed to appear again. Marrakshi was in great wrath. Cooking, and tending the horses as well, rendered his expressions uncomplimentary to the Fazzi! In the evening at dinner, entered to the light of a lantern two solemn and reverend Moors, one with a long,

grain, which was then standing ripe in the fields near Alcazar, called them away upon this four days' arduous journey. It being right and proper that Abd-el-Aziz, his son, should accompany his aged father, it grieved them much, but he could tend my horses no longer, at least until they had returned. They gave us many blessings and compliments, and departed. In two days we discovered Abd-el-Aziz buying candles in the nearest bazaar. After that he was regularly observed as a doorstep ornament of his own house, while the reverend ones passed us in the street with a look surely directed to Alcazar, which is four days off. It seems that I had asked Abd-el-Aziz to procure me some lady models, and he had told.

Boobker followed. He was gray like an old fox, and had a wife with decided opinions. Also he loved not work, and sleep was good, very good, to Boobker. The Imra called him Bunkum after a very short acquaintance. His invisible wife demanded the purchase of household goods during the hours for horse and saddle cleaning. We argued with Bunkum, and he departed.

Then came Di Mohammed al Hindi. Di Mohammed came armed with a recommendation from the British Consulate, but the Imra was of opinion that his looks belied his written character. Di Mohammed came from his native India in charge of a large elephant, a gift to the last Sultan while on

the throne. Finding Fez fair, and also the daughters thereof, with many good things to eat in the land, he stayed, and waxed fat in the staying. He cooked for a worthy doctor who was home on a holiday, and, though drawing full pay in the doctor's absence, he condescended to tend the horses for a daily allowance. But his fat being upon him and the weather hot, he departed after three days.

Then came a youth handsome and good to look upon, but a liar even among Moors. After working a few days, he entered the house just before dinner, related a tale



THE VEILED AND MUFFLED FIGURES OF THE MOORISH WOMEN

to Selous, whom as a consular official the Moors regard as a man of weight, and departed. A French officer harassed for a servant had offered him nearly double the pay. It was a simple truth and a forgivable defection, but the young man preferred his elaborate lie.

The next was Mohammed Blackbeard, a huge, piratical-looking person. He lasted until the day before leaving Fez. To be discovered and checked each time he tried to steal in buying grain wore a deep grievance in his Oriental soul, so at last, chidden too often, he also departed.

On the following morning a young man in blue, with a bronze skin and a shaven head, appeared in the stable as if by magic and offered to serve. By nightfall he was gone and nothing was missed from the stable. No one saw him go. This was probably the one trick played upon us by the fairy people, who sent a jinn to serve for a day. But a friendly trick withal! Hassan was the last, of whom it is useless even to attempt the chronicle of his sins.

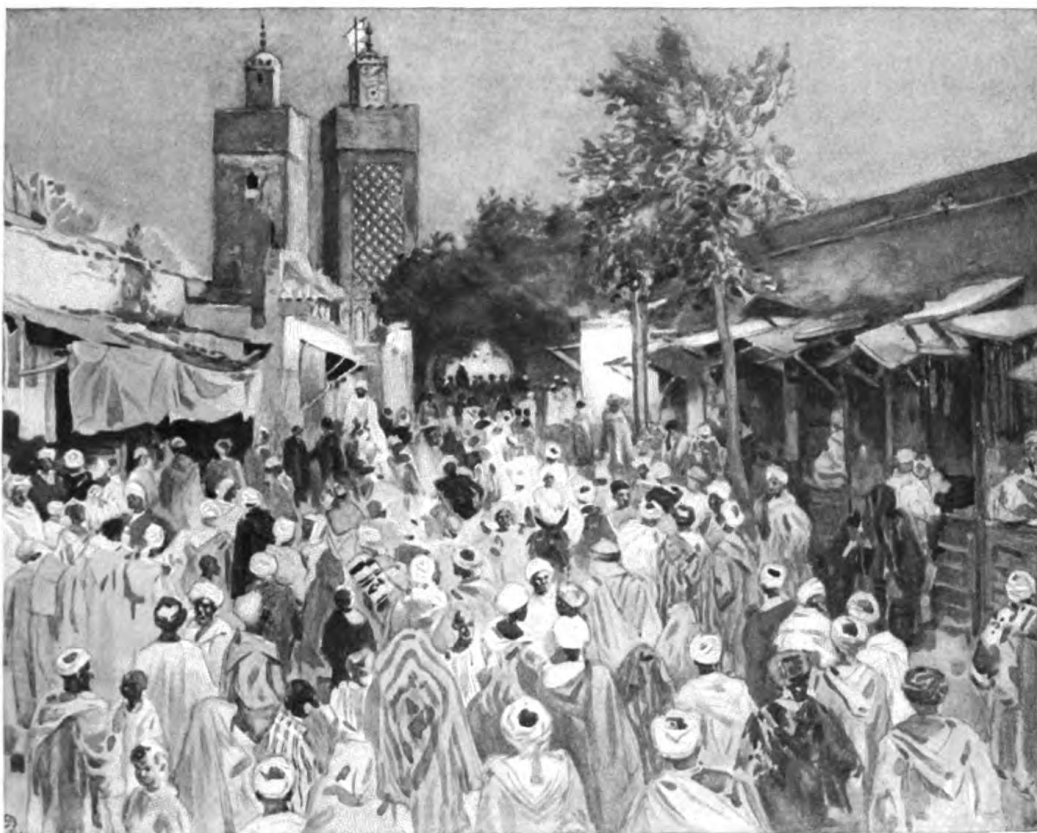
Fez was to us now a familiar city. Our horses knew the turns to take, and our pitchers had gone many times to bring pure waters from the spring of Sidi Bu Nafa. At evening, from the little painted room set upon the roof of the Dar Menebhi, we had often looked out upon the sky turning gold in the light of the westering sun. Nobly the tower of the Karuecin Mosque and the green-tiled roof of Muley Idrees rose above the city. A mosque tower, the pillared court of a *fôndak*, or some gateway would reveal location, but as one looked down, down into the valley of houses crowded in the basin of the river Fez, the mass of masonry seemed to be welded together with never a street or alley to break the whole. Dirty, faded ochers, mud colors, and sandy clay broken by occasional tile-work in vivid green are the prevailing tones of the city. Sometimes the mass is relieved by spaces of soiled white. Beyond, the foothills glowed in golden ocher tints, the play of warm sunlight on the carpet of burned grass. Trees dark and cool, clad in the green of aged tapestry, stood among the houses and fringed the hills beyond, where the ancient crumbling walls of Fez meander over their contours.

As the coolness comes with the evening

hour, the women ascend upon the roofs and brood over the fading city. Below, men gather in the mosques and, bending to Mecca, murmur their prayers. In a little room open to the street near the Dar Menebhi about thirty men are seated daily at this hour. Each, dressed in spotless white, holds a rosary in his hand. Always as the sun sets, the rich drone of their voices reciting prayers in unison rises in the evening air and mingles with the low tones of the women on the roofs. The boom of a cannon crashes over these peaceful sounds and rumbles away among the hills. Bugles and drums from all the French camps and the M'Hallas of the Sultan instantly follow, to mark the end of day. French drums and bugles, French instructors, French cannon at the gates, and Spahis and Tirailleurs in the streets. The sun had set upon ancient Morocco. Very soon it will rise upon a colony of France.

A day was appointed for a Moorish luncheon in the palace of Gris Mukri, the nephew of the new grand vizier. The Imra returned with a tale of beautiful palace courtyards, of fountains, and tile-work of charming fancy. There had been a rich repast, served by black slaves, of many Oriental dishes flavored with spices, then sweets, and tea to dream of. The ladies wore handsome apparel and many jewels. But it was a novel experience to be valued in cash by one's hostess. Of jewels and fine raiment—which mean silk and satin and muslin—of course she had none, nor henna, nor *kôhl* to heighten the charm of hands and eyes, but even as she stood unadorned (so the Tabibats translated the Moorish women's chatter) she would fetch at least seven hundred dollars as a slave, perhaps more! Subsequently the valuation was quoted to some gentlemen, who scoffed at it as utterly insufficient, but viewed as a voluntary offering from women to a woman it was considered an unusual tribute!

During the entertainment a small boy of five, a beautiful child and the heir of the house, entered yelling most lustily, with tears of rage streaming down his face. He had gone down alone into the street, and encountered there the youthful scions of two noble houses, who in the manner of boys instantly demanded why he had not been to school that day!



STREETS ALIVE WITH ORIENTAL NOTES AND MOVING COLOR

Without awaiting reply, the two set upon and beat the youthful Mukri. He screamed after them that his mother had a party of great ladies, and that was why he had not come to school; and after calling them everything he could think of, and cheerfully hoping that both their families would die of the cholera, he entered the luncheon-room hysterical with rage to recite the adventure, and much appreciation and petting was bestowed upon him.

But this was nothing to the great Far-
raja, or marriage feast, to which the Imra went at sunset and returned next morning after breakfast. She entered with the Tabibats a house wrapped in darkness and gloom. The sleepy attendants aroused themselves, bringing lights. In a dimly lighted room on handsome cushions many women were lying about, asleep like tired cats. Having foregone dinner in the belief that feasting would be immediate, a group of hungry ladies, newly arrived, sat until midnight watch-

ing the jaded revelers awake and come to life. Already a week of feasting had passed. Night and day the guests had never left the house, the married women having their babies with them. It was midnight when the feasting began again. With satisfied appetites, and minds stimulated by tea, the great business of dressing the two brides—for this was a double wedding—began. Seated on a cushion, her eyes tight shut and never speaking a word, to simulate a modesty fitting the occasion, each bride was placed before a professional dresser who was raised on a pile of cushions that gave her command of the virginal head. The final act of barbarism was to smear a coat of raw pink paint over the poor girl's face, then to dot it with spots like a tiger-lily. The finished bride bore a strong resemblance to a pagan idol, with long pendants of heavy jewels hanging from her temples almost to her feet, but with a face that to the Western vision seemed to have broken out with some terrible disease.

The Imra and her chaperons were seated in the royal box of the occasion, which was the great brass four-poster that all Moors have in rooms of state. Many slaves hurried to and fro attending the company. Tired of the opera-box, the Imra explored the courtyard. Colored candles, set in large brass candlesticks, and torches illuminated the court and sparkled in the fountain. Lying in niches and odd corners, finely dressed ladies were seeking an interlude of sleep from the revels. Grouped near the entrance gate, veiled to the eyes, and wrapped

mysteriously in their *haïcks*, stood a group of women of all grades, who entered or departed freely from the street. "Go out into the highways and hedges . . ." The lore of the Bible stands true to-day in Fez, so all the world of women, rich and poor and beggars, may enter, afterward to proclaim abroad the beauty and rich gifts of the bride.

Just before the dawn, out in the garden, where rivulets of running water charmed the ear, and dim lamps and candles swung amid the stirring foliage, ladies in their festal robes and shining jewels kneeled and bowed their faces to the ground before Allah, their prostrate forms always pointing to the east and Mecca. Then young men danced by torchlight in the court and kneeled for the slaves to put silver upon their foreheads. But the women withdrew within a darkened room. Through a filmy curtain that veiled the great door they could look out but not be seen by the dancers in the brilliant court.

The daylight cast its glare on a scene of wildest revelry. Sitting cross-legged like living Chinese idols, each upon a low-legged table raised upon the shoulders of many slaves, the brides were carried around and around the courts. The women shrilled their weird cry of joy, tom-toms were beaten, and with a dancing, swaying motion the slaves moved around in procession. When the brides were redeemed from a mock pawn



A MOROCCAN SOLDIER

by silver coins hidden by the guests, the greatest night of the marriage feast had ended.

The Imra was tired, tired as she never had been, but her woman's soul was glad. She had penetrated to the heart of all things feminine in the most purely Oriental city in the world.

To leave Fez without being presented to the Sultan would have left a sense of incompleteness. At the entrance to the palace gates were many sleek mules, richly caparisoned with crimson saddles and silver carved stirrup-irons. Native gentlemen awaited, and attendants held the animals. A Moor who spoke English greeted me by name and said the doctor would arrive soon. Dismounting, I handed my horse to a soldier and awaited. The doctor came, and with him a gentleman from Paris. It was a warm forenoon, and the rich foliage of the palace grounds glinted in the sunlight and stirred in the cool breeze. The groaning of many camels fell upon the ear. Yet when I looked searchingly I saw only a Spahi standing by an Arab horse and some groups of Moors under trees. A large water-wheel turned slowly, moved by a sluggish stream, lifting, always lifting in little pans, water to an irrigation flue high in the air.

Across a bare space of flat ground a low building stood. In the middle were arches, and at one end, the right, a room with three windows screened by a design cut in wood, was the reception-room of Muley el Hafid, ruling Sultan of Morocco. The M'Hasni, or Sultan's soldiery, squatted in a long row against the wall or loitered among the arches. The doctor led us to the left, leaving a clear space in front of the Sultan's office. The Sultan apparently entered and came toward the central door, but we could not see him. The M'Hasni had formed in line facing the door. When the Sultan presented himself to their view, they bowed low and shouted, "God bless the life of our Lord and Master," then returned to squat against the wall.

Awaiting our turn to be presented, we had leisure to inspect the State Department at work. In a room about sixteen feet by ten, Moors of rank were seated, squatting upon a rug, their backs toward the walls. These were the ministers and

their scribes. Bare, whitewashed walls, a bit of straw matting covered by a rug, a few sheets of paper, pens and ink, and before us lay the official machinery of an empire.

We entered the reception-room, which was vacant, but down a passage that descended two steps in its course we saw the monarch seated cross-legged upon a couch. The doctor surprised me by mumbling in Arabic, then yelling "*Sidi!*" at the top of his voice. I recognized the procedure of the M'Hasni, and mumbled something like it. We bowed, proceeded so far, halted, then bowed again, and repeated this till we stood before the great presence. At last the ruler himself bowed a solemn acknowledgment of our being, and waved us to be seated. We waited in silence, inspecting this swarthy Oriental, with a touch of the negro in a somewhat Semitic countenance. He looked worried, and glanced down the corridor peevishly to see if all had arrived. Knowing that presents are often given, I interpreted his look at our empty hands as a glance of disapproval. Perceiving after a wait that the Sultan desired no conversation, the doctor proclaimed the interview ended. His Majesty, however, had given us permission to see the Meshwar, his other and greater palace, and to visit the menagerie.

After traversing many courts, we reached the large rectangle around which, built against the walls, are ranged the cages of the wild beasts. It was a sunlit morning, and the stone lions poured streams of sparkling water into a serene pool that reflected a cloudless sky of deepest blue. A spell of silence held the palace. At enormous heights some storks sailed upon motionless wings. Oppressed by the warm air, the beasts were dozing heavily, sometimes growling in their sleep. We paused to admire a magnificent tiger, who raised his head to glare with angry, green eyes while his lithe yet heavy body lay on its side and panted. He opened his enormous mouth, wrinkling his wicked lips, and showed his sharp, white teeth. Then the air rumbled with the heavy bass note of an organ musical and rich, that shook the cage as the seats of a choir tremble when the heavy pedal is down. Never before have I heard that organ note from the throat of any beast.

A jaguar lashed himself into a frenzy and leaped against the bars, enraged at the barrier that divided him from his lawful human prey. A wild leopard showed in his hideous snarl all the concentrated venom of the world of beasts. But there was one lion with a pleasant, quizzical face. We had a game as one plays with a kitten. He chewed the thong off my riding-whip, then concealed it under his huge paw. Then he playfully lifted his paw while I tried for the leather with the crook of my whip. For a long time he was too quick, but at last I got it. He looked quite sorry when we moved away.

A vision of that face of the great overlord crossed before my mind. He, too, had walked these courts often, and, looking into these same green eyes, had designed revenge upon his enemies. The Rogui, the pretender to his throne, would die torn to shreds by these furies! A smile surely played upon those lips when the news came that the Rogui was captured, and, laden with hundreds of dripping human heads, his own soldiery were returning triumphant.

Often we came to gates where the captain of the guard refused admittance. An air of mystery and concealment hung over the place. Rumor says that the Sultan's brother, Muley Mohammed, was done to death within these walls. But others tell—the whisperings of palace slaves—that a face strangely like his is seen gazing vacantly for a moment from a window, or a figure of his height will cross an inner court where none may enter.

After another six days of hard riding we greeted Tangier, with its breath of Europe in Africa, as one greets an old friend. Drifting into the little Sôko the second evening, I looked about. Dukali

arose from his seat at a café table, and came forward to shake hands. We found a quiet corner in another café that is always rich in type and gesture. After discussing everything from the Sultan to camel drivers and the price of barley on the road, Dukali abruptly asked me, "Do you like Fez?"

"Well, of course, it is very remote and steeped in the mystery of ages past," I replied. "The Sultan no doubt is a good specimen of the Oriental potentate, and I did enjoy the menagerie, the bazaars are splendid and a never-ending source of joy to a painter; yet, frankly, the place is dull, and, after a month or two, one grows tired of riding about the streets and looking at ancient, crumbling, mud-colored walls, always seeing the outside of things and never a place to go into, unless one tried a mosque in disguise or broke into a harem."

After musing awhile, Dukali said, "I have been to Fez several times, and I find it much as you do."

On returning to the hotel I found the Imra amid a group of ladies in the drawing-room, relating glowing tales of a city I had never seen. It was a wonderful place, lifted straight out of the *Arabian Nights* and filled with grand viziers and palaces, numberless wives, black slaves, and concubines, all dressed magnificently and bedecked with ropes of pearls, emeralds, and rubies large as pigeon's eggs. There were broad courtyards with pillars and fountains, and when night fell upon such scenes torches were lighted, while dancing men performed before a gauze veil that screened the beauties in the darkened room within.

As I went up-stairs to dress for dinner, I reflected that, after all, there is a great deal in the point of view.



City Nights

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

FANNIE'S dull call, "Supper's ready," brought them one by one into the tiny rear dining-room. There was Ferguson, the old clerk, about fifty-five, a little man with white hair; his stout wife, Mary; Fannie, the faded daughter; and Edward, who was twenty-one. The little frame house was up a mean back street in Brooklyn, and though the windows were open, few noises came in; yet the summer night pervaded the room with an electric restlessness.

Edward was lanky, silent, and his lean face was flushed. He refused the lamb stew.

"Ed," said his father, in his thin voice, "you'd oughter eat; what's the matter with you?" He turned to his wife. "He's falling down at the office, too. Bradsley noticed it."

Father and son clerked with an express company on Broadway, their desks side by side.

"Maybe it's malaria," said Fannie.

"You might tell us what's the trouble," added his mother, "and not sulk around here. It doesn't make matters any pleasanter."

Edward glared at them and suddenly rose.

They knew well enough what troubled him, knew by his fresh necktie, his brushed suit, his polished shoes, and by the foolish question he put nightly to his mother, "Is my hair fixed straight?" Yet they pretended they didn't. He didn't give them credit for being somewhat afraid of him.

"What are you up to now?" piped his father.

"I'm going out, if you want to know!"

"Without supper?" shrilled his mother.

"Let me alone!" And out he went, slamming the front door. He took a lighted trolley at the corner, and the cool breeze and the shop-lights and the noise of the city seemed to pass through him. As usual he had used his family as the outlet for his emotions; his anger

was merely the blowing off of steam generated by something far different than anger. For he had made up his mind that he must bring matters to an end to-night; that this entangling process must be cut short.

"How can I marry," he asked himself, "on twenty a week? Why, we couldn't have children on that, and we'd have to live in some cheap flat, and stint and slave and be miserable. Twenty a week is nothing in New York. I've seen enough of it. There's that Spaniard, Marcellus, lives in Hoboken—wife sick all the time—no children. How'd I come to be such a fool?"

But even then the car swung a long curve and began to crawl up the incline of Brooklyn Bridge. Soon the roofs of Brooklyn sank lower, and beyond them the East River lay sunken between two cities, and all the night was strung and pierced by the lights; rows up the far, gray streets, necklaces over the other bridges, lamps on the wharves and in the windows, and under him the glowing ferry on the golden floor of waters. And looking at the New York sky-line, it seemed beautiful to him because she was somewhere beneath it. Her spirit suffused the lights, softening them, and the Night became the silent and still-growing Night, pressing close, bare-bosomed, her hair struck with stars.

Crossing City Hall Park, he felt as if he were drugged; as if, in spite of his reason, Nature had opened his skull and charged his brain-cells, so that he acted for her and against himself. But seated in the Broadway car, he felt free again, and the fierce debate went on, only to end in a foolish outburst of joy that made him want to laugh and shout. At Twenty-sixth Street he would get out, walk west, wait on her stoop. She would come down, link her arm with his, and they would take their walk down secret cross-town streets. If he failed her, she would never forgive him. She would

know that he was bringing their love to an end.

But at Twenty-third Street he was reasoning:

"I'm a clerk—there's no future for me. My father at fifty-five is getting forty a week—that's the limit. It's not fair to either of us to marry, and we can't have children. Suppose a child should come, though? We'd have to live in a tenement, and the kid wouldn't have a chance in the world. Besides, I want to break loose from clerking. I want to see the world."

And so the car passed Twenty-sixth Street, and he did not get out. At once he became greatly agitated, his heart painfully remorseful. He pictured her loneliness, her disappointment, her long evening sitting in her little bedroom—her tears, her anger. But he let the streets pass, let the rush of white lights, the drench of incandescence of the theater district, slip away, and thus it grew too late to return.

Late that night, in his room, this boy of twenty-one contemplated suicide.

"It's all over," he thought. "I've done it now, and I'll never be happy again; but how can I marry on twenty a week?"

He decided then to write her a letter, but the words seemed cruelly cold, murderous even.

"I wouldn't mind killing myself," he thought.

When Edward was seventeen or thereabout, at the time he left the steamship company where he was working, and became a clerk with the express company, a sort of haunting instinct seized him after supper—he would go aimlessly forth and feed his heart on the faces of girls and women by the light of shop-windows; through him and them the night drifted with mysterious beauty; they were blended by some uniting miracle; and though he was too shy to fall into the flirtations of street corners, however drawn by the whispers in shadow and the wonder of a boy's arm round a girl's shoulder, and the strange laughter that seemed about to reveal the secret of existence, he nevertheless went home throbbing—a boy tasting life.

There were other times of restlessness,

however, when he was plunged into the deepest hell of boyhood, but the way out did not appeal to him—one reason why he made no friends among his fellow-clerks.

He came no closer to the mystery for four years more; and then it came to him. It was a noon in spring when he was lunching in a large side-street restaurant, where clerks, stenographers, and office workers were cheaply and plenteously fed. He was one of four at table; two were girls, the other a pert and pleasant young salesman, seated opposite. The restaurant was overcrowded, and two made-up beauties, ten-dollar-a-week imitations of the newspaper pictures of "society" women, stood waiting and watching for seats.

The pert young fellow looked up, with a charming, impudent smile. He spoke to the nearest, who, in black, with powdered cheeks and brilliant dark eyes, was watching him,

"Waiting for my seat, eh?"

"Sure!" she responded, with equal impudence. "So get a move on." Some coarse repartee followed, with smothered laughter.

Edward frowned on this, and glanced at the girl at his left to see how she took it. Her cheeks were red, her head bent, and there was something fiercely passionate in her pose and expression. Edward felt his heart thumping. Then all at once she looked up, and their glances met, and he immediately had the illusion that all the city's nights were gathered in her eyes, that she held the secret that had set him throbbing; that all the wonder he had tasted from afar came together in her and grew intimate, terribly personal, flaming into his heart.

He heard his lips grow bolder than himself.

"He's pretty 'fresh,' isn't he?"

"Yes," she murmured.

That was all, but all that afternoon, all that night, his body throbbed, and in awe and exultation he told himself: "I've found her! I've found her!" And he did not know that the vulgarity he had frowned upon had been the means of kindling her and him.

Nor did he know what made that glow in him, that glow that grew, starting at his heart, filling his body, overflowing.

enlarging until he pendulated in it, a moth fluttering in a sea of light—Life, that, sweeping its infinite torrent up the ages, breaks into foam after foam of the generations. He gave himself up to it without questioning the future.

And the next morning he wondered why the people in the cars and street seemed as usual, why they were not as amazingly alive as he was. He felt as if, by accident, he had stumbled on a new force of nature, that was to transform human life as soon as it became known among men. But why was he the lucky one?

Even his trivial clerk's work, the jotting down of figures, the transcription of words, took on something flaming and fresh.

She came again that noon; he was there first and had the same seat. Then she took hers, and they nodded to each other.

Again his lips were bold.

"You always eat here?"

"Yes—for some time."

Their voices seemed like golden threads weaving them together.

"You've never tried Giles'?"

"Once—long ago."

"But it's—quieter than this." He wanted to say "less vulgar," but the words seemed affected.

"I guess it is."

"Why don't you try it again?"

"I will."

They both ordered the same lunch, but neither ate much.

He noticed then that her dark-green dress became her, that her face was a little thin, that she was well proportioned of body. He could not conclude that she was beautiful, nor did it matter. It was no detail of eye or nose or mouth, but the whole wonderful personality, the woman, the something flaming in her



"HOW CAN I MARRY ON TWENTY A WEEK?"

that came and went in her expression and gesture. And for the first time he wanted to know her name; but his lips were not bold enough for that.

Next day he was at Giles', trembling lest he had gone too far, sure that she would not come, for her coming would virtually constitute a prearranged meeting; she would be giving herself over to his society. He waited at the door, and every woman her size in the Broadway swarm was, at a distance, she, only to change on coming into focus. Then she came, looking a little frightened, but bearing herself with quivering pride.

They nodded, went in, sat down together. It was some time before their pounding hearts allowed them to speak.

"Have you been in the city long?" he asked.

"Three years."

And then they learned about each other. It was wonderful to learn about each other, to penetrate the flaming guard of the mystery and go familiarly together back down the diverse years. Was it possible that each had been living all this time without sharing life with the other?

She had come from Cumberland, Maryland, come as the whole world comes to New York, to make her fortune. Sometimes it seemed as if New York were a city of transients, millions swinging in, winning their way, and passing on. It had seemed necessary for her to come, as it had seemed necessary for Edward's father. She wanted to *live*, to expend her accumulated mountain vitality on human beings; but she was basely deceived. The great human-crowded city pulsed in at morn and out at night, and passed her carelessly. She was a stranger on the streets; the busy shops, the swarming offices had no place for her; the city from its sky-scraper towers down to printing-press cellars shut her out. She answered the advertisements in the paper, tried the department stores, the factories. She then secured her first job, addressing envelopes at a dollar a thousand. By writing rapidly, never pausing, shortening her lunch-hour, she did a thousand in a day, and earned six dollars a week.

She lived in a hall bedroom, a four-by-ten affair, in a lodging-house on West Twenty-sixth Street. This cost her two dollars a week. She did her own washing at night, she walked to and from work in good weather, and she lunched cheaply. But, despite her efforts, she used up all she made, and there was no future. Of course, Cumberland had warned her against coming, so she couldn't return.

The worst she did not tell. This was her naked loneliness. She made no friends among the girl-workers, for she was secretive and shy and sensitive, and disliked their city boldness; and as for men, how could she meet them? A few in the lodging-house passed her sometimes on the stairs, but never spoke. Lately she had grown desperate—desperate during the long spring evenings, when with window open she heard the city passing by, or saw the sky-line mys-

terious with lights, or, leaning from the window, saw in the blazing glitter of Eighth Avenue youth swirling.

Was she not young herself? Could she condemn herself to a life of addressing envelopes, washing clothes, and eating in cheap restaurants? She could understand why lonely girls went to dance-halls and destruction. Anything seemed better than this. Better to *live*, she thought, whether in clean joy or downright sin, than to go on in this dead, unpulsing twilight.

And so, when she glanced into Edward's sad brown eyes, and felt the power of his unspoiled youth, there was nothing to do but follow where he led. To her he meant the opening of the gates of the city. Henceforth she could possess the streets and have the freedom of the nights.

As they left the restaurant he said, very awkwardly:

"My name is Edward Ferguson."

"And mine," she laughed, "is Frances Waller."

It seemed to him that Frances Waller was the most beautiful name that had ever been given to a woman.

Their wooing went rapidly after that; but it was a typical New York wooing. There was no private parlor, no secret garden, only the crowded and public ways, the street, the car, the excursion, the restaurant, and the park; the walk, close together, arm artlessly brushing arm, down the dark side street; the proud stride among the crowds of the electric-lit avenues; the casual contact on the seat of the open car as it darted through the swarming city night; the Sunday afternoon in the park, up by-paths where they could stand and gaze on the moist daffodil and budding leaf; the public-school lectures where they sat out the rainy evening, glad to be able to touch hands in the darkness of the stereopticon. But always the throbbing secrecy of the meeting on her stoop after supper, and the sense of adventure as they penetrated the dark and spangled sides of the city.

But after the first innocent joy of their love had worn off, a restless period set in. Edward found himself subject to strange changes of mood. A terrible depression would weigh him down—when

he felt that he hated Frances, especially when, now and again, her little personal peculiarities asserted themselves; this would be followed by a mood of fierce joy, when his love became a repressed frenzy, making him stop work; again he was absent-minded, and yet again acted as if he were drugged. It began to dawn on him that wooing could not go on forever, that it was terrible in both its joys and its pain—the happiness too frail and exquisite to last, the pangs that made his nights a torment. And it was ruining his work, too, and spoiling his temper. It was evident that he had to put a stop

to this condition which brought him inevitably face to face with marriage.

This was the most solemn thing of all, a revolution complete, the taking on of responsibility, the self-enslavement, giving over his body and soul to a new routine, a duty never ended, binding him for life. How could he do it on twenty a week? What future had he to offer his wife? Where could they live decently? And as for children, did he have a right to marry, knowing beforehand that a child born to him would be a curse? So, at least, it appeared to him.

Once or twice of late he and Frances



HE HAD THE ILLUSION THAT ALL THE CITY NIGHTS WERE GATHERED IN HER EYES

had had lovers' quarrels, silly things, unexpected, amazing them both and putting both to shame.

Once in a car he found himself saying hotly:

"Why do you turn when those fellows back there laugh?"

Could she stoop so low as to explain that she had involuntarily and very slightly turned her head? Did he think she was trying to flirt? Her cheeks grew hot, and she groped up, leaving her seat.

"I want to get out; please let me pass!"

Of course he didn't let her pass, but it took two hours of abasing himself to bring an outward peace.

Such spats furnished him with opportunities to break off with her; but he didn't use them, and they were followed by heavenly hours of reunion, when it seemed as if their love deepened and they became wise and beautiful before each other.

However, by riding past Twenty-sixth Street on this Friday night, he felt as if he had broken up matters completely: he had failed in his appointment and she would never forgive him. And so he contemplated taking his own life.

Saturday morning was hot. Edward was down early, took a quick breakfast, and reached the office before his father. Saturday was a half-holiday, and a spirit of laziness pervaded the place; as if the clerks were dreaming of the afternoon by the sea or in the meadows, or of the girls who were to meet them at ferry-landing or bridge-entrance. And so the hours passed tediously, broken only by the welcome sight of Bradsley with a satchel full of pay-envelopes. As the gong sounded at one there was a rush for the street, where the hurrying crowd, the swarming cars, showed the lower city emptying out, disgorging its prisoners.

Edward went to Giles' restaurant, searched to the rear and back, scanned the incoming faces, explained to the cashier that he owed no money for lunch, and then threaded Broadway feverishly, plunging down a side street to the loft-building where Frances worked. He had to climb two flights of steep stairs, and the dull greenish-yellow loft held a hundred girls at the long board tables, but Frances was not there.

"She's left early," he thought, "or maybe she was sick, didn't come at all!"

A sob rose in his throat; he went down in the street, and for speed's sake took the Sixth Avenue elevated train to Twenty-third Street. He felt as if he could not reach her quickly enough. All through the morning, as well as at intervals during the sleepless night, he knew how he had wronged Frances; he should have gone to her and threshed matters out with her; surely she would understand. And over and over again he thought of the agony he had caused her, and he wished that a millstone were hung about his neck and that he were drowned. What an unmanly thing to do! what cowardice! He was almost distraught with remorse.

He hurried up Twenty-sixth Street, which looked squalid enough with its red-brick houses; he stepped up the stoop and pulled the bell. Unkempt, fat Mrs. Neilson opened the door.

"Miss Waller in?" He tried to keep his passion from his voice.

"Wait in the hall. I'll see."

Her slippers almost came off with each step upward, and Edward thought, "If I don't marry Frances, she'll have to go on in this place—and addressing envelopes—and being alone in the city."

Then it struck him that he had never even kissed her, so shy had been their love-making, and all at once he felt the fact that she was in this house, and that he wanted her.

And then she came, slow, proud, her face pale, her eyes ringed with blue depression.

"Well!" she said.

"Frances," he cried, low, "I know it was rotten of me. I couldn't help it."

"Why not?" she flashed.

"It got pretty late. . . . I . . . want to talk to you. . . ."

They faced each other, silent, and suddenly he felt that she hated him, and that he hated her.

But he found himself saying:

"You're not coming out with me this afternoon?"

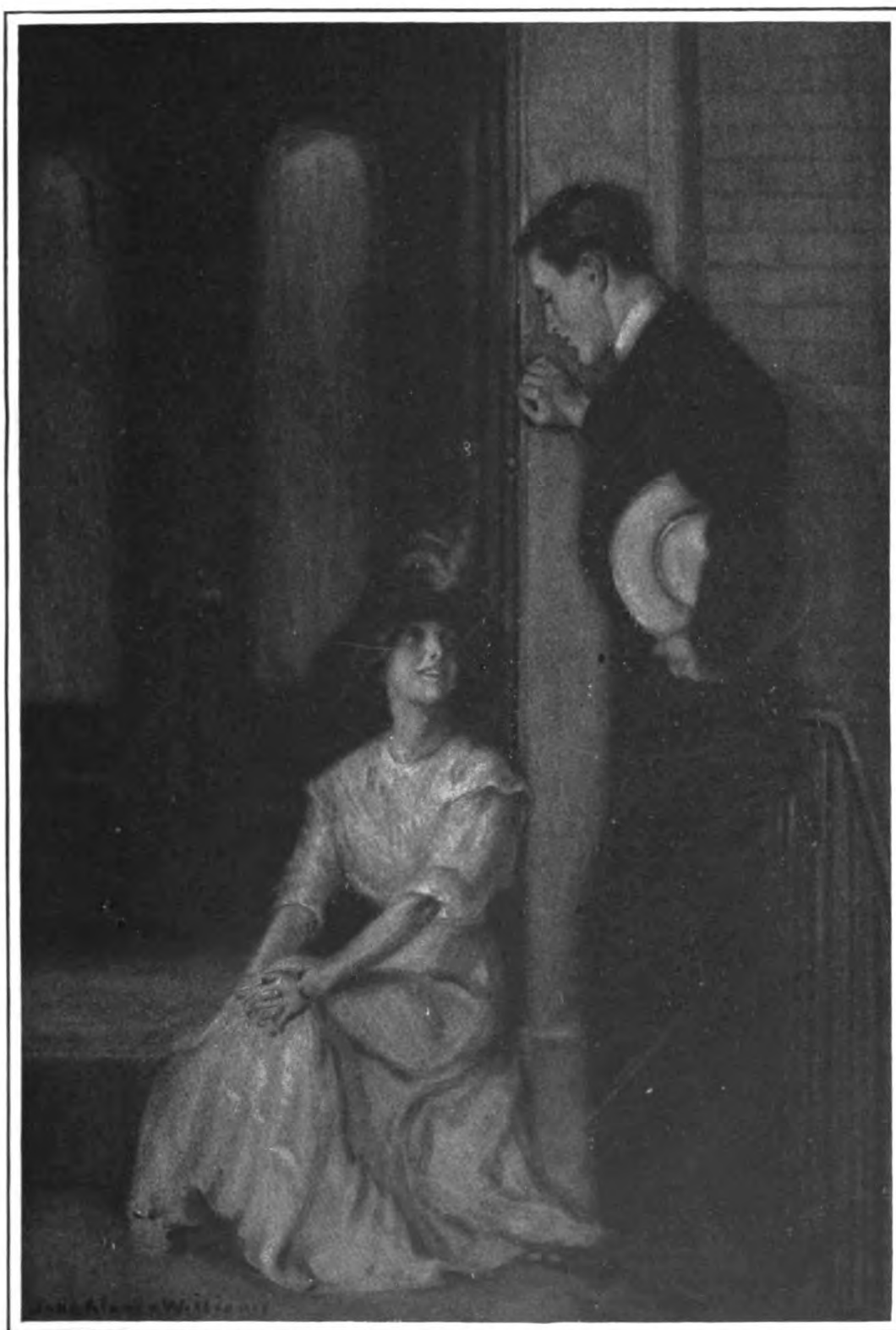
"Why should I?"

"Why not?"

"You know why."

Again they were silent.

"Frances!"



Drawn by John A. Williams

ALWAYS THE THROBBING SECRECY OF THE MEETING ON HER STOOP AFTER SUPPER

"Well?"

"Say, Frances—say, if you knew how I felt . . ."

She burst out on him with strange passion, amazing him:

"Well, I'll go with you. Where do you want to go?"

"To Coney Island, Frances?"

"Then wait a minute."

Never had they seemed stranger to each other. Five minutes later they were out and taking the down-town car. And Frances asked for no explanation, and Edward felt too numb to offer any. They both seemed frozen, hateful to each other.

Naturally everything went wrong. The crowd at the Bridge was suffocating, the trains jammed, and when at last they found seats and were borne over the Bridge and down through Brooklyn and out over the glaring Long Island flats, the car seemed to sweat with humanity. Yet Edward, gazing at the view, and seeing only Frances's black hat, her soft hair, and her determined profile, felt subtly thrilled. However, a moment later she spoke for the first time, with snapping exasperation:

"I don't see why we're going—these awful crowds—I hate them."

He thought it quite despicable of her; she should have been "game," now that they were on the way. And he began to plan what he would say to her, what his circumstances were, and about children, and how impossible it was for them to marry.

"But I'll wait till she's quieted down."

It was a long wait. At Coney Island they descended into a fighting blackness of people hemmed in by glittering plaster walls, noisy restaurants, merry-go-rounds, scenic railways, and the beating of bells and drums and blowing of brass. Ordinarily a wind of gaiety would have swept them whole-heartedly into the vivid life of this place of the spirit, this Island of Enchantment that released the people from weary labor and sharp-edged care; but in the hot sunlight it seemed to them a mere pleasure sham, a place to gorge oneself on popcorn and sausages, and be led on from one "fake" of fun to another.

And so this afternoon Frances hated it, and said so more than once.

"You might let up on it—we're here!" Edward muttered.

"I guess," snapped Frances, "I'd better go home!"

They left the crowd and went out to the sand, but that, too, swarmed with women and children. They found a bench, facing the sea, and of course there should have been the romance they always felt in watching the blue, sunlit ocean sway, spilling on the sands; but mosquitoes buzzed about them, the sea was glaring with sun and hurt their eyes, and the afternoon was stifling with heat.

A popcorn-and-candy vender came around with his tray, and Edward offered to buy, but Frances interposed.

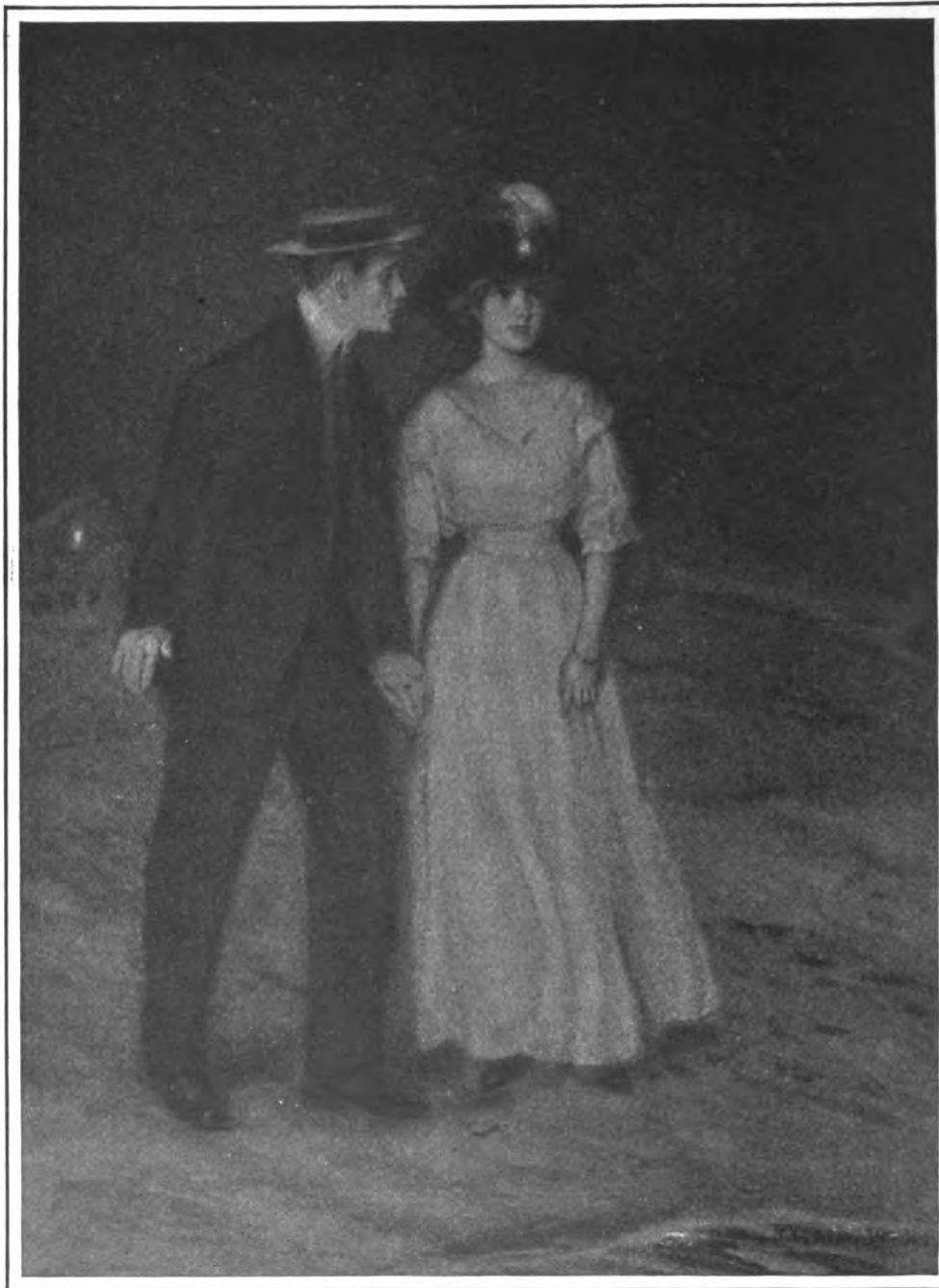
"Ed," she said, "you've no right to spend money on that. 'You've little enough as it is.'"

He desisted, knowing that Frances was a wonderful girl, but he felt annoyed, nevertheless. And as the long three hours pulsed away, with crowded excursion-boats coming up on the sea and a white sail in the blue distance or some four-stacked steamer going down over the horizon, Edward tried to formulate what he had to say, and said nothing. They were both silent, until finally Frances left him, dropped on the sand, and played with three dirty little children.

They had supper in a small city restaurant that stands a little beyond the noise of Coney; the meal consisted of peppery clam-chowder, crackers, and coffee, and neither enjoyed it. They felt more and more miserable and wished they hadn't come. They could not look each other in the face now.

Then after supper they went back to the empty sands. Shadows were lengthening on the sea, and a large, serene evening, full of cool air, began to deepen into twilight. Melodious waves whitened on the shore, and blue and green and violet were on the heave of the immense waters. Quietness came and the beauty that dissolves the restlessness of human hearts. They walked side by side, close to the music of the waves, and all at once they were alone, and they were together.

Now was the time to speak; now if ever, Edward could free himself, now with Frances growing quiet beside him, and all annoyance and fretfulness falling away. He felt full of peace and pity;



"FRANCES," HE FOUND HIMSELF WHISPERING

he knew now that she must forgive him; he knew that now she was ready to understand.

But they went on walking in silence, passing away from Coney and over to the beach beyond. They had to step up on the board-walk to reach the sands, and in so doing passed a dance-hall. A waltz was floating dreamily

through the evening air, and they paused and looked in. The dancers were just beginning to whirl on the long, level floor, in a blaze of electric light. Both Frances and Edward noticed a lonely girl sitting against the wall. She was dark, homely, with worn, fagged face and big feet and hands and nose; her stockings were white, and she had on tawdry white

shoes, faded, cheap white dress, and large, overflowing hat; but she sang out loud with the music, and her feet beat the floor in time. A common enough sight—a thin, starved life thirsting for joy and comradeship.

Glancing at her, it struck Edward that such was Frances's future if she did not marry—the starved, lonely city life of a manless girl. Possibly Frances felt some of this, too.

They went on down the sands. Night had come, the large summer night with throbbing stars, and out of darkness a liquid song of waves breaking their mystery at the feet of men and women. They walked along the sand. Out on the waters were sparkles of light, and in the distance the sharp, vanishing glance of a lighthouse. And all the mystery of life returned upon them with manifold beauty. First they felt their hearts melting within them and the hollows of their breasts filling with lovely beatitude.

They stood still, the rustle of waters at their feet.

"Frances," he found himself whisper-

ing. He groped and clasped her cool hand. She stood a little nearer.

"Oh, Edward," she sighed, with poignant sadness, "how could you? how could you?"

He found her other hand, and suddenly Nature seized each of them in a starry fist and brought them together; what did Nature care whether her children willed to mate or not? They felt a terrific gravitation, a breaking of the waters, a fierce, exultant sweep toward each other.

"Oh, Frances!" he cried, and with that they clasped, and they kissed. And through that kiss, as through a magic door, they passed into an enchanted region where they were no more Frances and Edward, or man and woman, but a two-hearted god, swaying with glory.

"I love you," he breathed, and then added, "I wanted to say this last night, but I was a coward—I couldn't come."

"It doesn't matter," she cried; "it doesn't matter!"

But even as they kissed again he knew what he was doing, . . . knew it all, . . . and he didn't care.

The Bubble

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

LOVE met me, starry-eyed;
Caught my tears in the sun,
And blew a bubble there.
Oh, frail and wonder-dyed.
The shining globe he spun.
And rainbow-like and fair!

And, "This is life," said he,
"This pretty toy I give,
The bubble of thy years."
Would he had told to me
What makes the colors live!—
The sun, or mine own tears.

The Secret of the Big Trees

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D., F.R.G.S.

Department of Geography, Yale University

IN the days of the Prophet Elijah sore famine afflicted the land of Palestine. No rain fell; the brooks ran dry; and dire distress prevailed. "Go through the land," said King Ahab to the Prophet Obadiah, "unto all the fountains of water, and unto all the brooks; peradventure we may find grass and save the horses and mules alive, that we may lose not all the beasts." When Obadiah went forth in search of forage he fell in with his chief, Elijah, and brought him to Ahab, who greeted him as the troubler of Israel. Then Elijah prayed for rain, according to the Bible story, and the famine was stayed.

From this famine in Palestine some eight hundred and seventy years before Christ, to the forests of the Sierra Nevadas in the year of grace 1911, is a far cry. The idea of investigating an episode of ancient Asiatic history in the mountains of California seems at first sight quixotic. Yet for the purpose of facilitating such an investigation the Carnegie Institution of Washington furnished funds, and Yale University gave the author leave of absence from college duties. The men in charge of both institutions realize that the possibilities of any line of research bear no relation whatever to its immediate practical results, or even to its apparent reasonableness in the minds of the unthinking. The final outcome of any piece of scientific work may not be apparent for generations, but that does not make the first steps less important. Already, however, our results possess a positive value. They demonstrate anew that this world of ours, with all its manifold activities, is so small, and so bound part to part, that nearly three thousand years of time and thrice three thousand miles of space cannot conceal its unity.

The connecting link between the past and the present, between the ancient East and the modern West, is found in

the Big Trees of California, the huge species known as *Sequoia gigantea*. Every one has heard of this tree's vast size and great age. The trunk of a well-grown specimen has a diameter of twenty-five or thirty feet, which is equal to the width of an ordinary house. Such a tree often towers three hundred feet, or six times as high as a large elm, and within twenty-five feet of the top the trunk is still ten or twelve feet in thickness. Three thousand fence-posts, sufficient to support a wire fence around eight or nine thousand acres, have been made from one of these giants, and that was only the first step toward using its huge carcass. Six hundred and fifty thousand shingles, enough to cover the roofs of seventy or eighty houses, formed the second item of its product. Finally there still remained hundreds of cords of firewood which no one could use because of the prohibitive expense of hauling the wood out of the mountains. The upper third of the trunk and all the branches lie on the ground where they fell, not visibly rotting, for the wood is wonderfully enduring, but simply waiting till some foolish camper shall light a devastating fire.

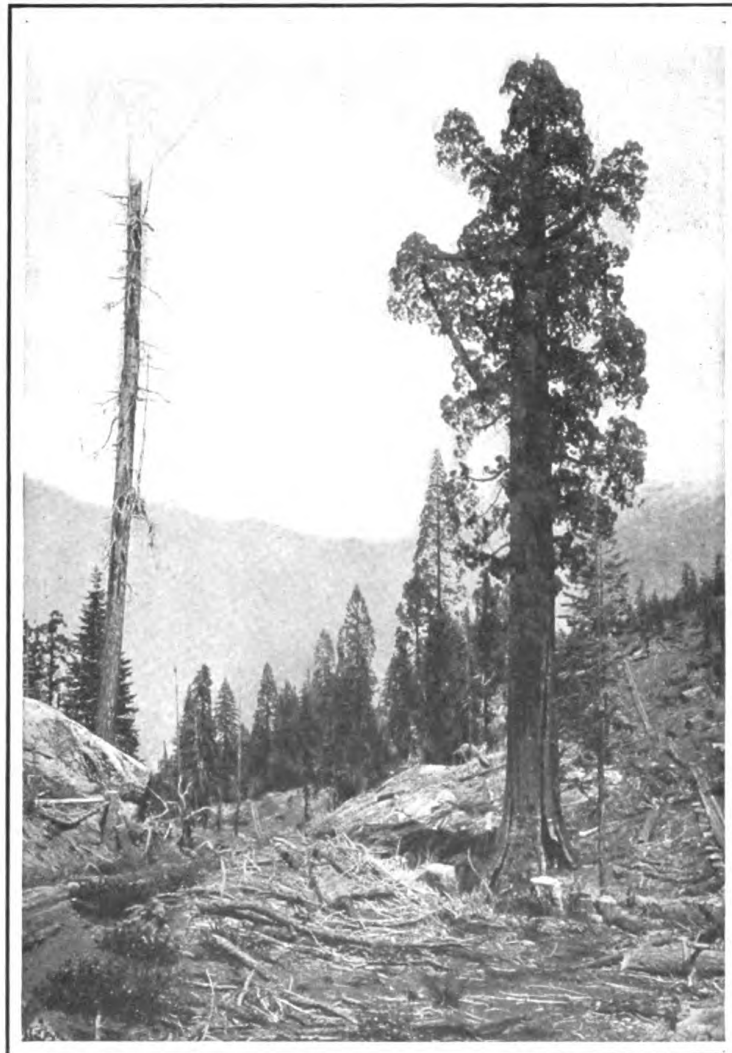
Huge as the sequoias are, their size is scarcely so wonderful as their age. A tree that has lived five hundred years is still in its early youth; one that has rounded out a thousand summers and winters is only in full maturity; and old age, the threescore years and ten of the sequoias, does not come for seventeen or eighteen centuries. How old the oldest trees may be is not yet certain, but I have counted the rings of forty that were over two thousand years of age, of three that were over three thousand, and of one that was three thousand one hundred and fifty. In the days of the Trojan War and of the exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt, this oldest tree was a sturdy sapling, with stiff, prickly foliage like that of a cedar, but far more compressed.

It was doubtless a graceful, sharply conical tree, twenty or thirty feet high, with dense, horizontal branches, the lower ones of which swept the ground. Like the young trees of to-day, the ancient sequoia and the clump of trees of similar age which grew close to it must have been a charming adornment of the landscape. By the time of Marathon the trees had lost the hard, sharp lines of youth, and were thoroughly mature. The lower branches had disappeared, up to a height of a hundred feet or more; the giant trunks were disclosed as bare, reddish columns covered with soft bark six inches or a foot in thickness; the upper branches had acquired a slightly drooping aspect; and the spiny foliage, far removed from the ground, had assumed a graceful, rounded appearance. Then for centuries, through the days of Rome, the Dark Ages, and all the period of the growth of European civilization, the ancient giants preserved the same appearance, strong and solid, but with a strangely attractive, approachable quality.

After one has lived for weeks at the foot of such trees, he comes to feel that they are friends in a sense more intimate than is the case with most trees. They seem to have the mellow, kindly quality of old age, and its rich knowledge of the past stored carefully away for any who know how to use it. Often in remote parts of the world I have come to primitive villages and have inquired whether there were not some old men of long ex-

perience who could tell me all that I desired to know. So it is with trees; like old men, they cherish the memory of hundreds of interesting events, and all that is needed is an interpreter.

During the summer of 1911 a theory as to the relation of climatic changes to some of the great events of history led me to attempt to get from the Big Trees at least a part of their story. I have discussed this theory in previous issues of this magazine and elsewhere, and hence will dismiss it briefly. During the three or four thousand years covered by history, the climate of western and central Asia and of the countries around the Mediterranean Sea appears to have



ONE OF THE LARGEST SEQUOIAS

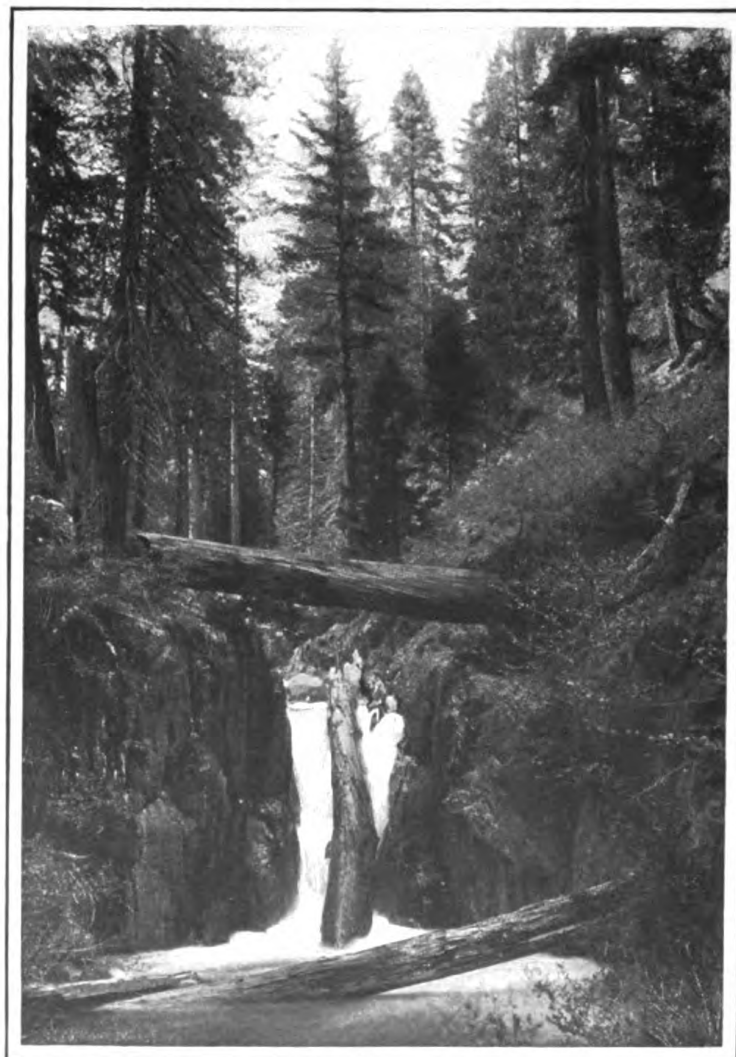
Inside the hole at the foot of the tree a ladder and a man standing beside it are faintly discernible

changed. On the whole the climate seems to have grown drier, so that regions which once were fertile have now become desert. Farther north, however, or in regions which are cold and damp because of high altitude, an opposite result has apparently been produced. The relatively dry and warm conditions of the present have changed lands which once were too cold for the practise of agriculture into places where large numbers of people can live in comfort by means of that pursuit. Thus there appears to have been a change in the location of the regions best suited to human occupation. The change has not proceeded regularly, however, but in a pulsatory fashion. It seems to have been interrupted by centuries of exceptional aridity on the

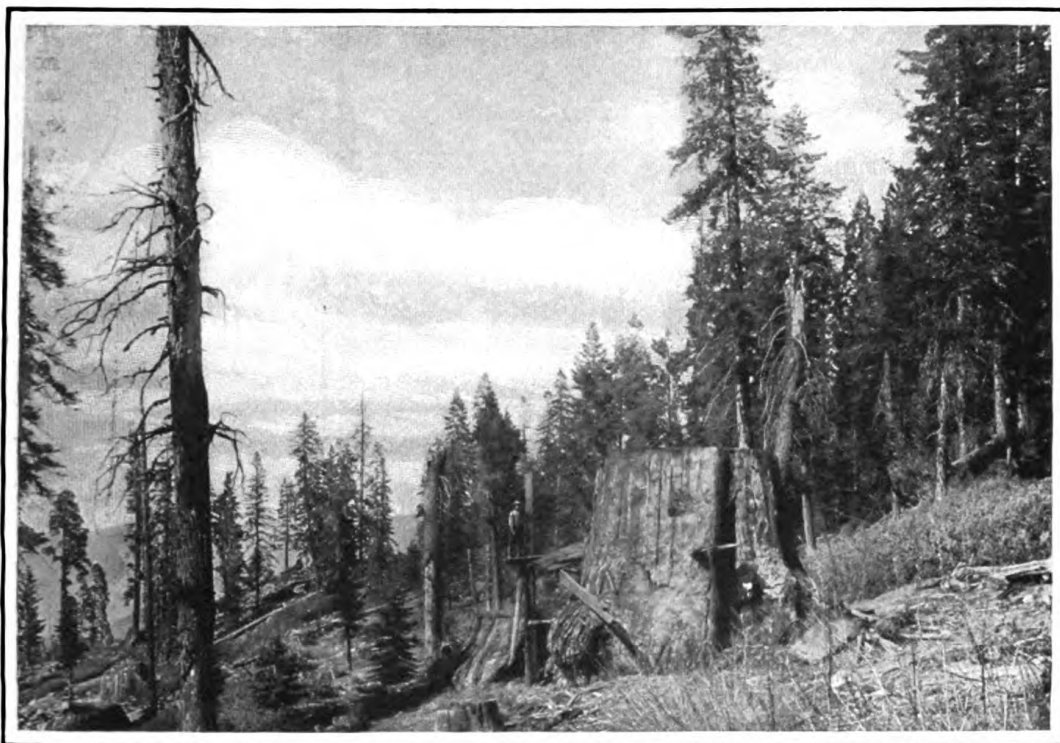
one hand and of exceptional moisture on the other hand. When these pulsations of climate are compared with the course of history a remarkable agreement is noticed. Among a mass of minor details this apparent relationship may be concealed, but the broad movements of races, the rise and fall of civilization, seem to show a degree of agreement with climatic changes so great that it scarcely seems possible to avoid the conclusion that the two are intimately related. Unfavorable conditions of climate, such as a change toward aridity in regions already none too well supplied with water, have apparently led to famines, epidemics, economic distress, the decline of trade, misgovernment, migrations, wars, and stagnation; while favorable changes have fostered exactly opposite conditions.

This theory strikes so profoundly at the roots of all historical interpretation, and is of such fundamental importance in its bearing on the future of nations and of the human race as a whole, that it demands most careful testing. The first step in carrying on the necessary tests is obviously to determine the exact degree of accuracy of our conclusions as to the dates and nature of climatic changes. Only when that has been done are we prepared to proceed to a fuller investigation of the relation of the changes to historic events.

After I had spent some years in a study of this great problem from various standpoints in Asia, the logical thing seemed to be to take up the same lines of work in some other conti-



A NATURAL BRIDGE



THE "WORLD'S FAIR" STUMP

nent and see how far the two agreed. Fortunately I was invited by Dr. D. T. MacDougal to co-operate with the Botanical Department of the Carnegie Institution of Washington in a study of the climate of the southwestern part of the United States. Some of the results of this work during the years 1910 and 1911 have already been published in this magazine. In general the phenomena of ancient ruins, old strands of inclosed salt lakes, the gravel terraces of rivers, the distribution of the prehistoric population and their agriculture seemed to indicate that the climatic history of America has been the same as that of Asia. The results, however, were unsatisfactory in two respects. In the first place, previous to the time of Columbus we know nothing about the dates of events in America, and hence it is absolutely impossible to know whether the apparent climatic fluctuations of America agree in time with those of Asia. In the second place, a theory is a dangerous thing. Strive as he will, its author is apt to be partial to it, and to interpret all that he sees in such a way as to fit his preconceived ideas. During all

the time of my work in Arizona, New Mexico, and old Mexico, I knew that when I announced my results critics would say, "That is all very interesting, but not convincing. You went out West expecting to find evidences of pulsatory changes of climate during historic times, and, of course, you found them. We will wait awhile before we believe you."

Manifestly it was necessary to devise some new line of research which should not only furnish dates, but should prove positively the existence or non-existence of changes of climate, and should do it in such a way that the investigator's private opinions, his personal equation, so to speak, should not be able to affect his results. The necessary method was most opportunely suggested by an article published in the *Monthly Weather Review* for 1909 by Professor A. E. Douglass, of the University of Arizona. In regions having a strongly marked difference between summer and winter it is well known that trees habitually lay on a ring of wood each year. The wood that grows in the earlier part of the season is formed rapidly and is soft in texture, while that which grows later is formed



MEN AT WORK UPON A DECAYING LOG

falls in winter, and there is a fair amount of rain up to about the first of June, but the rest of the warm season until the end of September is dry. Hence the conditions are highly favorable to the formation of distinct, easily measured rings. The size of the trees makes the rings fairly thick, and hence easy to see. The only difficulty is that the number of trees which have been cut is small. The region where they grow is relatively inaccessible, the huge trunks

slowly and is correspondingly hard. Hence each annual ring consists of a layer of soft, pulpy wood surrounded by a thinner layer of harder wood which is generally of a darker color. Except under rare conditions only one ring is formed each year, and where there are two rings by reason of a double period of growth, due to a drought in May or June followed by wet weather, it is usually easy to detect the fact. In the drier parts of the temperate zone, especially in regions like Arizona and California, by far the most important factor in determining the amount of growth is the rainfall. Professor Douglass measured some twenty trees averaging about three hundred years old. He found that their rate of growth during the period since records of rainfall have been kept varies in harmony with the amount of precipitation. Other investigators have since done similar work elsewhere, and it is now established that the thickness of the annual layers of growth in trees, especially in regions with cold winters and dry summers, gives an approximate measure of the amount of rain and snow.

Obviously the best trees upon which to test the theory of climatic changes are the Big Trees of California. They grow at an altitude of six or seven thousand feet on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Abundant snow

are very difficult to handle, and the wood is so soft that its uses are limited to a few purposes for which great durability is required. Hence several years may pass without the cutting of more than a few scattering trees. The resistance of the wood to decay is so extraordinary, however, that stumps thirty years old are almost as fresh as when cut, and their rings can easily be counted. They are just as useful as trees that were cut the present year, if only one can ascertain the date when they were felled.

Toward the end of May, 1911, I left the train at Sanger, near Fresno, in the great inner valley of California, and with two assistants drove up into the mountains through the General Grant National Park to a tract belonging to the Hume-Bennett Lumber Company. There we camped for two weeks, and then went to a similar region some sixty miles farther south on the Tulare River east of Portersville. Few parts of the world are more delightful than the Sierras in the early summer. In the course of our work we often tramped through valleys filled with the straight, graceful cones of young sequoias overtopped by the great columns of their sires. Little brooks or rushing streams full of waterfalls flowed in every depression, and a drink could be had whenever one wished. On the sides of the valleys, where the soil is thin and

dry, no young sequoias could be seen, although there were frequent old ones, a fact which indicates that conditions are now drier than in the past. Other trees, less exacting in their demands for water, abound in both their young and old stages, and one climbs upward through an array of feathery pines, broad-leaved cedars with red bark, and gentle firs so slender that they seem like veritable needles when compared with the stout sequoias.

We tramped each day to our chosen stumps, sometimes following old chutes made by the lumbermen to guide the logs down to the valleys, and sometimes struggling through the bushes or wandering among uncut portions of the primeval forests. Often there

was frost on the ground during the first week or two, and the last rains of the spring made the ground oozy, while the flat tops of the stumps smoked in the summer sun as soon as the clouds disappeared. Our method of work was simple. As soon as we reached a place where sequoias had been cut we began prospecting for large stumps. The method of cutting the trees facilitated our work by furnishing a smooth sawed surface. Before the lumbermen attack one of the giants, they build a platform about it six feet or more above the ground and high enough to be clear of the flaring base of the trunk. On this two men stand and chop out huge chips sometimes a foot and a half long. As the cutting proceeds, a great notch is



MEASURING A STUMP TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD

formed, flat on the bottom and high enough so that the men actually stand within it. In this way they chop ten feet more or less into the tree, until they approach the center. Then they take a band-saw, twenty or thirty feet long, and go around to the other side. For the next few days they pull the great saw back and forth, soaking it liberally in grease to make it slip easily, and driving wedges in behind it in order to prevent the weight of the tree from resting on the saw. Finally, when the tree is almost cut through, more wedging is done, and the helpless trunk topples over with a thud and a stupendous cracking of branches that can be heard a mile. The sawn surface exposes the rings of growth so that all one has to do is to measure them, provided the cutting has taken place recently. In the case of older stumps we sometimes were obliged to scrape the surface to get rid of the pitchy sap which had accumulated on it. In other cases, especially where the stumps had been burned, we had to chisel grooves or to take a whisk-broom and sweep off an accumulation of needles and dirt.

When all was ready two of us lay down on our stomachs on the top of the stump, or it might be on two stumps standing close together, while the third sought the shade, or the sun, or a shelter from the rain as the weather might dictate. The two who were on the stump were equipped with penknife, ruler, and hand lens. The ruler was placed on the flat surface of the stump with its zero at the edge of the outer ring. Then we counted off the rings in groups of ten, read the ruler and called off the number to the one who sat under shelter with note-book and pencil. Had the lumbermen seen us we should have appeared like crazy creatures as we lay by the hour in the sun and rain calling out "forty-two," and being answered by the recorder, "forty - two"; "sixty - four," "sixty-four"; "seventy-eight," "seventy-eight," and so on, interminably. It was not inspiring work merely to measure, and it was distinctly uncomfortable to lie on one's stomach for hours after a hearty meal. Often it was hard to see the rings without a lens, and in some cases even the lens scarcely showed

them all, for the smallest were only two-hundredths of an inch thick, very different from some of the big ones, half an inch thick. Nevertheless, the work was decidedly interesting. If we were busy on different radii of the same tree there was always a rivalry as to who would finish first, but undue haste was tempered by the danger that the results of our two measurements might not agree. The chief interest therefore lay in seeing how nearly the same number of rings would be counted on different radii. If we were at work on different trees the rivalry was as to whose tree would turn out oldest; for, like the rest of mankind, we had a feeling of personal merit if the thing with which we by pure chance were concerned happened to turn out better than that of our neighbor.

One of our chief difficulties lay in the fact that in bad seasons one side of a tree often fails to lay on any wood, especially in cases where a clump of trees grow together in the sequoias' usual habit, and the inner portions do not have a fair chance. Often we found a difference of twenty or thirty years in radii at right angles to one another; and in one extreme case, one side of a tree three thousand years old was five hundred years older than the other, according to our count. All these things necessitated constant care in order that our results might be correct. Another trial lay in the fact that in spite of the extraordinary durability of the wood, a certain number of decayed places are found, especially at the centers of the older trees, exactly the places which one most desires to see preserved. Even these decayed places, however, added their own small quota of interest. Looking down into the damp, decayed holes, we frequently saw the heads of greenish frogs, which slowly retreated if we became inquisitive and poked them. At other times, in drier places, lizards of a smooth, unpleasant complexion of brownish gray wriggled hastily into cavities in the rotten wood. Once I pulled off a large decayed slab from the side of a stump, and started back in surprise when two creatures with yellowish-brown bodies and black wings flew out. I was about to look for a bird's nest when one of my companions called out "Bats."

The frogs, lizards, and bats did not trouble us, and, fortunately, we were free from mosquitoes. There was one creature, however, which sometimes seriously interfered with our work. As we lay on our stomachs, our left fists resting on the black surface of a stump to prop our unshaven chins, and our right hands rapidly touching ring after ring with a penknife as we counted our decades—as we lay thus, with eyes closely focused at a distance of about eight inches, frightful forms came rushing into the field of vision. They were black and horny, with powerful nippers on their heads, and with white hairs on their abdomens, giving them a moldy look. They seemed nearly as large as mice, and their speed of movement was positively alarming. With open nippers they rushed at our rulers and knives and tried them to see if they were edible. Sometimes they even nipped our hands, and more than once one of us uttered a sharp exclamation and jumped so as to throw knife and ruler to the winds and cause the waste of ten or fifteen minutes in finding the place again. When we brushed the creatures away and looked at them from the normal distance they proved to be nothing but large black ants about half an inch long. More pertinacious insects I never saw. Again and again I brushed an ant away to a distance of six or eight feet, and watched that same ant turn the moment it alighted and rush back to the attack, and it did this not once but five or six times.

During the five weeks that we were in the mountains we succeeded in measuring nearly two hundred trees, forty of which, as has been said, were two thousand or more years of age. The others were of various ages down to two hundred and fifty years, for we measured a considerable number of relatively young trees for purposes of comparison. The process of constructing the climatic curve from the data thus obtained is less simple than might at first appear. The obvious method is to ascertain the average growth of all the trees for each decade from the earliest times to the present, and then to draw a curve showing how the rate has varied. The high places on such a curve will indicate times of comparative moisture, while the low

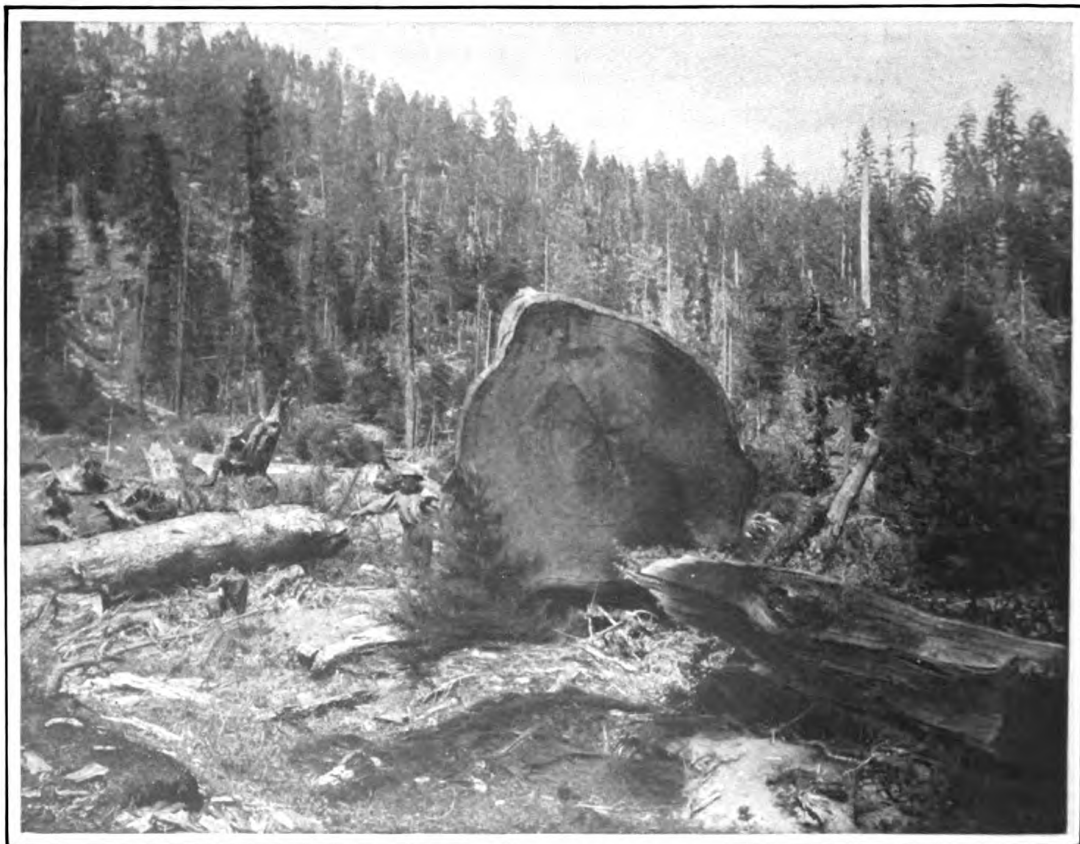
places will indicate aridity. This method is too simple, however, for it takes no account of the fact that all trees grow faster in youth than in old age. Each species has its own characteristic curve of growth, as it is called. For example, during the first ten years of its life the average *Sequoia gigantea* grows about an inch in radius, that is, it reaches a diameter of two inches; at the age of two hundred years the average tree adds about nine-tenths of an inch to its radius each decade; at the age of five hundred years about six-tenths of an inch; and at the age of seventeen hundred, only three-tenths. These figures have nothing to do with the rainfall, but indicate how fast the trees might be expected to grow if they were subject at all times to the average climatic conditions without any variations from year to year.

Evidently if we desire to institute a fair comparison between the growth of a tree two hundred years old and of one seventeen hundred years old, we must either multiply or divide by three. By applying such corrections to each measurement among the forty thousand which made up our summer's work, we are able to eliminate the effect of differences in the ages of the trees. The process is purely mathematical and depends in no respect upon the individual ideas of the computer. In addition to the correction for age, there is another which I have called the correction for longevity. What sort of tree is likely to have a long life? Is it a vigorous, well-grown tree, the kind that one would pick out as especially flourishing in its youth? Not at all. The tree which is likely to live to a ripe old age of two or three thousand years grows slowly in its early days. Its actual rate of growth may be only half or two-thirds as great as that of the trees which attain an age of five hundred or a thousand years. Hence, in order to institute a fair comparison between the rate of growth in the days of Darius and now it is necessary to make still further corrections. This process, like the other, is purely mathematical. The only difficulty is that in order to secure high accuracy a large number of trees of all ages are necessary. It is easy to obtain plenty of young trees under two thousand years of age, but

older ones are so scarce that we have not obtained enough to render the corrections fully exact. In the completed curve the fluctuations for minor periods and also for centuries show no appreciable errors except such as are due to special accidents. There is some doubt, however, as to whether the curve as a whole should slope more or less from early times down to the present.

The accompanying diagram sums up the results of our work on the Big Trees as compared with the results of work of an entirely different kind upon the climatic fluctuations of Asia. Horizontal distance indicates time; the diagram begins at the left-hand end with 1300 B.C., and ends on the right with 1900 A.D. Vertical distance indicates a greater or less amount of rainfall or more or less favorable conditions of plant growth. The solid line is the curve of the sequoias. During the periods where it is high, abundant moisture stimulated rapid growth; where it is low, periods of aridity lasting often for cen-

turies checked the growth of the trees. The other curve, the dotted line, is reproduced unchanged from the author's volume on Palestine. It represents the state of our knowledge of the changes of climate of western and central Asia at the time when that volume was written in 1910. The evidence upon which it is based is of very diverse types, and varies greatly in accuracy and abundance at different periods. For example, the low portion of the curve about 1200 B.C. is based on records of ancient famines, and upon the fact that at that time great movements of desert peoples took place in such a way as to suggest that the deserts had become much less habitable than formerly. A few hundred years later the curve is high, because at this time not only did great prosperity prevail in regions which are now poverty-stricken for lack of rainfall, but the kings of Assyria and the other countries lying near the Arabian Desert appear to have been able to take their armies in comparative comfort across regions where small cara-



CROSS-SECTION OF A SEQUOIA SHOWING THE GROWTH RINGS

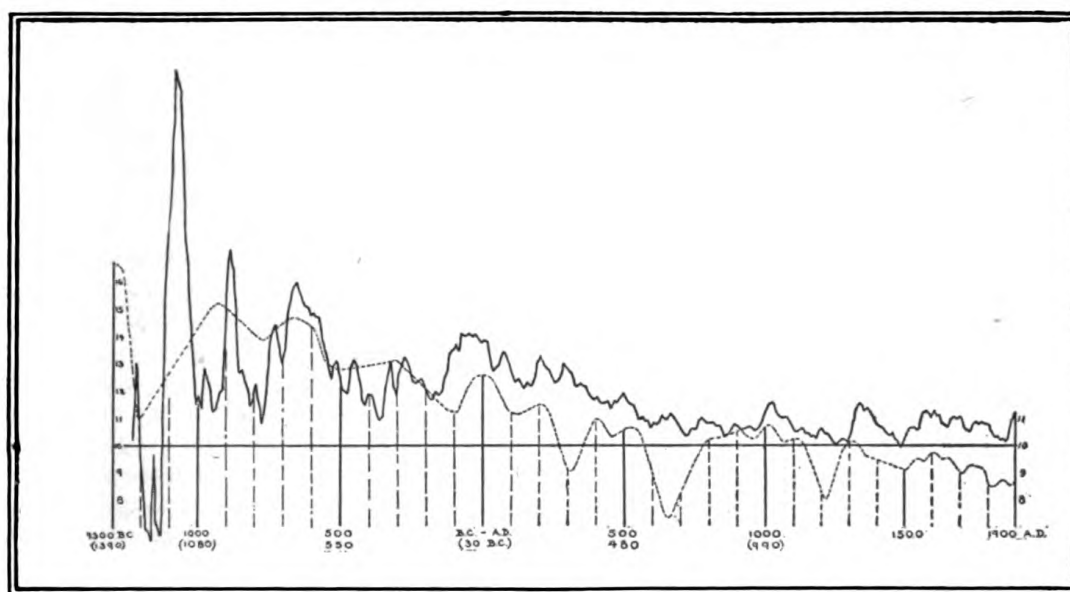


Diagram illustrating Asiatic changes of climate (dotted line) and the corresponding rate of growth of sequoias in California (solid line) from 1300 B.C. to the present day

vans cannot now pass, and which even the hardy Arab raiders avoid. At a later time, 300 A.D., the curve drops low, because at this period a great number of towns were abandoned in central Asia and in all the drier parts of the continent; trade routes which had formerly been much frequented were now absolutely given up in favor of those where water and forage were more easily obtained; and in countries like Syria stagnation seems to have prevailed, as is indicated by the scarcity of building operations during these years. The curve dips low at this point simply because evidences of aridity began to be conspicuous; but probably it dips too low, for there is as yet no means of obtaining exact data. In the seventh century A.D. evidence of the same kind as in the third causes the curve to drop still lower, but here we have additional proof of aridity in the form of traditions of prolonged famines in Arabia. Moreover, at about this same time the waters of the Caspian Sea and of other lakes without outlets were not replenished by rain, and hence fell to a level so low that buildings were built upon what is now the bottom of the lake. Then, at a later date, about 1000 A.D. the ruins in the desert were partially re-occupied, the old trade routes began to revive, the lakes rose higher than their

present level, and prosperity was the rule in many regions which had formerly suffered from aridity. These bits of evidence gathered here and there have enabled the curves to be drawn, but accuracy is as yet out of the question. At most the curves are a mere approximation, showing some of the main climatic pulsations, but likely to be greatly modified as further investigation is made. On the whole there are strong indications that further knowledge of the Asiatic curve will prove that it is much more like the California curve than now appears. Yet in the main the two curves even now show a high degree of agreement, and in that agreement lies the strongest evidence that both are correct in principle, although they may be wrong in detail.

Let us begin at the left-hand end, far back at the time of the Trojan War. There, about 1200 B.C., both curves drop very low, indicating an epoch of sudden and severe desiccation. That particular period, historians tell us, was one of the most chaotic in all history. The warlike progenitors of the Greeks swarmed into the country where they were later to grow great, the Mittani or Hittites came down out of the mountains into northern Mesopotamia, tribes from Arabia and the Libyan desert swarmed into Egypt and brought civili-

zation down to the lowest possible ebb, famines such as that in the days of Joseph appear in the Egyptian chronicles, the lands surrounding Arabia on the north and northwest were swamped by the great Aramean invasion, and, in general, war, migrations, and disaster prevailed. If America was then inhabited we can scarcely doubt that similar disasters took place there; for, if the trees are to be trusted, vast areas in dry regions such as Mexico and the southwestern part of the United States, the only places where dense agricultural populations could have dwelt, must have fallen off tremendously in productivity.

Some fluctuations of the California curve, such as the upward bend between 1000 and 1100 B.C., are missing in that for Asia, not necessarily because they did not exist, but more probably because no facts yet happen to have been lighted upon which furnish evidence of them. The famine in the days of Elijah appears in both curves. Apparently at that time the climate did not become extremely dry, nothing like so bad as it had been a few hundred years earlier during the twelfth century, but there was a rather sudden falling off in the amount of rainfall after half a century of uncommonly good conditions. Six or seven hundred years before Christ both curves stand high in the day when the Greeks were laying the foundations of their future greatness and the empires of Mesopotamia were at their height. Then comes a slow falling off, with a recovery about 300 B.C., and another rather low place in the second century. The time of Christ and of the great era of universal peace under the sway of Rome was again an epoch of favorable climate, a time of abundant rain and consequent good crops in all the countries around the Mediterranean Sea and eastward in Asia, as well as in California. Next comes a long period of decline culminating six or seven centuries after the time of Christ. The sudden drop of the Asiatic curve about 300 A.D. is probably exaggerated, as are those from 550 to 650 A.D. and in 1200. Nevertheless, there

can be little question as to the general agreement of the two curves in showing that an epoch of extraordinary aridity reached its climax in the seventh or eighth century of our era, and that another period of aridity occurred in the thirteenth century. Previous to the seventh century the Roman world had been in the direst straits because of the invasions of barbarians, driven from their homes, it would seem, by increasing aridity and the consequent difficulty of obtaining a living. Then, toward the end of the long period of drought, there occurred the tremendous outpouring of the Arabs, unified by Mohammedanism, as is universally agreed, and also spurred by hunger, as we infer from a study of climate. Thus the Dark Ages reached their climax. No period in all history, save that which centers 1200 B.C., was more chaotic; and that early period also appears to have been a time of greatly diminished rainfall.

It is impossible here to trace further the correspondence of the two curves and their relation to history. The essential point is this: we have applied a rigid mathematical test to our theory of changes of climate, and the theory stands firm. By two methods absolutely dissimilar we have constructed curves showing climatic fluctuations in two parts of the world ten thousand miles apart. In essentials the two agree in spite of differences in detail. It now seems practically certain not only that climatic pulsations have taken place on a large scale during historic times, but that on the whole the more important changes have occurred at the same time all around the world, at least in the portion of the north temperate zone lying from 30' to 40' north of the equator. This, in itself, does not prove that great historic changes have occurred in response to climatic pulsations, but it goes far in that direction. It establishes the first part of the theory—that is, the reality of changes of climate, and thus clears the way for the solution of one of the most profound and far-reaching of the problems of history.

The Conference

BY ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER

THE Western District Conference was in session at Athelstone, and Abijah Collins, though he was pastor of the smallest church represented in the conference, was feeling all of the dignity and glory of it. A considerable degree of the dignity was reflected in his looks, if very little of the glory. He was a spare man, with mildly beaming eyes, a thin, kindly mustache, and drooping shoulders which made his worn, long-skirted coat hang longer in the front than in the back. But he wore the coat with the distinction of unconsciousness, and in public places he was always treated with a certain homage, seemingly because he expected none. He was, in fact, too keenly aware of what Mount Carmel expected of him after the many years in which the conference had left him there, to allow himself, even on so great an occasion as this, the least hint of pride or flourish. For so modest and sincere a man, moreover, there were spies for vanity in his own soul, and, though Mount Carmel might have forgiven him a slight lapse, he could never have forgiven it in himself.

Meantime he was very happy in the great doings of the week. Pastors of churches to which Mount Carmel would have been like a "home mission" had poured out their experiences as so many daily stimulants. Heads of important committees had reported decisions upon weighty church and mission problems. Abijah felt himself lifted and borne along by the current of movements whose vastness he and Mount Carmel, without such reminders as these, would have gradually ceased to realize.

It was early in September, and the weather was that of summer when it unexpectedly consents to turn a sun-browned cheek to the cool blandishments of autumn. Athelstone was as proud of the weather as it was of its other arrangements for the conference week. Abijah, without irreverence, would have been will-

ing to grant the credit of it to his entertainers, who were making of his first holiday in years as great a success as that of the conference itself.

To many of the visitors the conference was an obligation rather than a holiday; some had hurried from the mountains or the sea-shore to attend it. But Mount Carmel was not so discriminating in its definition of holidays; they came so rarely that it was not easy to determine the exact nature of them. The parish was a farming district; Abijah himself, in a small way, was a farmer. In the summer he tended his crops; in the winter, his people. For it was in the winter that all the farmers' ailments, stored up and ignored during the hard work of the summer, claimed attention, and the minister's, scarcely less than the doctor's, visits became a necessity. To Abijah, therefore, the conference at Athelstone, which was not a long journey by train from Mount Carmel, was a gate to pleasure, opening through the wall of duty.

He and his wife, Martha, had planned for it a long time. At first the plans had included Martha, too. The children were big enough to spare her now, and in the eyes of the church she deserved to go. As for Abijah, he said frankly that it was for his selfish interest that he wanted her to go. None knew as well as he—and none confessed more freely—that though inspirations like that of the conference might come and go, the influence of Martha remained constant, like that of a fixed star in some domestic and local astronomy. It was—Abijah said—for the good of Mount Carmel that Martha should attend the conference.

But as the time drew near it became plain that Martha's path of duty—Martha's paths of duty were always pathetically plain—was to stay at home as nurse to a sick neighbor who in the perversity of sickness refused to take her medicine from any other hand. The curative instinct, once roused in Martha,

took rank above all others. Even the conference looked small compared with the triumph of getting a fever in hand.

But a day or two after Abijah's departure the sick woman had grown better, and expressed greater horror than any one else at having spoiled the minister's plans. To appease her—and with a keen memory of Abijah's disappointed face—Martha had conceived the plan of going to spend Sunday at the conference. Her letter proposing this gave full rein to Abijah's satisfaction. As it happened, he had been given a room by himself—all the members of the conference were being "entertained" by the residents of Athelstone—and the place where he was staying was the place of all places, he thought, to which, if he could have chosen, he would have wished to bring Martha for her holiday.

It was the house of a carpenter—whose name, by happy circumstance, was Hope—and something of the old biblical beauty of that occupation seemed to Abijah to be typified in the beauty of the place. It was a small white cottage, planted to the door-step with old-fashioned flowers, and every detail about the house and garden betrayed the presence of a loving, expert hand. Just now the carpenter was busy at his work early and late—it was a blessing, his wife said, when people knew enough to do their building in fine weather—and Abijah himself found many ways to help about the house. He was rather expert, too, for his own little place at Mount Carmel was not unlike this one, and he was quick to see what needed to be done. He tied up the gorgeous, heavy-headed dahlias to sticks which he trimmed to help support their inadequate stems, thinned the garden of the withering plants which had borne their summer's share of bloom, and repaired the damage done by a wind-storm to the honey-suckle vine. The vine grew up a lattice just outside his own window, and he had a selfish feeling in restoring it after the wind had swept by. He did have a desire, aside from his kindly wish to help, that his little stopping-place should not lose any of its charms before Martha should see them. His hostess, who at first had dreaded the coming of a strange woman, was ready at the end of the week

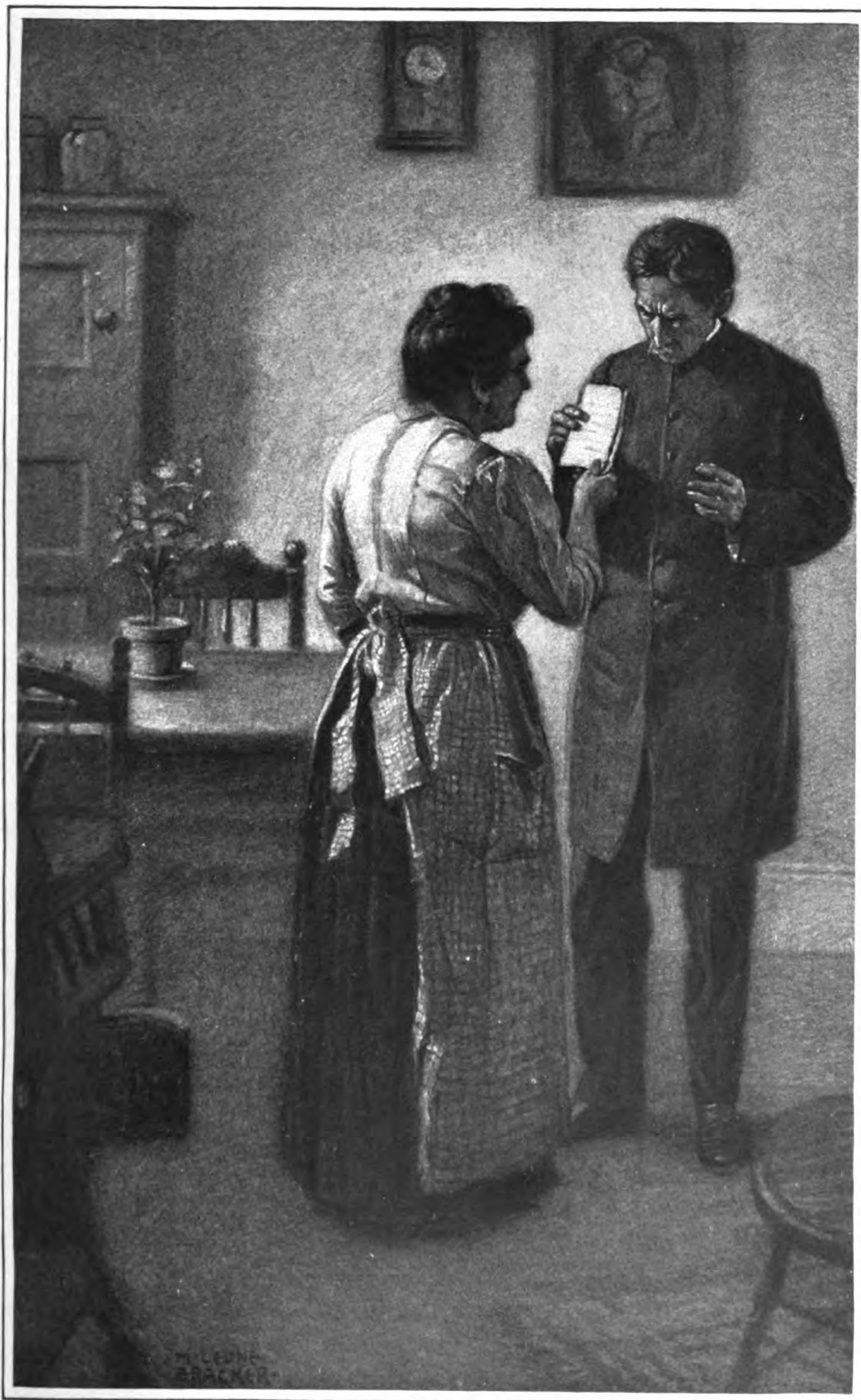
to welcome "the wife of a man as obliging as Mr. Collins. Not a mite of trouble. He don't stir up a grain of dust."

Abijah therefore felt free to give himself up to whole-hearted enjoyment of the conference. Every evening at the supper-table, he went over the day's programme to his host and hostess—the latter an eager listener, the former a patient but a rather drowsy-looking one. Once or twice Mrs. Hope persuaded her husband to go to the night session, and the three took the long walk together in great sociability.

On Friday morning Abijah set out upon his walk with the delicious consciousness that only one day intervened between him and the sight of Martha. He arrived at the church a little late, just as the last of the business announcements were being read. With a startled thrill he heard his own name along with others. These were members of the conference, he heard, who were to confer with the committee on entertainment about a change of quarters. A good many members had gone home as the end of the week approached, and it was thought best to bring some of those who were quartered far out into more convenient places. It seemed incredible. Abijah felt a surge of anger against the unexpected cruelty of it. When it had passed he felt ashamed. He told himself that such a rearrangement must be somehow for the best. The wisdom of a committee is often beyond the comprehension of a man. Who was he to question this one? But the boldness that he kept for Martha's benefit determined him to protest, if a protest were at all possible, when he should "confer" with the committee at noon. But the pleasantly impassive face of the chairman as he handed out the new addresses froze the determination just when it should have been pouring warmly forth. Abijah found himself at the church door with the slip of paper in his hand.

His last faint chance was that Mrs. Hope, who had been so hospitable and so appreciative of his little efforts to help her, might take a stand against the arrangement. He would have been willing to pit Mrs. Hope against the committee, though he faltered before it himself.

But to his keenly anxious eyes, made



Drawn by M. Leone Bracker

"IT'S A FINE PLACE YOU'RE GOING TO," SAID MRS. HOPE

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unusually penetrating by his desire, it was evident that, mingled with the regret in her amiable face, there was a tinge of something a little like relief. It occurred to Abijah, with sudden contrition, that a stranger in a little household for a week or more means disturbance to it, no matter how serene its outward look. He remembered Martha's troubles when visiting clergymen came unexpectedly. Here was proof of the wisdom of committees. Abijah, fully penitent now, summoned a cheerful look and rose to pack his things.

"It's a fine place you're going to," said Mrs. Hope. She was a plump woman, whose hands were usually rolled in a clean blue gingham apron, but she had taken them out long enough to open the paper Abijah handed her. "A splendid place—Mrs. Bernard May's. I've passed the house sometimes." She looked at Abijah with an expression of awe and respect, as if, in spite of her liking for him before, she had not valued him enough, now that the glamour of Mrs. Bernard May's was almost upon him.

"I should be ungrateful not to trust the committee, after your kindness to me here," said Abijah.

"And your wife will find things so nice for her," said Mrs. Hope, with sincere exultation.

"Oh, Martha will be pleased with everything." But Abijah's heart was clinging to the things he was leaving behind. He was a home-loving man, and the little room into which he had settled at first with a slight strangeness and dread had become a branch of home to him.

But in the evening he carried his suitcase to the new place. It was a long distance away, and took him from the uneven little streets of the suburb into the main part of the town. Following Mrs. Hope's minute instructions, he presently came to a wide, shaded street, where large, handsome houses were set far back into well-trimmed lawns. Unconsciously he found himself hoping, when a smaller house appeared, that it might prove to be the one he was seeking for. Abijah was not a coward nor a snob. He had had very little occasion in his life either to admire or to condemn the fruits of wealth. The richest man in the parish

of Mount Carmel was a prosperous farmer, who invited the minister and his wife to dinner every Sunday. Abijah enjoyed the drives there in the comfortable carriage, and he liked the clean look of plenty about the farm. But, after all, there was scarcely any household in Mount Carmel which did not have as much food on its table and as many comforts in its house. There was no social discrimination in Mount Carmel.

But strange and—he told himself—childish qualms rose in Abijah as he walked along Athelstone's chief residence street. Mrs. Hope's words kept repeating themselves to him in the tone of awe she had used—"I've passed the house sometimes!" Why not every day, or why at all? Abijah was not altogether unsophisticated about the distinctions that wealth makes in the world, but he had an instinct to cherish his simplicity on the subject. He shrank from having to acknowledge such differences. If he had to acknowledge them, then, he said to himself, he would place himself with the Hopes. He had been altogether content with them. They were his kind. He thought wistfully of the supper that the carpenter would soon be sitting down to. Mrs. Hope had promised him that when Martha came she should be allowed to help with the cooking. Martha, he knew, would not be happy unless she was allowed to be of use.

Meanwhile he could tell by the numbers on the houses that he was approaching his destination. It loomed before him at last, unmistakable—a large stone house, set back in a green lawn intersected by cement walks and a graveled drive. Scarlet flowers bordered the walks and outlined the foundations of the house. A glimpse of porches at the rear and garden-seats upon the lawn suggested pleasant outdoor parties, but the front porch looked formal and forbidding. The solid oak front door was closed. It came over Abijah that one did not enter such a house as this without certain ceremonies. He said to himself that he did not know them. His heart was beating absurdly fast. His brain refused to send the command down to his legs to mount the steps. He went past, pretending to himself that he was not sure this was the place. Then, despising himself

for his timidity, he turned back and went resolutely up to the door.

He pressed an electric button—it seemed the only thing to do—and a pretty, white-aproned maid opened the door. She looked very like the girls at Mount Carmel, but Abijah's frozen instinct made him hesitate before speaking to her, and at the moment a gentle-faced woman, in lustrous gray silk, came from the back of the hall and introduced herself as Mrs. May. She had been waiting for him. She showed him where to put his hat, and directed the maid to show him upstairs, apologizing for his having to carry up his bag himself.

"And we're all on the north piazza," she called after him, cordially, "if you care to come down to tea. My husband always makes dinner a little late."

There was no reason why Abijah should not have gone down at once for tea. He had nothing to do but to dispose of his suit-case. He had washed and brushed himself carefully before leaving Mrs. Hope's. But he sat down temporarily in an arm-chair by the window as soon as the maid had closed the door. He sat rather stiffly; he felt somehow as if he were still being looked at, although he was alone. He gazed out through the delicately tinted curtains at the smooth, green lawn. He had scarcely looked about the room, but he seemed to feel the way it looked. It was a sunny, comfortable room, but it measured comfort by another standard than that of the homely little room at the Hopes'. The bed, the chairs, the bureaux—all had what might be called the beauty of comfort expressed in broad, smooth lines and clean spaciousness. There were quaint braided rugs upon the floor, but Abijah felt no kinship between them and those that the sewing society at Mount Carmel spent its winter afternoons upon. As a matter of fact, he made no actual comparisons. What differences he felt between these things and those he was accustomed to were borne in upon him without his being really aware of them.

But he felt somehow idle and useless. For the first time since he had come to the conference he wondered if he would not better be at home. He shook off the feeling with self-reproach, and rose to prepare himself for going down to tea.

He laid out his comb and brushes upon a chiffonier; he still felt as if he were under inspection. It was not the feeling of being spied upon—it was as if he were being watched by his own conscious self. But he finished his small preparations at length, and went down—feeling like an explorer in strange lands—to find the north piazza.

He found it without help, leading off from a rather darkly furnished room, lined with books. The contrast in light between this room, where evening shadows seemed to hover from one day until the next, and the broad, high-roofed piazza was very great. It was like stepping from dark wings out upon a lighted stage. But Abijah did not hesitate. He had his cheerful, unconsciously appealing smile. The party rose to greet him. He recognized some of the men whom he had heard from the pulpit. They were all very affable to him. He was too much the gentleman himself to contrast their prosperous appearance with his own. He took his tea with two lumps of sugar—though for supper at home he liked it unsweetened—because he thought that it pleased his hostess to drop the sweetness in. He lent himself intently to the conversation, resolved to contribute his share, if not to do so should seem to indicate that he felt strange or ill at ease where everybody was so kind.

But the talk was not upon the topics discussed at the conference; it had the more personal note adapted to afternoon tea. The men were comparing notes as to the problems constantly rising in their parishes. The hostess was an earnest listener to their different conclusions. Abijah had nothing to contribute; the problems at Mount Carmel were very simple; it did not occur to him to present a picture of the little white-spined church with its surrounding village and farms as the solution of some of these complex problems. He loved Mount Carmel, but his love for it was, characteristically, without arrogance. He sat in silence, therefore, never dreaming that his attentive interest gave a new inspiration to the talk. But when tea and dinner—with coffee afterward, in the candle-light drawing-room—were over, and he went to his room before starting to the night meeting, he felt as tired as if he

had spent the evening hoeing in the "garden-patch" at home. He was tired enough to sleep wearily in the great brass-posted bed, though now and then he had an uneasy dream of getting hot and restless, and of throwing off the soft covers which he had not presumed to disturb before going to bed.

He was first of the guests to appear at breakfast the next morning, though he had sat by his window for a long time before sounds of stir in the house had given him the courage to come down. His hostess was in her place, smiling and ceaselessly interested, as she had been all the evening before. She made no comment upon his early appearance, except to inquire if his wife's train was an early one. Abijah had nerved himself soon after his arrival to tell her of Martha's coming, but the committee had forestalled him; it was not a committee to leave the smallest stone unturned.

"The carriage can go to meet her at any time," said Mrs. May. "But I want to be careful not to miss her."

Abijah heard her with a sinking heart. "The train comes at three, but—" he added, rather wistfully, "I had had some thought of meeting her myself."

"And of course you must," said Mrs. May. "The carriage can come to the church and take you down—quite easily."

There were certain clear notes in his hostess's voice which made Abijah feel somehow remote from her, although they expressed nothing but the greatest cordiality and sweetness. Before these tones he assented now, and over the tiny egg-cup, in which he was trying to eat an egg out of its shell, he yielded to a feeling of being a prisoner, bound hand and foot by courtesy.

The publicity which seemed to him to accompany all his movements now was to attend even his meeting of Martha. For behind the coachman's non-committal back Abijah felt as he fancied he would have felt sitting on a throne. The casual glances which people in the street had for him as he rode by gave him an uneasy feeling of being helplessly removed from them. He wanted the independence of being on his own feet. He had an impulse, when the first roar of the train sounded, to seize Martha by the hand when she should alight, whisk her

around a corner of the station, and run—somewhere where they could be safe and quiet, fugitives from kindness.

But Martha, stepping from the train in her best brown silk, and the brown straw bonnet which had matched it so well for four seasons that to have bought a new one would have been to disturb a harmony, was not a person to be seized by the hand nor whisked round a corner. Abijah, in fact, at seeing her, felt something like that first unconscious thrill of disappointment with which we gaze on what we have longed to see. It is not exactly disillusion; it is simply an acknowledgment of the transcendency of the ideal. Abijah could scarcely have expected Martha to appear in the familiar blue print dress and ruffled white apron in which he had last seen her; yet somehow that was the way in which he had been picturing her. It was the home Martha that he had longed for. The holiday Martha was like a part of the conference itself. To the former he could have poured out all his anxiety about her possible disappointment with things, and together they would have faced it philosophically. To the latter, radiant with anticipation, he realized that to say a warning word would be like taking away a child's first Christmas toys. He decided to say nothing except in answer to her questions, and he led the way silently to the carriage, wondering how little he could truthfully say when the questions should begin.

They did not begin at once, at any rate. Carriages and coachmen were evidently the natural accompaniments of conferences to Martha. She settled herself happily into the green cushions and began to talk about Mount Carmel. So much had happened since Abijah had come away. Now and then she exclaimed with pleasure at the pretty streets of Athelstone.

"It's much larger than Mount Carmel, isn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, it's all very different from Mount Carmel," said Abijah, rather anxiously.

"Is it?" asked Martha, gazing out expectantly.

The coachman's back had no further effect upon her than to give her remarks the slight tinge of publicity which they might have had if she had been talking

to the "Ladies' Aid" or to the class-meeting at home. Martha had the gift of adapting herself to public conditions. Abijah had often told her that she should have been a preacher. He wondered now over how many new conditions this adaptability could extend. It was characteristic of him that, while his uneasiness for himself in the luxurious atmosphere at the Mays' had been only half acknowledged and vague, his feeling about Martha in connection with it had been much more definite. Women cared more about a difference in "things," he had reflected. The various gowns in which Mrs. May had appeared during his short stay had been noted by him with this in mind. A wave of loving pity—the regret of one who would have given so much if he had had it to give—had gone over him at thought of the pretty dresses Martha didn't have.

Yet she looked very nice, he thought, as she tripped up the steps to the house, casting pleased looks right and left. To the little maid at the door she gave a smile which seemed to Abijah to have in it almost a miraculous shade of sweetness and warmth. The girl bowed to her prettily. Abijah found himself wondering dazedly where Martha had practised for this arrival; a man is never prepared for a woman's instinctive adaptability to finer things than she has known. Martha looked beyond the maid to where Mrs. May stood, and the two women had that ready interchange of speech which to most men is like an incomprehensible gift of tongues. Martha yielded herself in charge with the relieved content of a housekeeper who takes joy for a time in another's responsibility. Mrs. May herself led the way up-stairs. Abijah, lingering below with that sudden relief of mind which makes a man want to go off alone to smoke or think, saw all at once in the two women's backs a kind of resemblance. The shimmering gray silk, with its touches of handsome lace, and the stiffish brown taffeta, drawn with more force than grace across Martha's comfortable shoulders, were reduced to their proper places as mere raiment. Abijah strolled out upon the north piazza, and in its wide emptiness felt himself for the first time orientated. For

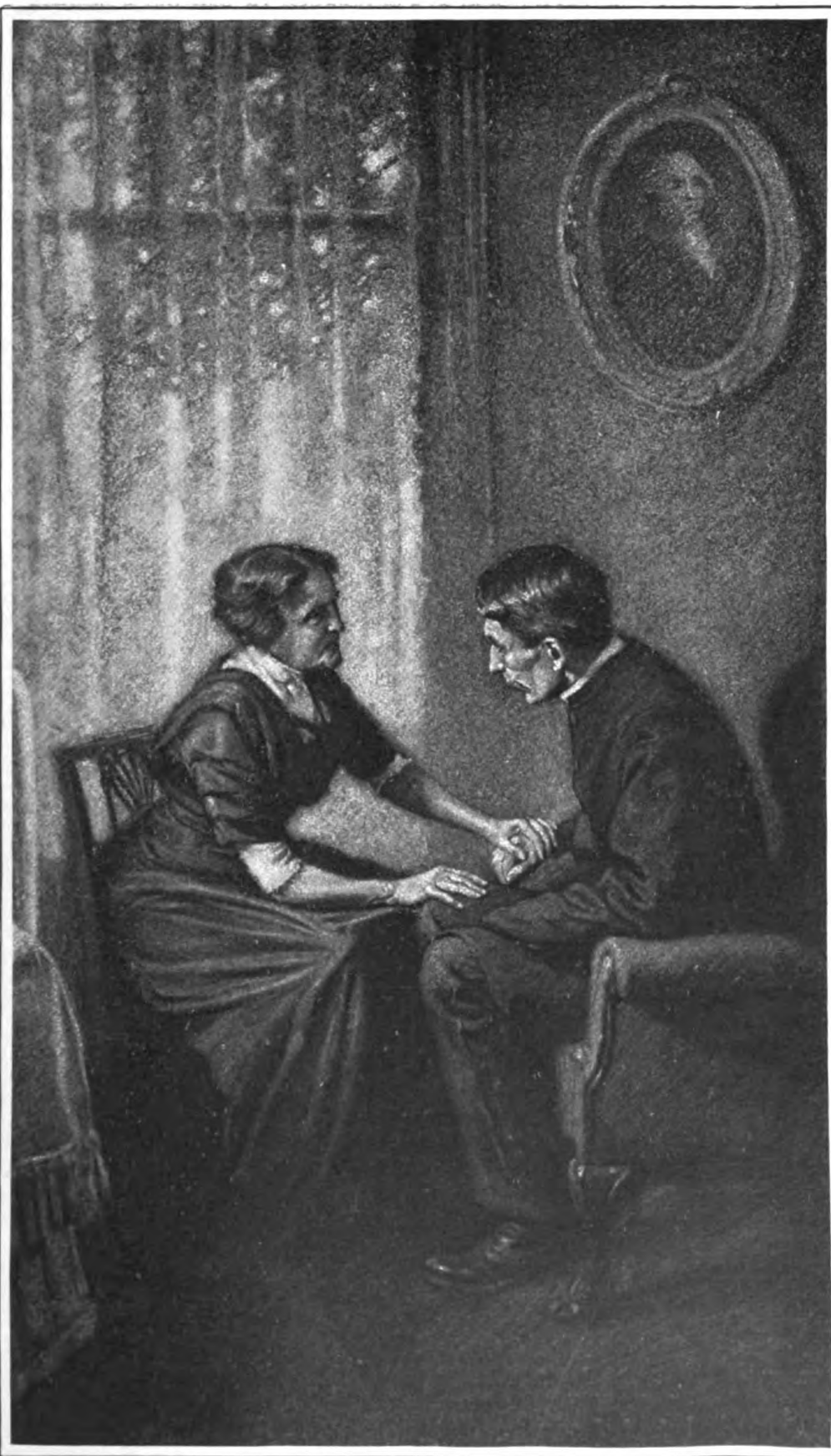
the first time he found his directions; like a person who has been spinning round and round, he felt himself at last set right by Martha's steadying hand.

When he went up-stairs a little later, Mrs. May had gone, and Martha was unpacking her hand-bag, bustling cheerily about. But she turned toward him with a shade upon her face.

"I wish I *had* brought a big bunch of China asters. They are beautiful now, Abijah, all alongside the west porch. The girls wanted me to bring them. They remembered that you had written about being in such a nice place, and they were sure *she'd* like them. But I felt certain that *she'd* have some. And she hasn't," said Martha, parting the window-curtains and looking out over the lawn. "Except for that big bed of cannas, I can't see a thing but scarlet sage—like that, you know, that Cousin Leander sent us one year from his greenhouse. And somehow it always looks happier to me in a greenhouse. Well, I can send her a box of asters as soon as we get home. I'll wrap the stems in wet newspapers. *She'd* be so pleased. I wish I felt sure—" Abijah saw with surprise that she had had her qualms under that bright exterior. But she had none now, apparently—nothing but self-reproach for her doubt of his judgment. "And you'd written, too, about being in such a nice place!"

During his stay at the carpenter's cottage Abijah had often imagined himself as picturing its homely sweetness to the people at home. They must share all his pleasure; and Martha, he knew, would help to swell the praise. But now, as at the station, he saw the futility of going back of the present condition. It would be cruel to shake Martha's content. Besides, his own content had grown full-size since Martha's coming. He said merely enough, therefore, to correct her mistake.

"But I stayed at another place, you know, when I first came. Don't you remember the name was Hope? It was different—a little different—from this, but very comfortable. The Hopes live in a little house, and"—he had a thrill of reminiscence in spite of himself—"they have a great many flowers—dahlias and pinks and asters, just like those at home."



Drawn by M. Leone Bracker

"IT'S THE PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T THINGS THAT APPRECIATE THEM"

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"That must have been nice," said Martha, comfortably. "But *she* wouldn't have needed the asters, then, would she? I'm glad I've thought of sending Mrs. May some. It's the people who haven't things that appreciate them."

"Yes, it is," said Abijah, watching her rather wonderingly.

"She has a kind of sad face underneath her smiling," Martha pondered. "I suspect she has had trouble in her life. Have they got any children, Abijah? I don't know whether you've mentioned that or not."

"I haven't noticed any running round," said Abijah. He began to feel that there were many things that he had not noticed.

"Well, let's go down," said Martha. "She said she would make me a cup of tea—it's very thoughtful of her. And we oughtn't to sit here enjoying each other when there are other people to be entertained."

"The rest are at the meeting," said Abijah. "They'll all come in pretty soon, and everybody 'll have a cup of tea. The girl brings it in on a silver tray." He could not resist a lingering notion that Martha was not yet prepared for what she had to meet. "There are five men besides myself. The Bishop is here."

"Five men!" said Martha. "Then no wonder she is glad to have a woman come into the house. I hope I sha'n't fail her. Men-folks are so hard to entertain. If you see me just enjoying myself, Abijah, I wish you'd give me a nudge."

Abijah followed her down the staircase, his eyes upon the brown silk dress. The light from a staircase window fell upon it and struck out a golden gleam which was like a guiding torch to him.

"But I couldn't see much of any way to help," said Martha, as they settled

themselves in the train on Monday morning, "except to enjoy myself—and that I did. The Bishop—he sat next to me at meals, you know—said it did him good to see a woman of my sort with her hands folded. It was a rare sight, he said. He was an odd sort of man, but he always spoke so kindly. He said his wife was like me. She had twenty charities, he reckoned, on her hands. I'm sure I couldn't see why he should say I was like her. I told him we hadn't any charities in Mount Carmel. He seemed interested in all of the plans of the Ladies' Aid. I told him how we got Tillie Wright her crutches last year. He wanted to know if that wasn't a charity, but I told him dear me no! We couldn't get along without Tillie at the meetings, and she couldn't come any longer without the crutches. Mrs. May is going to send Tillie some kind of chair. And I'm going to have Tillie make her some of those embroidered mats for the table. It's a diversion for her to think of doing things for other people, poor thing!"

"Yes, poor Tillie!" said Abijah, his mind journeying on ahead of him, back to the sorrows of Mount Carmel.

"It was poor Mrs. May I was thinking of," said Martha. "She showed me the pictures of her children, Abijah. There were two—a boy and a girl. Both died when they were little. They were pretty little things. The girl would have been just the age of our Kate. It made me feel anxious to get back home to Joe and the twins and Kate and Minnie. We've much to be thankful for, Abijah."

"Yes, we have," agreed Abijah. He gazed out of the car-window for several minutes before turning to look at her glowing, earnest face. "But I've got more than you have, Martha, for I've got you to be thankful for."



Editor's Easy Chair

"I SEE," the Cynic said, finding himself the pleasantest seat, after the Easy Chair, in the room, and sinking into it with an effect of not meaning to get out of it soon, "I see that in some of the papers they are beginning again to thresh that old straw of the question whether poetry is a dying art or not."

"Yes," we said, "it seems always to divert them," and as we spoke we were aware of the Muse anxiously, and the veteran Reviewer critically, standing behind the Cynic's chair in shadowy apparition. "Every now and then they expect some art to die. From time to time they have sculpture on the sick-list, but every now and then a good sculptor comes along in whom the art revives and starts fresh. When daguerreotyping was discovered, people thought that portraiture was done for, but with all the improvements in the camera more and more portrait-painters come from Europe every year and take the bread out of the mouths of our own artists at the rate of five thousand or six thousand dollars a full length. We can remember very well when fiction itself, which now flourishes like a green upas-tree over the whole earth, was pronounced a plant which could not possibly recover from the peculiar kind of yellows that had attacked it. But by simply changing the color of its paper cover, and binding itself up in cloth, and offering itself for one dollar and a half instead of twenty-five cents, it has practically achieved perpetuity. What the people want is novelty—even in novels. The people want change."

"And in poetry there can be no change," the Muse suggested, with the satisfaction of a fated man in his doom. "Its form is fixed by its very perfection."

The Cynic looked round and up, and said, "Oh, are *you* there?" with a smile. "Well, perhaps its clothes are not fixed, though its form may be. It may yet put on a different guise, as easily as fiction, which has outwardly no form."

"Just what do you mean by that?" we asked.

"What I say. You are so used to saying one thing and meaning another that you can't imagine my singleness."

"The spirit, the divine essence of poetry will always demand the same form," the Muse insisted. She seemed to stand a little wearily with one hand on the back of the Cynic's chair, and we wondered that he did not rise and offer it her, till we remembered that she was a suffragist, and that he was probably giving her an illustration of the ungallantry which would overtake her sex when it got the vote, and men would no longer take off their hats in elevators, or give up their seats in cars to it; at the same time it seemed to us that we had seen some men letting women stand, as it was.

"No, poetry may be as divine as you please," the Cynic said, "but it isn't as insistent on immutability in form as you think. And when poetry fully realizes this it will change its outward form, as it has already done half a dozen times. It will doff its singing robes, and, without ceasing to sing, it will put on the trousers and cutaway of prose." We all looked shocked, and the Muse looked hurt, besides. "Why," the Cynic defended himself, "poetry began that way, unless much of the Hebrew Scriptures is not poetry. 'I suppose,' he said, 'you'll allow that several books of the Old Testament are poetry masking as prose?'"

We glanced at one another, unable to deny it.

"Prose, rhythmical prose; and from time to time poetry has come back to prose in its outward form. When poetry has wanted to be very simple and primitive and sincere, and I don't know what all, it has always done that. It has dropped meter and rhyme, and it has put its whole dependence upon rhythm."

"For instance?" we challenged.

"For a very flagrant instance," the

Cynic returned, "*Ossian*." The Reviewer nodded acquiescence, with a warning glance at the Muse and ourself. "When the divine Macpherson felt the need of reproducing prehistoric Gaelic poetry in modern terms, which should admit no question of its genuineness, he chose the meterless pace of rhythm and the apparel of prose, in which it shouldn't trip up. I must say that whether it was genuine or not, some of it was fine. It was better poetry than the rhyme of Dr. Johnson, who declared it spurious. Then, if you want another flagrant instance, quite of our own era, there are Walt Whitman's poems, *Leaves of Grass*, which in their purely rhythmical movement revert to the Old Testament, though I am bound to say that they are not such good poetry as the Book of Job, which is frankly printed as prose. As a lady," the Cynic more directly addressed himself to the Muse, "you may not be aware that Greek and Latin verse got on without rhyme—"

"Oh, indeed!" the Muse haughtily returned. "I'm Greek myself!"

"To be sure! I forgot," the Cynic apologized. "Then you *do* know."

"One of the most delightful chapters of Mr. Taylor's *Mediæval Mind*," the Reviewer observed, "is that where he traces the rise of rhyme in Latin verse."

"Yes, that is delightful. We wonder if rhyme rose the same way in Greek verse?" and we looked at the Muse.

"As to that, I can't say," she answered. "I am Periclean Greek!"

"Oh!" we said, apologetically.

The Cynic remarked: "The Greek poets got along without rhyme as long as they were in Greek; but when they were put into the English of Queen Anne's time they had to have it. Dr. Johnson was very stiff about it; he didn't think much of Milton and his blank verse; but blank verse, which is merely measured and rhythmic prose, came in more and more—reverting to the Elizabethan dramatists in that, and bettering them—till hardly any serious poem of considerable length was written in rhyme. But now poetry, divinely immutable in form, has put on the guise of prose; and I must say I find some of it curiously more readable in that semblance."

"You mean that Kansas man?" we said.

"Yes, that Kansas man. And very probably he uses prose clothes for his poetic form merely because he is nervously impatient of the conventional way of printing rhymes."

"More likely," the Reviewer said, "he finds that costume better adapted to the gait of his unfailing horse-sense, and his true and simple closeness to life in his thinking and feeling. If it were inflexibly a question of getting the civilization of Emporia, Kansas, into the flowing garments, flounced, frilled, furbelowed typography of rhyme as usually printed, he might have given up at the outset; and we been the losers."

"Do you go so far as that?" we asked of this impartial sage, while the Muse looked wistfully at him.

"I go further. I own that in a long life of checkered reviewing I have never really enjoyed reading rhyme except of the most exceptional excellence."

"Isn't this rather extraordinary?" We turned to the Cynic.

"On the contrary," he said, with a malicious smile, "it is a very prevalent experience. I fancy that when our friend's confession reaches your readers there will be a storm of acquiescence. I lately heard one of the literary laity—a lady of taste—say that she could not endure the sight of verses beginning with capitals and breaking on the rhymes in the established way. You know how impossible printed drama is to some people, most people. The names of the characters and stage directions in italics, and the parentheses and brackets, render the text so repulsive to the general eye that it turns from the page in abhorrence."

"There is a good deal in that," we owned. "No doubt that has had a good deal to do with enslaving the novelist to his quotation-marks and his explanatory clauses, his said-he's and cried-she's, and the like, when he breaks from narrative into dialogue. He would give anything to print it like a play, but he knows his reader would not stand it."

"Yes, we don't take sufficient account of the part that the eye plays in such matters. It would be easy," the Reviewer said, "to convince the reason that *through* ought to be spelled *thru*; the reason is already convinced; but the eye stubborn-

ly refuses the new spelling, and will not reconcile itself in a generation. Something more radical is wanted: a reform that runs through, or thru, our whole orthography, with exact and invariable duties assigned to every letter of the alphabet. I have seen some attempts, in other languages, to reform the printing of prose by beginning only the first line of a poem with a capital letter, and all the rest with small letters, till a period is reached. But it wouldn't work with me. My stupid eye wanted the capitals."

"Yes," the Muse said, "rather than put off my head-dress I would choose to appear at once in the dress of prose."

"The trousers and the sack-coat and the derby?" the Cynic mocked. "Our Kansas man has divined your preference; he has given you your 'd'ruther.'"

"But hold on a moment!" we put in. "Oughtn't we to distinguish? Is the prose form adapted to all kinds of poetry? Our Kansas man makes it go in his drolling, in his hard, dry, business wisdom, in his realistic study of country-town character and event; but doesn't the heart, the mind, the soul, come in somewhere? What about the imagination?"

"What about *The Little Green Tents*?" the Reviewer asked, and he began to read from a book which he carried:

"The little green tents, where the soldiers sleep, and the sunbeams play, and the women weep, are covered with flowers to-day; and between the tents walk the weary few, who were young and stalwart in sixty-two, when they went to the war away. The little green tents are built of sod, and they are not long and they are not broad, but the soldiers have lots of room; and the sod is part of the land they saved, where the flag of the many darkly waved, the symbol of dole and doom. The little green tent is a thing divine; the little green tent is a country's shrine, where patriots kneel and pray; and the brave men left, so old, so few, were young and stalwart in sixty-two, when they went to the war away!"

The Reviewer's voice broke on the last words; it was a moment before he could say, as he offered the book to the Muse: "It's printed as prose, you see."

"I—I—*can't* see," she whimpered, and she took out a pretty laced handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

The Cynic blew a resounding nose. "Well," he said, "that's country-town, too, I suppose."

"Isn't the country-town thing the universal American thing?" we asked.

"You might say so," he assented, recovering himself, "but I don't feel bound to like the universal American thing. I have said my little say in behalf of poetry printed as prose—cavalry fighting as infantry—but if I said it mainly to tease our fair friend here," and he indicated the Muse, "I'm willing to demand, on her behalf, something more classic in that form than our Kansas man has had time to produce before I advocate its universal adoption. Suppose we each try a well-known poem in prose-printing?"

"Never!" the Muse exclaimed; but the experiment seemed so interesting that each of us others took a volume from the well-stored shelves surrounding the Easy Chair, and began to write. We were first with our prose version of Herick's *Delight in Disorder*, which we had chosen perhaps because it was short:

"A sweet disorder in the dress kindles in clothes a wantonness; a lawn about the shoulders thrown into a fine distraction; an erring lace, which here and there enthralls the crimson stomacher; a cuff neglectful, and thereby ribbons to flow confusedly; a winning wave, deserving note, in the tempestuous petticoat; a careless shoe-string, in whose tie I see a wild civility, do more bewitch me than when art is too precise in every part."

We exchanged pages with the Reviewer, and found that he had transformed Emerson's *Brahma*:

"If the red slayer think he slays, or if the slain think he is slain, they know not well the subtle ways I keep, and pass, and turn again. Far or forgot to me is near; shadow and sunlight are the same; the vanished gods to me appear; and one to me are shame and fame. They reckon ill who leave me out; when me they fly I am the wings; I am the doubter and the doubt, and I the hymn the Brahmin sings. The strong gods pine for my abode, and pine in vain the sacred Seven; but thou, meek lover of the good, find me and turn thy back on heaven!"

When the Cynic showed us his prosified poem we were both somewhat mystified by his choice of Collins's ode:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest by all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, returns to deck their hallowed mold, she there shall dress a sweeter sod than Fancy's feet have ever trod. By fairy hands their knell is rung; by forms unseen their dirge is sung; there Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, to bless the turf that wraps their clay; and Freedom shall awhile repair to dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

"Why did you choose just that piece?" we asked.

"For no very good reason, except perhaps that it's so indisputably classic—eighteenth-century classic. Perhaps it was through an impulse that carried from the kindred feeling in *The Little Green Tents* of your Kansas man."

"They are of kindred feeling," we owned, in relief from a vague sense of sacrilege in the performance.

"I couldn't say at all what controlled my choice of *Brahma*," the Reviewer volunteered to say. "That's classic, too, though in a loftier and severer sort. Perhaps I was curious to see whether it would be clearer in the prose form without losing anything of its fine mystical quality. What do you say?"

We let the Cynic take the word. "I shouldn't say it had gained. But if you think more people would like it as prose—as cavalry fighting as infantry—"

We saw he would not be serious, and we said, concerning our own choice: "We fancied that in a light thing like this of Herrick's the test would be completer. If this will bear looking like prose, almost any airiest trifle will, and in the prose form it keeps the winged feet just the same as ever. As I understand it, what we want to do is to render poetry less repulsive to the average eye, and so make it generally popular. What do you think would really be the effect of a universal metamorphosis?"

No one else spoke, but the Muse shuddered out, "Horrors!"

"But, dear child," we protested, "you haven't even looked at these prose versions!" and we offered them to her.

She shrank back. "I couldn't touch them. To my Greek eye they are a profanation."

"To your Greek eye," we returned, "how do the monumental inscriptions, without spacing between the words, or any sort of punctuation, look?" Then a sudden thought struck us. "Does anybody know how classic verse was originally written? Was it all run together, like prose, like this Kansas man's verse, or was it divided into measured lines?"

Every one was silent, and the Cynic said with a laugh: "Nobody here seems to know, not even the Muse. But there must be people who do know."

"It's an important point," we said, "and the fact would do much toward settling the whole matter. If Mr. Mason and Pindar both use the prose vehicle, instead of the flying chariot of verse for their odes, why, there you are!"

"But the fact, as far as Pindar goes, isn't known to us. Why not appeal from our collective ignorance to the knowledge of somebody more instructed?" the Cynic asked. "Why not call up—"

We knew whom he meant, and we took up the portable transmitter at our elbow and gave the eminent scholar's number. We made him understand, with difficulty, what we wanted, and after due scholarly hesitation he said, "Yes, the classic poems in manuscripts were written like the inscriptions in solid prose form; but between each verse and the next a little mark was put."

We reported him, and the Cynic exulted: "That settles it. Prose is the original, Periclean Greek form of verse. The Kansas man is all right."

The Muse drooped visibly, and it seemed to us that it would be inhospitable if we let the matter go at that. "Not at all," we said. "If the verses are marked off from one another, that makes an essential difference."

"Yes!" the Muse cried, clapping her hands. "They might just as well be written in separate lines, and begun each with a capital. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"You are satisfied with a very little," the Cynic said. "Are you willing that verse should be printed as those classic poems were originally written?"

"That isn't the question!" the Muse triumphed.

"By the way," we asked, "what is the question?"

Editor's Study

WE may consider man as an animal, having the instincts of an animal, including the social instinct, and having such an individuality as each animal has, implying freedom of choice within certain limits, and showing hereditary characteristics wholly physiological. But man thus biologically considered is not human—that is, nothing which in the history of mankind is discerned as distinctive of humanity, nothing indicative of human destiny, is taken into account. Indeed, in comparative biology, where we must confine ourselves to a strictly physiological view of structure and functioning, man, if taken at that remotely early stage of development when he was most an animal, made a poor showing for strength, swiftness, or grace. In that primitive stage when he was most closely bound up with Nature and his individuality was most completely absorbed in a provincial communism, there was not in his association with his fellows that perfection of rhythmic consent in movement observable in a flock of birds or a school of fishes.

This rift in the physiological harmony, separating him from all other species of animals, was from the beginning the negative sign of his soul's peculiar destiny. The positive note of distinction had no biological intimation; humanity is not a biological evolution. For ages the note seemed one of discord; it seemed that man had put himself out of joint with nature and become the unique example of awkward fallibility. Could humanity sustain itself in so vast a departure? Could it maintain in man that erect posture which is, by physiological indications, contrary to nature? Could it ever find a harmony of its own to compensate or perhaps transcend the harmony it had foregone?

We do not ask these questions now, not simply because it is too late and because the course taken was inevitable, but because so many discords have been

resolved and the new harmony seems realizable. Our supreme confidence is not based on the ostensible triumphs summed up in human progress as the result of empirical effort and research—on anything, indeed, which is visible or explicable. Faith is still the only fit term for this supreme confidence—fitter, indeed, now than ever before—just because it is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen. Man—that is, the man of biology—inherits the earth; humanity inhabits as well as inherits the invisible.

The biological man, if he could have stayed simply biological; would not have changed any more in the time-process than the nature which he saw about him, animate and inanimate, forever doing the same things from generation to generation; he would have had no ideals, no creative imagination, and would have no more needed religion or ethics than other species of animals. He could not have sinned or have repented or have been redeemed—that is, could have had no cycle of perilous wandering and triumphant return. All this that he would have missed belonged—in source, principle, and issue—to an unseen world, the realm of Faith, Imagination, and Reason, whose creative activity does not emanate or derive its significance from visible phenomena and has no physiological intimation, being wholly of the soul, and constituting true humanity.

When we speak of the earth as man's dwelling-place, we are regarding man physiologically, as we do when we think of the brain as the dwelling-place of mind. The soul has no dwelling, in the sense of location, but only indwelling. Its light—like none that ever was on sea or land—shines through its investment, itself forever veiled by the medium of its translucence. It has growth, but not size—intensive increase and ascension; a nutrition from secret sources, an incorruptible pasture, to which there is

no physiological analogue, but rather an antithesis in that process of bodily assimilation wherein only what is corruptible can satisfy mortal hunger.

However long the period of that primitive naturalism in which man felt himself closely bound up with nature, making no sharp distinction between soul and body, between the psychical and the physiological, this insulation was never complete. It was broken in his articulate speech; the soul was unconsciously creative in the making of a language, yet could not have been wholly unaware of this human distinction. Conflict with physical elements and with other animals, resulting in at least partial subjugation, must have developed his consciousness of separateness and some kind of distinctive sovereignty. The awakening was slow, but when it came the soul consciously or, as Bergson would say, supraconsciously reclaimed the invisible as its essential heritage and imaginatively realized its native alliances, while the visible external world was clearly beheld as something apart from and standing over against it—something which could be possessed and measured and exploited for its utilities, but which also responded to a hidden sense of beauty and wonder through a soul-informed physiological sensibility. For the body was seen as a part of the external world, and though so intimately related to psychical activity, wholly detached from that relation by death. And it was just this death which loosed the soul for new tension and investment; and, as every man must die alone, the mystery of personality, as distinguished from animal individuality, was deepened.

The creative activity of the soul is, on its hidden side, an ascension. This is also true of creative activity in nature. But in either case the completed action in space is a descent, expenditure of energy, release of tension; and the harmony which is an implication of all creation is explicit in the rhythm of outward expression or descent. What we call purpose and meaning is bound up in the invisible harmony of nature as in that of humanity, implying Will and Intelligence. In the physical world the cycles are so vast, and the movements during immense periods so unfailingly uniform, that we regard the whole uni-

verse as a mechanism, as something wound up which we behold running down. The dynamics of the creative ascension are hidden. In the evolution of humanity, change which connotes creative activity, though it comes without observation, is, even at short intervals, as strikingly apparent in the human retrospect as uniformity is in the natural world, and has been for ages—for so long, indeed, that the motions of physical bodies in space and of the molecules composing them seem to be mere repetitions, and to be determined by necessity. But this invariableness of processes, or, as we say, of laws, is of purpose, and to a reflective mind conveys a profound impression of dynamic stability.

The body of man, even in the molecular motions of the brain, considered as detached from the human will, has actions and reactions which seem to be as much determined by necessity, as independent of choice, as the attraction of gravitation. Sensation itself is not a matter of choice, nor is temperament. Those instincts which still survive in man and are the ground of action and passion wholly animal are, in their own natural course, what they were thousands of years ago. Those animal species which have voluntary motion and, to some extent, individual choice show no such variability from age to age as at all affects the character of their actions, and though they exist in a process of generations, the breaking of continuity by death has in it no suggestion of progressive change.

It is not, therefore, the possession of arbitrary volition or free will, not the mere fact of choice, which gives distinction to the human soul, but the kind of choice. It is a limited freedom. Moreover, arbitrary conscious volition is least apparent in creative human activity. Creative activity itself does not distinguish humanity from nature. Natural evolution and every specialization in its whole course is creative; and if we could comprehend the ascension, which is hidden from us, as clearly as we behold the falling side presented to us in visible phenomena, our intuition of creative power and intelligence in the living universe would be as much more impressive and illuminating than the intuitions associated with human history and

experience as the divine transcends the human. Such a revelation would be the realization of Faith and the transformation of Science; it would, moreover, be an enlightenment of our Reason as to the immanence, and also the transcendence, of the spiritual in all things material. We should see that all which is regarded as mechanism in the universe but veils the spiritual dynamics.

It is not the fact of creative activity, but the kind, which is distinctive of humanity. It is a kind by itself. We call it psychical, for it is so distinct and separate from all other manifestations of will and feeling in the animal creation as to forbid comparison or classification, since those other manifestations are arrested short of the psychical plane. We can have a comparative zoology, including the animal man, but no comparative psychology, including his soul. Detach that soul from the sum of things visible to us and subject to our speculation, and what remains has within the limits and in the terms of our experience no significance. It was all there ages before we came (if even "ages" have any meaning in such a case); it will be all there, in the stages of its slow, sterile decline, when the earth can no more be man's dwelling-place; indeed, generation after generation, we are detached from the whole visible scheme by death.

As ultimate in the series of creative specializations in natural evolution, man is the newest of creations—for every fresh emergence in that series is a new creation, not explicable from its antecedents—so that it is not strange that in his own regard he seems a consummation and somehow an explanation, if there be one, of the entire procedure. Yet it is not the emergence of his body, but of his soul, mysteriously conjoined therewith, which could even suggest such exaltation of his place in the universe.

The suggestion is of something far beyond that of the "place" which he so briefly holds in his relation to the visible world. It is true that in this brief tenure the correspondences of that visible world are open to him as to no other creature and subject to his reflection, as if he were indeed a reflex of them all; that he alone maintains a continuity, with constant increase, of in-

tellectual, moral, and social culture, in the process of generations, and that the beauty and wonder of the world, the delight of possession, the dearness of earthly ties and associations, and the fascination of the earthly human drama hold him to the familiar scene. But all this so peculiarly human experience—taking into account nothing of the disenchantment, which is as peculiarly human—refer it as we may to outward circumstance, has its real source in an eternal and invisible ground. The psychical indwelling alone makes earthly dwelling homelike and familiar, and it informs man's earthly activity with its own intent, not otherwise indicated in the visible scheme of things.

Human history—and no chronicle of anything in the world not human can properly be called history—and most effectively the history of human faith and of imagination, its steadfast comrade, convinces us of this psychical primacy as the sole determining factor in the evolution of humanity. The clear intuition of the soul's creative activity and of creative spiritual dynamics in the natural world is also the ultimate vision of human philosophy, expelling all contradictory theories based upon assumptions implying mechanical determinism, such as: that perception, thought, imagination, and faith are functions of the brain; that natural selection, for the "survival of the fittest," is a positive factor in evolution; and that the emergence of new species is a development from species already existing. All such assumptions are as mechanical as Paley's conception of divine teleology.

It is of vast importance that we distinguish between the soul's creative activity itself and the action as completed in space—a distinction almost identical with that which St. Paul made between faith and works. The invisible creative activity is ascendant, while deeds done are fruits that fall, but, in their falling, serve.

The creative life halts not. The soul, bewildered in the visible world, forever seeks its native source for new beginnings. Thus, in the renewals of man's nature and experience, it realizes its own hidden harmony and evolves a real humanity.

Editor's Drawer

A Meeting of Greeks

BY GEORGE WESTON

MORTIMER GRANNIS (one of a dozen guests) sat in moody silence on the piazza at Beechwoods. By the side of his chair was a cage, and in that cage was a parrot. Nearly every one else in the house had gone on a picnic and (with the exception of the moody young man and the parrot) the piazza was deserted. A pretty girl sauntered out of the doorway, and Mortimer arose and held out his hand. Whereupon the parrot chuckled.

"You wanted to see me, Mortimer?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said Mortimer, miserably. "Did your maid give you my note? Oh, Rose, I am the most unhappy fellow! Come and sit down."

Rose took the chair on the other side of the most unhappy fellow.

"It's about last night," groaned Mortimer,

in the tone of a man who has plumbed the dark depths of despair; "I have something to tell you. I should have told you—last night—but I couldn't—I simply couldn't! It was the moon, I guess."

"What is it?" whispered the girl (and she thought to herself, "Why, this is just like a play!"). "Is it something very terrible?" she hopefully asked.

The young man drew his chair back. "Rose," he said, "do you see this parrot?"

The parrot and the girl stared at each other. "Yes," she said, "I see him."

"That parrot," said the young man, with a dramatic flourish which Henry Irving himself might have envied—"that parrot is my Nemesis—my Fate—everything that is bad in my life! You have noticed the way I take him with me everywhere I go?"

"Yes, I thought it was rather odd."



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"SHE LEFT ME—THIS—THIS—THIS PARROT AND SO MUCH A YEAR AS LONG AS I KEEP HIM"

VOL. CXXV.—NO. 746.—40

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"Odd!" he exclaimed, with a gesture that even made the parrot blink. "Wait, Rose, and I will tell you just how odd it is! Do you remember my Aunt Betsy?"

"I remember her very well," said Rose, smiling.

"Every one does," sighed Mortimer. "Do you remember that twinkle in her eye, Rose? Well, she is laughing yet, wherever she is; and do you know what she is laughing at? She is laughing at me! At me!"

"Mortimer!" exclaimed Rose, in a shocked voice.

"I was her only nephew," said poor Mortimer, "and every one thought she would leave everything to me. But instead of that she left me—this—this—this parrot and so much a year as long as I keep the parrot—and as long as I remain single."

"Why, Mortimer!" cried the girl, suddenly growing indignant, "I wonder why she put *that* in her will!"

"I suppose she was afraid that my wife might be unkind to Nicodemus here." The parrot burst into a cyclonic fit of laughter.

"Gracious!" cried Rose, looking at the bird with added disfavor.

"Oh, that's only one of his tricks," said Mortimer, in a tone of utter despondency. "He always laughs like that when his name is mentioned—or when I swear at him. So

you see, Rose, if I marry you I am penniless, and of course you can't have a penniless husband—and so—what happened last night—"

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Rose, still staring at the chuckling Nicodemus. A new note of indignation came into her voice. "So you have to choose between me and this thing of a parrot!"

"No, Rose, no!" said the miserable young man. "Don't put it that way. But I never thought that I would have to work, so I never learned anything useful, except to fool along with a medical course which I have nearly forgotten. And, of course, I can't marry you if I haven't a penny. And so—you see—" He gulped (a really tremendous gulp) and came to a stop.

"How did you say that you make him laugh?" asked Rose, leaning over toward the parrot, her hand on Mortimer's arm.

"By mentioning his name."

"But didn't you say there was another way?"

"Er—yes."

"Mortimer," murmured Rose, "make him laugh!"

"I have been thinking it over," said Rose the following afternoon. She had just found Mortimer on the lawn where that melancholy young man was playing croquet with himself.

"Why, Rose!" he said, dropping his mallet and taking her hand (with a fine sense of preference), "I thought you went to town this morning."

"I have been thinking it over," she repeated, "and now I am going to surprise you." She calmly surveyed the young man who was about to be surprised. "You may think that I am very bold," she continued in a very even voice, "but I don't care. I am *not* going to release you from—from what you said the other night!" To which she added that final full stop of feminine decision—"There!"

"But, Rose! If I marry you I sha'n't have a cent to bless myself with!"

To which she pouted and answered, "I don't care."

"But I care!"



BUT, ROSE, IF I MARRY YOU, I SHA'N'T HAVE A CENT TO BLESS MYSELF WITH "

"In other words," she said, "you want it your own way just to save your own feelings. As if I didn't have any feelings! Mortimer Grannis, I don't believe you love me a bit!"

She walked away with great (and becoming) dignity and sat down in a secluded nook on the piazza. Mortimer followed her, and, although she had already arranged the chair where she meant him to sit, she pretended to be unaware of his presence.

"But, Rose," he said, in growing consternation, "you don't understand! And I do love you!"

"Then you're a dear boy," she said, "and I understand it perfectly. You have either got to give me up, or give up that hateful Nicodemus—and I prefer that you shall give up Nicodemus."

"But I can't live on your money!"

"No; but you can make enough yourself."

"How?"

"Oh, you'll find a way," she confidently told him. "You can brush up on your medical course, and be a doctor or something." She rested her chin on her palm and leaned over toward him. "Mortimer!" she whispered. He looked at her and his heart went on strike. "Do you love me?" she whispered again.

"Rose!" he cried, and his heart went back to work with an increase of wages.

"Then," she said, calmly rising, "let us go and turn Nicodemus loose. Where is he?"

"In the hall," winced Mortimer.

"What are you making a face at?"

"I'm not," he said, leading the way into the hall.

"Then do it quickly," she said, "because he who hesitates, you know— You hold the door open, Mortimer, and I'll open the cage and shoo him out."

The next moment the parrot was soaring grandly over the lawn like a variegated rocket and presently disappeared from sight over a grove of trees.

"There!" said Rose, with a tremulous little catch in her voice. "And now you have only me."

"Only you!" exclaimed Mortimer, and for some strange reason he opened his arms.

"You look as though you had just received good news," she said, shyly advancing.

"I have," he said, "and it comes straight from the heart."



"THEN," CRIED MORTIMER, IN A DAZE, "I HAVEN'T
BROKEN AUNT BETSY'S FIRST WILL, AFTER ALL!"

But the second morning following he received news of an entirely different character. "I've just had a letter from Aunt Betsy's trustee," he said, soberly enough.

"What does he say?" asked Rose, laying aside the text-book on *Materia Medica* with which she had been waiting to coach him.

"Oh, he notes that Nicodemus and I have parted company, and he sends me a sealed letter from Aunt Betsy. I suppose she wrote it when she made her will, and I thought you might like to see it before I opened it."

"To my nephew Mortimer," read the inscription on the envelope, "to be read by him when he has forfeited his right as a beneficiary under my will of November 1, 1890. Elizabeth Robinson."

"There's something in it," said Rose, feeling the envelope.

"It's a key," said Mortimer, breaking the seal, "and here's a letter."

"My dear Mortimer," read the letter, "as long as you are simply content to look after Nicodemus and stay single, your present legacy is more than enough. But when you develop enough spirit to rebel against that tyrannous bird, or to choose a girl and marry her, you will get this letter. The inclosed key fits a small tin box in my safe-deposit vault. In that box is a later will of mine, dated November 2d, which leaves everything to you. Your loving Aunt Betsy."

"Now what do you think of that!" gasped Mortimer. Rose told him what she thought of it while they waltzed around the room. "I only hope now that Nicodemus is safe,"

said Mortimer, stopping at last for breath. "That's the only thing that's on my mind now."

"Oh, he's safe enough," said Rose, blushing.

"Safe enough? How do you mean?"

"Why, on Monday morning when I went to town I bought a parrot that looked just like him, and when you were playing croquet by yourself on Monday afternoon I

put the strange parrot in Nicodemus's cage and I have been keeping Nicodemus up in the attic so that if you seemed to change your mind—about liking me better than the money—"

"Then!" cried Mortimer in a daze, "I haven't broken Aunt Betsy's first will after all!"

Rose blushed again. "Not," she said "not until you have married the girl!". . .

Too Much to Swallow

VIRGINIA, at five, was devoted to Bible stories. She knew about Joseph, and grandmother was preparing her for the Exodus.

"You see, Jacob, whose other name was Israel, went down to Egypt with his children, and his grandchildren, and they married and had children, and they kept on increasing until there were hundreds and hundreds of them. And they were all called the 'children of Israel.'"

At this point Virginia interrupted politely.

"Grandmother, if you say this is true, I will believe it; but very few people have hundreds of children."

Proof Positive

ARE you quite sure this is alligator skin?"

"Positive, madam. I shot it myself."

"But it looks rather soiled on this side."

"Oh, that, madam, is where it struck the ground when it tumbled from the tree."

Protection

IT was the first time that Dorothy had ever seen a street-sprinkler. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, with wide-open eyes, "just see what that man's got on the back of his wagon to keep the boys from hitching on behind."

A Modernist

"WHAT happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of the smart boy.

"It fell," he replied.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"It was punctured."

Fears for Mother

HER father had been reading the parable of the Sheep and the Goats. She made no comment, but that evening a sound of weeping came from her little bed. Her mother went as consoler.

"Why are you crying, dear?"

"About the goats! I'm so afraid I'm a goat, and I'll never go to heaven. Oh, I'm so afraid I'm a goat!"

"No, dear, you're a sweet little lamb, and if you were to die to-night you would go straight to heaven." With such reassuring remarks she was finally comforted.

The next night, however, she began to weep again, and again her mother asked the reason.

"I'm afraid about the goats!" she sobbed.

"Didn't mother tell you that you were a little lamb, and you mustn't worry about being a goat?"

"Yes, mamma, I know that, but I'm—I'm awful afraid *you're* a goat!"



The Tender Passion



Commercializing Pegasus

THE POET: *This isn't poetry, but it pays better!*

Lullaby

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

Now shut up your eyes and I'll sing you a thing—
Tut, tut, little boy,

Shut them up, little boy;

If you peek, all the fairies and goblins take wing
And if I can't see them, then how can I sing,

How sing you a thing

If the fairies take wing?

So shut your eyes tight, little boy, little boy,
So shut them up tight, little boy.

A little thin fairy flew down from the moon,
With wings like a bat

And with eyes like a cat:

He came to a bull-frog who played the bassoon
To invite him to ride in his yellow balloon—

His yellow balloon,

You know, was the moon—

But shut up your eyes, little boy, little boy,
Now shut them up tight, little boy.

The frog answered, "Yes," with the widest of smiles.

"But it hangs rather high—

I jump but don't fly—

If you'll just bring it lower a few thousand miles
We'll gaily set sail for the Milky Way Isles:"

But I fancy *you* know

Rather more than I do

Where they went, for they've carried you off, little boy,
They've carried you off, little boy.

The Human Cyclopædia

I KNOW a lot of useful things.
I know the names of all the kings
That ever ruled in Germany,
In Russia, France, and Italy.
I am a sort of Human Cyc—
Lopædia. If you would like
To know of aught in history,
Don't hesitate to call on me.

I have a plan that's pretty fine
To keep my questioners in line,
And hide the fact that now and then
There are some things beyond my ken.
For instance, if some fellow seeks
Some point on earthenware antiques
That I don't know, I simply say,
"See under 'Jars' in Volume J."

If you should ask me for the date
Of some old prehistoric State
Of which I never heard before,
Your question I would not ignore,
As some deceitful sages do
On points 'bout which they never knew.
I'd merely smile and make reply,
"See 'Yogi,' Page Eight, Volume Y."

Or if you'd know how Science viewed
The tale of Noah and his brood,
And of the Deluge you should ask,
I would not try to shirk the task;
But as the Cyclopædias do
When they are stumped by folks like you,
I'd answer as I chewed my cud,
"See Volume Seven, under 'Flood.'"

That is the way to lasso Fame
And for great learning win a name.
If you can't answer by the book
Just tell inquirers where to look.
When they would know some thing in D,
Just shove 'em on to Volume Z,
Or if it's not in Z, why, then
Try Volumes C, G, D, or N.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

No More Children

LITTLE Mary's father had denied her a pleasure which she had confidently expected to enjoy. That night when she said her prayers at her mother's knee, she concluded with this petition:

"And, God, please don't give my papa any more children. He don't know how to treat those he's got now."

None Left

THE reporter of a Los Angeles paper recently called at the home of the bride's parents to learn the particulars of the wedding.

As the mother answered the door-bell, he said: "Good morning. I came to get some of the details of the wedding. I represent the *Golden Star*."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mother. "They are all gone. You ought to have come last night. They ate every crumb."

His Ancestors

TWO rival politicians were discussing affairs when suddenly one of them who had recently come into possession of a large fortune, remarked:

"I must hurry along; I sail for Europe to-morrow. A trip I have long contemplated—to visit the scenes associated with the lives of my ancestors and my own childhood."

"That so?" remarked the less fortunate man. "Going slumming, eh?"

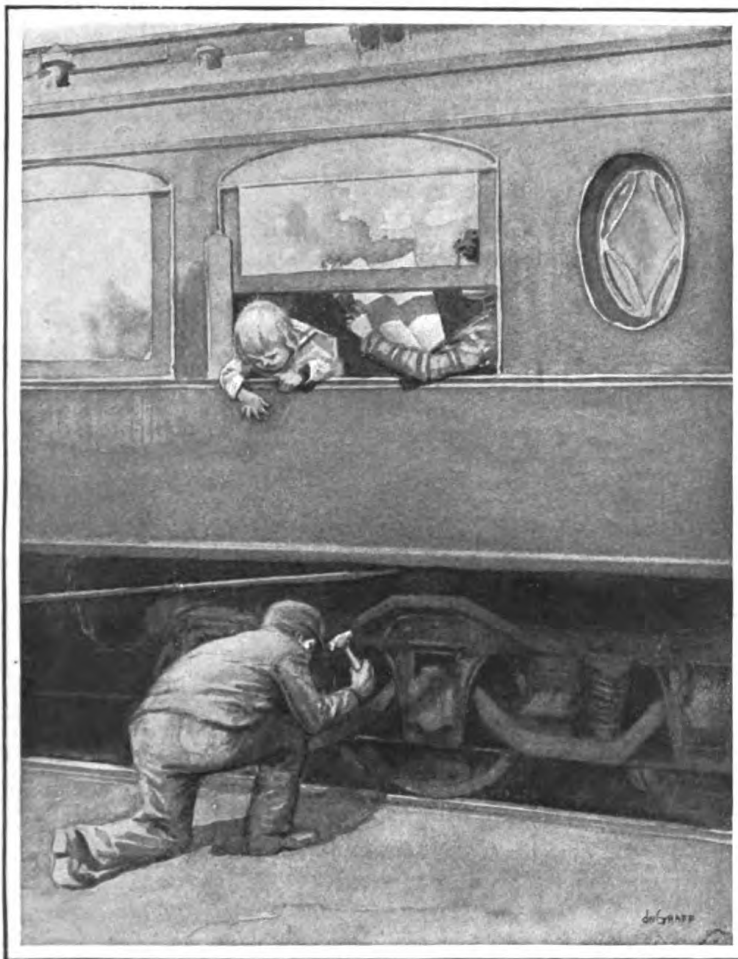
He Understood

"AND when Delilah cut Samson's hair, he became mild as a lamb." Can you understand it?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

"Well," said little Tommy, reflectively, "it does make you feel 'shamed when a woman cuts your hair."



A Close Finish on the Last Lap



"Oh, look, Mother, we've got a Puncture!"

The Scapegoat

I'M the only one she caught:
It was Willie cracked her winders;
It was Jimmy stole the vase
Off the gate-post at her place;
Freddy broke it all to flinders.
It was Dick and Bud that fought;
It was Sammy Jones that sassed her.
There was nothin' I had done;
I was actin' as I ought,
But we all began to run—
And the rest of 'em ran faster;
I'm the only one she caught.

I'm the only one she caught:
Wisht I was a faster runner.
Now she says she'll make of me
An example, so that we
Won't repeat the harm we done her—
Says it's time that we was taught.
Guess they'll wish they'd seen me through it,
Cause they know, though I can't run
Quite as fast as p'raps I ought,
I can lick 'em, one by one!
I bet, next time, they'll see to it
It ain't only me that's caught.

BURGES JOHNSON.

Useless

"I HEARD that you were going to marry Archie Blue-blood, Esther. Is it true?" asked one young society woman of another.

"Marry him! I should say not! Why, I wouldn't know what to do with him. He can't ride, play tennis, golf, or drive a motor-car!"

"Well," said the friend, "he can swim beautifully, you know."

"You wouldn't want a husband that you had to keep in an aquarium, would you?"

His Reason

A BANKER in Central Kentucky was in the habit of wearing his hat a good deal during business hours, as in summer the flies used his bald pate for a parade-ground, and in winter the cold breezes swept over its polished surface.

A negro workman on the railroad each week presented a check and drew his wages, and one day as he put his money in a greasy

wallet the banker said, "Look here, Mose; why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?"

The darky leaned toward him, and, with a quizzical look at the derby the banker wore, answered confidentially:

"Boss, I'se jes' afeared. You look like you was always ready to start somewheres."

Unacquainted

THE Sunday-school was in session, and the teacher, looking over her class, asked:

"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

There was no reply.

"Why, children, don't any of you know?" inquired the teacher. "You must have studied the lesson. Will the boy on that seat next the aisle please answer? Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

The little boy, who was a new-comer, was badly frightened.

"Please, ma'am, it wasn't me," he finally answered. "I just moved here last week from the country."



She Promised to Wave him Farewell from the Battery

A Logical Deduction

A REPRESENTATIVE in Congress recently asked his tailor: "How is it that you have not called upon me for your account? I shouldn't have been at all surprised had you done so, for it has been quite a while since I received my clothes."

"Oh," explained the tailor, with a smile, "I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How, then, do you manage if he doesn't pay?"

"Why, after a certain time I conclude that he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

Embarrassing

LITTLE MARY: "Mother, when I die will I go to heaven?"

MOTHER: "I think so; you've 'most always been a good little girl."

L. M.: "And you, mamma, will you go too?"

MOTHER: "I hope so."

L. M. (*fervently*): "Oh, I do, too; for it would be terribly awkward to be pointed out in heaven as the little girl whose mamma was in hell!"

Unconcerned

"JIM! Jim!" whispered a frightened woman, as she poked her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Oh, Jim, do wake up; there are burglars in the pantry."

Jim rolled over. "Well," he mumbled, "what do we care so long as they don't die in the house?"

The Nature Lover's Complaint

I AM a Nature Lover, and my disposition's kind;

But I wish I knew the workings of the quadrupedal mind.

Now, if I met a tiger, could I make him understand

That my motives are benignant and my attitude is bland?

Could I convince a grizzly bear that I have no intent

Of aught save pleasant courtesy, and civil is my bent?

And could I make a panther feel, beyond a shade of doubt,

That deeds of an unfriendly drift I never think about?

Could I make any big gray wolf implicitly believe

That if he deem me offish I shall deeply, truly grieve?

That not a single hostile thought within my bosom is,

That all my wishes and desires are right in line with his?

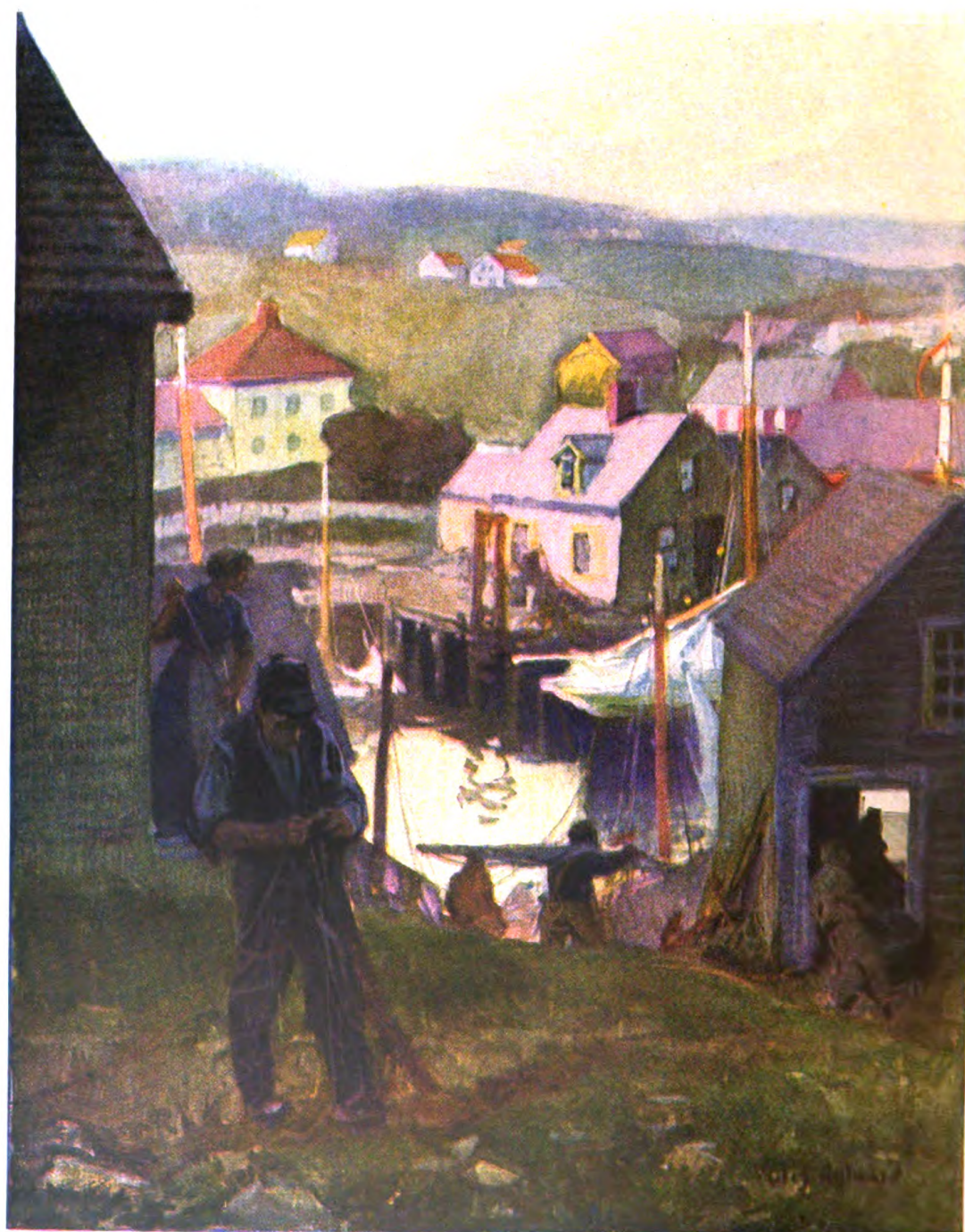
Because, unless I feel that I can dominate his thought,

And make him view my conduct just exactly as he ought,

I think I'd rather not go out to meet a wild beast where

His foot is on his native heath and near by is his lair.

CAROLYN WELLS.



Painting by W. J. Ayler

Illustration for "Grim Grand Manan"

THE HARBORS NESTLE AMONG SOFT TINTED HILLS

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER I

THE JASMINE FLOWER

THE music throbbed in a voice of singular and delicate power; the air was resonant with melody, love, and pain. The meanest Italian in the gallery far up beneath the ceiling, the most exalted of the land in the boxes and the stalls, leaned indulgently forward, to be swept by this sweet storm of song. They yielded themselves utterly to the power of the triumphant débutante who was making "Manassa" the musical feast of the year, renewing to Covent Garden a reputation which recent lack of enterprise had somewhat forfeited.

Yet, apparently, not all the vast audience were hypnotized by the unknown and unheralded singer, whose stage name was Al'mah. At the moment of the opera's supreme appeal the eyes of three people at least were not in the thrall of the singer. Seated at the end of the first row of the stalls was a fair, slim, graciously attired man of about thirty, who, turning in his seat so that nearly the whole house was in his circle of vision, stroked his golden mustache, and ran his eyes over the thousands of faces with a smile of pride and satisfaction which in a less handsome man would have been almost a leer. His name was Adrian Fellowes.

Either the opera and the singer had no charms for Adrian Fellowes, or else he had heard both so often that, without doing violence to his musical sense, he could afford to study the effect of this wonderful effort upon the mob of London, mastered by the radiant being on the stage. Very sleek, handsome, and material he looked; of happy color, and, apparently, with a mind and soul in which no conflicts ever raged—to the advantage of his attractive exterior. Only at the summit of the applause did he turn to the stage again. It was with the gloating look of the gambler who swings from the roulette-table with the winnings of a great *coup*, cynical joy in his eyes that he has beaten the Bank, conquered the dark spirit which has tricked him so often. Now the cold blue eyes caught, for a second, the dark brown eyes of the Celtic singer, which laughed at him gaily, victoriously, eagerly, and then again drank in the light and the joy of the myriad faces before her.

In a box opposite the royal box were two people, a man and a very young woman, who also in the *crise* of the opera were not looking at the stage. The eyes of the man, sitting well back—purposely, so that he might see her without marked observation—were fixed upon the rose-tinted, delicate features of the girl in a joyous blue silk gown, which was so perfect a contrast to the golden hair and wonderful color of her

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face. Her eyes were upon her lap, the lids half closed, as though lost in reverie, yet with that perspicuous and reflective look which showed her conscious of all that was passing round her—even the effect of her own pose. Her name was Jasmine Grenfel.

She was not oblivious of the music. Her heart beat faster because of it; and a temperament adjustable to every mood and turn of human feeling was answering to the poignancy of the opera; yet her youth, child-likeness, and natural spontaneity were controlled by an elate consciousness. She was responsive to the passionate harmony; but she was also acutely sensitive to the bold yet deferential appeal to her emotions of the dark, distinguished, bearded man at her side, with the brown eyes and the Grecian chin, whose years spent in the Foreign Office and at embassies on the Continent had given him a tact and an insinuating address peculiarly alluring to her sex. She was well aware of Ian Stafford's ambitions, and had come to the point where she delighted in them, and had thought of sharing in them, "for weal or for woe"; but she would probably have resented the suggestion that his comparative poverty was weighed against her natural inclinations and his real and honest passion. For she had her ambitions, too; and when she had scanned the royal box near by, she had felt that something only little less than a diadem would really satisfy her.

Then it was that she had turned meditatively towards another occupant of her box, who sat beside her pretty stepmother—a big, bronzed, clean-shaven, strong-faced man of about the same age as Ian Stafford of the Foreign Office, who had brought him that night at her request. Ian had called him, "my South African nabob," in tribute to the millions he had made with Cecil Rhodes and others at Kimberley and on the Rand. At first sight of the forceful and rather ungainly form she had inwardly contrasted it with the figure of Ian Stafford and that other spring-time figure of a man at the end of the first row in the stalls, towards which the prima donna had flashed one trusting, happy glance, and with which she herself had been familiar since her childhood. The contrast had not been wholly to the advantage of the nabob, though, to be sure, he was simply arrayed—as if, indeed, he were

not worth a thousand a year. Certainly he had about him a sense of power, but his occasional laugh was too vigorous for one whose own great sense of humor was conveyed by an infectious, rippling murmur delightful to hear.

Rudyard Byng was worth three millions of pounds, and that she interested him was evident by the sudden arrest of his look and his movements when introduced to her. Ian Stafford had noted this look; but he had seen many another man look at Jasmine Grenfel with just as much natural and unbidden interest, and he shrugged the shoulders of his mind; for the millions alone would not influence her, that was sure. Had she not a comfortable fortune of her own? Besides, Byng was not the kind of man to capture Jasmine's fastidious sense and nature. So much had happened between Jasmine and himself, so deep an understanding had grown up between them, that it only remained to bring her to the last court of inquiry and get reply to a vital question—already put in a thousand ways and answered to his perfect satisfaction. Indeed, there was between Jasmine and himself the equivalent of a betrothal. He had asked her to marry him, and she had not said no; but she had bargained for time to "prepare"; that she should have another year in which to be gay in a gay world and, in her own words, "walk the primrose path of pleasure untrammelled and alone, save for her dear friend Mrs. Grundy."

Since that moment he had been quite sure that all was well. And now the year was nearly up, and she had not changed; had, indeed, grown more confiding and delicately dependent in manner towards him, though seeing him but seldom alone.

As Ian Stafford looked at her now, he kept saying to himself, "So exquisite and so clever, what will she not be at thirty! So well poised, and yet so sweetly child-like—dear dresden-china Jasmine!"

That was what she looked like—a lovely thing of the time of Bouchet in dresden china.

At last, as though conscious of what was going on in his mind, she slowly turned her drooping eyes towards him, and, over her shoulder, as he quickly leaned forward, she said in a low voice which the others could not hear:

"I am too young, and not clever enough

to understand *all* the music means—is that what you are thinking?"

He shook his head in negation, and his dark-brown eyes commanded hers, but still deferentially, as he said: "You know of what I was thinking. You will be forever young, but yours was always—will always be—the wisdom of the wise. I'd like to have been as clever at twenty-two."

"How trying that you should know my age so exactly—it darkens the future," she rejoined with a soft little laugh; then, suddenly, a cloud passed over her face. It weighed down her eyelids, and she gazed before her into space with a strange, perplexed, and timorous anxiety. What did she see? Nothing that was light and joyous, for her small sensuous lips drew closer, and the fan she held in her lap slipped from her fingers to the floor.

This aroused her, and Stafford, as he returned the fan to her, said into a face again alive to the present: "You look as though you were trying to summon the sable spirits of a sombre future."

Her fine pink-white shoulders lifted a little and, once more quite prepossessed, she rejoined, lightly, "I have a chameleon mind; it changes to every mood and circumstance."

Suddenly her eyes rested on Rudyard Byng, and something in the rough power of the head arrested her attention, and the thought flashed through her mind: "How wonderful to have got so much at thirty-three! Three million at thirty-three—and millions beget millions!"

. . . Power—millions meant power; millions made ready the stage for the display and use of every gift, gave the opportunity for the full occupation of all personal qualities, made a setting for the jewel of life and beauty, which reflected, intensified every ray of merit. Power—that was it! Her own grandfather had had power. He had made his fortune, a great one too, by patents which exploited the vanity of mankind, and, as though to prove his cynical contempt for his fellow-creatures, had then invented a quick-firing gun which nearly every nation in the world adopted. First, he had got power by a fortune which represented the shallowness and gullibility of human nature, then had exploited the serious gift which had always been his, the native genius which had devised the gun when he was yet a boy. He had died at last with the smile on his lips which had

followed his remark, quoted in every great newspaper of two continents, that: "The world wants to be fooled, so I fooled it; it wants to be stunned, so I stunned it. My fooling will last as long as my gun; and both have paid me well. But they all love being fooled best."

Old Draygon Grenfel's fortune had been divided among his three sons and herself, for she had been her grandfather's favorite, and she was the only grandchild to whom he had left more than a small reminder of his existence. Her intelligence was so keen, her perception so acute, as a child, she realized him so well, that he had said she was the only one of his blood who had anything of himself in character or personality, and he predicted—too often in her presence—that she "would give the world a start or two when she had the chance." His intellectual contempt for his eldest son, her father, was reproduced in her with no prompting on his part; and, without her own mother from the age of three, Jasmine had grown up self-willed and imperious, yet with too much intelligence to carry her will and power too far. Infinite adaptability had been the result of a desire to please and charm; behind which lay an unlimited determination to get her own way and bend other wills to hers.

The two wills she had not yet bent as she pleased were those of her stepmother and of Ian Stafford—one, because she was jealous and obstinate, and the other because he had an adequate self-respect and an ambition of his own to have his way in a world which would not give save at the point of the sword. Come of as good family as there was in England, and the grandson of a duke, he still was eager for power, determined to get on, ingenious in searching for that opportunity which even the most distinguished talent must have, if it is to soar high above the capable average. That chance, the predestined alluring opening, had not yet come; but his eyes were wide open, and he was ready for the spring—nerved the more to do so by the thought that Jasmine would appreciate his success above all others, even from the standpoint of intellectual appreciation, all emotions excluded. How did it come that Jasmine was so worldly wise, and yet so marvelously the insouciant child?

He followed her slow, reflective glance at Byng, and the impression of force and natural power of the millionaire struck

him again, as it had so often done. As though summoned by them both, Byng turned his face and, catching Jasmine's eyes, smiled and leaned forward.

"I haven't got over that great outburst of singing yet," he said, with a little jerk of the head towards the stage, where, for the moment, minor characters were in possession, preparing the path for the last rush of song by which Al'mah, the new prima donna, would bring her first night to a complete triumph.

With face turned full towards her, something of the power of his head seemed to evaporate swiftly. It was honest, alert, and almost brutally simple—the face of a pioneer. The forehead was broad and strong, and the chin was square and determined; but the full, dark-blue eyes had in them shadows of rashness and recklessness, the mouth was somewhat self-indulgent and indolent; though the hands clasping both knees were combined of strength, activity, and also a little of grace.

"I never had much chance to hear great singers before I went to South Africa," he added, reflectively, "and this swallows me like a storm on the high veldt—all lightning and thunder and flood. I've missed a lot in my time."

With a look which made his pulses gallop, Jasmine leaned over and whispered—for the prima donna was beginning to sing again:

"There's nothing you have missed in your race that you can't ride back and collect. It is those who haven't run a race who can't ride back. You have won; and it is all waiting for you."

Again her eyes beamed upon him, and a new sensation came to him—the kind of thing he felt once when he was sixteen, and the vicar's daughter had suddenly held him up for quite a week, while all his natural occupations were neglected, and the spirit of sport was humiliated and abashed. Also he had caroused in his time—who was there in those first days at Kimberley and on the Rand who did not carouse, when life was so hard, luck so uncertain, and food so bad; when men got so dead beat, with no homes anywhere—only shake-downs and the Tents of Shem? Once he had had a native woman summoned to be his slave, to keep his home; but that was a business which had revolted him, and he had never repeated the experiment. Then, there had been an adventuress, a wandering, foreign

princess who had fooled him and half a dozen of his friends to the top of their bent; but a thousand times he had preferred other sorts of pleasures—cards, horses, and the bright outlook which came with the clinking glass after the strenuous day.

Jasmine seemed to divine it all as she looked at him—his primitive, almost Edenic sincerity; his natural indolence and native force: a nature that would not stir until greatly roused, but then, with an unyielding persistence and concentrated force, would range on to its goal, making up for a slow-moving intellect by sheer will, vision, and a gallant heart.

Al'mah was singing again, and Byng leaned forward eagerly. There was a rustle in the audience, a movement to a listening position, then a tense waiting and attention.

As Jasmine composed herself she said in a low voice to Ian Stafford, whose well-proportioned character, personality, and refinement of culture were in such marked contrast to the personality of the other: "They live hard lives in those new lands. He has wasted much of himself."

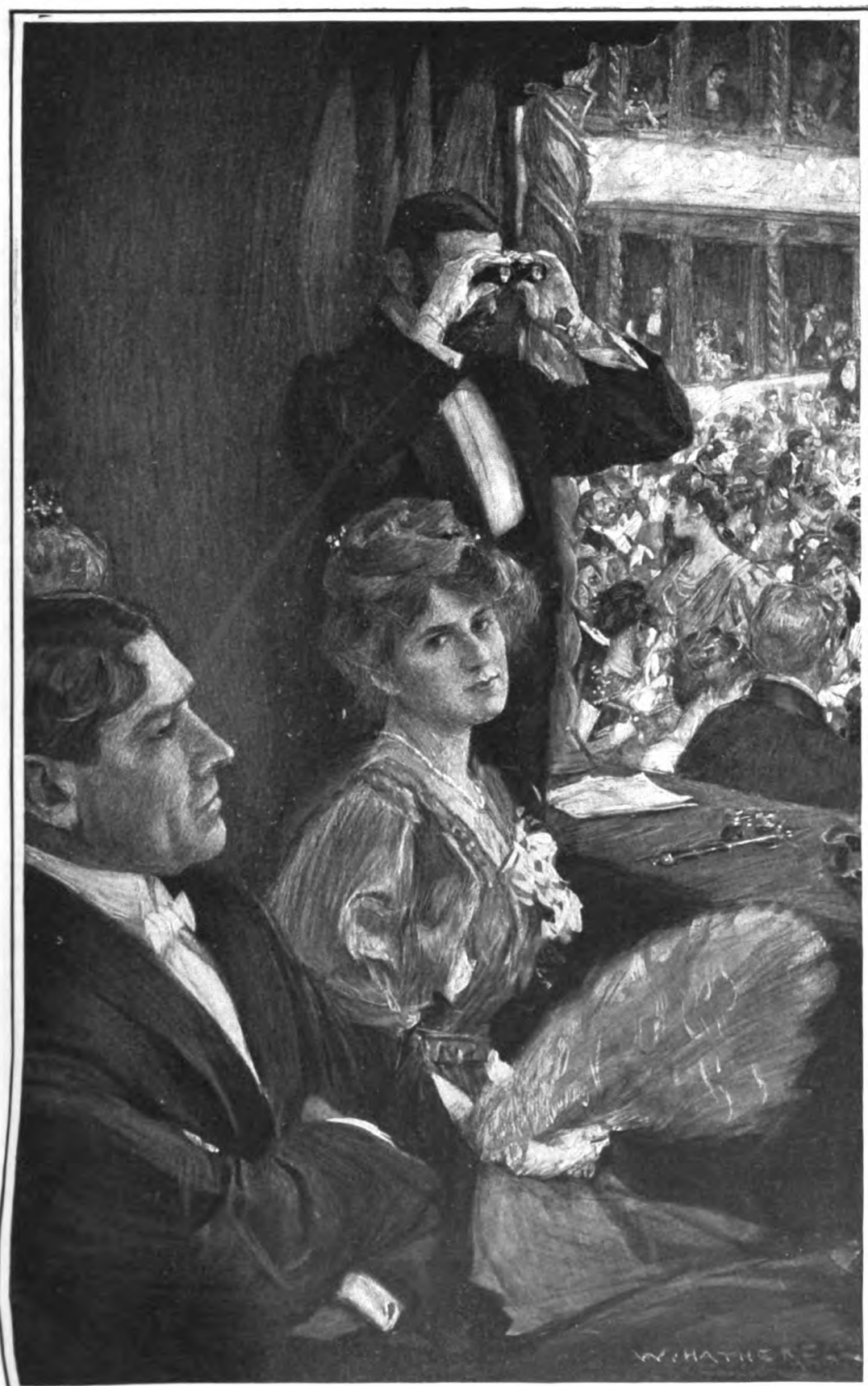
"Three millions at thirty-three means spending a deal of one thing to get another," Ian answered, a little grimly.

"Hush! Oh, Ian, listen!" she added in a whisper.

Once more Al'mah rose to mastery over the audience. The bold and generous orchestration, the exceptional chorus, the fine and impressive tenor, had made a broad path for her last and supreme effort. The audience had long since given up their critical sense, they were ready to be carried into captivity again, and the surrender was instant and complete. Now, not an eye was turned away from the singer. Even the Corinthian gallant at the end of the first row of stalls gave himself up to feasting on her and her triumph, and the characters in the opera were as electrified as the audience.

For a whole seven minutes this voice seemed to be the only thing in the world, transposing all thoughts, emotions, all elements of life into terms of melody. Then, at last, with a crash of sweetness, the voice broke over them all in crystals of sound and floated away into a world of bright dreams.

An instant's silence which followed was broken by a tempest of applause. Again,



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Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"HOW WONDERFUL TO HAVE GOT SO MUCH AT THIRTY-THREE!"



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again, and again it was renewed. The subordinate singers were quickly disposed of before the curtain, then Al'mah received her memorable tribute. How many times she came and went she never knew; but at last the curtain, rising, showed her well up the stage beside a table where two huge candles flared. The storm of applause breaking forth once more, the grateful singer raised her arms and spread them out impulsively in gratitude and dramatic abandon.

As she did so, the loose, flowing sleeve of her robe caught the flame of a candle and in an instant she was in a cloud of fire. The wild applause turned suddenly to notes of terror as, with a sharp cry, she stumbled forward to the middle of the stage.

For one stark moment no one stirred, then suddenly a man with an opera-cloak on his arm was seen to spring across a space of many feet between a box on the level of the stage and the stage itself. He crashed into the footlights, but recovered himself and ran forward. In an instant he had enveloped the agonized figure of the singer and had crushed out the flames with swift, strong movements.

Then lifting the now unconscious artist in his great arms, he strode off with her behind the scenes.

"Well done, Byng! Well done, Ruddy Byng!" cried a strong voice from the audience; and a shout went up.

In a moment Byng returned and came down the stage. "She is not seriously hurt," he said simply to the audience. "We were just in time."

Presently, as he entered the Grenfel box again, deafening applause and cheers broke forth.

"We were just in time," said Ian Stafford, with an admiring, teasing laugh, as he gripped Byng's arm.

"We—well, it was a royal business," said Jasmine, standing close to him and looking up into his eyes with that ingratiating softness which had deluded many another man; "but do you realize that it was *my* cloak you took?" she added, whimsically.

"Well, I'm glad it was," Byng answered, boyishly. "You'll have to wear my overcoat home."

"I certainly will," she answered. "Come—the giant's robe!"

People were crowding upon their box.

"Let's get out of this," Byng said, as he took his coat from the hook on the wall.

As they left the box the girl's white-haired, prematurely aged father whispered in the young stepmother's ear:

"Jasmine 'll marry that nabob—you'll see."

The stepmother shrugged a shoulder. "Jasmine is in love with Ian Stafford," she said, decisively.

"But she'll marry Byng," was the stubborn reply.

CHAPTER II

THE UNDERGROUND WORLD

"WHAT'S that you say?—Jameson!—what?"

Rudyard Byng paused with the lighted match at the end of his cigar, and stared at a man who was reading from a tape-machine, which gave the club the world's news from minute to minute.

"Dr. Jameson's riding on Johannesburg with eight hundred men. He started from Pinsuti two days ago. And Cronje with his burghers are out after him."

The flaming match burned Byng's fingers. He threw it into the fireplace, and stood transfixed for a moment, his face hot with feeling, then he burst out:

"But—God! they're not ready at Jo'burg. The burghers 'll catch him at Doornkop or somewhere, and"—He paused, overcome. His eyes suffused. His hands went out in a gesture of despair.

"Jameson's jumped too soon," he muttered. "He's lost the game for them."

The other eyed him quizzically. "Perhaps he'll get in yet. He surely planned the thing with due regard for every chance. Johannesburg—"

"Jo'burg isn't ready, Stafford. I know. That Jameson and Jo'burg should coincide was the only chance. And they'll not coincide now. It might have been—it was to have been—a revolution at Jo'burg, with Dr. Jim to step in at the right minute. It's only a filibustering business now, and Oom Paul will catch the filibuster, as sure as guns. Oh, it makes me sick!"

"Europe will like it—much," remarked Ian Stafford, cynically, offering Byng a lighted match.

Byng grumbled out an oath, then fixed his clear, strong look on Stafford. "It's almost enough to make Germany and France

forget 1870 and fall into each other's arms," he answered. "But that's your business, you Foreign Office people's business. It's the fellows out there, pals of mine, so many of them, I'm thinking of. It's the British kids that can't be taught in their mother-tongue, and the men who pay all the taxes and can't become citizens. It's the justice you can only buy; it's the foot of Kruger on the necks of the subjects of his suzerain; it's eating dirt as Englishmen have never had to eat it anywhere in the range of the Seven Seas. And when they catch Dr. Jim, it'll be ten times worse. Yes, it'll be at Doornkop, unless— But, no, they'll track him, trap him, get him now. Jo'burg wasn't ready. Only yesterday I had a cable that—" he stopped short . . . "but they weren't ready. They hadn't guns enough, or something; and Englishmen aren't good conspirators, not by a damned sight! Now it'll be the old Majuba game all over again. You'll see."

"It will set things back. Your last state will be worse than your first," remarked Stafford.

Rudyard Byng drained off a glass of brandy and water at a gulp, almost, as Stafford watched him with inward adverse comment, for he never touched wine or spirits save at meal-time, and the between-meal swizzle revolted his æsthetic sense. Byng put down the glass very slowly, gazing straight before him for a moment without speaking. Then he looked round. There was no one very near, though curious faces were turned in his direction, as the grim news of the Raid was passed from mouth to mouth. He came up close to Stafford and touched his chest with a firm forefinger.

"Every egg in the basket is broken, Stafford. I'm sure of that. Dr. Jim'll never get in now; and there'll be no *œufs à la coque* for breakfast. But there's an omelette to be got out of the mess, if the *chef* doesn't turn up his nose too high. After all, what has brought things to this pass? Why, mean, low tyranny and injustice. Why, a narrow, jealous race-hatred which makes helots of British men. Simple farmers, the sentimental newspapers call them! Simple Machiavellis in veldtshoen!"

Stafford nodded assent. "But England is a very conventional *chef*," he replied. "She likes the eggs for her omelette broken in the orthodox way."

"She's not so particular where the eggs come from, is she?"

Stafford smiled as he said: "There'll be a good many people in England who won't sleep to-night—some because they want Jameson to get in; some because they don't; but most because they're thinking of the millions of British money locked up in the Rand, with Kruger standing over it with a sjambok which he'll use. Last night at the opera we had a fine example of presence of mind, when a lady burst into flames on the stage. That spirited South African prima donna, the Transvaal, is in flames. I wonder if she really will be saved, and who will save her, and—"

A light, like the sun, broke over the gloomy and rather haggard face of Rudyard Byng, and humor shot up into his eyes. He gave a low, generous laugh, as he said with a twinkle: "And whether he does it at some expense to himself—with his own overcoat, or with some one else's cloak. Is that what you want to say?"

All at once the personal element, so powerful in most of us—even in moments when interests are in existence so great that they should obliterate all others—came to the surface. For a moment it made Byng forget the crisis which had come to a land where he had done all that was worth doing, so far in his life; which had burned itself into his very soul; which drew him, sleeping or waking, into its arms of memory and longing.

He had read only one paper that morning, and it—the latest attempt at sensational journalism—had so made him blush at the flattering references to himself in relation to the incident at the opera, that he had opened no other. He had left his chambers to avoid the telegrams and notes of congratulation which were arriving in great numbers. He had gone for his morning ride in Battersea Park instead of the Row to escape observation; had afterwards spent two hours at the house he was building in Park Lane; had then come to the club, where he had encountered Ian Stafford and had heard the news which overwhelmed him.

"Well, an opera-cloak did the work better than an overcoat would have done," Stafford answered, laughing. "It was a flash of real genius to think of it. You did think it all out in the second, didn't you?"

Stafford looked at him curiously, for he

wondered if the choice of a soft cloak which could more easily be wrapped round the burning woman than an overcoat was accidental, or whether it was the product of a mind of unusual decision.

Byng puffed out a great cloud of smoke and laughed again quietly as he replied:

"Well, I've had a good deal of lion and tiger and rhinoceros shooting in my time, and I've had to make up my mind pretty quick now and then; so I suppose it gets to be a habit. You don't stop to think when the trouble's on you; you think as you go. If I'd stopped to think, I'd have funk'd the whole thing, I suppose—jumping from that box onto the stage, and grabbing a lady in my arms, all in the open, as it were. But that wouldn't have been the natural man. The natural man that's in most of us, even when we're not very clever, does things right. It's when the conventional man comes in and says, Let us consider, that we go wrong. By Jingo! Al'mah was as near having her beauty spoiled as any woman ever was; but she's only got a few nasty burns on the arm and singed her hair a little."

"You've seen her to-day, then?"

Stafford looked at him with some curiosity, for the event was one likely to rouse a man's interest in a woman. Al'mah was unmarried, so far as the world knew, and a man of Byng's kind, if not generally inflammable, was very likely to be swept off his feet by some unusual woman in some unusual circumstance. Stafford had never seen Rudyard Byng talk to any woman but Jasmine for more than five minutes at a time, though hundreds of eager and avaricious eyes had singled him out for attention; and, as it seemed absurd that any one should build a palace in Park Lane to live in by himself, the glances sent in his direction from many quarters had not been without hopefulness. And there need not have been, and there was not, any loss of dignity on the part of match-making mothers in angling for him, for his family was quite good enough; his origin was not obscure, nor his upbringing inadequate. His external ruggedness was partly natural; but it was also got from the bitter rough life he had lived for so many years in South Africa before he had fallen on his feet at Kimberley and Johannesburg.

As for "strange women," during the time that had passed since his return to England there had never been any sign of loose

living. So, to Stafford's mind, Byng was the more likely to be swept away on a sudden flood that would bear him out to the sea of matrimony. He had put his question out of curiosity, and he had not to wait for a reply. It came frankly and instantly:

"Oh, I was at Al'mah's house in Bruton Street at eight o'clock this morning—with the milkman and the newsboy; and you wouldn't believe it, but I saw her, too. She'd been up since six o'clock, she said. Couldn't sleep for excitement and pain, but looking like a pansy blossom all the same, rigged out as pretty as could be in her boudoir, and a nurse doing the needful. It's an odd dark kind of beauty she has, with those full lips and the heavy eyebrows. Well, it was a bull in a china-shop, as you might judge—and thank you kindly, Mr. Byng, with such a jolly laugh, and ever and ever and ever so grateful, and so wonderfully—thoughtful, I think, was the word; as though one had planned it all. And wouldn't I stay to breakfast! And not a bit stagy or actressy, and rather what you call an uncut diamond—a gem in her way, but not *fin fleur*, not exactly. A touch of the karoo, or the prairie, or the salt-bush plains in her, but a good chap altogether; and I'm glad I was in it last night with her. I laughed a lot at breakfast—oh yes, I stayed to breakfast! Laugh before breakfast and cry before supper, that's the proverb, isn't it? And I'm crying, all right, and there's crying down at Jo'burg, too."

As he spoke Stafford made inward comment on the story being told to him, so patently true and honest in every particular. It was rather contradictory and unreasonable, however, to hear this big, shy, rugged fellow taking exception, however delicately and by inference only, to the lack of high refinement, to the want of *fin fleur*, in Al'mah's personality. It did not occur to him that Byng was the kind of man who would be comparing Jasmine's quite wonderful delicacy, perfumed grace, and exquisite adaptability with the somewhat coarser beauty and genius of the singing-girl. It seemed natural that Byng should turn to a personality more in keeping with his own, more likely to make him perfectly at ease mentally and physically.

Stafford judged Jasmine by his own conversations with her, when he was so acutely alive to the fact that she was the most nat-

urally brilliant woman he had ever known or met; and had capacities for culture and attainment, as she had gifts of discernment and skill in thought, in marked contrast to the best of the ladies of their world. To him she had naturally shown only the one side of her nature—she adapted herself to him as she did to every one else; and she had put him always at an advantage, and, in doing so, herself as well.

Full of coquetry he knew her to be—she had been so from a child; and though this was culpable in a way, he and most others had made more than due allowance, because mother-care and loving surveillance had been withdrawn so soon. For years she had been the spoiled darling of her father and brothers until her father married again; and then it had been too late to control her. The wonder was that she had turned out so well, that she had been so studious, so determined, so capable. Was it because she had unusual brain and insight into human nature, and had been wise and practical enough to see that there was a point where restraint must be applied, and so had kept herself free from blame or deserved opprobrium, if not entirely from criticism? In the day when girls were not in the present sense emancipated, she had the *savoir faire* and the poise of a married woman of thirty. Yet she was delicate, fresh, and flower-like, and very amusing in a way which delighted men; and she did not antagonize women.

Stafford had ruled Byng out of consideration where she was concerned. He had not heard her father's remark of the night before, "Jasmine will marry that nabob—you'll see."

He was, however, recalled to the strange possibilities of life by a note which was handed to Byng as they stood before the club-room fire. He could not help but see—he knew the envelope, and no other handwriting was like Jasmine's, that long, graceful, sliding hand. Byng turned it over before opening it.

"Hello," he said, "I'm caught! It's a woman's hand. I wonder how she knew I was here."

Mentally Stafford shrugged his shoulders as he said to himself: "If Jasmine wanted to know where he was, she'd find out. I wonder—I wonder."

He watched Byng, over whose face passed a pleased smile.

"Why," Byng said, almost eagerly, "it's

from Miss Grenfel—wants me to go and tell her about Jameson and Jo'burg."

He paused for an instant, and his face clouded again. "The first thing I must do is to send cables to Jo'burg. Perhaps there are some waiting for me at my rooms. I'll go and see. I don't know why I didn't get news sooner. I generally get word before the Government. There's something wrong somewhere. Somebody has had me."

"If I were you I'd go to our friend first. When I'm told to go at once, I go. She wouldn't like cablegrams and other things coming between you and her command—even when Dr. Jim's riding out of Matabeleland on Jo'burg for to free the slaves."

Stafford's words were playful, but there was, almost unknown to himself, a strange little note of discontent and irony behind.

Byng laughed. "Oh, I'll be able to tell her more, perhaps, if I go to my rooms first!"

"You are going to see her, then?"

"Certainly. There's nothing to do till we get news of Jameson—at Doornkop or somewhere." Thrusting the delicately perfumed letter in his pocket, he nodded, and was gone.

"I was going to see her myself," thought Stafford, "but that settles it. It will be easier to go where duty calls instead, since Byng takes my place. Why, she told me to come to-day at this very hour," he added, suddenly, and paused in his walk toward the door.

"But I want no triangular tea-parties," he continued to reflect. . . . "Well, there'll be work to do at the Foreign Office, that's sure. France, Austria, Russia can spit out their venom now, and look to their mobilization. And won't Kaiser William throw up his cap if Dr. Jim gets caught! What a mess it will be! Well—well—well!"

He sighed, and went on his way brooding darkly; for he knew that this was the beginning of a great trial for England and all British people.

CHAPTER III

A DAUGHTER OF TYRE

"*MONSIEUR voleur!*"

Jasmine looked at him again, as she had done the night before at the opera, standing quite confidentially close to him, her hand resting in his big palm like a pad of rose-leaves; while a delicate perfume greeted his senses. Byng beamed down on her, mystified and eager, yet by no means

impatient, since the situation was one wholly agreeable to him, and he had been called robber in his time with greater violence and with a different voice. Now he merely shook his head in humorous protest, and gave her an indulgent look of inquiry. Somehow he felt quite at home with her, while yet he was abashed by so much delicacy and beauty and bloom.

"Why, what else are you but a robber?" she said, withdrawing her hand rather quickly from the too frank friendliness of his grasp. "You ran off with my opera-cloak last night, and a very pretty and expensive one it was."

"Expensive isn't the word," he rejoined; "it was unpurchasable."

She preened herself a little at his phrases. "I returned your overcoat this morning—before breakfast; and I didn't even receive a note of thanks for it. I might properly have kept it till my opera-cloak came back."

"It's never coming back," he answered; "and as for my overcoat, I didn't know it had been returned. I was out all the morning."

"In the Row?" she asked, with an undertone of meaning.

"Well, not exactly. I was out looking for your cloak."

"Without breakfast?" she urged with a whimsical glance.

"Well, I got breakfast while I was looking."

"And while you were indulging material tastes, the cloak hid itself—or went out and hanged itself?"

He settled himself comfortably in the huge chair which seemed made especially for him. With a rare sense for details she had had this very chair brought from the library beyond, where her stepmother, in full view, was writing letters. He laughed at her words—a deep, round chuckle it was.

"It didn't exactly hang itself; it lay over the back of a Chesterfield where I could see it and breakfast too."

"A Chesterfield in a breakfast-room! That's more like the furniture of a boudoir."

"Well, it was a boudoir." He blushed a little in spite of himself.

"Ah! . . . Al'mah's? Well, she owed you a breakfast at least, didn't she?"

"Not so good a breakfast as I got."

"That is putting rather a low price on her life," she rejoined; and a little smile of triumph gathered at her pink lips, lips a little like those Nelson loved not wisely

yet not too well, if love is worth while at all.

"I didn't see where you were leading me," he gasped, helplessly. "I give up. I can't talk in your way."

"What is my way?" she pleaded with a little wave of laughter in her eyes.

"Why, no frontal attacks—only flank movements, and getting round the kopjes, with an ambush in a drift here and there."

"That sounds like Paul Kruger or General Joubert," she cried in mock dismay. "Isn't that what they are doing with Dr. Jim, perhaps?"

His face clouded. Storm gathered slowly in his eyes, a grimness suddenly settled in his strong jaw. "Yes," he answered, presently, "that's what they will be doing; and if I'm not mistaken they'll catch Jameson just as you caught me just now. They'll catch him at Doornkop or thereabouts, if I know myself—and Oom Paul."

Her face flushed prettily with excitement. "I want to hear all about this empire-making, or losing, affair; but there are other things to be settled first. There's my opera-cloak and the breakfast in the prima donna's boudoir, and—"

"But, how did you know it was Al'mah?" he asked blankly.

"Why, where else would my cloak be?" she inquired with a little laugh. "Not at the costumier's or the cleaner's so soon. But, all this horrid flippancy aside, do you really think I should have talked like this, or been so exigent about the cloak, if I hadn't known everything; if I hadn't been to see Al'mah, and spent an hour with her, and knew that she was recovering from that dreadful shock very quickly? But *could* you think me so inhuman and unwomanly as not to have asked about her?"

"I wouldn't be in a position to investigate much when you were talking—not critically," he replied, boldly. "I would only be thinking that everything you said was all right. It wouldn't occur to me to—"

She half closed her eyes, looking at him with languishing humor. "Now you must please remember that I am quite young, and may have my head turned, and—"

"It wouldn't alter my mind about you if you turned your head," he broke in, gallantly, with a desperate attempt to take advantage of an opportunity, and try his hand at a game entirely new to him.

There was an instant's pause, in which she

looked at him with what was half-assumed, half-natural shyness. His attempt to play with words was so full of nature, and had behind it such apparent admiration, that the unspoiled part of her was suddenly made self-conscious, however agreeably so. Then she said to him:

"I won't say you were brave last night—that doesn't touch the situation. It wasn't bravery, of course; it was splendid presence of mind which could only come to a man with great decision of character. I don't think the newspapers put it at all in the right way. It wasn't like saving a child from the top of a burning building, was it?"

"There was nothing in it at all where I was concerned," he replied. "I've been living a life for fifteen years where you had to move quick—by instinct, as it were. There's no virtue in it. I was just a little quicker than a thousand other men present, and I was nearer to the stage."

"Not nearer than my father or Mr. Stafford."

"They had a bigger shock than I had, I suppose. They got struck numb for a second. I'm a coarser kind. I have seen lots of sickening things; and I suppose they don't stun me. We get callous, I fancy, we veldt-rangers and adventurers."

"You seem sensitive enough to fine emotions," she said, almost shyly. "You were completely absorbed, carried away, by Al'mah's singing last night. There wasn't a throb of music that escaped you, I should think."

"Oh, that's primary instinct! Music is for the most savage natures. The boor that couldn't appreciate the Taj Mahal, or the sculpture of Michael Angelo, might be swept off his feet by the music of a master, though he couldn't understand its story. Besides, I've carried a banjo and a cornet to the ends of the earth with me. I saved my life with the cornet once. A lion got inside my zareba in Rhodesia. I hadn't my gun within reach, but I'd been playing the cornet, and just as he was crouching I blew a blast from it—one of those jarring discords of Wagner in the "Götterdämmerung," and he turned tail and got away into the bush with a howl. Hearing gets to be the most acute of all the senses with the pioneer. If you've ever been really dying of thirst, and have reached water again, its sounds become wonderful to you ever after that—the trickle of a creek, the wash of a wave on the shore, the drip on a tin

roof, the drop over a fall, the swish of a rain-storm. It's the same with birds and trees. And trees all make different sounds—that's the shape of the leaves. And it's all music, too."

Her breath came quickly with pleasure at the imagination and observation of his words. "So it wasn't strange that you should be ravished by Al'mah's singing last night, was it?" She looked at him keenly. "Isn't it curious that such a marvelous gift should be given to a woman who in other respects—" she paused.

"Yes, I know what you mean. She's so untrained in lots of ways. That's what I was saying to Stafford a little while ago. She isn't the *fin fleur*. They live in a world of their own, the stage people. There's always a kind of irresponsibility. The habit of letting themselves go in their art, I suppose, makes them, in real life, throw things down so hard when they don't like them. Living at high pressure is an art like music. It alters the whole equilibrium, I suppose. A woman like Al'mah would commit suicide, or kill a man, without realizing the true significance of it all."

"Were you thinking that when you breakfasted with her?"

"Yes, when she was laughing and jesting—and when she kissed me good-by."

"When—she—kissed you—good-by?"

Jasmine drew back, then half-glanced towards her stepmother in the other room. She was only twenty-two, and though her emancipation had been accomplished in its way somewhat in advance of her generation, it had its origin in a very early period of her life, when she had been allowed to read books of verse—Shelley, Byron, Shakespeare, Keats, Rossetti, Swinburne, and many others—unchallenged and unguided. The understanding of things, reserved for "the wise and prudent," had been at first vaguely and then definitely conveyed to her by slow but subtle means—an apprehension from instinct, not from knowledge. There had never been a shock to her mind. The knowledge of things had grown imperceptibly, and most of life's ugly meanings were known—at a great distance, to be sure, but still known. Yet there came a sudden half-angry feeling when she heard Rudyard Byng say, so loosely, that Al'mah had kissed him. Was it possible, then, that a man, that any man, thought she might hear such things without resentment; that any man thought her to know so much of life

that it did not matter what was said? Did her outward appearance, then, bear such false evidence?

He did not understand quite, yet he saw that she misunderstood, and he handled the situation with a tact which seemed hardly to belong to a man of his training and calibre.

"She thought no more of kissing me," he said, presently, in a calm voice—"a man she had seen only once before, and was not likely to see again, than would a child of five. It meant nothing more to her than kissing Fanato on the stage. It was pure impulse. She forgot it as soon as it was done. It was her way of showing gratitude. Somewhat unconventional, wasn't it? But then, she is a little Irish, a little Spanish, and the rest Saxon; and she is all artist and bohemian."

Jasmine's face cleared, and her equilibrium was instantly restored. She was glad she had misunderstood. Yet Al'mah had not kissed her when she left, while expressing gratitude, too. There was a difference. She turned the subject, saying: "Of course, she insists on sending me a new cloak, and keeping the other as a memento. It was rather badly singed, wasn't it?"

"It did its work well, and it deserves an honored home. Do you know that even as I flung the cloak round her, in the excitement of the moment I 'sensed,' as my young nephew says, the perfume you use."

He lifted his hand, conscious that his fingers still carried some of that delicate perfume which her fingers left there as they lay in his palm when she greeted him on his entrance. "It was like an incense from the cloak, as it blanketed the flames. Strange, wasn't it, that the under-sense should be conscious of that little thing, while the over-sense was adding a sensational postscript to the opera?"

She smiled in a pleased way. "Do you like the perfume? I really use very little of it."

"It's like no other. It starts a kind of cloud of ideas floating. I don't know how to describe it. I imagine myself—"

She interrupted, laughing merrily. "My brother says it always makes him angry, and Ian Stafford calls it 'The Wild Tincture of Time'—frivolously and sillily says that it comes from a bank whereon the 'Wild Time' grows! But now, I want to ask you many questions. We have been

mentally dancing, while down beyond the Limpopo—"

His demeanor instantly changed, and she noted the look of power and purpose coming into the rather boyish and good-natured, the rash and yet determined, face. It was not quite handsome. The features were not regular, the forehead was perhaps a little too low, and the hair grew very thick, and would have been a vast mane if it had not been kept fairly close by his valet. This valet was Krool, a Boer whom he had rescued from Lobengula in the Matabele war, and who had in his day been ship steward, barber, cook, guide, and native recruiter. Krool had attached himself to Byng, and he would not be shaken off even when his master came home to England.

Looking at her visitor with a new sense of observation alive in her, Jasmine saw the inherent native drowsiness of the nature, the love of sleep and good living, the healthy primary desires, the striving, adventurous, yet, in one sense, unambitious soul. The very cleft in the chin, like the alluring dimple of a child's cheek, enlarged and hardened, was suggestive of animal beauty, with its parallel suggestion of indolence. Yet, somehow, too ample as he was both in fact and by suggestion to the imagination, there was an apparent underlying force, a capacity to do huge things when once roused. He had been roused in his short day. The life into which he had been thrown, with men of vaster ambition and much more selfish ends than his own, had stirred him to prodigies of activity in those strenuous, wonderful, electric days when gold and diamonds changed the hard-bitten, wearied prospector, who had doggedly delved till he had forced open the hand of the Spirit of the Earth and caught the treasure that flowed forth, into a millionaire, into a conqueror, with the world at his feet. He had been of those who, for many a night and many a year, eating food scarce fit for Kaffirs, had, in poverty and grim endeavor, seen the sun rise and fall over the Magallisburg range, hope alive in the morning and dead at night. He had faced the devilish storms which swept the high veldt with lightning and the thunder-stone, striking men dead as they fled for shelter to the boulders of some barren, mocking kopje; and he had had the occasional wild nights of carousal, when the miseries and robberies of life and

time, and the ceaseless weariness and hope deferred, were forgotten.

It was all there in his face—the pioneer endeavor, the reckless effort, the gambler's anxiety, the self-indulgence, the crude passions, with a far-off, vague idealism, the selfish outlook, and yet great breadth of feeling, with narrowness of individual purpose. The rough life, the sordid struggle, had left their mark, and this easy, coaxing, comfortable life of London had not covered it up—not yet. He still belonged to other—and higher—spheres.

There was a great contrast between him and Ian Stafford. Ian was handsome, exquisitely refined, lean and graceful of figure, with a mind that saw the end of your sentences from the first word, with a skill of speech like a Damascus blade, with knowledge of a half-dozen languages. Ian had an allusiveness of conversation which made human intercourse a perpetual entertainment, and Jasmine's intercourse with him a delight which lingered after his going until his coming again. The contrast was prodigious—and perplexing, for Byng had qualities which compelled her interest. She sighed as she reflected.

"I suppose you can't get three millions all to yourself with your own hands without missing a good deal and getting a good deal you could do without," she said to herself, as he wonderingly interjected the exclamation:

"Now, what do you know of the Limpopo? I'll bet there isn't another woman in England that even knows the name!"

"I always had a thirst for travel, and I've read endless books of travel and adventure," she replied. "I'd have been an explorer, or a Cecil Rhodes, if I had been a man."

"Can you ride?" he asked, looking wonderingly at her tiny hand, her slight figure, her delicate face with its almost impossible pink and white.

"Oh, man of little faith!" she rejoined. "I can't remember when I didn't ride. First a Shetland pony, and now at last I've reached Zambezi—such a wicked dear!"

"Zambezi—why Zambezi? One would think you were South African."

She enjoyed his mystification. Then she grew serious and her eyes softened. "I had a friend—a girl, older than I. She married. Well, he's an earl now, the Earl of Tynemouth, but he was the elder son then, and wild for sport. They

went on their honeymoon to shoot in East Africa, and they visited the falls of the Zambezi. She—my friend—was standing on the edge of the chasm—perhaps you know it—not far from Livingstone's tree, between the streams. It was October, and the river was low. She put up her big parasol. A gust of wind suddenly caught it, and she, instead of letting the thing fly, hung on, and was nearly swept into the chasm. A man with them pulled her back in time—but she hung on to that red parasol. Only when it was all over did she realize what had really happened. Well, when she came back to England, as a kind of thank-offering she gave me her father's best hunter. That was so like her, too; she could always make other people generous. He is a beautiful Satan, and I rechristened him Zambezi. I wanted the red parasol, too, but Alice Tynemouth wouldn't give it to me."

"So she gave it to the man that pulled her back. Why not?"

"How do you know she did that?"

"Well, it hangs in an honored place in Stafford's chambers. I guess right, do I?"

Her eyes darkened slowly and a swift-passing shadow covered her faintly smiling lips; but she only said, "You see he was entitled to it, wasn't he?" To herself, however, she whispered, "Neither of them—neither—ever told me that."

At that moment the door opened, and a footman came forward to Rudyard Byng. "If you please, sir, your servant says, will you see him. There is news from South Africa."

Byng rose, but Jasmine intervened. "No, tell him to come here," she said to the footman. "Mayn't he?" she asked.

Byng nodded, and remained standing. He seemed suddenly lost to her presence, and with head dropped forward looked into space, engrossed, intense.

Jasmine studied him as an artist would study a picture, and decided that he had elements of the unusual, and was a distinct personality. Though rugged, he was not uncouth, and there was nothing of the *nouveau riche* about him. He did not wear a ring or scarf-pin, his watch-chain was simple and inconspicuous enough for a school-boy—and he was worth three million pounds, with a palace building in Park Lane and a feudal castle in Wales leased for a period of years. There was nothing greatly striking in his carriage; indeed,

he did not make enough of his height and bulk; but his eye was strong and clear, his head was powerful, and his quick smile was very winning. Yet—yet, he was not the type of man who, to her mind, should have made three millions at thirty-three. It did not seem to her that he was really representative of the great fortune-builders—she had her grandfather and others closely in mind. She had seen many captains of industry and finance in her grandfather's house, men mostly silent, deliberate, and taciturn, and showing in their manner and persons the accumulated habits of patience, force, ceaseless aggression and domination.

Was it only luck which had given Rudyard Byng those three millions? It could not be just that alone. She remembered her grandfather used to say that luck was a powerful ingredient in the successful career of every man, but that the man was on the spot to take the luck, knew when to take it, and how to use it. "*The lucky man is the man that sits up watching for the windfall when other men are sleeping*"—that was the way he had put it. So Rudyard Byng, if lucky, had also been of those who had grown haggard with watching, working, and waiting; but not a hair of his head had whitened, and if he looked older than he was, still he was young enough to marry the youngest débutante in England, and the prettiest and best-born. He certainly had inherent breeding. His family had a long pedigree, and every man could not be as distinguished-looking as Ian Stafford—as Ian Stafford, who, however, had not three millions of pounds; who had not yet made his name and might never do so.

She flushed with anger at herself that she should be so disloyal to Ian, for whom she had pictured a brilliant future—ambassador at Paris or Berlin, or, if he chose, Foreign Minister in Whitehall—Ian, gracious, diligent, wonderfully trained, waiting, watching for his luck and ready to take it; and to carry success, when it came, like a prince of princelier days. Ian gratified every sense in her, met every demand of an exacting nature, satisfied her unusually critical instinct, and was, in effect, her affianced husband. Yet it was so hard to wait for luck, for place, for power, for the environment where she could do great things, could fill that radiant place which her cynical and melodramatic but powerful and sympathetic grandfather had prefigured for her. She had been the apple

of that old man's eye, and he had filled her brain—purposely—with ambitious ideas. He had done it when she was very young, because he had not long to stay; and he had over-colored the pictures in order that the impression should be vivid and indelible when he was gone. He had meant to bless, for, to his mind, to shine, to do big things, to achieve notoriety, to attain power, "to make the band play when you come," was the true philosophy of life. And as this philosophy, successful in his case, was accompanied by habits of life which would bear the closest inspection by the dean and chapter, it was a difficult one to meet by argument or admonition. He had taught his grandchild as successfully as he had built the structure of his success. He had made material things the basis of life's philosophy and purpose; and if she was not wholly materialistic, it was because she had drunk deep, for one so young, at the fountains of art, poetry, sculpture, and history. For the last she had a passion which was represented by books of biography without number, and all the standard historians were to be found in her bedroom and her boudoir. Yet, too, when she had opportunity—when Lady Tynemouth brought them to her—she read the newest and most daring productions of a school of French novelists and dramatists who saw the world with eyes morally astigmatic and out of focus. She had once said to Alice Tynemouth:

"You say I dress well, yet it isn't I. It's my dressmaker. I choose the over-colored thing three times out of five—it used to be more than that. I want instinctively to blaze. It's the same in everything. I need to be kept down, but, alas! I have my own way in everything. I wish I hadn't, for my own good. Yet I can't brook being ruled."

To this Alice had replied: "A really selfish husband—not a difficult thing to find—would soon keep you down sufficiently. Then you'd choose the over-colored thing not more than two times, perhaps one time, out of five. Your orientalism is only undisciplined self-will. A little cruelty would give you a better sense of proportion in color—and everything else. You have orientalism, but little or no orientation."

Here, now, standing before the fire, was that possible husband who, no doubt, was selfish, and had capacities for cruelty which would give her greater proportion—and sense of color. In Byng's palace, with

three millions behind her—she herself had only the tenth of one million—she could settle down into an exquisitely ordered, beautiful, perfect life where the world would come as to a court and—

Suddenly she shuddered, for these thoughts were sordid, humiliating, and degrading. They were unbidden, but still they came. They came from some dark fountain within herself. She really wanted—her idealistic self wanted—to be all that she knew she looked, a flower in life and thought. But, oh, it was hard, hard for her to be what she wished! Why should it be so hard for her?

She was roused by a voice. "Cronjel!" it said in a deep, slow, ragged note.

Byng's Boer valet, Krool, pale of face, small, lean, ominous, was standing in the doorway.

"Cronjel! . . . Well?" rejoined Byng, quietly, yet with a kind of smother in the tone.

The Boer stretched out a long, skinny, open hand, and slowly closed the fingers up tight with a gesture suggestive of a trap closing upon a crushed captive.

"Where?" Byng asked, huskily.

"Doornkop," was the reply; and Jasmine, watching closely, fascinated by Krool's taciturnity, revolted by his immobile face, thought she saw in his eyes a glint of malicious and furtive joy. A dark premonition suddenly flashed into her mind that this creature would one day, somehow, do her harm; that he was her foe, her primal foe, without present or past cause for which she was responsible; but still a foe—one of those antipathies foreordained, one of those evil influences which exist somewhere in the universe against every individual life.

"Doornkop—what did I say!" Byng exclaimed to Jasmine. "I knew they'd put the double-and-twist on him at Doornkop, or some such place; and they've done it—Kruger and Joubert. Englishmen aren't slim enough to be conspirators. Dr. Jim was going it blind, just trusting to good luck, gambling with the Almighty. It's bury me deep now! It's Paul Kruger licking his chops over the savory mess. 'Oh, isn't it a pretty dish to set before the king!' What else, Krool?"

"Nothing, baas."

"Nothing more in the cables?"

"No, baas."

"That 'll do, Krool. Wait. Go to Mr. Whalen. Say I want him to bring a

stenographer and all the Partners—he'll understand—to me at ten to-night."

"Baas!"

Krool bowed slowly. As he raised his head his eyes caught those of Jasmine. For an instant they regarded each other steadily, then the man's eyes dropped, and a faint flush passed over his face. The look had its revelation which neither ever forgot. A quiver of fear passed through Jasmine, and was followed by a sense of self-protection and a hardening of her will, as against some possible danger.

As Krool left the room he said to himself: "The baas speaks her for his *vrauw*. But the baas will go back quick to the Vaal—berhaps."

Then an evil smile passed over his face, as he thought of the fall of the Rooineck—of Dr. Jim in Oom Paul's clutches. He opened and shut his fingers again with a malignant cruelty.

Standing before the fire, Byng said to Jasmine meditatively, with that old ironic humor which was always part of him: "Fee, fo, fi, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

Her face contracted with pain. "They will take Dr. Jim's life?" she asked, solemnly.

"It's hard to tell. It isn't him alone. There's lots of others that we both know."

"Yes, yes, of course. It's terrible, terrible!" she whispered.

"It's more terrible than it looks, even now. It's a black day for England. She doesn't know yet how black it is. I see it, though; I see it. It's as plain as an open book. Well, there's work to do, and I must be about it. I'm off to the Colonial Office. No time to lose. It's a job that has no eight-hours shift."

Now the real man was alive. He was transformed. The face was set and quiet. He looked concentrated will and power as he stood with his hands clasped behind him, his shoulders thrown back, his eyes alight with fire and determination. To herself Jasmine seemed to be moving in the center of great events, having her fingers upon the levers that work behind the scenes of the world's vast schemes, standing by the secret machinery of government.

"How I wish I could help you!" she said, softly, coming nearer to him, a warm light in her liquid blue eyes, her exquisite face flashing with excitement, her hands clasped in front of her.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

SHE THOUGHT SHE SAW IN HIS EYES A GLINT OF MALICIOUS AND FURTIVE JOY

As Byng looked at her, it seemed to him that sweet honesty and high-heartedness had never had so fine a setting; that never had there been in the world such an epitome of talent, beauty, and sincerity. He had suddenly capitulated, he who had ridden unscathed so long. If he had dared he would have taken her in his arms there and then; but he had known her only for a day. He had been always told that a woman must be wooed and won, and to woo took time. It was not a task he understood, but suddenly it came to him that he was prepared to do it; that he must be patient and watch and serve, and, as he used to do, perhaps, be elate in the morning and depressed at night, till the day of triumph came and his luck was made manifest.

"But you can help me, yes, you can help me as no one else can," he said almost hoarsely, and his hands moved a little towards her.

"You must show me how," she said, scarce above a whisper, and she drew back slightly, for this look in his eyes told its own story.

"When may I come again?" he asked.

"I want so much to hear everything about South Africa. Won't you come tomorrow at six?" she asked.

"Certainly, to-morrow at six," he answered, eagerly, "and thank you."

His honest look of admiration enveloped her, as her hand was again lost in his strong, generous palm, and lay there for a moment thrilling him. . . . He turned at the door and looked back, and the smile she gave him seemed the most delightful thing he had ever seen.

"She is a flower, a jasmine flower," he said, happily, as he made his way into the street.

When he had gone she fled to her bedroom. Standing before the mirror, she looked at herself long, laughing feverishly. Then suddenly she turned and threw herself upon the bed and burst into a passion of tears. Sobs shook her.

"Oh, Ian," she said, raising her head at last, "oh, Ian, Ian, I hate myself!"

Down in the library her stepmother was saying to her father: "You are right, Jasmine will marry the nabob."

"Poor Stafford—poor boy!" was the response.

"Men get over such things," was the quietly cynical reply.

"Jasmine takes a lot of getting over," answered Jasmine's father. "She has got the brains of all the family, the beauty her family never had—the genius of my father, and the wilfulness, and—"

He paused, for, after all, he was not talking to the mother of his child.

"Yes, all of it, poor dear," was the enigmatical reply.

"I wish—Nelly, I do wish that—"

"Yes, I know what you wish, Cuthbert, but it's no good. I'm not of any use to her. She will work out her own destiny—as her grandfather did."

"God knows I hope not! A man can carry it off, but a woman—"

Slow and almost stupid as he was, he knew that her inheritance from her grandfather's nature was a perilous gift.

CHAPTER IV

THE PARTNERS MEET

ENGLAND was more stunned than shocked. The dark significance, the evil consequences destined to flow from the Jameson Raid had not yet reached the general mind. There was something gallant and romantic in this wild invasion: a few hundred men, with no commissariat and insufficient clothing, with enough ammunition and guns for only the merest flurry of battle, doing this unbelievable gamble with Fate—challenging a republic of fighting men with well-stocked arsenals and capable artillery, with ample sources of supply, with command of railways and communications. It was certainly magnificent; but it was magnificent folly.

It did not take England long to decide that point; and not even the Laureate's pæan in the solemn organ of the aristocracy and upper middle-class could evoke any outburst of feeling. There was plenty of admiration for the pluck and boldness, for the careless indifference with which the raiders risked their lives; for the romantic side of the dash from Pinsuti to the Rand; but the thing was so palpably impossible, as it was carried out, that there was not a knowing mind in the Islands which would not have echoed Rhodes's words—"Jameson has upset the apple-cart."

Rudyard Byng did not visit Jasmine the next evening at six o'clock. His world was all in chaos, and he had not closed his eyes to sleep since he had left her. At ten o'clock at night, as he had arranged, "The

Partners" and himself met at his chambers, around which had gathered a crowd of reporters and curious idlers; and from that time till the gray dawn he and they had sat in conference. He had spent two hours at the Colonial Office after he left Jasmine, and now all night he kneaded the dough of a new policy with his companions in finance and misfortune.

There was Wallstein, the fairest, ablest, and richest financier of them all, with a marvelous head for figures, invaluable and commanding at the council-board, by virtue of his clear brain and his power to co-ordinate all the elements of the most confusing financial problems. Others had by luck and persistence made money—the basis of their fortunes; but Wallstein had showed them how to save those fortunes and make them grow; had enabled them to compete successfully with the games of other great financiers in the world's stock-markets. Wallstein was short and stout, with a big blue eye and an unwrinkled forehead; prematurely aged from lack of exercise and the high excitement of the high veldt; from planning and scheming while others slept; from an inherent physical weakness due to the fact that he was one of twin sons, to his brother being given great physical strength, to himself a powerful brain for finance, and a frail if ample body. Wallstein knew little and cared less about politics; yet he saw the use of politics in finance, and he did not stick his head into the sand as some of his colleagues did when political activities hampered their operations. In Jo'burg he had kept aloof from the struggle with Oom Paul, not from lack of will, but because he had no stomach for daily intrigue and guerrilla warfare and subterranean workings; and he was convinced that only a great and bloody struggle would end the contest for progress and equal rights for all white men on the Rand. His inquiries had been bent towards so disposing the financial operations, so bulwarking the mining industry by sagacious designs, that, when the worst came, they all would be able to weather the storm. He had done his work better than his colleagues knew, or indeed even himself knew.

Probably only Fleming the Scotsman—another of the Partners—with a somewhat dour exterior, an indomitable will, and a caution which compelled him to make good every step of the way before him, and so

cultivate a long sight financially and politically, understood how extraordinary Wallstein's work had been—only Fleming, and Rudyard Byng, who knew better than any and all.

There was also De Lancy Scovel, who had become a biggish figure in the Rand world because he had been a kind of financial valet to Wallstein and Byng, and, it was said, had been a real unofficial valet to Rhodes, being an authority on cooking, and on brewing a punch, a master of commissariat in the long marches which Rhodes made in the days when he trekked into Rhodesia. It was indeed said that he had made his first ten thousand pounds out of two trips that Rhodes made *en route* to Lobengula, and had added to this amount on the principle of compound multiplication when the Matabele war came; for here again he had a collateral interest in the commissariat.

Rhodes, with a supreme carelessness in regard to money, with an indifference to details which left his mind free for the working of a few main ideas, had no idea how many cheques he gave on the spur of the moment to De Lancy Scovel in this month or in that, in this year or in that, for this thing or for that—cheques written very often on the backs of envelopes, on the white margin of a newspaper, on the fly-leaf of a book or a blank telegraph form. The Master Man was so stirred by half-contemptuous humor at the sycophancy and snobbery of his vain slave, who could make a salad out of anything edible, that, caring little what men were, so long as they did his work for him, he once wrote a cheque for two thousand pounds on the starched cuff of his henchman's "biled shirt" at a dinner prepared for his birthday.

So it was that, with the marrow-bones thrown to him, De Lancy Scovel came to a point where he could follow Wallstein's and Rhodes's lead financially, being privy to their plans, through eavesdropping on the conferences of his chiefs. It came as a surprise to his superiors that one day's chance discovery showed De Lancy Scovel to be worth fifty thousand pounds; and from that time on they used him for many a purpose in which it was expedient their own hands should not appear. They felt confidence that a man who could so carefully and secretly build up his own fortunes had a gift which could be used to ad-

vantage. A man who could be so subterranean in his own affairs would no doubt be equally secluded in their business. Selfishness would make him silent. And so it was that "the Dude" of the camp and the kraal, the factotum, who in his time had brushed Rhodes's clothes when he brushed his own, after the Kaffir servant had messed them about, came to be a millionaire and one of the Partners. For him South Africa had no charms. He was happy in London, or at his country-seat in Leicestershire, where he followed the hounds with a temerity which was at base vanity; where he gave the county the best food to be got outside St. Petersburg or Paris; where his so-called bachelor establishment was cared for by a coarse, gray-haired housekeeper who, the initiated said, was De Lancy's South African wife, with a rooted objection to being a lady or "moving in social circles"; whose pleasure lay in managing this big household under De Lancy's guidance. There were those who said they had seen her brush a speck of dust from De Lancy's coat-collar, as she emerged from her morning interview with him; and others who said they had seen her hidden in the shrubbery listening to the rather flaccid conversation of her splendid poodle of a master, whose curling Saxon hair and mustache and faintly florid cheeks would have made him an ideal figure for the gladiatorial arena on a Roman holiday.

There were others who had climbed to success in their own way, some by happy accident, some by a force that disregarded anything in their way, and some by sheer honest rough merit, through which the soul of the true pioneer shone.

There was also Barry Whalen, who had been educated as a doctor, and, with a rare Irish sense of adaptability and an amazing Celtic cleverness, had also become a mining engineer, in the days when the Transvaal was emerging from its pioneer obscurity into the golden light of mining prosperity. Abrupt, obstinately honest, and sincere; always protesting against this and against that, always the critic of authority, whether the authority was friend or foe; always smothering his own views in the moment when the test of loyalty came; always with a voice like a young bull and a heart which would have suited a Goliath, there was no one but trusted Barry, none that had not hurried to him in a difficulty; not because he was so wise, but because he was so true.

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He would never have made money, in spite of the fact that his prescience, his mining sense, his diagnosis of the case of a mine, as Byng called it, had been a great source of wealth to others, had it not been for Wallstein and Byng.

Wallstein had in him a curious gentleness and human sympathy, little in keeping with the view held of him by that section of the British press which would willingly have seen England at the mercy of Paul Kruger—for England's good, for her soul's welfare as it were, for her needed chastisement! He was spoken of as a cruel, tyrannical, greedy German Jew, whose soul was in his own pocket and his hand in the pockets of the world. In truth he was none of these things, save that he was of German birth, and of as good and honest German origin as George of Hanover and his descendants, if not so distinguished. Wallstein's eye was an eye of kindness, save in the vision of business; then it saw without emotion to the advantage of the country where he had made his money, and to the perpetual advantage of England, to whom he gave an honorable and philanthropic citizenship. His charities were not of the spectacular kind; but many a poor and worthy, and often unworthy, unfortunate was sheltered through bad days and heavy weather of life by the immediate personal care of "the Jew Mining Magnate, who didn't care a damn what happened to England as long as his own nest was well lined!"

It was Wallstein who took heed of the fact that, as he got rich, Barry Whalen remained poor; and it was he who took note that Barry had a daughter who might any day be left penniless with frail health and no protector; and taking heed and note, it was he made all the Partners unite in taking some financial risks and responsibilities for Barry, when two new mines were opened—to Barry's large profit. It was characteristic of Barry, however, that, if they had not disguised their action by financial devices, and by making him a Partner, because he was needed professionally and intellectually and for other business reasons, nicely phrased to please his Celtic vanity, he would have rejected the means to the fortune which came to him. It was a far smaller fortune than any of the others had; but it was sufficient for him and for his child. So it was that Barry became one of the Partners, and said

things that every one else would hesitate to say, but were glad to hear said.

Others of the group were of varying degrees of ability and interest and importance. One or two were poltroons in body and mind, with only a real instinct for money-making and a capacity for constructive individualism. Of them the most conspicuous was Clifford Melville, whose name was originally Joseph Sobiecki, with *habitat* Poland, whose small part in this veracious tale belongs elsewhere.

Each had his place, and all were influenced by the great schemes of Rhodes and their reflection in the purposes and actions of Wallstein. Wallstein was inspired by the dreams and daring purposes of Empire which had driven Rhodes from Table Mountain to the kraal of Lobengula and far beyond; until, at last, the flag he had learned to love had been triumphantly trailed from the Cape to Cairo.

Now in the great crisis, Wallstein, of them all, was the most self-possessed, save Rudyard Byng. Some of the others were paralyzed. They could only whine out execrations on the man who had dared something; who, if he had succeeded, would have been hailed as the great leader of a Revolution, not the scorned and humiliated captain of a filibustering expedition. A triumphant rebellion or raid is always a revolution in the archives of a nation. These men were of a class who run for cover before a battle begins, and can never be kept in the fighting-line except with the bayonet in the small of their backs. Others were irritable and strenuous, bitter in their denunciations of the Johannesburg conspirators who had bungled their side of the business, and who had certainly shown no rashness. At any rate, whatever the merits of their case, no one in England accused the Jo'burgers of foolhardy courage or impassioned daring. They were so busy in trying to induce Jameson to go back that they had no time to go forward themselves. It was not that they lost their heads, their hearts were the disappearing factors.

At this gloomy meeting in his house, Byng did not join either of the two sections who represented the more extreme views and the unpolitical minds. There was a small section, of which he was one, who were not cleverer financially than their friends, but who had political sense and intuition; and these, to their credit, were more con-

cerned, at this dark moment, for the political and national consequences of the Raid, than for the certain set-back to the mining and financial enterprises of the Rand. A few of the richest of them were the most hopeless politically—ever ready to sacrifice principle for an extra dividend of a quarter per cent.; and, in their inmost souls, ready to bow the knee to Oom Paul and his unwholesome, undemocratic, and corrupt government, if only the dividends moved on and up.

Byng was not a great genius, and he had never given his natural political talent its full chance; but his soul was bigger than his pocket. He had a passionate love for the land—for England—which had given him birth; and he had a decent pride in her honor and good name. So it was that he had almost savagely challenged the sordid deliberations of this grim conference. In a full-blooded and manly appeal he begged them "to get on higher ground." If he could but have heard it, it would have cheered the heart of the broken and discredited pioneer of Empire at Capetown, who had received his death-warrant, to take effect within five years, in the little cottage at Muizenberg by the sea; as great a soul *in posse* as ever came from the womb of the English mother; who said as he sat and watched the tide flow in and out, and his own tide of life ebbed, "Life is a three days' trip to the sea-shore: one day in going, one day in settling down, and one day packing up again."

Byng had one or two colleagues who, under his inspiration, also took the larger view, and who looked ahead to the consequences yet to flow from the fiasco at Doornkop, which became a tragedy. What would happen to the conspirators of Johannesburg? What would happen to Jameson and Willoughby and Bobby White and Raleigh Grey? Who was to go to South Africa to help in holding things together, and to prevent the worst happening, if possible? At this point they had arrived when they saw—

"... The dull dank morn stare in,
Like a dim drowned face with oozy eyes."

A more miserable morning seldom had broken, even in England.

"I will go. I wish to go," remarked Byng at last, though there was a strange sinking of the heart as he said it. Even yet the perfume of Jasmine's cloak stole

to his senses to intoxicate them. But it was his duty to offer to go; and he felt that he could do good by going, and that he was needed at Johannesburg. He, more than all of them, had been in open conflict with Oom Paul in the past, had fought him the most vigorously, and yet for him the old veldt-shoen Boer had some regard and much respect, in so far as he could respect a Rooineck at all.

"I will go," Byng repeated, and looked round the table at haggard faces, at ashen faces, at the faces of men who had smoked to quiet their nerves, or drunk hard all night to keep up their courage. How many times they had done the same in olden days, when the millions were not yet arrived, and their only luxury was companionship and champagne—or something less expensive.

As Byng spoke, Krool entered the room with a great coffee-pot and a dozen small white bowls. He heard Byng's words, and for a moment his dark eyes glowed with a look of evil satisfaction. But his white, immobile face showed nothing, and he moved like a spirit among them, his lean hand putting a bowl before each person, like a servitor of Death passing the hemlock-brew.

At his entrance there was instant silence, for, secret as their conference must be, this Kaffir Boer must hear nothing and know nothing. Not one of them but resented his being Byng's servant. Not one but felt him a danger at any time, and particularly now. Once Barry Whalen, the most outwardly brusk and apparently frank of them all, had urged Byng to give Krool up, but without avail; and now Barry eyed the valet with a resentful determination. He knew that Krool had heard Byng's words, for he was sitting opposite the double doors, and had seen the malicious eyes light up. Instantly, however, that light vanished. They all might have been wooden men, and Krool but a wooden servitor, so mechanical and concentrated were his actions. He seemed to look at nobody; but some of them shrank a little as he leaned over and poured the brown, steaming liquid and the hot milk into the bowls. Only once did the Boer look at anybody directly, and that was at Byng just as he was about to leave the room. Then Barry Whalen saw him glance searchingly at his master's face in a mirror, and again that baleful light leaped up in his eyes.

When he had left the room, Barry Whalen

said, impulsively: "Byng, it's all damn foolery your keeping that Boer about you. It's dangerous, 'specially now."

"Coffee's good, isn't it? Think there's poison in it?" Byng asked with a contemptuous little laugh. "Sugar—what?" He pushed the great bowl of sugar over the polished table towards Barry.

"Oh, he makes *you* comfortable enough, but—"

"But he makes you uncomfortable, Barry? Well, we're bound to get on one another's nerves one way or another in this world when the east wind blows; and if it isn't the east wind, it's some other wind. We're living on a planet that has to take the swipes of the universe, because it has permitted that corrupt, quarrelsome, and pernicious beast, man, to populate the hemispheres. Krool is staying on with me, Barry."

"We're in heavy seas, and we don't want any wreckers on the shore," was the moody and nervously indignant reply.

"Well, Krool's in the heavy seas, all right, too—with me."

Barry Whalen persisted. "We're in for complications, Byng. England has to take a hand in the game now with a vengeance. We don't want any spies. A Boer is a Boer, and all Boers are *slim*."

"There'll be nothing Krool can get worth spying for. If we keep our mouths shut to the outside world, we'll not need fear any spies. I'm not afraid of Krool. We'll not be sold by him. Though some one inside will sell us perhaps—as the Jo'burg game was sold by some one inside."

There was a painful silence, and more than one man looked at his fellows furtively.

"We will do nothing that will not bear the light of day, and then we need not fear any spying," continued Byng. "If we have secret meetings and intentions which we don't make public, it is only what governments themselves have; and we keep them quiet to prevent any one taking advantage of us; but our actions are justifiable. I'm going to do nothing I'm ashamed of; and when it's necessary, or when and if it seems right to do so, I'll put all my cards on the table. But when I do, I'll see that it's a full hand—if I can."

There was a silence for a moment after he had ended, then some one said:

"You think it's best that you should go? You want to go to Jo'burg?"

"I didn't say anything about *wanting*

to go. I said I'd go because one of us—or two of us—ought to go. There's plenty to do here; but if I can be of any more use out there, why, Wallstein can stay here, and—"

He got no further, for Wallstein, to whom he had just referred, and who had been sitting strangely impassive, with his eyes approvingly fixed on Byng, half rose from his chair and fell forward, his thick, white hands sprawling on the mahogany table, his fat, pallid face striking the polished wood with a thud. In an instant they were all on their feet and at his side.

Barry Whalen lifted up his head and drew him back into the chair, then three of them lifted him upon a sofa. Barry's hand felt the breast of the prostrate figure, and Byng's fingers sought his wrist. For a moment there was a dreadful silence, and then Byng and Whalen looked at each other and nodded.

"Brandy!" said Byng, peremptorily.

"He's not dead?" whispered some one.

"Brandy—quick!" answered Byng, and, lifting up the head a little, he presently caught the glass from Whalen's hand and poured some brandy slowly between the bluish lips. "Some one ring for Krool," he added.

A moment later Krool entered. "The doctor—my doctor and his own—and a couple of nurses," Byng said, sharply, and Krool nodded and vanished. "Perhaps it's only a slight heart-attack, but it's best to be on the safe side."

"Anyhow, it shows that Wallstein needs to let up for a while," whispered Fleming.

"It means that some one must do Wallstein's work here," said Barry Whalen. "It means that Byng stays in London," he added, as Krool entered the room again with a rug to cover Wallstein.

Barry saw Krool's eyes droop before his words, and he was sure that the valet had reasons for wishing his master to go to South Africa. The others present, however, only saw a silent, magically adept figure stooping over the sick man, adjusting the body to greater ease, arranging skilfully the cushion under the head, loosening and

removing the collar and the boots, and taking possession of the room, as though he himself were the doctor; while Byng looked on with satisfaction.

"Useful person, eh?" he said, meaningly, in an undertone to Barry Whalen.

"I don't think he's at home in England," rejoined Barry, as meaningly and very stubbornly. "He won't like your not going to South Africa."

"Am I not going to South Africa?" Byng asked, mechanically, and looking reflectively at Krool.

"Wallstein's a sick man, Byng. You can't leave London. You're the only real politician among us. Some one else must go to Jo'burg."

"You—Barry?"

"You know I can't, Byng—there's my girl. Besides, I don't carry enough weight, anyhow, and you know it."

Byng remembered Whalen's girl—stricken down with consumption a few months before. He caught Whalen's arm in a grip of friendship. "All right, dear old man," he said, kindly. "Fleming shall go, and I'll stay. Yes, I'll stay here, and do Wallstein's work."

He was still mechanically watching Krool attend to the sick man, and he was suddenly conscious of an arrest of all motion in the Boer's lithe frame. Then Krool turned and their eyes met. Had he drawn Krool's eyes to his—the master-mind influencing the subservient intelligence?

"Krool wants to go to South Africa," he said to himself with a strange, new sensation which he did not understand, though it was not quite a doubt. He reassured himself. "Well, it's natural he should want to go. It's his home. . . . But Fleming must go to Jo'burg. I'm needed most here."

There was gratitude in his heart that Destiny had decreed it so. He was conscious of the perfume from Jasmine's cloak searching his senses, even in this hour when these things that mattered—the things of Destiny—were so enormously awry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Grim Grand Manan

BY HOLMAN DAY

YES, even in these days, years since the Ashburton Treaty was signed to the dissatisfaction of two nations, the Maine Yankee walks out to the peak of West Quoddy Head—easternmost nubble of the main of our Land of the Free—points his thin nose in the direction of the wind-blown cliffs of Grand Manan, and allows “that the island ought to belong to us.” If it did belong to us, Yankee acquisitiveness could stand on the cliffs of the main and gaze out over several leagues of tossing sea at bare, brown, towering precipices, and boast that the United States had thrust its independent nose into the waters of the King to the extent of an island twenty-one miles long and six miles broad. That boast, it is to be feared, would be about the extent of the interest any Yankee would take in Grand Manan. Ask the life-long citizens of Eastport or Lubec—Yankee communities less than twenty miles from the island—if they have ever been on Grand Manan, and almost to a man they confess they have not.

Grand Manan turns toward the main a broad and forbidding back of lofty cliffs. The great shoulders of North Head are hunched in surly fashion. The coves, the reaches from the sea, the valleys, the

patches of arable land, face the ocean and invite the mariner. For the Yankee on the main only the bluff, brown back—like the shoulders of a sullen old man under a sun-tanned coat!

That old story about the manner in which the American commissioners were fooled at the time of the Ashburton Treaty persists on the eastern border; it has settled into something like grave fact. You are told that some limpid and well-aged stimulant was employed to mellow the confabulations between the commissioners and insure the amenities of international discourse; that the



A FISH-WHARF AT NORTH HEAD

Yankee commissioners were taken out in boats and assured that the waters of the St. Croix River were discharged to the west and north of Campobello Island and of Grand Manan, and the racing tide in the narrows at Lubec was exhibited as the rushing waters of the river. But

off the coast serenely indifferent to politics, bounds of nations, or ambitions of rulers.

"We could have a little better form of government out here, I suppose," confessed the trader, who boasted that he carried in stock everything from "a sheet of fly-paper to a clap o' thunder." "A long time ago we sort of used to run affairs ourselves. But we are not incorporated. St. Andrews, over on the main, runs our business for us now. That's the shire—and I suppose you might call Grand Manan a borough of the town of St. Andrews."

He continued in that tone of resignation which is characteristic of Manan.

"We send over representatives—we call them councilors. They tell St. Andrews what we want over here for roads and bridges and improvements; and sometimes we get what we want, and sometimes we don't. Just now we don't seem to be getting what we need. We need bridges and sidewalks. Probably everything will come around all right in the end—but it's slow work. Our taxes go over to St. Andrews, and then come back to us in appropriations. All records of every sort are over there. Well, it draws trade to St. Andrews."

During all the years Grand Manan has been blissfully unconscious of being governed—and to all intents and

that tide is merely the discharge from the reaches on the American side. Not a pint of water comes that far to the west from the admitted boundary, St. Croix. Therefore New Brunswick won the fair barony of Campobello and the grim feudal fastness of Grand Manan.

Huge gobbet in the jaws of the Bay of Fundy, girt by galloping tides, hedged by the almost eternal turbulence of the sea, isolated by rampant waves and boisterous winds, Grand Manan looms

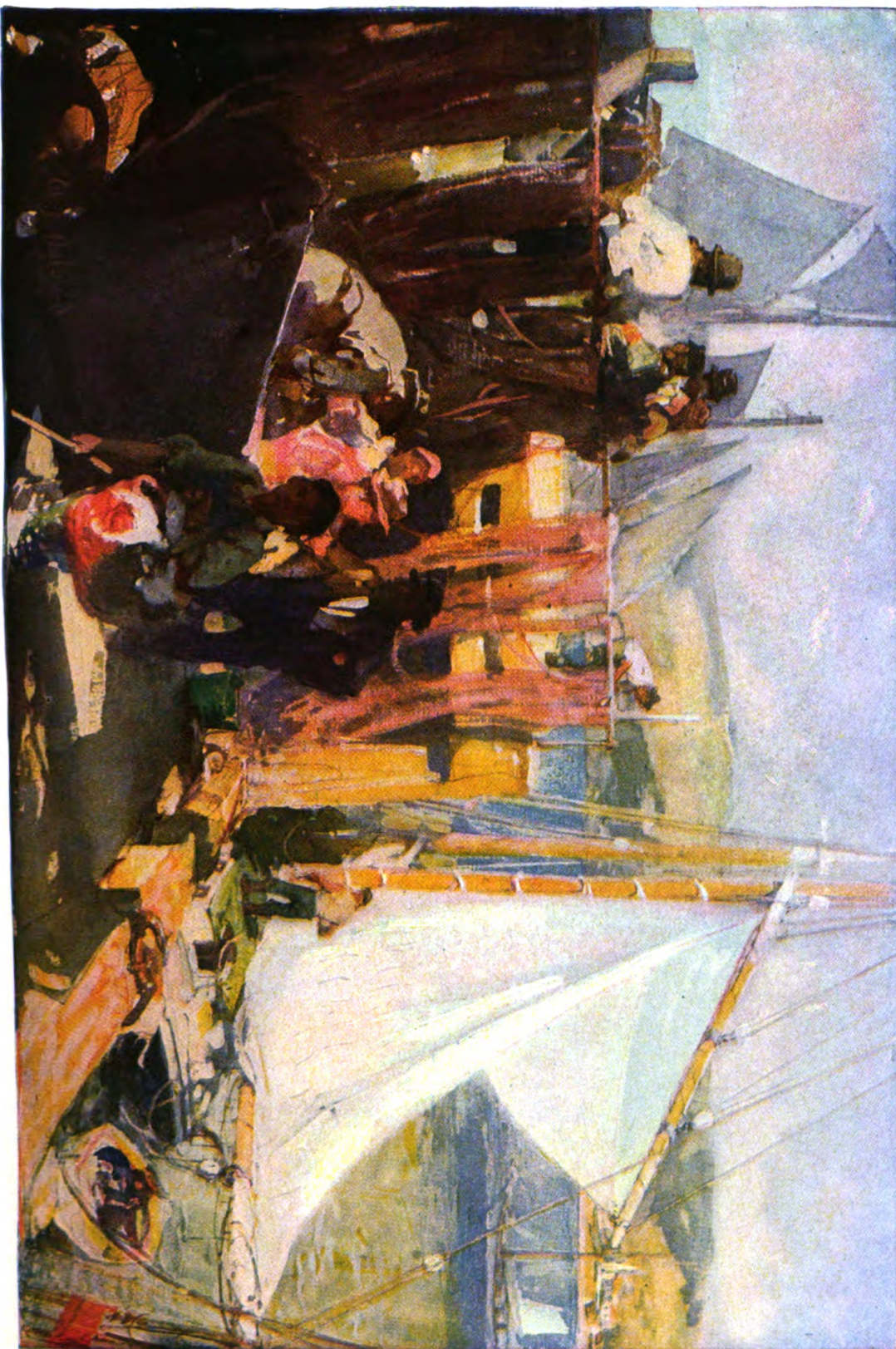
purposes it never has been governed. It doesn't need to be governed. There are about three thousand inhabitants. There are no paupers, no criminals, no policemen. Though the women may chatter with the volubility of the women of St. Ives, who were still talking when their husbands returned from a thousand years at the bottom of the sea with the mermaids, the men of Grand Manan are reticent, careful in statement, somber with a touch of that solemnity which all



A DEFT INDIAN WOMAN AT WORK

Painting by W. J. A. Steward

THE LIFE OF THE MEN OF GRAND MANAN IS OF AND FOR THE SEA



men who toil on the sea bring back from the vast stretches of water under the vaulted sky.

We surged in from the sea, past Swallow-tail Light. The British Jack on the headland was smeared against the clouds by the wind, as hard and stiff as the tin flag of a toy-soldier encampment. The wind does blow at Grand Manan!

"It's a venturesome trip at any time," said the skipper of the motor-packet. "If it doesn't blow when you're coming out here, it's sure to blow when you're going back, and that's why the resorters haven't spoiled Grand Manan with their flounces and airs and notions."

The winds of Grand Manan refuse to be cajoled by any promoters of summer colonies. There is, first of all, the joyous wind from the northwest, tingling even when the sunshine of August is melted into it. That wind beats frothy arabesques against the looming brown cliffs and sends a tide-rip streaming from North Head five miles across to The Wolves—a rip that is operated by a twenty-eight-foot tide sweeping through the jaws of the Bay of Fundy. It is a rip where the waves chase and dodge and double back on themselves with most fantastic contra-dance—building sudden pinnacles, scooping unexpected valleys in the green water—and many a little boat has been tripped by a high-sided comber or engulfed by a leaping crest. Though the sky be glorious, its arch of pale velvet swept clean by that joyous gale from the north; though the sun may shine and the ocean may flash its glories of silver light, yet there is ever that barrier of the North Head rip to cross if one wishes to enter into the placid life of isolated Grand Manan.

The east wind sweeps in vast seas that climb the cliffs, and the south wind rolls up the sea with arms heaped high with fog. One may not determine when he can land on Grand Manan; one cannot say to himself, "Lo, I will arise and go!" The winds may be pushing the scenery of sea by him too rapidly for a summer-resorter's nerves and courage.

The tides race, the winds gallop, the lofty schooners and steamers of the Province traffic hurry past Grand Manan. All that haste seems to make the island

especially inert, stolid, archaic, and non-progressive.

But Grand Manan may deceive by that aspect. Its first automobile is now frisking along its twelve miles of road!

"I've got one horse wanted to the thing already," says the livery-stable man. "I can let you that horse and you'll be middling safe, though you'll have to push on the webbin's pretty hard to get there quick. If you want to go faster, I'll have to take another horse and drive him myself to be on the safe side."

This was not on a Sunday. No; one cannot hire a horse on Grand Manan for Sunday use. One cannot lark or play or buy any goods or drinks or papers on Sunday on Grand Manan. The rules and customs were not imported from Blue Law Connecticut. They came from the Province with the Scotch disposition which has flavored the stock of men on Manan.

Though the island braces itself against the racing tides, the inhabitants do not resist progress of any sort which seems proper to them. A cable brings a telephone from the main. There is an amateur wireless outfit. There are two banks for the savings of the thrifty—and all the islanders are thrifty. Everybody knows the latest news of the world. And when we asked for dinners for four at the tavern the buxom landlady replied: "Sure! I got you, Steve!"

"The other hotel has closed," she said. "It was a larger house than this one, but the folks got old and didn't want to bother with strangers any more. No, I don't think the house will be opened again—not right away. We don't cater to boarders for the summer much out here. They are too fussy and too much trouble. There was a man out here yesterday who said he was an artist from New York or somewhere. But I had to send him along. I cater to traveling salesmen who stay the night and go on about their business, and are not around underfoot." The traveling salesmen are mostly from St. John and St. Andrews. The folk of Grand Manan do not care to do much trading with the Yankees, except when the girls take Saturday afternoon and run across to Eastport for millinery and ribbons.



A WATER-SIDE STORE—SEAL COVE

A few years ago several ambitious gentlemen undertook to exploit Grand Manan land and to attract strangers to the island for the purpose of helping the transportation company and other allied interests. But the islanders generally did not take kindly to the proposed invasion by city folk. In some instances they refused to sell land for cottage sites, and in most cases refused to sell their labor.

First and forever they are fishermen. Their fathers were fishermen. The sting of the salt spray on their cheeks, the cluck of the bow pulley when the loaded trawl comes sagging from the creaming waves, the surging rush up the seas toward home and the long fish-wharves, the flapping fall of the cod and hake and haddock as they are pitchforked, "kint'l after kint'l," into the bins—the life of the men of Grand Manan is this—of and for the sea!

They are deft workers when the fare has been landed. Three make a team. The first slits the fish and slices off the head; the youngster of the gang finds the liver and the sound and discards the rest of the "works"; the last man splits the fish into the familiar jib-shape and slices out the back fin with one swift movement.

The last pinky of the coast is a part of the Manan fleet. She rolled in past the clanging bell-buoy just ahead of our little packet. A half-gale from the south-west drove her with more speed than our engine afforded us. But that was her lucky day, with wind and tide favoring. All the other men in the fleet have sloops, and each craft has "a kicker," and the fishing-grounds are just fifty minutes' run from Flagg's Cove. If the wind is not fair, the "kicker" pops the sloop to the grounds, straight into the eye of the breeze. Hand-lines, and trawls for

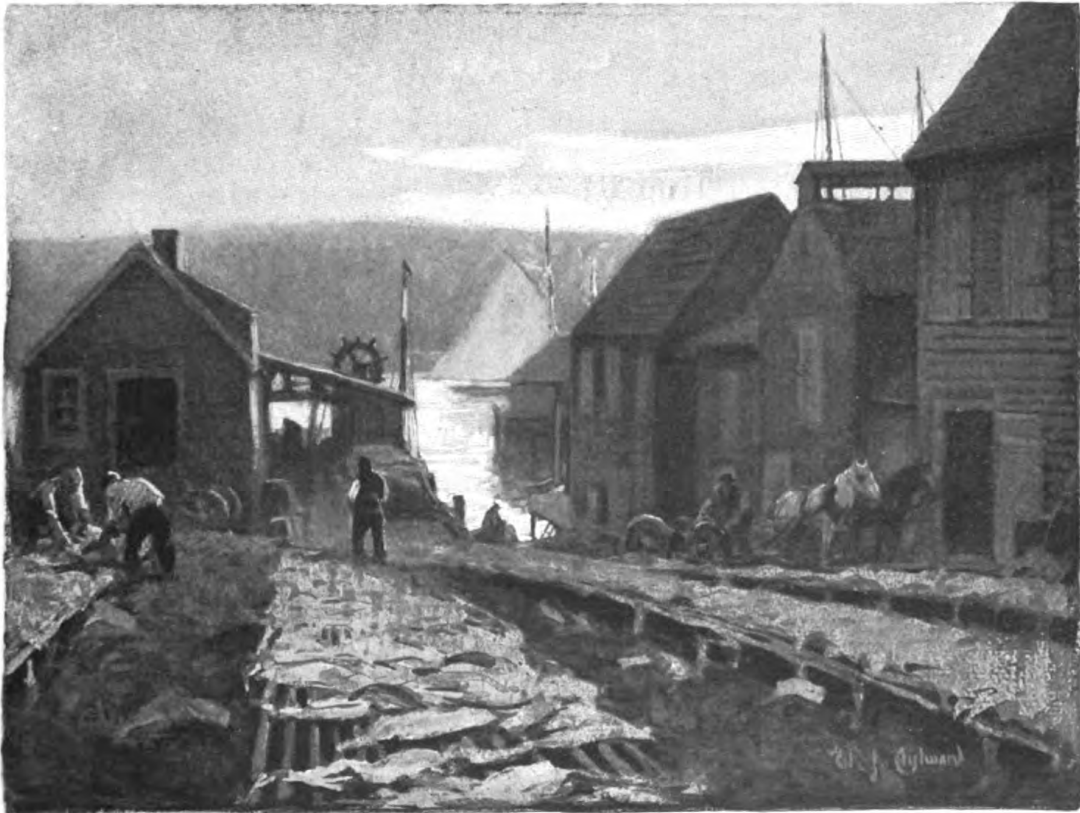
cod, and nets for herring in their season—the Manan fisherman has all the gear and is off-coast in all weathers, for his craft is sturdy and his heart is stout.

The breakwater—a tongue of wooden bulkhead—shielded our landing, after the sea had tossed us in from the open. A venerable man whose beard snapped in the wind, and whose cane and linen collar told that he had left fishing to the boys, took our line. They sniff strangers and the business of strangers with prompt accuracy on Manan.

"If anybody ever comes out here to write anything about our island," he remarked. "I hope he won't make up any stories about such things as 'death-cakes' and such foolishness. There was a woman who wrote a story about something that she called a death-cake, and made it out that Grand Manan folk cook up death-cakes the same as folk on the main make wedding-cakes. Don't know where she got that idea—but she had to take it back. Made her eat her own cake, as you might say. Now that

I'm off the boat and have time to myself, I've thought of buying a camera and traveling up to the city and snapping town folk right and left. If any of the city freaks said anything to me I'd tell 'em I was looking for picturesqueness and local color. Then, I suppose, they would have me arrested. We don't have policemen out here," he added, with a sigh.

The coast folk in general are more susceptible to religious enthusiasms than people in the interior. Perhaps the perpetual presence of the vast and melancholy ocean, tossing them on its breast, rolling its billows to their doors, inclines their minds to sober thoughts. But the men and women of Grand Manan have never been carried into extravagance of religious emotion as have some of their neighbors. They are not the sort that would have joined that pilgrimage of Jonesport fanatics to the Holy Land—that ill-starred expedition which sold all possessions in Maine, and journeyed and starved and prayed, and begged its way back home. The Holy-



SMOKE-HOUSES AT SUNSET

Ghosters of Shiloh in Maine won plenty of coast converts for their great temple in the sand-hills of Durham, but there were no disciples garnered in Grand Manan. Yet occasionally the island experiences such a revival in religion that

across the fifteen miles of sea, coming from the main, and camp at the foot of the great cliffs during the warm months. They shoot porpoises for the skins and the oil. The skins make material for belts and purses. A few years ago cer-

tain crafty redskins of the tribe started a thriving industry on Manan by manufacturing seals' noses in order to secure the liberal bounty which the State of Maine was allowing at that time. When Massachusetts offered greater inducements in the way of bounties on seals, the Indians went to that coast and earned several thousands of dollars, having become very expert in making a seal's face out of hide and wood and bone. They are now serving a term in the penitentiary, having found more acute observers on their island in Massachusetts Bay than on the wind-swept north frontage of Manan.

At the mouth of the Kennebec every strong southerly wind casts lumps of canal-coal up on the beach—and just where that coal comes from nobody knows for sure, though divers have explored and engineers have probed the sand. On Grand Manan the southerlies turn up different sort of spoil. A long stretch of sandy beach often disgorges bottles of contraband whiskey. Of old a smuggler went ashore, and the cargo of that reprehensible craft was whiskey packed in crockery crates—a layer of crockery concealing

the nefarious goods. Some of those crates were rolled and tossed and rolled again, and the sand was packed over them. The British steamer *Hestia* went ashore on Old Proprietor Ledge near Grand Manan—and this steamer proved a total loss, and her cargo was of an equally nefarious sort. The broad breast of the ocean was dotted with floating



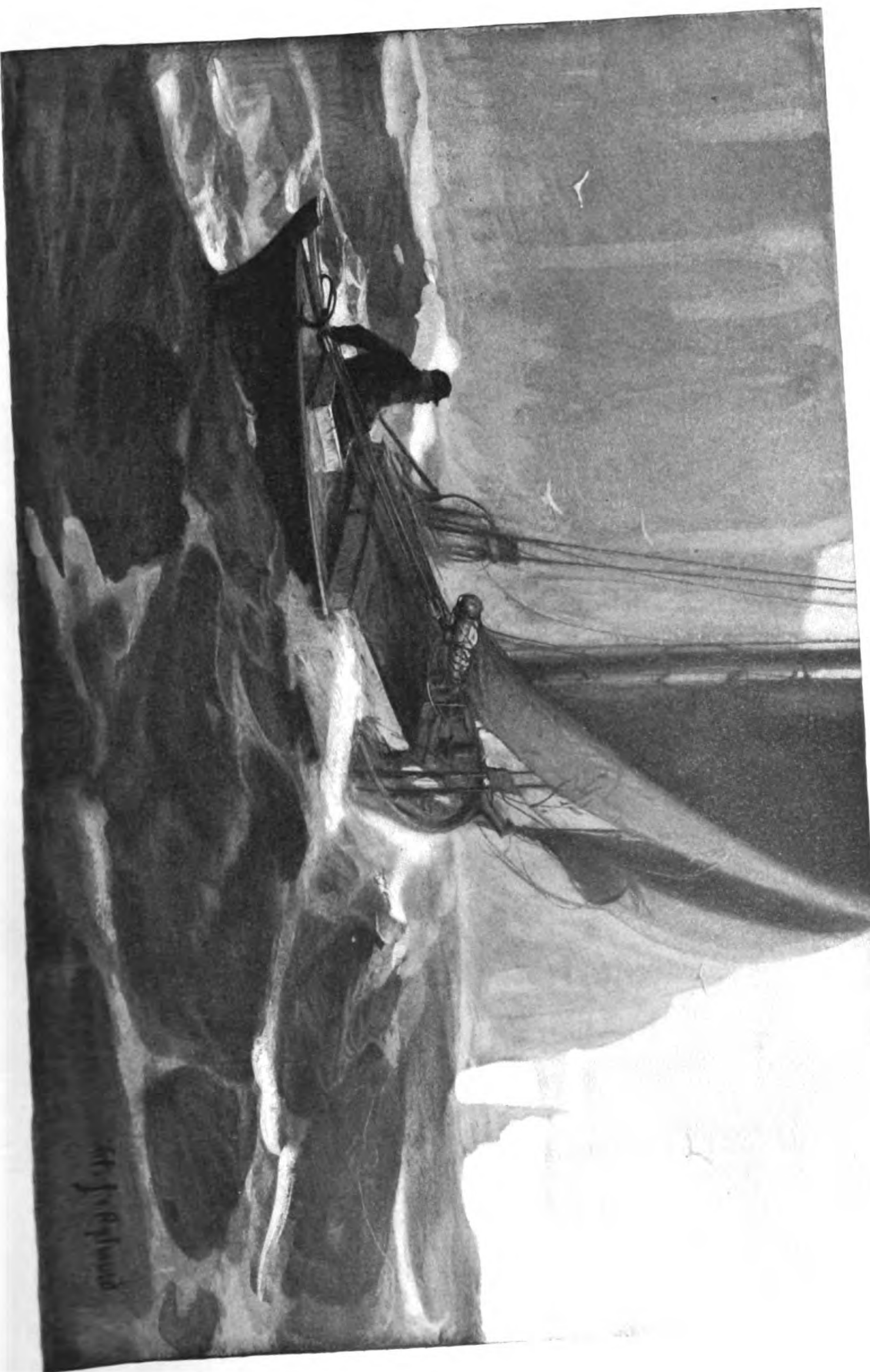
THE PEDDLER ON HIS DAILY ROUND

dances are tabooed and amusements frowned upon.

One touch of picturesqueness Grand Manan has each summer. The Indians of the Passamaquoddy tribe—certain more adventurous spirits of Pleasant Point who disdain basket-work and the enervating job of selling curios at Maine summer resorts—paddle their canoes

Drawn by W. J. Atwood

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CLIFFS THE HERRING-SLOOPS PASS OUT TO SEA



cases. An unwise Fate seems to have resolved to provide regularly and liberally for the hardy fishermen of Manan, without regard to their temperate tastes; and fishermen who go rocking past Old Proprietor Ledge snap small coins over into the sea—a modest tip to remind kind Fate that small favors are always thankfully received.

There has lately been another wreck in a harbor of Grand Manan. This time the cargo performed a most peculiar antic. A schooner with thirteen hundred bags of salt came sailing from Boston town, and sprang aleak on the way.

The captain was an indolent man, and

rotten, and her butts were started. She filled promptly on the next tide, and all the salt melted and ran away into the sea, and to-day only the empty sacks are in her hold. She has been sold as she lies for four hundred and eighty dollars, and the disgusted captain has abandoned the sea.

There's the old, old story so infrequently told that it is remembered and related only by the oldest men of the island: Two sisters who were to be brides on the same day, as they had been chums together at school and inseparable from childhood, went across to the main on their uncle's packet to buy their wedding

finery. On the return they held their new hats on their laps, so that no harm could come to the delicate fabrics—for each was the finest hat a Manan bride had ever worn. One item of cargo was a hogshead of molasses, and this was trigged on deck.

When the little packet neared harbor the two young suitors of the girl gave over their task in the fish-house and walked to the end of the wharf to meet their brides-to-be. Snap of the sail, and she came about to make her reach for the last leg of the journey! That wicked tide-rip which streams in tossing, swirling, yeasty current from every contorted headland on the island caught the craft

and buffeted her with such a jar that the hogshead broke from its fastenings, was tripped from its trig, and rushed across the deck. The wave and the impact of the weight against the rail overturned her instantly. The wind scaled those new hats in over the waves to the spiles



THE MANAN FISHERMAN IS OFF-COAST IN ALL WEATHERS

he loathed the spectacle of two men straining all day at the pumps; therefore he allowed his schooner to "ground out" at the side of a wharf so that his sailors would not be obliged to pump. When the craft grounded, she "hogged" in the middle because she was old and



INTERIOR OF A SALT-HOUSE

of the dock, and the poor, bedraggled objects were rescued with tears and laments and borne by the women to the home of anguish; the sisters were never seen again. Some of the ancient men call the place "Millinery Rip."

Once a fisherman who was skirting the cliffs of the north shore in his sloop glanced lazily up at the broken surface and suddenly felt his *ennui* depart. More than a score of brown, bald heads from which pigtailed depended were bunched at the dark opening of a cave. Many faces peered down at him with slanting eyes. The group was as silent as a convocation of ghosts. They were Chinamen, their hands folded in their broad sleeves, their countenances impassive, waiting with stolidity the motions of the men who had agreed to smuggle them into the

States, and who were now trying to elude the customs officers and take up again the cargo which they had temporarily jettisoned on the bleak shore of Grand Manan. The fisherman minded his own business—a trait of the island—and the next day the temporary cliff-dwellers were gone.

There was a trader of Grand Manan who decided that if he could own and captain his own packet and sail to market, and dicker at headquarters for his goods each trip, he would clear a sum worth the extra effort. So he bought his schooner and hired a "nurse" for his first voyage to Boston. A "nurse," in coast lingo, be it understood, is a skipper who knows all about craft and goes along as pilot and instructor. So, after he had cleared land nicely, the

"nurse" gave the owner his first lesson in steering, told him to head so and so, to keep the sails drawing, and then went below to play "pitch pede" with the foremast hand—for the wind was steady and all was taut. The new owner obeyed instructions as he remembered them. He kept the sails drawing, and had no eyes for anything else. After a time he noticed that the schooner seemed to be making better time of it than she had when he had been slicing the breeze on a port tack. The wind boomed in her sails and spilled with little whistles; she rode on an even keel, and the waters roared under her counter.

The game of cards was close and interesting, and therefore the "nurse" was as intent on his own affairs below as the trader was above. When at last the real skipper abandoned cards and came on deck he yelped his astonishment.

"We've been making great time, Cap," stated the proud owner at the wheel. "I have kept still so as to surprise you. I'm making the best of this fair wind."

"Fair wind!" squealed the "nurse." "You have let her ease off! And you have been to work and sailed clear around Grand Manan back to where you started from this morning!"

And that was a sail of forty miles and more, up one side and down the other.

The owner peered under the belling sail and saw his store and his house. The rays of the setting sun illumined them, as the rays of the rising sun had lighted the scene when he departed that day.

"Anchor her," he said, giving over the wheel. And he hired the "nurse" for a captain and took his canvas valise and was rowed to shore in the dingy. He earned the reputation of being the only man who ever lived on Grand Manan and lacked congenital instinct in the sailing of a boat.

There are only two other men on the island who have been compelled to endure any greater raillery. Off to the southward one day they picked up a huge lump of something which was oily to the touch, which had queer mottlings in it, and greenish streaks. They had read something somewhere about ambergris, and

decided that they would never be obliged to pull trawls any more. The stuff was soap-grease which had escaped from a Lubec factory. And the men who found it are known as "Ambergris One" and "Ambergris Two."

The story of Club-foot John is one to be told when the winter fires are aglow and the snow is tossed in giant handfuls against the pane. Then, above the clang of the bell at the harbor entrance, there is a note which does not seem to be from the throat of the raucous wind. There is imagination among the silent folk of Grand Manan.

"Grands'r mumbles: 'Miles of chain
Are out to-night from the *Stormy Janc*.
Brig she was, and as able a thing
As e'er tuned shrouds for the winds to
sing.

But the ablest is under the Devil's thumb
When the skipper takes sights through a
kag of rum.

With a sou'east wind she thrashed her way
Up seas hot foot for Fundy Bay.

And the mate he knowed, and the crew
they knowed,

She was lugging too much of a canvas
load.

But still he told 'em to crack her on—
Her drunken skipper, old Club-foot John.
They smelt the land and they begged, did
they,

He'd anchor in soundings till break of day.
But a kag of rum walked that quarter-
deck,

And a kag of rum don't fear no wreck.

So down she went with every man,

Battered to slivers on Grand Manan.

A dozen lives on his black old soul,

And widders and orphans and bells to toll.

You'll hear him plain when a storm is on.

Roaring and working, old Club-foot John,

Stumping around his windlass there

Where the snow whirls thick in the off-
shore air,

Clanking an endless anchor chain

Into the peak of the *Stormy Janc*.

That's a duty left to Club-foot John.

Though he is long since dead and gone:

He is sent to tell us as best he can

There's a duty due to our fellow-man.

Better be kind and better be square

And remember that rum is the Devil's
snare

Set for the man who forgets that he

Needs all his wits when he fights the sea.'"

The Night Call

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE first caprice of November snow had sketched the world in white for an hour in the morning. After midday the sun came out, the wind turned warm, and the whiteness vanished from the landscape. By evening the low ridges and long plain of Jersey were rich and sad again, in russet and dull crimson and old gold; for the foliage still clung to the oaks and elms and birches, and the dying monarchy of autumn retreated slowly before winter's cold republic.

In the old town of Calvinton, stretched along the highroad, the lamps were aglow early as the saffron sunset faded into humid night. A mist rose from the long, wet street and the sodden lawns, muffling the houses and the trees and the college towers with a double veil, under which a pallid aureole encircled every light, while the moon above, languid and tearful, waded slowly through the mounting fog. It was a night of delay and expectation, a night of remembrance and mystery, lonely and dim and full of strange, dull sounds.

In one of the smaller houses on the main street the light in the window burned late. Leroy Carmichael was alone in his office reading Balzac's story of "The Country Doctor." He was not a gloomy or despondent person, but the spirit of the night had entered into him. He had yielded himself, as young men of ardent temperament often do, to the subduing magic of the fall. In his mind, as in the air, there was a soft, clinging mist, and blurred lights of thought, and a still foreboding of change. A sense of the vast tranquil movement of Nature, of her sympathy and of her indifference, sank deeply into his heart. For a time he realized that all things, and he too, some day, must grow old; and he felt the universal pathos of it more sensitively, perhaps, than he would ever feel it again.

If you had told Carmichael that this

was what he was thinking about as he sat in his bachelor quarters on that November night, he would have stared at you and then laughed a little.

"Nonsense," he would have answered, cheerfully. "I'm no sentimentalist: only a bit tired by a hard afternoon's work at Cedar Grove and a rough ride home. Then, Balzac always depresses me a little. The next time I'll take some Dumas: he is a tonic."

But in fact, no one came in to interrupt his musings and rouse him to that air of cheerfulness with which he always faced the world, and to which, indeed (though he did not know it), he owed some measure of his delay in winning the confidence of Calvinton. He had come there some five years ago with a particularly good outfit to practise medicine in that unique and alluring old burgh, full of antique hand-made furniture and traditions. He had not only been well trained for his profession in the best medical school and hospital of New York, but he was also a graduate of Calvinton College (in which his father had been a professor for a time), and his granduncle was a Grubb, a name high in the Golden Book of Calvintonian aristocracy and inscribed upon tombstones in every village within a radius of fifteen miles. Consequently the young doctor arrived well accredited, and was received in his first year with many tokens of hospitality in the shape of tea-parties and suppers.

But the final and esoteric approval of Calvinton was a thing apart from these mere fashionable courtesies and worldly amenities—a thing not to be bestowed without due consideration and satisfactory reasons. Leroy Carmichael failed, somehow or other, to come up to the requirements for a leading physician in such a conservative community. He was brilliant, perhaps, a clever young man; but he lacked poise and gravity. He walked too lightly along the streets,

swinging his stick, and greeting his acquaintances blithely, as if he were rather glad to be alive. Now this is a sentiment which Calvinton regards as near akin to vanity, and therefore to be discountenanced in your neighbor and concealed in yourself. How can a man be glad that he is alive, and frankly show it, without a touch of conceit and a reprehensible forgetfulness of the presence of original sin even in the best families? The manners of a professional man, above all, should at once express and impose humility. Young Dr. Carmichael had been spoiled by his life in New York. It had made him too gay, light-hearted, almost frivolous. It was possible that he might know a good deal about medicine, though doubtless that had been exaggerated; but it was certain that his temperament needed chastening before he could win the kind of confidence that Calvinton had given to the venerable Dr. Coffin, whose face was like a tombstone, and whose practice rested upon the two pillars of podophyllin and predestination.

So Carmichael still felt, after his five years' work, that he was an outsider; felt it rather more indeed than when he had first come. He had enough practice to keep him in good health and spirits. But his patients were along the side streets and in the smaller houses and out in the country. He was not called, except in a chance emergency, to the big houses with the white pillars. The inner circle had not yet taken him in.

He wondered how long he would have to work and wait for that. He knew that things in Calvinton moved slowly; but he knew also that its silent and subconscious judgments sometimes crystallized with incredible rapidity and hardness. Was it possible that he was already classified in the group that came near but did not enter, an inhabitant but not a real burgher, a half-way citizen and a lifelong new-comer? That would be rough; he would not like growing old in that way. But perhaps there was no such invisible barrier hemming in his path. Perhaps it was only the naturally slow movement of things that hindered him. Some day the gate would open. He would be called in behind those white pillars into the world of which his father had often told

him stories and traditions. There he would prove his skill and his worth. He would make himself useful and trusted by his work. Then he could marry the girl that he loved, and win a firm place and a real home in the old town whose strange charm held him so strongly even in the vague sadness of this autumnal night.

He turned again from these musings to his Balzac, and read the wonderful pages in which Benassis tells the story of his consecration to his profession and Captain Genestas confides the little Adrien to his care, and then the beautiful letter in which the boy describes the country doctor's death and burial. The simple pathos of it went home to Carmichael's heart.

"It is a fine life, after all," said he to himself, as he shut the book at midnight and laid down his pipe. "No man has a better chance than a doctor to come close to the real thing. Human nature is his patient, and each case is a symptom. It's worth while to work for the sake of getting nearer to the reality and doing some definite good by the way. I'm glad that this isn't one of those mystical towns where Buddhism and all sorts of vagaries flourish. Calvinton may be difficult, but it's not obscure. And some day I'll feel its pulse and get at the heart of it."

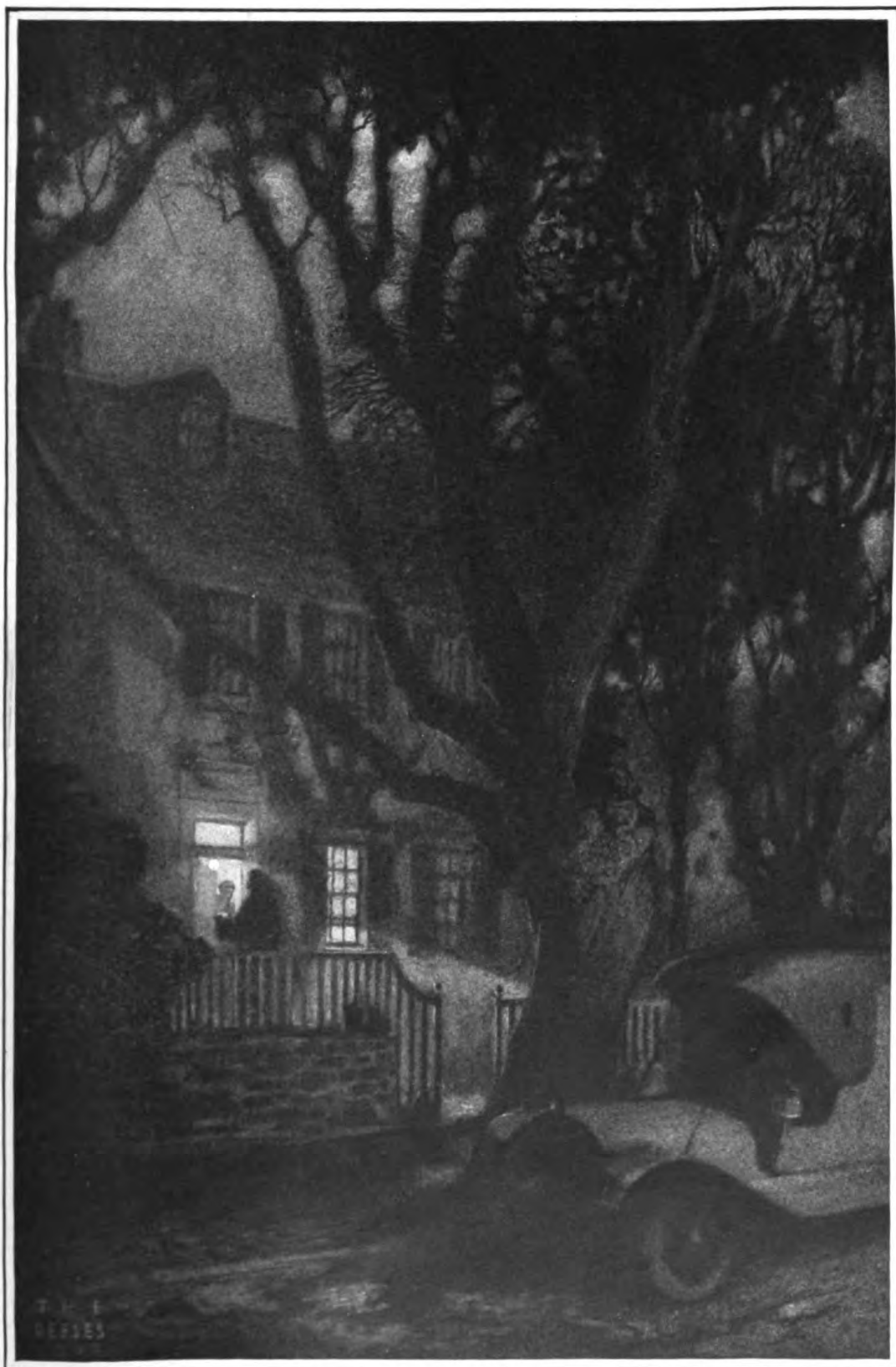
The silence of the little office was snapped by the nervous clamor of the electric bell, shrilling with a night call.

Dr. Carmichael turned on the light in the hall and opened the front door. A tall, dark man of military aspect loomed out of the mist, and, behind him, at the curbstone, the outline of a big motor-car was dimly visible. He held out a visiting-card inscribed "Baron de Mortemer," and spoke slowly and courteously, but with a strong nasal accent and a tone of insistent domination.

"You are the Dr. Carmichael, yes? You speak French—no? It is pity. There is a want of you at once—a patient—it is very pressing. You will come with me, yes?"

"But I do not know you, sir," said the doctor; "you are—"

"The Baron de Mortemer," broke in the stranger, pointing to the card as if it answered all questions. "It is the Baroness who is very suffering—I pray you to come without delay."



Drawn by The Reeses

A TALL DARK MAN LOOMED OUT OF THE MIST



"But what is it?" asked the doctor. "What shall I bring with me? My instrument-case?"

The Baron smiled with his lips and frowned with his eyes. "Not at all," he said, "Madame expects not an arrival—it is not so bad as that—but she has had a sudden access of anguish—she has demanded you. I pray you to come at the instant. Bring what pleases you, what you think best, but come!"

The man's manner was not agitated, but it was strangely urgent, overpowering, constraining; his voice was like a pushing hand. Carmichael threw on his coat and hat, hastily picked up his medicine-satchel and a portable electric battery, and followed the Baron to the motor.

The great car started almost without noise and rolled softly purring, with unlit lamps, down the deserted streets. The houses were all asleep, and the college buildings dark as empty fortresses. The moon-threaded mist clung closely to the town like a shroud of gauze, not concealing the form beneath, but making its immobility more mysterious. The trees drooped and dripped with moisture, and the leaves seemed ready, almost longing, to fall at a touch. It was one of those nights when the solid things of the world, the houses and the hills and the woods and the very earth itself, grow unreal to the point of vanishing; while the impalpable things, the presences of life and death which travel on the unseen air, the influences of the far-off starry lights, the silent messages and presentiments of darkness, the ebb and flow of vast currents of secret existence all around us, seem so close and vivid that they absorb and overwhelm us with their intense reality.

Through this realm of indistinguishable verity and illusion, strangely imposed upon the familiar, homely street of Calvinton, the machine ran smoothly, faintly humming, as the Frenchman drove it with master-skill—itself a dream of incarnate power and speed. Gliding by the last cottages of Town's End where the street became the highroad, the car ran swiftly through the open country for a mile until it came to a broad entrance. The gate was broken from the leaning posts and thrown to one side. Here the

machine turned in and labored up a rough, grass-grown carriage-drive.

Carmichael knew that they were at Castle Gordon, one of the "old places" of Calvinton, which he often passed on his country drives. The house stood well back from the road, on a slight elevation, looking down over the oval field that was once a lawn, and the scattered elms and pines and Norway firs that did their best to preserve the memory of a noble plantation. The building was colonial; heavy stone walls covered with yellow stucco; tall white wooden pillars ranged along a narrow portico; a style which seemed to assert that a Greek temple was good enough for the residence of an American gentleman. But the clean buff and white of the house had long since faded. The stucco had cracked, and, here and there, had fallen from the stones. The paint was dingy, peeling in round blisters and narrow strips from the gray wood underneath. The trees were ragged and untended, the grass uncut, the driveway overgrown with weeds and gullied by rains—the whole place looked forsaken. Carmichael had always supposed that it was vacant. But he had not passed that way for nearly a month, and, meantime, it might have been tenanted.

The Baron drove the car around to the back of the house and stopped there.

"Pardon," said he, "that I bring you not to the door of entrance; but this is the more convenient."

He knocked hurriedly and spoke a few words in French. The key grated in the lock and the door creaked open. A withered, wiry little man, dressed in dark gray, stood holding a lighted candle, which flickered in the draught. His head was nearly bald; his sallow, hairless face might have been of any age from twenty to a hundred years; his eyes between their narrow red lids were glittering and inscrutable as those of a snake. As he bowed and grinned, showing his yellow, broken teeth, Carmichael thought that he had never seen a more evil face or one more clearly marked with the sign of the drug-fiend.

"My chauffeur, Gaspard," said the Baron, "also my valet, my cook, my chambermaid, my man to do all, what you call factotum, is it not? But he speaks not English, so pardon me once more."

He spoke a few words to the man, who shrugged his shoulders and smiled with the same deferential grimace while his unchanging eyes gleamed through their slits. Carmichael caught only the word "Madame" while he was slipping off his overcoat, and understood that they were talking of his patient.

"Come," said the Baron, "he says that it goes better, at least not worse—that is always something. Let us mount at the instant."

The hall was bare, except for a table on which a kitchen lamp was burning, and two chairs with heavy automobile coats and rugs and veils thrown upon them. The stairway was uncarpeted, and the dust lay thick along the banisters. At the door of the back room on the second floor the Baron paused and knocked softly. A low voice answered, and he went in, beckoning the doctor to follow.

If Carmichael lived to be a hundred he could never forget that first impression. The room was but partly furnished, yet it gave at once the idea that it was inhabited; it was even, in some strange way, rich and splendid. Candelabra on the mantelpiece and a silver traveling-lamp on the dressing-table threw a soft light on little articles of luxury, and photographs in jeweled frames, and a couple of well-bound books, and a gilt clock marking the half-hour after midnight. A wood fire burned in the wide chimney-place, and before it a rug was spread. At one side there was a huge mahogany four-post bedstead, and there, propped up by the pillows, lay the noblest-looking woman that Carmichael had ever seen.

She was dressed in some clinging stuff of soft black, with a diamond at her breast, and a deep-red cloak thrown over her feet. She must have been past middle age, for her thick, brown hair was already touched with silver, and one lock of snow-white lay above her forehead. But her face was one of those which time enriches; fearless and tender and high-spirited, a speaking face in which the dark-lashed gray eyes were like words of wonder and the sensitive mouth like a clear song. She looked at the young doctor and held out her hand to him.

"I am glad to see you," she said, in her low, pure voice, "very glad! You are

Roger Carmichael's son. Oh, I am glad to see you indeed."

"You are very kind," he answered, "and I am glad also to be of any service to you, though I do not yet know who you are."

The Baron was bending over the fire rearranging the logs on the andirons. He looked up sharply and spoke in his strong nasal tone.

"*Pardon! Madame la Baronne de Mortemer, j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter Monsieur le Docteur Carmichael.*"

The accent on the "doctor" was marked. A slight shadow came upon the lady's face. She answered, quietly:

"Yes, I know. The doctor has come to see me because I was ill. We will talk of that in a moment. But first I want to tell him who I am—and by another name. Dr. Carmichael, did your father ever speak to you of Jean Gordon?"

"Why, yes," he said, after an instant of thought, "it comes back to me now quite clearly. She was the young girl to whom he taught Latin when he first came here as a college instructor. He was very fond of her. There was one of her books in his library—I have it now—a little volume of Horace, with a few translations in verse written on the fly-leaves, and her name on the title-page—Jean Gordon. My father wrote under that, 'My best pupil, who left her lessons unfinished.' He was very fond of the book, and so I kept it when he died."

The lady's eyes grew moist, but the tears did not fall. They trembled in her voice.

"I was that Jean Gordon—a girl of fifteen—your father was the best man I ever knew. You look like him, but he was handsomer than you. Ah, no, I was not his best pupil, but his most wilful and ungrateful one. Did he never tell you of my running away—of the unjust suspicions that fell on him—of his voyage to Europe?"

"Never," answered Carmichael. "He only spoke, as I remember, of your beauty and your brightness, and of the good times that you all had when this old house was in its prime."

"Yes, yes," she said, quickly and with strong feeling, "they were good times, and he was a man of honor. He never took an unfair advantage, never boasted



Drawn by The Reeses

HER FACE WAS ONE WHICH TIME ENRICHES

of a woman's favor, never tried to spare himself. He was an American man. I hope you are like him."

The Baron, who had been leaning on the mantel, crossed the room impatiently and stood beside the bed. He spoke in French again, dragging the words in his insistent, masterful voice, as if they were something heavy which he laid upon his wife. Her gray eyes grew darker, almost black, with enlarging pupils. She raised herself on the pillows as if about to get up. Then she sank back again and said, with an evident effort:

"René, I must beg you not to speak in French again. The doctor does not understand it. We must be more courteous. And now I will tell him about my sudden illness to-night. It was the first time—like a flash of lightning—an ice-cold flame of pain—"

Even as she spoke a swift and dreadful change passed over her face. Her color vanished in a morbid pallor; a cold sweat lay like death-dew on her forehead; her eyes were fixed on some impending horror; her lips, blue and rigid, were strained with an unspeakable, intolerable anguish. Her left arm stiffened as if it were gripped in a vise of pain. Her right hand fluttered over her heart, plucking at an unseen weight. It seemed as if an invisible, silent death-wind were quenching the flame of her life. It flickered in an agony of strangulation.

"Be quick," cried the doctor; "lay her head lower on the pillows, loosen her dress, warm her hands."

He had caught up his satchel, and was looking for a little vial. He found it almost empty. But there were four or five drops of the yellowish, oily liquid. He poured them on his handkerchief and held it close to the lady's mouth. She was still breathing regularly though slowly, and as she inhaled the pungent, fruity smell, like the odor of a jargonelle pear, a look of relief flowed over her face, her breathing deepened, her arm and her lips relaxed, the terror faded from her eyes.

He went to his satchel again and took out a bottle of white tablets marked "Nitroglycerin." He gave her one of them, and when he saw her look of peace grow steadier, after a minute, he prepared the electric battery. Softly he

passed the sponges charged with their mysterious current over her temples and her neck and down her slender arms and blue-veined wrists, holding the electrodes for a while in the palms of her hands, which grew rosy.

In all this the Baron had helped as he could, and watched closely, but without a word. He was certainly not indifferent; neither was he distressed; the expression of his black eyes and heavy, passionless face was that of presence of mind, self-control covering an intense curiosity. Carmichael conceived a vague sentiment of dislike for the man.

When the patient rested easily they stepped outside the room together for a moment.

"It is the *angina*, I suppose," droned the Baron, "*hein?* That is of great inconvenience. But I think it is the false one, that is much less grave—not truly dangerous, *hein?*"

"My dear sir," answered Carmichael, "who can tell the difference between a false and a true *angina*, except by a post-mortem? The symptoms are much alike, the result is sometimes identical, if the paroxysm is severe enough. But in this case I hope that you may be right. Your wife's illness is severe, dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. This attack has passed and may not recur for weeks or even months."

The lip-smile came back under the Baron's sullen eyes.

"Those are the good news, my dear doctor," said he, slowly. "Then we shall be capable to travel soon, perhaps to-morrow or the next day. It is of an extreme importance. This place is insufferable to me. We have engagements in Washington—a gay season."

Carmichael looked at him steadily and spoke with deliberation.

"Baron, you must understand me clearly. This is a serious case. If I had not come in time your wife might be dead now. She cannot possibly be moved for a week, perhaps it may take a month to restore her strength. After that she must have a winter of absolute quiet and repose."

The Frenchman's face hardened; his brows drew together in a black line, and he lifted his hand quickly with a gesture of irritation. Then he bowed.

"As you will, doctor! And for the present moment, what is it that I may have the honor to do for your patient?"

"Just now," said the doctor, "she needs a stimulant—a glass of sherry or of brandy, if you have it—and a hot-water bag—you have none? Well, then, a couple of bottles filled with hot water and wrapped in a cloth to put at her feet. Can you get them?"

The Baron bowed again, and went down the stairs. As Carmichael returned to the bedroom he heard the droning, insistent voice calling "Gaspard! Gaspard!"

The great gray eyes were open as he entered the room, and there was a sense of release from pain and fear in them that was like the deepest kind of pleasure.

"Yes, I am much better," said she; "the attack has passed. Will it come again? No? Not soon, you mean. Well, that is good. You need not tell me what it is—time enough for that to-morrow. But come and sit by me. I want to talk to you. Your first name is—"

"Leroy," he answered. "But you are weak; you must not talk much."

"Only a little," she replied, smiling; "it does me good. Leroy was your mother's name—yes? It is not a Calvinton name. I wonder where your father met her. Perhaps in France when he came to look for me. He did not find me—no, indeed—I was well hidden—but he found your mother. You are young enough to be my son. Will you be a friend to me for your father's sake?"

She spoke gently, in a tone of infinite kindness and tender grace, with pauses in which a hundred unspoken recollections and appeals were suggested. The young man was deeply moved. He took her hand in his firm clasp.

"Gladly," he said, "and for your sake too. But now I want you to rest."

"Oh," she answered, "I am resting now. But let me talk a little more. It will not harm me. I have been through so much! Twice married—a great fortune to spend—all that the big world can give. But now I am very tired of the whirl. There is only one thing I want—to stay here in Calvinton. I rebelled against it once; but it draws me back. There is a strange magic in the place. Haven't you felt it? How do you explain it?"

"Yes," he said, "I have felt it surely, but I can't explain it, unless it is a kind of ancient peace that makes you wish to be at home here even while you rebel."

She nodded her head and smiled softly.

"That is it," she said, hesitating for a moment—"but my husband—you see he is a very strong man, and he loves the world, the whirling life—he took a dislike to this place at once. No wonder, with the house in such a state! But I have plenty of money—it would be easy to restore the house. Only, sometimes I think he cares more for the money than—but no matter what I think. He wishes to go on at once—to-morrow, if we can. I hate the thought of it. Is it possible for me to stay? Can you help me?"

"Dear lady," he answered, lifting her hand to his lips, "set your mind at rest. I have already told him that it is impossible for you to go for many days."

A sound in the hallway announced the return of the Baron and Gaspard with the hot-water bottles and the cognac. The doctor made his patient as comfortable as possible for the night, prepared a sleeping-draught, and gave directions for the use of the tablets in an emergency.

"Good night," he said, bending over her. "I will see you in the morning. You may count upon me."

"I do," she said, with her eyes resting on his; "thank you for all. I shall expect you—*au revoir*."

As they went down the stairs he said to the Baron, "Remember, absolute repose is necessary. With that you are safe enough for to-night. But you may possibly need more of the nitrite of amyl. My vial is empty. I will write the prescription, if you will allow me."

"In the dining-room," said the Baron, taking up the lamp and throwing open the door of the back room on the right. The floor had been hastily swept and the rubbish shoved into the fireplace. The heavy chairs stood along the wall. But two of them were drawn up at the head of the long mahogany table, and dishes and table utensils from a traveling-basket were lying there, as if a late supper had been served.

"You see," said the Baron, drawing. "our banquet-hall! Madame and I have dined in this splendor to-night. Is it possible that you write here?"

His secret irritation, his insolence, his contempt spoke clearly enough in his tone. The remark was almost like an intentional insult. For a second Carmichael hesitated. "No," he thought, "why should I quarrel with him? He is only sullen. He can do no harm."

He pulled a chair to the foot of the table, took out his tablet and his fountain-pen, and wrote the prescription. Tearing off the leaf, he folded it crosswise and left it on the table.

In the hall, as he put on his coat he remembered the paper.

"My prescription," he said, "I must take it to the druggist to-night."

"Permit me," said the Baron, "the room is dark. I will take the paper, and procure the drug as I return from escorting the doctor to his residence."

He went into the dark room, groped about for a moment, and returned, closing the door behind him.

"Come, Monsieur," he said, "your work at the Château Gordon is finished for this night. I shall leave you with yourself—at home, as you say—in a few moments. *Gaspard—Gaspard, fermez la porte à clé!*"

The strong nasal voice echoed through the house, and the servant ran lightly down the stairs. His master muttered a few sentences to him, holding up his right hand as he did so, with the five fingers extended, as if to impress something on the man's mind.

"Pardon," he said, turning to Carmichael, "that I speak always French, after the rebuke. But this time it is of necessity. I repeat the instruction for the pilules. One at each hour until eight o'clock—five, not more—it is correct? Come, then, our equipage is always harnessed, always ready—how convenient!"

The two men did not speak as the car rolled through the brumous night. A rising wind was sifting the fog. The moon had set. The loosened leaves came whirling, fluttering, sinking through the darkness like a flight of huge dying moths. Now and then they brushed the faces of the travelers with limp, moist wings.

The red night-lamp in the drug-store was still burning. Carmichael called the other's attention to it.

"You have the prescription?"

"Without doubt!" he answered. "After I have escorted you, I shall procure the drug."

The doctor's front door was lit up as he had left it. The light streamed out brightly and illumined the Baron's sullen black eyes and smiling lips as he leaned from the car, lifting his cap.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Doctor; you have been excessively kind; yes, truly of an excessive goodness for us. It is a great pleasure—how do you tell it in English?—it is a great pleasure to have met you. *Adieu.*"

"Till to-morrow morning!" said Carmichael, cheerfully, waving his hand.

The Baron stared at him curiously, and lifted his cap again.

"*Adieu!*" droned the insistent voice, and the great car slid into the dark.

The next morning was of crystal. As Carmichael drove his electric phaeton down the leaf-littered street, where the country wagons and the decrepit hacks were already meandering placidly, and out along the highroad, between the still green fields, it seemed to him as if the experience of the past night were "such stuff as dreams are made of." Yet the impression of what he had seen and heard in that firelit chamber—of the eyes, the voice, the hand of that strangely lovely lady—of her vision of sudden death, her essentially lonely struggle with it, her touching words to him when she came back to life—all this was so vivid and unforgettable that he drove straight to Castle Gordon.

The great house was shut up like a tomb: every door and window was closed, except where half of one of the shutters had broken loose and hung by a single hinge. He drove around to the back. It was the same there. A slight cobweb was spun across the lower corner of the door and tiny drops of moisture jeweled it. Perhaps it had been made in the early morning. If so, no one had come out of the door since night.

Carmichael knocked, and knocked again. No answer. He called. No reply. Then he drove around to the portico with the tall white pillars and tried the front door. It was locked. He peered through the half-open window

into the drawing-room. The glass was crusted with dirt and the room was dark. He was trying to make out the outlines of the huddled furniture when he heard a step behind him. It was the old farmer from the nearest cottage on the road.

"Mornin', Doctor! I seen ye comin' in, and tho't ye might want to see the house."

"Good morning, Scudder! I do, if you'll let me in. But first tell me about these automobile tracks in the drive."

The old man gazed at him with a kind of dull surprise as if the question were foolish.

"Why, ye made 'em yerself, comin' up, didn't ye?"

"I mean those larger tracks—they were made by a much heavier car than mine."

"Oh," said the old man, nodding, "them was made by a big machine that come in here las' week. You see this house 's bin shet up 'bout twenty-five years, ever sence ol' Jedge Gordon died. B'longs to Miss Jean—her that run off with the Eye-talian—she kind er wants to sell it, and kind er not—ye see—"

"Yes," interrupted Carmichael, "but about that big machine—when did you say it was here?"

"P'raps four or five days ago; I think it was a Wensday. Two fellers from Philadelfy—said they wanted to look at the house, tho't of buyin' it. So I bro't 'em in, but when they seen the outside of it they said they didn't want to look at it no more—too big and too crumbly!"

"And since then no one has been here?"

"Not a soul—leastways nobody that I seen. I don't s'pose you think o' buyin' the house, Doc! It's too lonely for an office, ain't it?"

"You're right. Scudder, much too lonely. But I'd like to look through the old place, if you will take me in."

The hall, with the two chairs and the table, on which a kitchen lamp with a half-inch of oil in it was standing, gave no sign of recent habitation. Carmichael glanced around him and hurried up the stairway to the bedroom. A tall four-poster stood in one corner, with a dingy coverlet apparently hiding a mat-

tress and some pillows. A dressing-table stood against the wall, and in the middle of the floor there were a few chairs. A half-open closet door showed a pile of yellow linen. The daylight sifted dimly into the room through the cracks of the shutters.

"Scudder," said Carmichael, "I want you to look around carefully and tell me whether you see any signs of any one having been here lately."

The old man stared, and turned his eyes slowly about the room. Then he shook his head.

"Can't say as I do. Looks pretty much as it did when me and my wife breshed it up in October. Ye see it's kind er clean fer an old house—not much dust from the road here. That linen and that bed's bin here sence I c'n remember. Them burnt logs mus' be left over from old Jedge Gordon's time. I b'lieve he died in here. But what's the matter, Doc? Ye think tramps or burglars—"

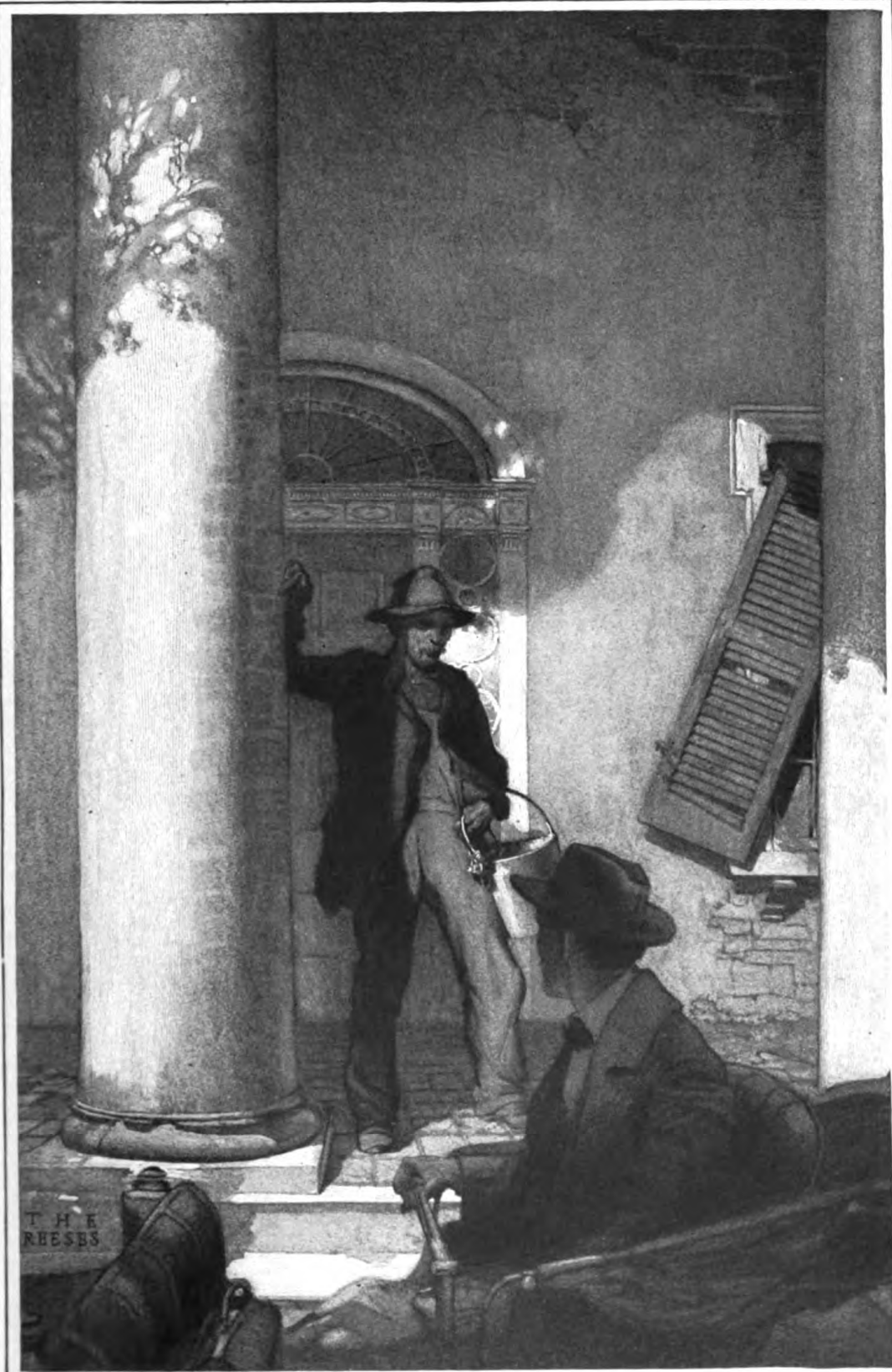
"No," said Carmichael, "but what would you say if I told you that I was called here last night to see a patient, and that the patient was the Miss Jean Gordon of whom you have just told me?"

"What d'ye mean?" said the old man, gaping. Then he gazed at the doctor pityingly, and shook his head. "I know ye ain't a drinkin' man, Doc', so I wouldn't say nothin'. But I guess ye bin dreamin'. Why, las' time Miss Jean writ to me—her name's Mortemer now, and her husband's a kind er Barrin or some sort er furrin noble—she was in Paris, not mor'n two weeks ago! Said she was dyin' to come back to the ol' place ag'in, but she wa'n't none too well, and didn't guess she c'd manage it. Ef ye said ye seen her here las' night—why—well, I'd jest think ye'd bin dreamin'. P'raps ye're a little under the weather—bin workin' too hard?"

"I never was better, Scudder, but sometimes curious notions come to me. I wanted to see how you would take this one. Now we'll go down-stairs again."

The old man laughed, but doubtfully, as if he was still puzzled by the talk, and they descended the creaking, dusty stairs. Carmichael turned at once into the dining-room.

The rubbish was still in the fireplace, the chairs ranged along the wall. There



Drawn by The Reeses

"WE DON'T HOLD MUCH TO DREAMS AND VISIONS DOWN THIS WAY"

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were no dishes on the long table; but at the head of it two chairs; and at the foot, one; and in front of that, lying on the table, a folded bit of paper.

Carmichael picked it up and opened it. *It was his prescription for the nitrite of amyl.*

He hesitated a moment; then refolded the paper and put it in his vest-pocket.

Seated in his car, with his hand on the lever, he turned to Scudder, who was watching him with curious eyes.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Scudder, for taking me through the house. And I'll be more obliged to you if you'll

just keep it to yourself—what I said to you about last night."

"Sure," said the old man, nodding gravely. "I like ye, Doc', and that kind er talk might do ye harm here in Calvinton. We don't hold much to dreams and visions down this way. But, say, 'twas a mighty interestin' dream, wa'n't it? I guess Miss Jean hones for them white pillars many a day—they sort er stand for old times. They draw ye, don't they?"

"Yes," said Carmichael, "they speak of the past. There is a magic in those white pillars. They draw you."

Return to New York

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

FAR and free o'er the lifting sea, the lapsing wastes, and the waves that
roam,
Hour by hour with sleepless power the keel has furrowed the soft, sad foam;
Slowly now with steadier prow she steals through the dim, gray fog-banks
home.

Faint and far from across the bar the first lines burn of the cloudy day,
From whistle and horn in the twilit morn low murmurs are wafted across
the bay:
The fleet, sweet swing of the sea-bird's wing beats down the darkness and
dies away.

Dawn—and lo, as the drifted snow that fades from the sun on a mountain-
height,
As the veils from a bride that fall and divide, the fog-veils sunder and leave
in sight,
Like Venice dim on the water's rim, the city my mother, bared and white!

In the first hours her stately towers and clustered summits show faint and
fair;
Mother! Mother! To thee and none other the heart cries out in the morning
there.
Steadily, slowly the white mists wholly fade, and the whole, sweet form lies
bare.

Hail! All hail, with the dawn for veil, the sea for throne, and the stars for
crown!
Mother, thy son, his journeying done, triumphantly here at thine heart bows
down:
Love that sings, on the sea-wind's wings runs on to greet thee his very own.

The Dollivers Caught 'Napping

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THE Dollivers, in their new car, had been droning peacefully through a leafy byway, stopping now and then for the full enjoyment of a view, or to listen to a bird's song, and they approached with reluctance the oiled and crowded turnpike, along which in either direction whirled countless other automobiles, filled with veiled, goggled, dun-colored figures.

"I wonder just what a lot of these people get out of a day in the country?" queried Marjorie, contemplatively.

"Chiefly speed, and an opportunity to show off, in some cases," returned her husband. "In others—well, you know what it means to us. What one gets out of the country depends largely upon what one brings to it, I fancy—which, by the way, was more briefly and comprehensively said by a person named Emerson, several years ago."

"Well, I hope most of them bring more than they seem to," she rejoined. "Apparently they look at nothing but the road ahead. See, nobody even so much as notices those kiddies, though they're working so hard to attract attention. Stop a minute, dear. Let's see what they want."

Just beyond the point where the byway ended in the highway two children stood in the grass beside the road, holding up a shabby basket and turning eager faces toward the occupants of each passing car. Now, as the Dollivers swung out to the edge of the thoroughfare and paused, the little ones ran toward them, calling:

"Butter 'n' eggs! Butter 'n' eggs! Don't you want to buy some butter 'n' eggs?"

The girl, who was perhaps nine years old, was dark and slender, her clear, bright brown eyes framed in an alert, expressive little face, while the boy, a year or two her junior, had yellow hair, plump red cheeks, and large, round,

placid eyes of the most cerulean blue. Their clothing, although reasonably clean, was worn and faded and much patched, as well as somewhat outgrown, and both wore torn straw hats.

"Where do you get your butter?" asked Dolliver, regarding them quizzically. "Do you keep a dairy farm, you two?"

"It's mother's. She makes it," replied the little girl. "It's nice, fresh, country butter. Oh, please buy some! And eggs—"

"Nice, fresh, country eggs. Please buy some," echoed the boy.

"Butter and eggs, eh? Let's see 'em." As Page reached out to take the basket, Marjorie leaned forward, with an infectious smile to which both children instantly responded.

"My name is Mrs. Dolliver. I wonder what yours is?"

"Mine's Katie McManus, and his is Jimmie. He's my little brother."

"'N' she's my sister," proclaimed the boy.

"Look here," exclaimed Dolliver, who had lifted a corner of the white cloth covering the basket and was peering inside. "What's this you're trying to unload on us? A gold brick?"

"It's butter," said both children, in a breath.

"Is it, indeed?" Dolliver feigned great astonishment. "How different butter does look in the country, to be sure!" He lifted the cloth a little more, disclosing to Marjorie a bed of wilted green leaves, in the center of which, surrounded by eight or ten eggs, was a bowl containing a soft, messy, oleaginous, yellow substance, with which the long hours of a hot afternoon had evidently had their way. "Nice, fresh, country butter—for nice, fresh, city people, I suppose?"

"Oh, poor babies!" murmured Marjorie, laughing. "How could they tell?"

"I guess you never tried to sell butter



TWO CHILDREN STOOD IN THE GRASS BESIDE THE ROAD

for mother before, did you?" asked Dolliver. "Does she know you're out with it?"

"Oh yes," said the little girl. "We always sell it."

"Do you, really? Where do you live?"

"Oh—over there." She waved an indeterminate hand. "Ever so far away."

"I see," said Dolliver. "And do you always bring your butter away over here to the road to sell?"

"Oh—now—" For the first time the child seemed disconcerted, and fixed an embarrassed glance upon the toe with which she tried to dig a hole in the grass. "Now—you see—now—"

"Where do you usually sell your butter, dear?" asked Marjorie, gently.

"To the summer people," instantly replied the child, looking at her again. "They live in the big houses, and have lots of money."

"Then why didn't you take it to them to-day?" pursued Mrs. Dolliver, persuasively.

"Because—because—now—you see, we wanted to make more money for—for mother—and we walked and walked and walked—"

"It was awful far," contributed Jimmie, "'n' hot."

"—But nobody'd buy it," his sister continued.

"Poor innocents!" breathed Marjorie.

"But *you* will, won't you?" urged Katie. "You'll buy it?"

"Well, I don't know about that," judicially demurred Dolliver.

"Don't tease them, dear," Marjorie whispered. "They're so little and so tired! Of course we'll take it."

"Anon, anon," he returned. Then, to the children: "You see, it's pretty nearly all melted, and melted butter isn't of much use to anybody, is it?"

"But you will buy it, won't you?" repeated the little girl, her tone sharpening and her face sobering with anxiety. "Because we've just got to have the money."

"Just got to have it, have you? Well, then I suppose we've just got to buy this butter, melted or not," responded the young man, relenting at once at this evident distress, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, whereat he was rewarded by a radiant sparkle from the brown eyes.

"But why have you 'just got to have the money'?" softly asked Marjorie.

"For mother," Katie began.

"To give to father, so he won't beat her," eagerly concluded her brother.

"What?" demanded the Dollivers, together.

"She's just got to have some money to give him to-night," the elder child explained.

"Father drinks," calmly supplied the other.

"Oh!" gasped Marjorie. "Oh, Page!"

"Mother takes in washing, and keeps cows and chickens. She works awful hard," circumstantially continued Katie, "and sometimes when she doesn't have money to give to father Saturday nights he beats her and she cries."

"I don't want him to beat mother!" wailed the boy, his face puckering up and tears forming in the big, blue eyes. "I don't want him to!"

"He won't, now. Hush up, Jimmie!" The little girl put her arms around him. "He won't beat her, now. We're going to take her the money, don't you see? Stop crying, you silly!"

By this time Marjorie had jumped out of the car, and had gathered both children into her embrace, her sweet gray eyes full of tears.

"You poor, blessed little mites!" she cried. "You shall have the money. Give it to them, Page, so they can hold it in their hands and see it. Yes, dearie, you shall have it. Nobody shall hurt mother."

"Here you are, old man," said Dolliver, leaning over the wheel and holding out a dollar bill to the boy, who stumbled over the grass, still sobbing, to take it. "Now, buck up! Buck up! Big men

don't cry! Men never cry after they're big enough to earn money for mother. That's right! Now let's take it to her, shall we? How would you like to go with us in the automobile?"

"Oh yes, let's take them home!" joyfully acquiesced Marjorie. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, tots? A nice long ride in an automobile?"

The tots indicated with enthusiasm that they would, and presently they were all in the little car, humming back through the leafy byway again, Katie having indicated, somewhat vaguely, that they lived "over that way, ever so far."

"Now you must tell us where to turn, because we don't know the way to your house, you see," Marjorie reminded them. "Did you ever ride in an automobile before?"

"Ho!" boasted the boy, from his seat beside Dolliver. "I ride in one every day. My father's got a big one, ever so much bigger'n yours."

"What's that?" questioned Dolliver, eying the child. "Your father owns an automobile?"

"Why, Jimmie McManus, you big story!" cried the little girl, who was in the tonneau with Marjorie. "He's just playing that he's Bobbie Cole," she explained to the Dollivers; "but he isn't, you know. He's only Jimmie McManus." Now that the cloud of immediate anxiety concerning the day's funds was apparently lifted from her mind, she gave herself over to the enjoyment of the moment, and in her keen little brown face and dancing brown eyes there was a shrewd and elfin beauty.

"'N' she's my sister," affirmed the younger child.



"BUTTER 'N' EGGS! BUTTER 'N' EGGS!"

"Who's Bobbie Cole?" asked Marjorie.

"He's a boy that lives in the big white house, and sometimes they buy our butter, and his father has an automobile—"

"Ever so much bigger'n yours," persisted the boy. "It's a six-forty-eight—"

"Oh, hush up, Jimmie!" impatiently interrupted the other child, continuing, to the Dollivers: "Sometimes they take us for a ride, and then Jimmie always plays that he's Bobbie, and that it's his car, don't you, Jim?"

"Yep," was the cheerful response.

"But it isn't, you know. He just pretends. He's so little, he's always pretending things."

"Oh, I see," said Dolliver. "And has Bobbie a sister, too?"

"No, nor any brothers, neither," said the boy. "I wisht he had just one brother, anyhow."

"Have you any brothers?" Marjorie asked the boy.

"Oh, lots," the girl replied for him. "Mother's got seven kids—four girls and three boys."

"'N' father drinks something fierce," placidly added Jimmie.

"Poor soul!" murmured Marjorie, tucking an arm around Katie.

"Which way do we go now?" asked Page, as they approached a cross-road, and a moment later, in response to the little girl's gesture, he turned to the left, into another quiet, winding, unfrequented thoroughfare, where, as they rounded the first curve, they met a whirring automobile, in the tonneau of which, between two veiled women, sat a small boy.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" shrieked Jimmie, waving his tattered hat and nearly plunging over the side, as the other car shot past.

"Eeee! Ee-oo-ee-oo-ee-oo!" His sister scrambled to her feet on the back seat, bouncing and shrilling like a little wave-tossed tugboat. Even as the Dollivers each seized a child, dragging them back to safety, the other car whirled around the curve and out of sight.

"Did you see Petie?" the boy shouted. "That was Petie! Did you see him?"

"'Course I saw him!" gleefully retorted Katie. "I guess he was surprised to see us here, Jimmie McManus. And he'll go and tell everybody! Ho-ho! Ho-ho! He'll tell them all that he saw us!"

"Sit still, dearie; you'll tumble out!" Marjorie slipped a restraining arm around the excited, wriggling little body. "Who's Petie?"

"Petie Toland. He lives next door to Bobbie, and he can't ever have any fun, either," Katie explained.

"No fun?" questioned Dolliver. "What's the matter with him?"

"Oh, they're all so awfully afraid of 'nappers!' scornfully returned the little maid. "They won't let anybody out of sight!"

"'Nappers? What are 'nappers?"

"Kidnappers," expounded Jimmie. "They call 'em that 'cause they go 'round the country 'napping kids. Didn't you know they got Harry Alcott? But his folks got him back all right. He's home again now." The disappearance of the Alcott child had occupied the police of several States and inflamed the sympathies of the whole country for six weeks past, and only within a few days had the abductors at last been captured and the boy restored to his parents. "But everybody's awful scared yet."

"Petie's mother won't let him go out of sight of the house," Katie took up the lamentation, "and Jimmie always has a governess tagging around and saying: 'Don't soil your clothes. Don't go in the sun. Don't get your feet wet. Don't make so much noise.' They just don't let anybody have any fun!"

"Well, nobody seems to be interfering very much with your liberty," suggested Dolliver, smiling at them. "Isn't your mother afraid the 'nappers will get you?" Jimmie looked up at him with a quick accession of interest, but the girl shook her head.

"We're only poor children," she explained. "Nobody wants us. They never 'nap you unless you're rich."

"Say," said Jimmie, looking from one to the other of the Dollivers, "you ain't 'nappers—are you?" His tone indicated that his own conviction in the matter was far from immutable.

"No, dearie, we're not 'nappers," said Marjorie, laughing gently.

"Oh, let's play you are!" Katie clapped her hands and sparkled. "Let's play you're 'nappers, and you're 'napping us, and all the policemen and detectives and sheriffs and things are chasing us,

and whenever we meet anybody you hide us, and—and everything like that! Oh, come on, let's play that!"

The small boy failed to appreciate the possibilities of the game, however, and his lips began to quiver into a piteous curve, while the cloud in his round, blue eyes darkened.

"I don't want to be 'napped," he announced. "I want to go home."

"Jimmie dear," said Marjorie, leaning forward and smiling at him, "you're not being 'napped. We're your friends, and we're taking you home just as fast as ever we can, so you can give the money to mother, don't you remember?"

"And here we come to another fork in the road," Dolliver warned them. "Now which way do we go? Toward the village? Or off toward the hill?"

"To the village," directed the little girl, whereupon the boy loudly protested: "I don't want to go that way! I want to go home!"

"But we're taking you home, son," Dolliver reminded him.

"No, you're not! We don't live this way. We live away back there"—he pointed to the road they had just traversed—"ever so far, 'n' I want to go home!"

"Oh, don't be such a silly!" exclaimed the elder child, in exasperation. "It's been such fun, and now you're spoiling it all!"

"See here, young lady, what about this?" demanded Page, stopping the car and turning to look at her over his shoulder. "Is he right? Do you live away back there somewhere?"

"Y-yes, but—now—" For a moment she was embarrassed, and again her glance sought a wriggling foot. Then she recovered herself, and looked up at him with a smile, half mischievous, half shy, and wholly engaging. "But you said you'd take us for a nice long ride, and—and I thought maybe you'd like to go to the village." She hesitated an instant before tactfully adding, "You can get ice-cream in the village."

"Oh, you can, can you?" said Dolliver, and then both he and Marjorie gave way to mirth. "All right. On to the village! You'd like to have some ice-cream, wouldn't you, James?"

"Y-yes," admitted the boy, with a

dawning smile. "Can I have it pink? A big dish of pink? And cakes?"

"You may have every kind there is if you want it," returned Page, still laughing.

"And then we'll take you straight home to mother, Jimmie," promised Marjorie.

"All right," agreed the youngster, every doubt dispelled in this joyous prospect. "Hurry up. I'm awful hungry."

Dolliver accordingly put on speed, and they hummed toward the village.

"Oh, hide us! Hide us!" cried Katie, as they approached it, dancing lights in her dark eyes. "Let's play we're being 'napped! Here"—thrusting a dust-rug over the back of the seat to Page—"we'll lie down on the floor, and you cover us all up, so nobody'll know we're there—now you'll have to keep awfully still, Jimmie!—and then, when we get to the drug-store, we'll hop up, all at once, and surprise everybody!"

So the Dollivers, laughing, covered up the small conspirators, huddled on the floor of the car, and a moment later Page turned into the tree-lined main street of the village. Then they saw that a small group of people had gathered in front of the drug-store, and toward it three or four other persons were hastening in evident excitement. There was also some shouting. Two men detached themselves from the cluster and ran across the street to an automobile, which one of them cranked vigorously, while the other sprang into the seat behind the wheel, and an instant later they shot off around the first corner.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Page. "I wonder what's happened? Our friends yonder seem somewhat agitated."

At that moment a man noticed the Dollivers' approach, and shouted, waving his arm toward them. Immediately a chorus of similar shouts arose, accompanied by similar gestures, and the eddy of people on the sidewalk dissolved, flowed out into the street, and formed again directly in the path of the advancing car, while two or three men stepped toward it, holding up their hands and crying: "Hey! Hey, there!"

"What's the matter?" called Page, slowing up. A confusion of voices replied, through which the words "lost



"NOW, HONEY, YOU TELL THEM WHAT YOU TOLD ME"

children — Cole boy — telephone — automobile — were distinguishable.

"One at a time, please," suggested Dolliver. "What has happened?"

Scarcely waiting for the car to stop, the little crowd closed in upon it, with keen, prying eyes, and even as one man asked, "Have you seen any stray children?" another, noticing a slight movement of the linen-covered pile at Dolliver's feet, poked at it, demanding:

"What's this?"

"O-ow! Don't!" indignantly wailed the pile.

Instantly the rug was snatched off, and the boy huddled beneath it was swung up over the head of the man who lifted him, his yellow hair damp and tousled, and an expression of startled alarm in his flushed face and round, blue eyes.

"That's him! That's the Cole boy!"



"WILL YOU COME DOWN AND TAKE IT? OR DO WE DRAG YOU OUT?"

cried a dozen voices. "Where's the girl?"

Something in the hostile faces and in the sudden inward surge of the little crowd brought Marjorie to her feet, where she stood behind her husband, with her hands on his shoulders.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried. "What's the matter?"

Meanwhile other hands were stripping the concealing rug from the figure of the girl lying on the floor of the tonneau, and she, too, was lifted out, though not without shrill protests against this informal handling, and held up to the full view of the crowd.

"Both of 'em—hidden!" roared the man who had discovered the boy, and again there was a threatening movement of the people, accompanied by a sort of snarl, through which were heard cries of "Kidnappers!" "Jail 'em!" "Thrash him!" and the like.

"Stop!" called Dolliver, in a ringing voice, throwing up his hand, palm outward. "Stop, I say!" So commanding was his gesture and so steady his eyes that they obeyed him and paused. "There seems to be some curious misunderstanding here," he said then, quietly, "and you're frightening my wife and these children. Now, tell me,

somebody—you," indicating the man who still held the terrified and weeping Jimmie, "what's all this about? Stop!" as the confusion broke out again. "I can listen only to one at a time. What has happened?"

"What's happened is that Franklin Cole's boy has been kidnapped, with a little girl visiting there, and here they are. We've caught you with the goods!" replied the man he had addressed, whereupon there were more cries and threats, and one hothead even advocated lynching.

Dolliver, who had not stirred from his seat behind the wheel, smiled and shook his head, and laid a warm, reassuring hand over one of Marjorie's, which had tightened their grip on his shoulders and were trembling.

"No, you haven't," he said. "We haven't tried to kidnap anybody, and this is not the Cole boy. His name is

Jimmie McManus." This brought a derisive howl from the crowd. "Very well," said Page. "Ask him. Stop crying, son, and tell the man what your name is," he added, persuasively, leaning toward the child.

"None o' that!" warned a voice. "We know him. It's the Cole boy, all right."

"Ask him," repeated Dolliver.

"What is your name? Tell us what your name is," urged the man who held the boy.

"Name's Bobbie Co-o-ole," he wailed, "'n' I want to go ho-o-ome!"

"A-a-ah!" snarled the crowd, with another movement toward Dolliver, so threatening that Marjorie clasped her arms around his neck, crying sharply:

"Go away! Get back! He said his name was Jimmie McManus."

"Ye-ah, we heard him say it!" jeered another voice.



"I'LL HEAR YOUR EXPLANATION—IF YOU HAVE ANY"

"But he did say it," reiterated Dolliver. "That's what he told us, and if he really is Bobbie Cole, we didn't know it. As for their being with us—"

"I s'pose you didn't know, either, that you met a machine back there a ways, with a kid in it that knew these two?" scoffed a muscular young man with a heavy fist and an ugly, leering smile.

"Yes, we did," promptly replied Dolliver. "What of it?"

"Well, when they got a little farther along they met a search-party, out looking for these kids, see? And they 'phoned to us that you had 'em, and for us to get you when you came this way. So we knew you had 'em before you got here, see? You didn't hide 'em quite soon enough. We was waitin' for you, and, now we've got you, we're goin' to—"

"Now, see here, people, let's get this straight," interrupted Dolliver, earnestly, leaning forward a little, but still holding his wife's hand.

"Oh, we've got it straight enough," savagely retorted another voice. "What's the use o' talkin'? Get out o' that car before we pull you out!"

"Hold on there!" shouted a man, as the crowd closed in with an ominous growl. "Give the feller a chance. Let him talk if he wants to. We've got the kids and we've got him. Let's hear what he has to say." He was evidently a person of some importance in the community, for the people paused, listening.

"Thank you," said Dolliver. "Now this is what happened. We found these children over on the turnpike, selling butter and eggs, which we bought—"

"Franklin Cole's boy sellin' butter 'n'

eggs—in them clo'es! That's a likely story, ain't it?" interrupted a voice.

"Here they are," retorted Marjorie, holding out the shabby basket, which was taken from her hand and passed out among the crowd. Some one suggested that it be retained as "evidence."

"They said their name was McManus,

and that they were brother and sister," steadily continued Dolliver. "They told a pitiful tale of a drunken father and a hard-working mother, and we offered to take them home. We followed their directions, and when we got near here they intimated that they would like some ice-cream, and we were coming into the village to get it when you stopped us—"

"With both kids takin' the air on the floor under your lap-robies, half smothered? He thinks we're easy, don't

he?" bawled a rough voice from the edge of the crowd, and again there arose that vengeful sound, which Marjorie stilled with outstretched hands.

"Oh, please! Please!" she begged. "Can't you see we're not that sort? My husband has told you the truth. Ask the little girl. She'll tell you the same story."

"Yes, she will!" exclaimed a woman into whose hands the whilom "Katie" had been given, and who had been plying the child with questions. "You just ought to hear what she says! I'll bet they belong to the same gang that stole Harry Alcott!"

"What does she say?" asked Dolliver.

"She says her name's Miriam Dorrance, and that she and her mother came to visit the Coles yesterday. This after-



"WHERE'S OUR BUTTER 'N' EGGS?"

noon Mr. and Mrs. Cole and her mother went off in the machine, and the governess went to sleep under a tree, and of course, with nobody watching them, these young ones skipped out, as hard as they could go. She says they walked a long way, and it was terribly hot, and then these two came along and asked them if they didn't want a ride in the machine. The children said no at first, because they were afraid of kidnappers—

"Why, they did nothing of the sort!" broke indignantly from Marjorie. "The little—"

"Steady, dear," cautioned Dolliver. "It isn't going to help matters to get excited, you know." Then, to the villagers: "I'd like to hear the little girl herself tell that story—without interruptions or suggestions from any one," he added, significantly.

"Oh, my word isn't good enough for you, isn't it?" jeered the woman. "All right, honey, you just tell them yourself. Tell them just what you told me—and don't you let them scare you."

"Lift her up, so's we can all hear," some one suggested, and there were cries of, "Yes, yes, tell all of us!" So the man who had taken the girl out of the car hoisted her to his shoulder, where she sat, flushed and a little bewildered, but apparently not much frightened.

"Now, honey, you tell them what you told me," directed the woman.

"Wait a moment," Dolliver interposed. "You're going to tell just exactly what happened, now, aren't you, girlie?" The child nodded, with a half-shy little smile. "You know this is very important," he continued, gravely and gently. "It isn't a game any more. You understand that, don't you? You know we're not playing now, and you must tell exactly what happened?"

"Y-yes," she replied, uncertainly, her glance wavering over the faces pressing close about her and down to that of the woman beside her.

"Never you mind him, honey," said this person, reassuringly stroking the little hand she held, "and don't let him scare you. You just go ahead and tell everybody what you told me. What happened after you said you wouldn't go with them?"

"They coaxed us a lot," alleged Miriam, rather shyly, "and they said—they said they'd give us candy and ice-cream and cakes and—new roller-skates and—oh, lots of things! And they said they knew Bobbie's mother, and would take us for a nice long ride and then take us home, and—so we went with them."

Dolliver checked another exclamation from Marjorie, and whispered to her not to lose her self-control.

"What happened next?" prompted the woman.

"Then we saw some little poor children going along the road with a basket," Miriam continued, with increasing confidence, "and the gentleman stopped the car and asked them what they had in the basket, and they said butter 'n' eggs that they were taking to Mrs. Toland, and he asked them if they wouldn't like some nice new clothes, and they said they would. Then they took us all off behind some bushes, so if anybody came along they couldn't see us, and took off our clothes and gave them to the poor children, and put theirs on us, and gave us their basket, with the butter 'n' eggs in it." She was now in the full swing of her narrative, and rattled it off glibly, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Dolliver watched her in frowning amazement, and Marjorie with increasing indignation.

"What did you do when they took away your nice clothes?" called a woman. "Didn't you cry?"

"No; they said it was a game," readily testified the child, "and we thought it was just fun. And they gave the little poor children some money for their butter 'n' eggs, and they gave us some, too. Bobbie's got his yet in his pocket, but I gave mine"—this with a demurely virtuous air—"to the little poor children."

"Now tell how you came to be under the lap-ropes," suggested the woman beside Miriam, with a triumphant, accusing glance at the couple in the automobile.

"They said to play that they were 'nappers and that we were being 'napped, and for us to lie perfectly still, so nobody'd know we were there. So we did."

"Why, you wicked little imp! That was your own suggestion, you know it

was!" cried Marjorie, unable longer to control the swelling tide of her wrath, to which for the moment her alarm was subordinate. "She wanted to play they were being kidnapped," she declared to the angry, incredulous crowd, "and they were to jump up when we got to the drug-store and surprise everybody. It was her own plan! And we did *not* take their clothes away from them! They were dressed like this when we found them!"

"You can ask Bobbie," insisted Miriam, excitedly. "They did take our clothes away from us, didn't they, Bobbie?"

"Yes, they did! I want my own clothes! I don't want to be 'napped! I want to go home!" Bobbie, who had been whimpering throughout the interview, now began to sob loudly.

"Miriam, look at me," commanded Marjorie, and after a moment's hesitation the child met the young woman's indignant gaze, and then uneasily shifted her glance to Dolliver's face, which had grown very stern. "No—look right into my eyes," persisted Marjorie, imperatively. "You know you've not been telling the truth. You know you told me your name was Katie McManus, and that Jimmie was your brother; now, didn't you?" For a moment Miriam sustained the accusing gaze, fear intensifying in her own eyes, and then she broke into shrieks of terror.

"You told me to!" she screamed. "You made me! Oh, I'm afraid! I'm afraid! They *are* 'nappers! They are! Don't let them get me!"

"I guess that's all we want," roughly commented the muscular young man, shoving toward the car, and others took up the cry.

"Well, it isn't all I want!" retorted Dolliver, ringingly, standing up in the car. "Is there an officer in this crowd?"

"We'll give you all that's coming to you!" savagely promised another voice, and as the crowd again snarled and surged toward them Marjorie clasped her husband's arm and gave a terrified little cry. "Will you come down and take it? Or do we drag you out—the two of you? Get those kids out of the way!"

So intense was the excitement that no one had noticed the honking of an auto-

mobile, approaching at terrific speed, but now that it was almost upon them Page heard it and turned toward it, and the attention of the crowd followed his.

"That's Cole! Here comes Cole now!" they shouted. "We've got him, Cole! They're all right!"

A grim, white-faced young man sat beside the chauffeur, and in the tonneau were two pallid, distracted women, who stood up as the car slackened speed, calling and holding out their arms to their children. The crowd made way, and before the car stopped, abreast of the other, the children, with terrified shrieks of, "Oh, mother! The 'nappers! The 'nappers got us!" were handed over the side and clasped to the breasts of their respective parents, where their cries presently subsided.

The boy's father waited only long enough to assure himself that no physical harm had come to them, and then swung out of the automobile to confront Dolliver, who meanwhile had left his own car and advanced toward the other, Marjorie still clinging to his arm. They met in the middle of the road, and the crowd instantly formed a dense ring around them.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am about this, Mr. Cole," exclaimed Page. "It's all a mistake—a grotesque misunderstanding."

"I'll hear your explanation—if you have any," curtly returned the young father, whose gray eyes were ablaze and whose hands were clenched.

"My name is Dolliver—Page Dolliver," he proffered a card, which the other took and crushed in his hand without looking at it, "and this is my wife. We saw these two children, over on the turnpike, offering butter and eggs for sale, which we bought of them. They told us they were brother and sister, that their mother took in washing and kept cows and chickens, and that their father was a drunkard."

"Indeed! Which of them told this interesting tale?"

"Both of them," interposed Marjorie.

"Impossible!" sobbed Mrs. Cole, from her seat in the tonneau. "Frank, you know Bobbie never could tell a story like that! He never lies—and he never ran away in his life."

"But he did tell it!" persisted Marjorie, turning a pale, indignant face toward those other pale-faced women in the car. "It was he who said that his father drank, and he cried because he was afraid the man would beat his mother. And he said the little girl was his sister—"

"And Miriam?" demanded Mrs. Dorrance, with startled eyes. "What did Miriam say?"

"She told most of the story," Marjorie returned. "She said her name was Katie McManus, and that his was Jimmie—"

"And that mother took in washing, and father drank, and—oh, Miriam! Miriam! You naughty—funny—darling!" Mrs. Dorrance was overcome by sobbing, choking, tearful laughter.

At this juncture a third automobile appeared, with much honking, and drew up between the other two. In it were two men, who proved to be those the Dollivers had seen depart as they entered the village, and with them a couple of red-haired, gray-eyed, freckled children, a girl and a boy, of unmistakably Hibernian lineage, clad in linen garments somewhat too large for them, and eloquent, to the initiated, of shops in Fifth Avenue. No sooner did these two espy Miriam and Bobbie than they began to clamor:

"Where's our butter 'n' eggs? You give us our money! You give us back our clo'es! Where's our basket? You give it back!"

"This your basket?" called a man in the crowd, holding up the one the children had given Dolliver.

"Yes, it is! You give it back!" shrilled the little girl.

"All right," agreed the man, "but first you tell us how they got it," nodding toward the other children.

"We was takin' Mis' Toland's butter 'n' eggs to her, me 'n' Johnnie here, 'n' we met them two in the road, 'n' she asked us where we was goin', 'n' I told her. She said they'd run away from the governess, 'n' wouldn't it be fun for them to play they was us, 'n' sell butter 'n' eggs, and us to play we was them, 'n' wear nice clo'es 'n' ride in automobiles, 'n' we said it would. So we went behind some bushes they was there 'n' swapped clo'es. Then she said they was goin'

over to the turnpike to sell the butter 'n' eggs, 'n' I knowed mother'd never stand for that, 'cause she'd promised 'em to Mis' Toland; but that new kid there," nodding toward Miriam, whose face was hidden against her mother's veil, "she's bigger'n I am, 'n' she pushed me over, 'n' they run away."

It was here that Cole turned to Dolliver in silence, but with frankly apologetic mien, and held out his hand, which the other took warmly. Both men laughed a little unsteadily, and each drew a long breath.

"We was afraid to go home," continued the child, "without the butter-money, 'n' in these clo'es, 'cause we knew mother'd lick the hide off'n us, so we hid 'n' waited for them to come back, 'n' bimeby they come ridin' by in a machine. We yelled at 'em, but they wouldn't look, 'n' then we follered 'em, 'cause we had to get the basket 'n' the money 'n' our clo'es back. Now you give 'em to us!" she concluded, threateningly, to the children in the other car.

After she had been assured that everything belonging to her would be returned, the men explained that they had picked up these children on the road, at first believing them to be the two who were lost, and that when they heard the story they had telephoned at once to the Coles' house. Upon learning there that the lost children had been seen going toward the village, and that the family was in pursuit, they had tried in vain to get into telephone connection with one or another of the "stores."

"But I guess, from the looks, nobody here was 'tending very strictly to his own business," said one of them, with a sly smile. "Seems as if it took the whole population to arrest two kidnappers that weren't kidnappers, after all, doesn't it?"

There was some shamefaced laughter in the crowd, and some audible and caustic comment on certain "little liars."

"Oh, please don't say that!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorrance, a pretty woman, with pleasant eyes and a charming smile. "You know all children like best the games they make up themselves, and sometimes, when the play is very engrossing, they lose sight of the fact that it is only a new game, and really believe

it. That's the way it was, isn't it, sweetheart?" she asked. "It was just play at first, and then you forgot and thought it was true?" The little dark head was nodding emphatically, but Miriam still hid her shamed face in the folds of her mother's veil. "And we're very sorry we forgot and made so much trouble for everybody, and we hope they'll all excuse us, and remember that we're just two very little folks who got badly frightened by our own game," concluded Mrs. Dorrance, with a wavering, half-tearful little smile at the villagers, who smiled back or averted their glances, according to their dispositions, and slipped unostentatiously and somewhat sheepishly away.

"Well, that was a pretty stiff scare, but thank God it was no worse!" exclaimed Cole. "I'm afraid my neighbors here gave you a bad quarter of an hour, though," he added, smiling at the Dollivers.

"Well, yes, they did, rather," assented Page; "but—that's over, too. Now I think we'll be getting on our way again."

"Not a bit of it!" protested the other. "You're going back to the house with us—oh, I insist! We've all been rather badly shaken up, and I seem to remember some bottles on the sideboard which contain certain comforting and sustaining liquids, for a draught of which I think we should all be the better. I hope you'll indulge me in this matter, Mrs.—I beg your pardon. I don't think I know your name."

"Dolliver," said Page. "I gave you my card, but you're entirely excusable for not having looked at it."

"Dolliver?" repeated Cole, straightening out the crumpled pasteboard which he still held. "Dolliver! You're not—by Jupiter, you *must* be 'Golden-Rule Dolliver'!"

"Well, I have been called that," admitted the other, with a wry little smile, "but I do not, as a rule, encourage the use of the title."

"Well, by the Lord Harry!" ejaculated the other. "You do get it rubbed into you, don't you? You had a little adventure, a week or two ago, with some old ladies you picked up over in Westchester somewhere, and a lost purse?"

"We did," said Dolliver, dryly. "What do you know about it?"

"I heard Dick Holden telling the story at the club the other day. Man, this calls for more than drinks all 'round! You've got to stay to dinner! I want to hear the story of your life."

It was arranged that Marjorie should return with the ladies in the Coles' car, and that Dolliver should take Bobbie's father and the Irish children, who were to go to the Coles' house to effect the necessary change of raiment before returning to their own home. As they started off with these youngsters in the tonneau, Page overheard the little girl say to her brother:

"Say, Johnnie, let's us play we're Jimmie 'n' that new kid, 'n' that these men are stealin' us."

"Not much you don't!" Dolliver flung back at them, over his shoulder. "If you do, I'll play I'm your mother, and you'll each get a spanking that you'll remember for the rest of your lives! I'm tired of being caught 'napping!'"



Your United States

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

FIFTH PAPER

THE choice of such a trite topic as the means of travel may seem to denote that my observations in the United States must have been superficial. They were. I never hoped that they would be otherwise. In seven weeks (less one day) I could not expect to penetrate very far below the engaging surface of things. Nor did I unnaturally attempt to do so; for the evidence of the superficies is valuable, and it can only be properly gathered by the stranger at first sight. Among the scenes and phenomena that passed before me I of course remember best those which interested me most. Railroads and trains have always appealed to me; I have often tried to express my sense of their romantic savor. And I was eager to see and appreciate these particular manifestations of national character in America.

It happily occurred that my first important journey from New York was on the Pennsylvania Road.

"I'll meet you at the station," I said to my particular friend.

"Oh no!" he answered, positively. "I'll pick you up on my way."

The fact was that not for ten thousand dollars would he have missed the spectacle of my sensations as I beheld for the first time the most majestic terminus in the world! He alone would usher me into the gates of that marvel! I think he was not disappointed. I frankly surrendered myself to the domination of this extraordinary building. I did not compare. I knew there could be no comparison. Whenever afterward I heard, as I often did, enlightened, Europe-loving citizens of the United States complain that the United States was all very well, but there was no art in the United States, the image of this tremendous masterpiece would rise before me, and I was inclined to say:

"Have you ever crossed Seventh Avenue, or are you merely another of those who have been to Europe and learned nothing?" The Pennsylvania station is full of the noble qualities that fine and heroic imagination alone can give. That there existed a railway man poetic and audacious enough to want it, architects with genius powerful enough to create it, and a public with heart enough to love it—these things are for me a surer proof that the American is a great race than the existence of any quantity of wealthy universities, museums of classic art, associations for prison reform, or deep-delved safe-deposit vaults crammed with bonds. Such a monument does not spring up by chance; it is part of the slow flowering of a nation's secret spirit!

The terminus emerged brilliantly from an examination of the complicated detail, both esthetic and practical, that is embedded in the apparent simplicity of its vast physiognomy. I discovered everything in it proper to a station, except trains. Not a sign of a train. My impulse was to ask, "Is this the tomb of Alexander J. Cassatt, or is it a cathedral, or is it, after all, a railway station?" Then I was led with due ceremony across the boundless plains of granite to a secret staircase, guarded by lions in uniform, and at the foot of this staircase, hidden like a shame or a crime, I found a resplendent train, the Congressional Limited. It was not the Limited of my dreams; but it was my first American Limited, and I boarded it in a condition of excitement. I criticized, of course, for every experienced traveler has decided views concerning *trains de luxe*. The cars impressed rather than charmed me. I preferred, and still prefer, the European variety of Pullman. (Yes, I admit we owe it entirely to America!) And then there is a harsh, inhospitable

quality about those all-steel cars. They do not yield. You think you are touching wood, and your knuckles are abraded. The imitation of wood is a triumph of mimicry, but by no means a triumph of artistic propriety. Why should steel be made to look like wood? . . . Fire-proof, you say. But is anything fire-proof in the United States, except perhaps Tammany Hall? Has not the blazing of fire-proof constructions again and again singed off the eyebrows of dauntless firemen? My impression is that "fire-proof," in the American tongue, is one of those agreeable but quite meaningless phrases which adorn the languages of all nations. Another such phrase, in the American tongue, is, "right away!" . . .

I sat down in my appointed place in the all-steel car, and, turning over the pages of a weekly paper, saw photographs of actual collisions, showing that in an altercation between trains the steel-and-wood car could knock the all-steel car into a cocked hat! . . . The decoration of the all-steel car does not atone for its probable combustibility and its proved fragility. In particular, the smoking-cars of all the Limiteds I intrusted myself to were defiantly and wilfully ugly. Still, a fine, proud train, handsome in some ways! And the trainmen were like admirals, captains, and first officers pacing bridges; clearly they owned the train, and had kindly lent it to the Pennsylvania R. R. Their demeanor expressed a rare sense of ownership and also of responsibility. While very polite, they condescended. A strong contrast to the miserable European 'guard'—for all his silver buttons! I ventured into the observation-car, of which institution I had so often heard Americans speak with pride, and speculated why, here as in all other cars, the tops of the windows were so low that it was impossible to see the upper part of the thing observed (roofs, telegraph wires, tree-foliage, hill-summits, sky) without bending the head and cricking the neck. I do not deny that I was setting a high standard of perfection, but then I had heard so much all my life about American Limiteds!

The Limited started with exactitude, and from the observation-car I watched the unrolling of the wondrous Hudson

tunnel—one of the major sights of New York, and a thing of curious beauty. . . . The journey passed pleasantly, with no other episode than that of dinner, which cost a dollar and was worth just about a dollar, despite the mutton. And with exactitude we arrived at Washington—another splendid station. I generalized thus: "It is certain that this country understands railroad stations." I was, however, fresh in the country, and had not then seen New Haven station, which, as soon as it is quite done with, ought to be put in a museum.

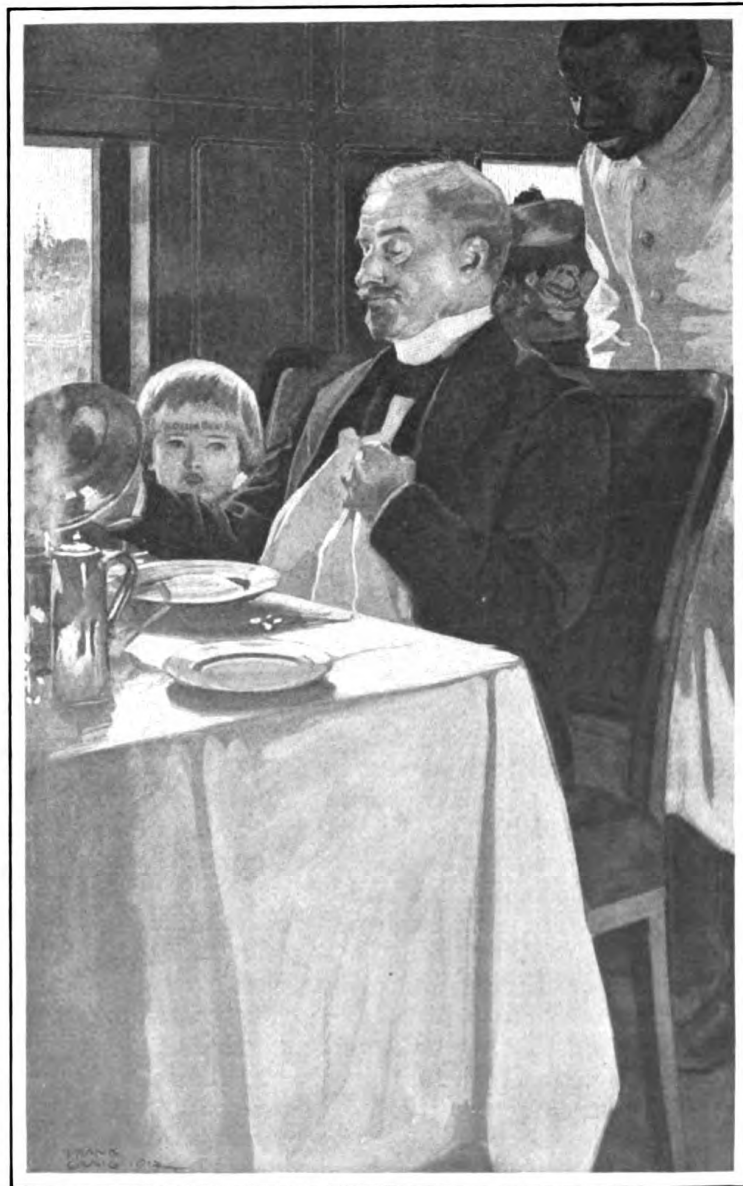
We returned from Washington by a night train; we might have taken a day train, but it was pointed out to me that I ought to get into "form" for certain projected long journeys into the West. At midnight I was brusquely introduced to the American sleeping-car. I confess that I had not imagined anything so appalling as the confined, stifling, mal-odorous promiscuity of the American sleeping-car, where men and women are herded together on shelves under the drastic control of an official aided by negroes. I care not to dwell on the subject. . . . I have seen European prisons, but in none that I have seen would such a system be tolerated, even by hardened warders and governors; and assuredly, if it were, public opinion would rise in anger and destroy it. I have not been in Siberian prisons, but I remember reading George Kennan's description of their mild horrors, and I am surprised that he should have put himself to the trouble of such a tedious journey when he might have discovered far more exciting material on any good road around New York. However, nobody seemed to mind, such is the force of custom—and I did not mind very much, because my particular friend, intelligently foreseeing my absurd European prejudices, had engaged for us a state-room.

This state-room, or suite—for it comprised two apartments—was a beautiful and aristocratic domain. The bed-chamber had a fan that would work at three speeds like an automobile, and was an enchanting toy. In short, I could find no fault with the accommodation. It was perfect, and would have remained perfect had the train remained in the station. Unfortunately, the engine-

driver had the unhappy idea of removing the train from the station. He seemed to be an angry engine-driver, and his gesture was that of a man setting his teeth and hissing: "Now, then, come out of that, you sluggards!" and giving a ferocious tug. There was a fearful jerk, and in an instant I understood why sleeping-berths in America are always arranged lengthwise with the train. If they were not, the passengers would spend most of the night in getting up off the floor and climbing into bed again. A few hundred yards out of the station, the engine-driver decided to stop, and there was the same fearful jerk and concussion. Throughout the night he stopped and he started at frequent intervals, and always with the fearful jerk. Sometimes he would slow down gently and woo me into a false tranquillity, but only to finish with the same jerk rendered more shocking by contrast.

The bedchamber was delightful, the lavatory amounted to a boudoir, the reading-lamp left nothing to desire, the ventilation was a continuous vaudeville entertainment, the watch-pocket was adorable, the mattress was good. Even the road-bed was quite respectable—not equal to the best I knew, probably, but it had the great advantage of well-tied rails, so that as the train passed from one rail-length to the next you felt no jar, a bliss utterly unknown in Europe. The secret of a satisfactory "sleeper," however,

does not lie in the state-room, nor in the glittering lavatory, nor in the lamp, nor in the fan, nor in the watch-pocket, nor in the bed, nor even in the road-bed. It lies in the mannerisms of that brave fellow out there in front of you on the engine, in the wind and the rain. But no one in all America seemed to appreciate this deep truth. For myself, I was inclined to go out to the engine-driver and say to him: "Brother, are you aware—you cannot be—that the best European trains start with the imperceptible stealthiness of a bad habit, so that it is impossible to distinguish mo-



BREAKFAST EN ROUTE

tion from immobility, and come to rest with the softness of doves settling on the shoulders of a young girl?" . . . If the fault is not the engine-driver's, then are the brakes to blame? Inconceivable! . . . All American engine-drivers are alike; and I never slept a full hour in any American "sleeper," what with stops, starts, hootings, tollings, whizzings round sharp corners, listening to the passage of freight-trains, and listening to haughty conductor-admirals who quarreled at length with newly-arrived voyagers at 2 or 3 A.M.! I do not criticize, I state. I also blame myself. There are those who could sleep. But not everybody could sleep. Well and heartily do I remember the moment when another friend of mine, in the midst of an interminable scolding that was being given by a nasal-voiced conductor to a passenger just before the dawn, exposed his head and remarked: "Has it occurred to you that this is a sleeping-car?" In the swift silence the whirring of my private fan could be heard.

I arrived in New York from Washington, as I arrived at all my destinations after a night journey, in a state of enfeebled submissiveness, and I retired to bed in a hotel. And for several hours the hotel itself would stop and start with a jerk and whiz round corners.

For many years I had dreamed of traveling by the great, the unique, the world-renowned New York-Chicago train; indeed, it would not be a gross exaggeration to say that I came to America in order to take that train; and at length time brought my dream true. I boarded the thing in New York, this especial product of the twentieth century, and yet another thrilling moment in my life came and went! I boarded it with pride; everybody boarded it with pride; and in every eye was the gleam: "This is the train of trains, and I have my state-room on it." Perhaps I was ever so slightly disappointed with the dimensions and appointments of the state-room—I may have been expecting a whole car to myself—but the general self-conscious smartness of the train reassured me. I wandered into the observation-car, and saw my particular friend proudly employ the train-telephone to inform his office that he had caught the train. I saw also the

free supply of newspapers, the library of books, the typewriting machine, and the stenographer by its side—all as promised. And I knew that at the other end of the train was a dining-car, a smoking-car, and a barber-shop. I picked up the advertising literature scattered about by a thoughtful Company, and learned therefrom that this train was not a mere experiment; it was the finished fruit of many experiments, and that while offering the conveniences of a hotel or a club, it did with regularity what it undertook to do in the way of speed and promptness. The pamphlet made good reading! . . .

I noted that it pleased the Company to run two other very important trains cut of the terminus simultaneously with the unique train. Bravado, possibly; but bravado which invited the respect of all those who admire enterprise! I anticipated with pleasure the noble spectacle of these three trains sailing forth together on three parallel tracks; which pleasure was denied me. We for Chicago started last; we started indeed, according to my poor European watch, from fifteen to thirty seconds late! . . . No matter! I would not stickle for seconds: particularly as at Chicago, by the terms of a contract which no company in Europe would have had the grace to sign, I was to receive, for any unthinkable lateness, compensation at the rate of one cent for every thirty-six seconds! Within a quarter of an hour it became evident that that train had at least one great quality—it moved. As, in the deepening dusk, we swung along the banks of the glorious Hudson, veiled now in the vaporous mysteries following a red sunset, I was obliged to admit with increasing enthusiasm that that train did move. Even the persecutors of Galileo would never have had the audacity to deny that that train moved. And one felt, comfortably, that the whole Company, with all the Company's resources, was watching over its flying pet, giving it the supreme right of way and urging it forward by hearty good-will. One felt also that the moment had come for testing the amenities of the hotel and the club.

"Tea, please," I said, jauntily, confidently, as we entered the spotless and appetizing restaurant-car.

The extremely polite and kind cap-



IN THE PARLOR-CAR

tain of the car was obviously taken aback. But he instinctively grasped that the reputation of the train hung in the balance, and he regained his self-possession.

"Tea?" His questioning inflection delicately hinted: "Try not to be too eccentric."

"Tea."

"Here?"

"Here."

"I can serve it here, of course," said the captain, persuasively. "But if you don't mind I should prefer to serve it in your state-room."

We reluctantly consented. The tea was well made and well served.

In an instant, as it seemed, we were crossing a dark river, on which reposed several immense, many-storied river-steamers, brilliantly lit. I had often seen illustrations of these craft, but never before the reality. A fine sight—and it made me think of Mark Twain's incomparable masterpiece, *Life on the Missis-*

sippi, for which I would sacrifice the entire works of Thackeray and George Eliot. We ran into a big town, full of electric signs, and stopped. Albany! One minute late! I descended to watch the romantic business of changing engines. I felt sure that changing the horses of a fashionable mail-coach would be as nothing to this. The first engine had already disappeared. The new one rolled tremendous and overpowering toward me; its wheels rose above my head, and the driver glanced down at me as from a bedroom window. I was sensible of all the mystery and force of the somber monster; I felt the mystery of the unknown railway station, and of the strange illuminated city beyond. And I had a corner in my mind for the thought: "Somewhere near me Broadway actually ends." Then, while dark men under the ray of a lantern fumbled with the gigantic couplings, I said to myself that if I did not get back to my car I should probably

be left behind. I regained my state-room, and waited, watch in hand, for the jerk of restarting. I waited half an hour. Some mishap with the couplings! We left Albany thirty-three minutes late. Habitues of the train affected nonchalance. One of them offered to bet me

sleeping-cars, and I therefore will not describe it in detail. To do so might amount to a solecism. Enough to say that the jerkings were possibly less violent and certainly less frequent than usual, while on the other hand the halts were strangely long; one, indeed, seemed to last for hours; I had to admit to myself that I had been to sleep and dreamed this stoppage.

From a final catnap I at last drew up my blind to greet the oncoming day, and was rewarded by one of the finest and most poetical views I have ever seen; a misty brown river flanked by a jungle of dark reddish and yellowish chimneys and furnaces that covered it with shifting canopies of white steam and of smoke, varying from the delicate grays to intense black; a beautiful dim gray



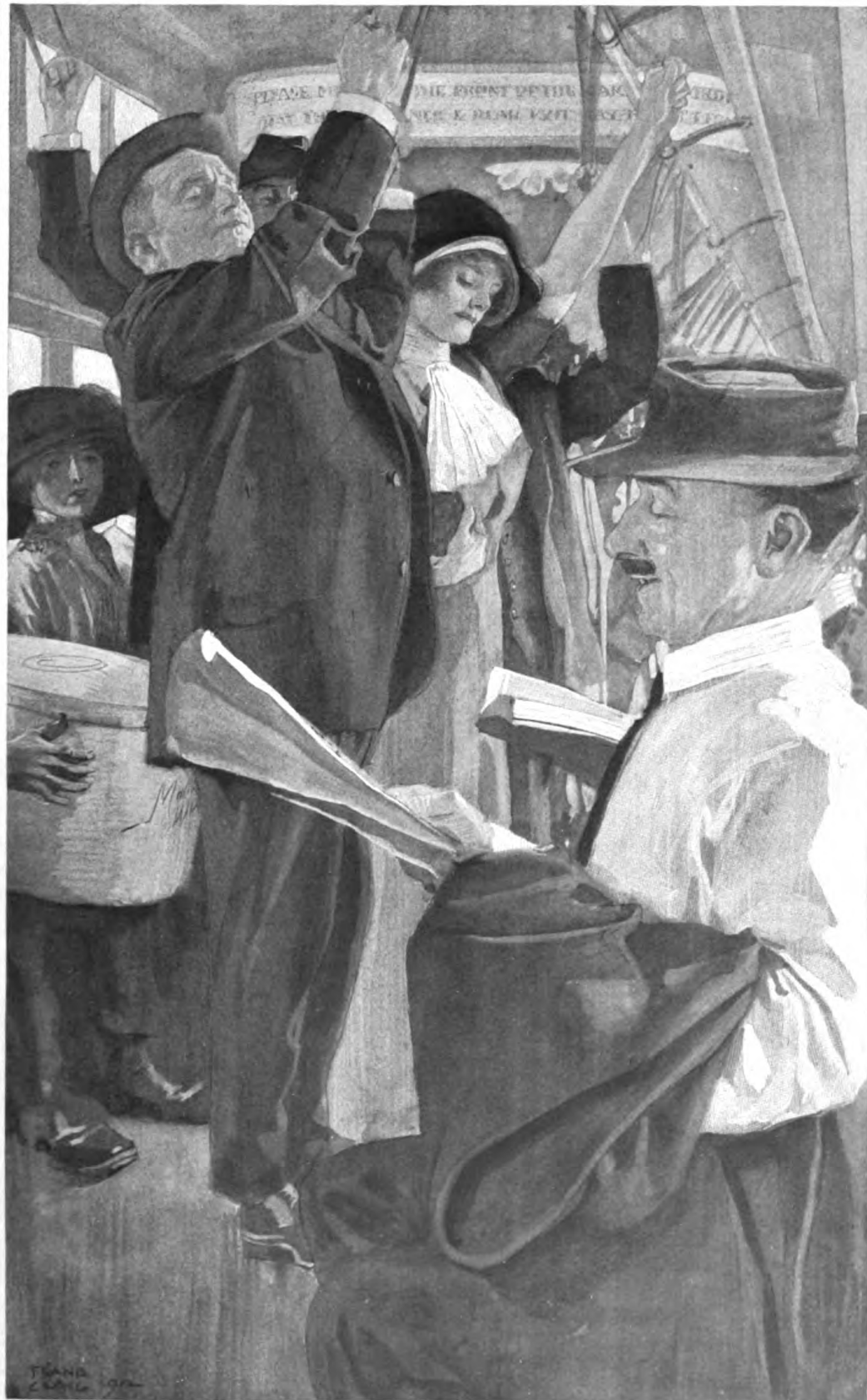
WHEN THE TROLLEY STARTS—OR STOPS

that "she would make it up." The admirals and captains avoided our gaze.

We dined, *à la carte*; the first time I had ever dined *à la carte* on any train. An excellent dinner, well and sympathetically served. The mutton was impeccable. And in another instant, as it seemed, we were running, with no visible flags, through an important and showy street of a large town, and surface cars were crossing one another behind us. I had never before seen an express train let loose in the middle of an unprotected town, and I was *naïf* enough to be startled. But a huge electric sign—"Syracuse bids you welcome"—tranquilized me. We briefly halted, and drew away from the allurements of those bright streets into the deep, perilous shade of the open country.

I went to bed. The night differed little from other nights spent in American

sky lightening, and on the ground and low, flat roofs a thin crust of snow: Toledo! A wonderful and inspiring panorama, just as romantic in its own way as any Spanish Toledo. Yet I regretted its name, and I regretted the grotesque names of other towns on the route—Canaan, Syracuse, Utica, Geneva, Ceylon, Waterloo, and odd combinations ending in "burg." The names of most of the States are superb. What could be more beautiful than Ohio, Idaho, Kentucky, Iowa, Missouri, Wyoming, Illinois—above all, Illinois? Certain cities, too, have grand names. In its vocal quality "Chicago" is a perfect prince among names. But the majority of town names in America suffer, no doubt inevitably, from a lack of imagination and of reflection. They have the air of being bought in haste at a big advertising "ready-for-service" establishment.



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE STRAP-HANGERS

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Remembering in my extreme prostration that I was in a hotel and club, and not in an experiment, I rang the bell, and a smiling negro presented himself. It was only a quarter to seven in Toledo, but I was sustained in my demeanor by the fact that it was a quarter to eight in New York.

"Will you bring me some tea, please?"

He was sympathetic, but he said flatly I couldn't have tea, nor anything, and that nobody could have anything at all for an hour and a half, as there would be no restaurant-car till Elkhart, and Elkhart was quite ninety miles off. He added that an engine had broken down at Cleveland.

I lay in collapse for over an hour, and then, summoning my manhood, arose. On the previous evening the hot-water tap of my toilette had yielded only cold water. Not wishing to appear hypercritical, I had said nothing, but I had thought. I now casually turned on the cold-water tap and was scalded by nearly-boiling water. The hot-water tap still yielded cold water. Lest I should be accused of inventing this caprice of plumbing in a hotel and club, I give the name of the car. It was appropriately styled "Watertown" (compartment E).

In the corridor an admiral, audaciously interrogated, admitted that the train was at that moment two hours and ten minutes late. As for Elkhart, it seemed to be still about ninety minutes away. I went into the observation-saloon to cheer myself up by observing, and was struck by a chill, and by the chilly, pinched demeanor of sundry other passengers, and by the apologetic faces of certain captains. Already in my state-room my senses had suspected a chill; but I had refused to believe my senses. I knew and had known all my life that American trains were too hot, and I had put down the supposed chill to a psychological delusion. It was, however, no delusion. As we swept through a snowy landscape the apologetic captains announced sadly that the engine was not sparing enough steam to heat the whole of the train. We put on overcoats and stamped our feet.

The train was now full of ravening passengers. And as Elkhart with infinite shyness approached, the ravening pas-

sengers formed in files in the corridors, and their dignity was jerked about by the speed of the icy train, and they waited and waited, like mendicants at the kitchen entrance of a big restaurant. And at long last, when we had ceased to credit that any such place as Elkhart existed, Elkhart arrived. Two restaurant-cars were coupled on, and, as it were, instantly put to the sack by an infuriated soldiery. The food was excellent, and newspapers were distributed with much generosity, but some passengers, including ladies, had to stand for another twenty minutes famished at the door of the first car, because the breakfasting accommodation of this particular hotel and club was not designed on the same scale as its bedroom accommodation. We reached Chicago one hundred and ten minutes late. And to compensate me for the lateness, and for the refrigeration, and for the starvation, and for being forced to eat my breakfast hurriedly under the appealing, reproachful gaze of famishing men and women, an official at the Lassalle station was good enough to offer me a couple of dollars. I accepted them. . . .

An unfortunate accident, you say. It would be more proper to say a series of accidents. I think "the greatest train in the world" is entitled to one accident, but not to several. And when, in addition to being a train, it happens to be a hotel and club, and not an experiment, I think that a system under which a serious breakdown anywhere between Syracuse and Elkhart (about three-quarters of the entire journey) is necessarily followed by starvation—I think that such a system ought to be altered—by Americans. In Europe it would be allowed to continue indefinitely.

Beyond question my experience of American trains led me to the general conclusion that the best of them were excellent. Nevertheless, I saw nothing in the organization of either comfort, luxury, or safety to justify the strange belief of Americans that railroad traveling in the United States is superior to railroad traveling in Europe. Merely from habit, I prefer European trains on the whole. It is perhaps also merely from habit that Americans prefer American trains.

As regards methods of transit other than ordinary railroad trains, I have to admit a certain general disappointment in the United States. The Elevated systems in the large cities are the terrible result of an original notion which can only be called unfortunate. They must either depopulate the streets through which they run, or utterly destroy the sensibility of the inhabitants; and they enormously increase and complicate the dangers of the traffic beneath them. Indeed, in the view of the unaccustomed stranger, every Elevated is an affliction so appallingly hideous that no degree of convenience could atone for its horror. The New York Subway is a masterpiece of celerity, and in other ways less evil than an Elevated, but in the minimum decencies of travel it appeared to me to be inferior to several similar systems in Europe.

The surface cars in all the large cities that I saw were less smart and less effective than those in sundry European capitals. In Boston particularly I cannot forget the excessive discomfort of

a journey to Cambridge, made in the company of a host who had a most beautiful house, and who gave dinners of the last refinement, but who seemed unaccountably to look on the car journey as a sort of pleasant robustious outing. Nor can I forget—also in Boston—the spectacle of the citizens of Brookline—reputed to be the wealthiest suburb in the world—strap-hanging and buffeted and flung about on the way home from church, in surface cars which really did carry inadequacy and brutality to excess.

The horse-cabs of Chicago had apparently been imported second-hand immediately after the great fire from minor towns in Italy.

There remains the supreme mystery of the vices of the American taxicab. I sought an explanation of this from various persons, and never got one that was convincing. The most frequent explanation, at any rate in New York, was that the great hotels were responsible for the vices of the American taxicab, by reason of their alleged outrageous charges to the companies for the priv-



IN THE SUBWAY ONE ENCOUNTERS AN INSISTENT, HURRYING STREAM



THE PASSENGERS ON THE ELEVATED AT NIGHT ARE ODDLY ASSORTED

ilege of waiting for hire at their august porticos. I listened with respect, but with incredulity. If the taxicabs were merely very dear, I could understand; if they were merely very bad, I could understand; if they were merely numerically insufficient for the number of people willing to pay for taxicabs, I could understand. But that they should be at once very dear, very bad, and most inconveniently scarce, baffled and still baffles me. The sum of real annoyance daily inflicted on a rich and busy but craven-hearted city like New York by the eccentricity of its taxicab organization must be colossal.

As to the condition of the roadways, the vocabulary of blame had been exhausted long before I arrived. Two things, however, struck me in New York, which I had not heard of by report: the greasiness of the streets, transforming every automobile into a skidding death-trap at the least sign of moisture, and the leisureliness of the road-works. The busiest part of Thirty-fourth Street, for example—no mean artery, either—was torn up when I came into New York, and it was still torn up when I left. And, lastly, why are there no island

refuges on Fifth Avenue? Even at the intersection of Fifth and Broadway there is no oasis for the pursued wayfarer. Every European city has long ago decided that the provision of island refuges in main thoroughfares is an act of elementary justice to the wayfarer in his unequal and exhausting struggle with wheeled traffic.

All these criticisms, which are severe but honest, would lose much of their point if the general efficiency of the United States and its delightful genius for organization were not so obvious and so impressive to the European. In fact, it is precisely the brilliant practical qualities of the country which place its idiosyncrasies in the matter of transit in so startling a light. . . . I would not care to close this section without a grateful reference to the very natty electric coupés, usually driven by ladies, which are so refreshing a feature of the streets of Chicago, and to the virtues of American private automobiles in general.

It is remarkable that a citizen who cheerfully and negligently submits to so many various inconveniences outside his home should insist on having the most

comfortable home in the world, as the American citizen unquestionably has! Once, when in response to an interviewer I had become rather lyrical in praise of I forget what phenomenon in the United States, a Philadelphia evening newspaper published an editorial article in criticism of my views. This article was entitled "Offensive Flattery." Were I to say freely all that I thought of the American private house, large or small, I might expose myself again to the same accusation.

When I began to make the acquaintance of the American private house, I felt like one who, son of an exiled mother, had been born abroad and had at length entered his real country. That is to say, I felt at home. I felt that all this practical comfort and myself had been specially destined for each other since the beginning of time, and that fate was at last being fulfilled. Freely I admit that until I reached America I had not understood what real domestic comfort, generously conceived, could be. Certainly I had always in this particular quarreled with my own country, whose average notion of comfort still is to leave the drawing-room (temperature 70°—near the fire) at midnight, pass by a wind-swept hall and staircase (temperature 55°) to a bedroom full of fine fresh air (temperature 50° to 40°), and in that chamber, having removed piece by piece every bit of warm clothing, to slip, imperfectly protected, between icy sheets and wait for sleep. Certainly I had always contested the joyfulness of that particular process; but my imagination had fallen short of the delicious innumerable realities of comfort in an American home.

Now, having regained the "barbaric seats" whence I came, I read with a peculiar expression the advertisements of fashionable country and town residences to rent or for sale. Such as: "Choice residence. Five reception-rooms. Sixteen bedrooms. Bath-room—" Or: "Thoroughly up-to-date mansion. Six reception-rooms. Splendid hall; billiard-room. Twenty-four bedrooms. Two bath-rooms—" I read this literature (to be discovered textually every week in the best illustrated weeklies), and I smile. Also I wonder, faintly blushing,

what Americans truly *do* think of the residential aspects of European house-property when they first see it. And I wonder, without blushing, to what miraculous degree of perfected comfort Americans would raise all their urban traffic if only they cared enough to keep the professional politician out of their streets as strictly as they keep him out of their houses.

The great American hotel, too, is a wondrous haven for the European who in Europe has only tasted comfort in his dreams. The calm orderliness of the bedroom floors, the adequacy of wardrobes and lamps, the reckless profusion of clean linen, that charming notice which one finds under one's door in the morning, "You were called at 7.30, *and answered*," the fundamental principle that a bedroom without a bath-room is not a bedroom, the magic laundry which returns your effects duly starched in eight hours, the bells which are answered immediately, the thickness of the walls, the radiator in the elevator-shaft, the celestial invention of the floor-clerk—I could catalogue the civilizing features of the American hotel for pages. But the great American hotel is a classic, and to praise it may seem inept. My one excuse for doing so is that I have ever been a devotee of hotels, and once indeed wrote a whole book about one. When I told the best interviewer in the United States that my secret ambition had always been to be the manager of a grand hotel, I was quite sincere. And whenever I saw the manager of a great American hotel traversing with preoccupied and yet aquiline glance his corridors and public rooms, I envied him acutely.

The hospitality of those corridors and public rooms is so wide and comprehensive that the ground floor and mezzanine of a really big hotel in the United States offer a spectacle of humanity such as cannot be seen in Europe; they offer also a remarkable contrast to the tranquillity of their own upper stories, where any eccentricity is vigorously discouraged. I think that it must be the vast tumult and promiscuity of the ground floor which is responsible for the relative inferiority of the restaurant in a great American hotel. A restaurant should be a paramount unit, but as a fact



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Lemroth

THE RESTAURANT OF A GREAT HOTEL IS BUT ONE FEATURE OF ITS SPLENDOR

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in these hotels it is no more than an item in a series of resorts, several of which equal if they do not surpass it in popular interest. The American, I found, would show more interest in the barber-shop than in the restaurant. (And to see the American man of business, theoretically in a hurry, having his head bumped about by a hair-cutter, his right hand tended by one manicurist, his left hand tended by another manicurist, his boots polished by a lightning shiner, and his wits polished by the two manicurists together—the whole simultaneously—this spectacle in itself was possibly a reflection on the American's sense of proportion.) Further, a restaurant should be a sacred retreat, screened away from the world: which ideal is foreign to the very spirit of the great American hotel.

I do not complain that the representative celebrated restaurants fail to achieve an absolutely first-class cuisine. No large restaurant, either in the United States or out of it, can hope to achieve an absolutely first-class cuisine. The peerless restaurant is and must be a little one. Nor would I specially complain of the noise and thronging of the great restaurants, the deafening stridency of their music, the artistic violence of their decorations; these features of fashionable restaurants are now universal throughout the world, and the philosopher adapts himself to them. (Indeed, in favor of New York I must say that in one of the largest of its restaurants I heard a Chopin ballade well played on a good piano—and it was listened to in appreciative silence; event quite unique in my experience. Also, the large restaurant whose cuisine near-

est approaches the absolutely first-class is in New York, and not in Europe.)

Nor would I complain that the waiter in the great restaurant neither understands English nor speaks a tongue which resembles English, for this characteristic, too, is very marked across the Atlantic. (One night, in a Boston hotel, after lingual difficulties with a head-waiter, I asked him in French if he was not French. He cuttingly replied in waiters' American: "*I was French, but now I am an American.*" In another few years that man will be referring to Great Britain as "*the old country.*") . . .

No; what disconcerts the European in the great American restaurant is the excessive, the occasionally maddening slowness of the service, and the lack of interest in the service. Touching the latter defect, the waiter is not impolite; he is not neglectful. But he is, too often, passively hostile, or, at best, neutral. He, or his chief, has apparently not grasped the fact that buying a meal is not like buying a ton of coal. If the purchaser is to get value for his money, he must enjoy his meal; and if he is to enjoy the meal, it must not merely be efficiently served, but it must be efficiently served in a sympathetic atmosphere. The supreme business of a good waiter is to create this atmosphere. . . . True, that even in the country which has carried cookery and restaurants to loftier heights than any other—I mean, of course, Belgium, the little country of little restaurants—the subtle ether which the truly civilized diner demands is rare enough. But in the great restaurants of the great cities of America it is, I fancy, rarer than anywhere else.



Beauty and the Jacobin

AN INTERLUDE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—PART I

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

The author makes his appearance, not now "as a showman before his tent," nor to entreat his audience to be seated in an orderly manner, but to invite any who may be listening to come upon the very scene itself of this drama, which has nothing to do with the theater, and there, invisible, attend what follows.

OUR scene is in a rusty lodging-house of the Lower Town, Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the time, the early twilight of dark November in Northern France. This particular November is dark indeed, for it is November of the year 1793, Frimaire of the Terror. The garret-room disclosed to us, like the evening lowering outside its one window, and like the times, is mysterious, obscure, smoked with perplexing shadows; these flying and staggering to echo the shiftings of a young man writing at a desk by the light of a candle.

We are just under the eaves here; the dim ceiling slants; and there are two doors: that in the rear wall is closed; the other, upon our right and evidently leading to an inner chamber, we find ajar. The furniture of this mean apartment is chipped, faded, insecure, yet still possessed of a haggard elegance; shamed odds and ends, cheaply acquired by the proprietor of the lodging-house, no doubt at an auction of the confiscated belongings of some emigrant noble. The single window, square and mustily curtained, is so small that it cannot be imagined to admit much light on the brightest of days; however, it might afford a lodger a limited view of the houses opposite and the street below. In fact, as our eyes grow accustomed to the obscurity, we discover it serving this very purpose at the present moment, for a tall woman stands close by in the shadow, peering between the curtains with the distrustfulness of a picket thrown far out into an enemy's country. Her coarse blouse and skirt, new and as ill-fitting as sacks, her shopwoman's bonnet and cheap veil, and her rough shoes, are naïvely denied by the sensitive, pale hands and the high-

bred and inbred face, long profoundly marked by loss and fear, and now very white, very watchful. She is not more than forty, but her hair, glimpsed beneath the clumsy bonnet, shows much grayer than need be at that age. This is Anne de Laseyne.

The intent young man at the desk, easily recognizable as her brother, fair and of a singular physical delicacy, is a finely completed product of his race; one would pronounce him gentle in each sense of the word. His costume rivals his sister's in the innocence of its attempt to disguise: he wears a carefully soiled carter's frock, rough new gaiters, and a pair of dangerously aristocratic shoes, which are not too dusty to conceal the fact that they are of excellent make and lately sported buckles. A tousled cap of rabbit-skin, exhibiting a tricolor cockade, crowns these anomalies, though not at present his thin, blond curls, for it has been tossed upon a dressing-table which stands against the wall to the left. He is younger than Madame de Laseyne, probably by more than ten years; and, though his features so strikingly resemble hers, they are free from the permanent impress of pain which she bears like a mourning-badge upon her own.

He is expending a feverish attention upon his task, but with patently unsatisfactory results; for he whispers and mutters to himself; bites the feather of his pen; shakes his head forebodingly; and again and again crumples a written sheet and throws it upon the floor. Whenever this happens, Anne de Laseyne casts a white glance at him over her shoulder—his desk is in the center of the room—her anxiety is visibly increased, and the temptation to speak less

and less easily controlled, until at last she gives way to it. Her voice is low and hurried.

ANNE. Louis, it is growing dark very fast.

LOUIS. I had not observed it, my sister. [He lights a second candle from the first; then, pen in mouth, scratches at his writing with a little knife.]

ANNE. People are still crowding in front of the wine-shop across the street.

LOUIS [smiling with one side of his mouth]. Naturally. Reading the list of the proscribed that came at noon. Also waiting, amiable vultures, for the next bulletin from Paris. It will give the names of those guillotined day before yesterday. For a good bet: our own names [nodding toward the other room]—yes, hers, too—are all three in the former. As for the latter—well, they can't get us in that now.

ANNE [eagerly]. Then you are certain that we are safe?

LOUIS. I am certain only that they cannot murder us day before yesterday.

[As he bends his head to his writing, a woman comes in languidly through the open door, bearing an armful of garments, among which one catches the gleam of fine silk, glimpses of lace and rich furs—a disordered burden which she dumps pellmell into a large portmanteau lying open upon a chair near the desk. This new-comer is of a startling gold-and-ivory beauty; a beauty quite literally striking, for at the very first glance the whole force of it hits the beholder like a snowball in the eye; a beauty so obvious, so completed, so rounded, that it is painful; a beauty to rivet the unenvious stare of women, but from the full blast of which either king or man-peasant would stagger away to the confessional. The egregious luster of it is not breathed upon even by its overspreading of sullen revolt, as its possessor carelessly arranges the garments in the portmanteau. She wears a dress all gray, of a coarse texture, but exquisitely fitted to her; nothing could possibly be plainer, or of a more revealing simplicity. She might be twenty-two; it is certain that she is not thirty.]

At her coming, Louis looks up with a deep sigh of poignant wistfulness, evi-

dently a habit; for as he leans back to watch her he sighs again. She does not so much as glance at him, but speaks absently to Madame de Laseyne. Her voice is superb, as it should be; deep and musical, with a faint, silvery huskiness.]

ELOISE [the new-comer]. Is he still there?

ANNE. I lost sight of him in the crowd. I think he has gone. If only he does not come back!

LOUIS [with grim conviction]. He will.

ANNE. I am trying to hope not.

ELOISE. I have told you from the first that you overestimate his importance. Haven't I said it often enough?

ANNE [under her breath]. You have!

ELOISE [coldly]. He will not harm you.

ANNE [looking out of the window]. More people down there; they are running to the wine-shop.

LOUIS. Gentle idlers! [The sound of triumphant shouting comes up from the street below.] That means that the list of the guillotined has arrived from Paris.

ANNE [shivering]. They are posting it in the wine-shop window. [The shouting increases suddenly to a roar of hilarity, in which the shrilling of women mingles.]

LOUIS. Ah! One remarks that the list is a long one. The good people are well satisfied with it. [To Eloise.] My cousin, in this amiable populace which you champion, do you never scent something of—well, something of the graveyard scavenger? [She offers the response of an unmoved glance in his direction, and slowly goes out by the door at which she entered. Louis sighs again and returns to his scribbling.]

ANNE [nervously]. Haven't you finished, Louis?

LOUIS [indicating the floor strewn with crumpled slips of paper]. A dozen.

ANNE. Not good enough?

LOUIS [with a rueful smile]. I have lived to discover that among all the disadvantages of an illustrious birth, the most dangerous is that one is so poor a forger. Truly, however, our parents are not to be blamed for neglecting to have me instructed in the art; evidently they perceived I had no native talent for it. [Lifting a sheet from the desk.] Oh, vile! I am not even an amateur. [Leaning back and tapping the paper thoughtfully with his pen.] Do you sup-

pose the Fates took all the trouble to make the Revolution simply to teach me that I have no skill in forgery? Listen. [He reads what he has written.] "Committee of Public Safety. In the name of the Republic. To all Officers, Civil and Military: Permit the Citizen Balsage"—that's myself, remember—"and the Citizeness Virginie Balsage, his sister"—that's you, Anne—"and the Citizeness Marie Balsage, his second sister"—that is Eloise, you understand—"to embark in the vessel *Jeune Pierette* from the port of Boulogne for Barcelona. Signed: Billaud Varennes. Carnot. Robespierre." Execrable! [He tears up the paper, scattering the fragments on the floor.] I am not even sure it is the proper form. Ah, that Dossonville!

ANNE. But Dossonville helped us—

LOUIS. At a price. Dossonville! An individual of marked attainment, not only in penmanship, but in the art of plausibility. Before I paid him he swore that the passports he forged for us would take us not only out of Paris, but out of the country.

ANNE. Are you sure we must have a separate permit to embark?

LOUIS. The captain of the *Jeune Pierette* sent one of his sailors to tell me. They have a new commissioner from the National Committee here, he said, and a special order was issued this morning. There is an officer and a file of the National Guard on the quay to see that the order is obeyed.

ANNE. But we bought passports in Paris. Why can't we here?

LOUIS. Send out a street-crier for an accomplished forger? My poor Anne! We can only hope that the lieutenant on the quay may be drunk when he examines my dreadful "permit." Pray a great thirst upon him, my sister! [Looking at a watch which he draws from beneath his frock.] Four o'clock. At five the tide in the river is poised at its highest; then it must run out, and the *Jeune Pierette* with it. We have an hour. I return to my crime. [He takes a fresh sheet of paper and begins to write.]

ANNE [urgently]. Hurry, Louis!

LOUIS. Watch for Master Spy.

ANNE. I cannot see him.

[There is silence for a time, broken

only by the nervous scratching of Louis's pen.]

LOUIS [at work]. Still you don't see him?

ANNE. No. The people are dispersing. They seem in a good humor.

LOUIS. Ah, if they knew— [He breaks off, examines his latest effort attentively, and finds it unsatisfactory, as is evidenced by the noiseless whistle of disgust to which his lips form themselves. He discards the sheet and begins another, speaking rather absently as he does so.] I suppose I have the distinction to be one of the most hated men in our country, now that all the decent people have left it—so many by a road something of the shortest! Yes, those merry gentlemen below there would be still merrier if they knew they had within their reach a forfeited "Emigrant." I wonder how long it would take them to climb the break-neck flights to our door? Lord, there'd be a race for it! Prize-money, too, I fancy, for the first with his bludgeon.

ANNE [lamentably]. Louis, Louis! Why didn't you lie safe in England?

LOUIS [smiling]. Anne, Anne! I had to come back for a good sister of mine.

ANNE. But I could have escaped alone.

LOUIS. That is it—alone! [Lowering his voice as he glances toward the open door.] For she would not have moved at all if I hadn't come to bully her into it. [Sighing.] A fanatic, a fanatic!

ANNE [brusquely]. She is a fool. Therefore be patient with her.

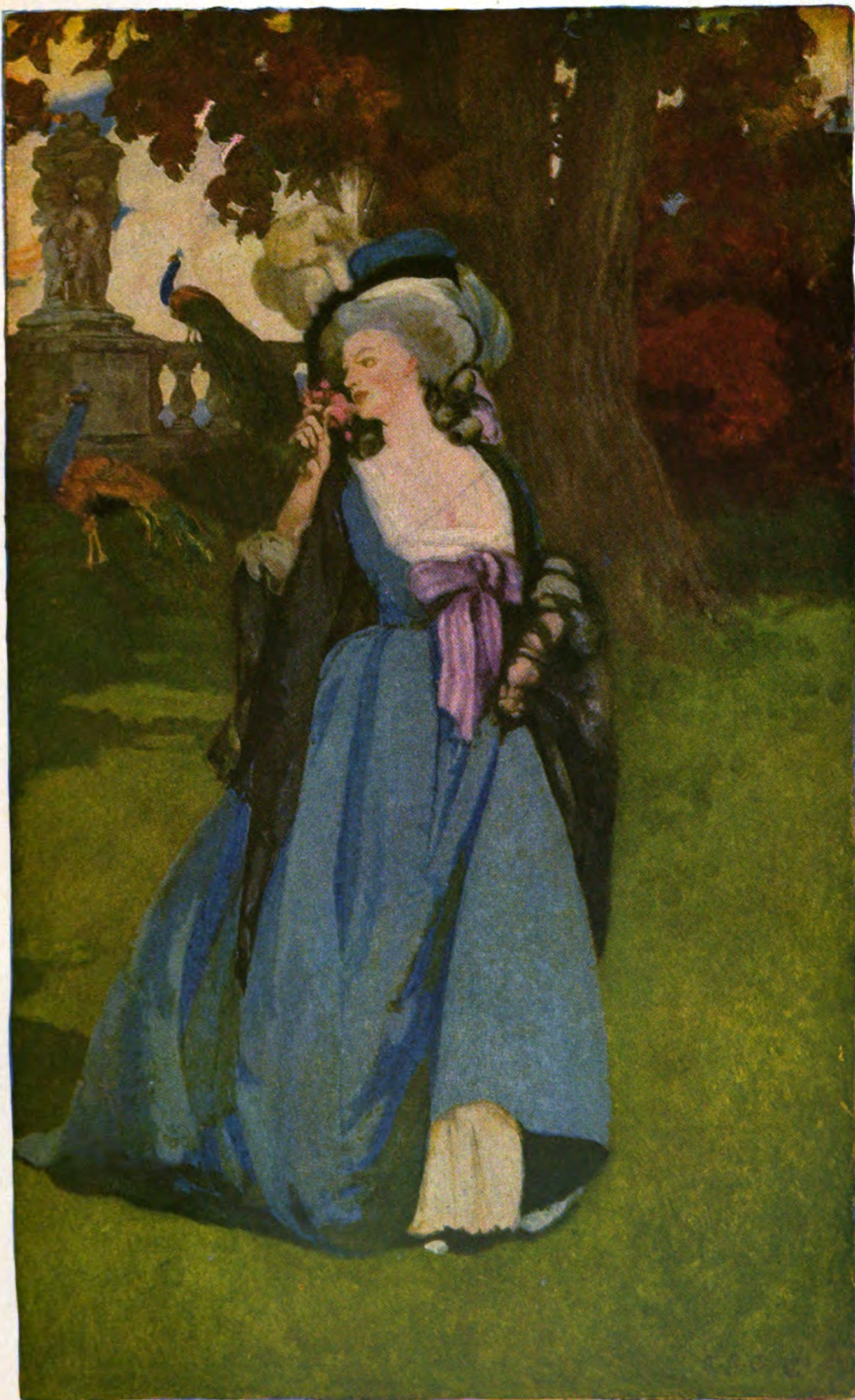
LOUIS [warningly]. Hush!

ELOISE [in a loud, careless tone from the other room]. Oh, I heard you! What does it matter? [She returns, carrying a handsome skirt and bodice of brocade and a woman's long mantle of light-green cloth, hooded and lined with fur. She drops them into the portmanteau and closes it.] There! I've finished your packing for you.

LOUIS [rising]. My cousin, I regret that we could not provide servants for this flight. [Bowing formally.] I regret that we have been compelled to ask you to do a share of what is necessary.

ELOISE [turning to go out again]. That all?

LOUIS [lifting the portmanteau]. I fear—



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

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ELOISE D'ANVILLE, ARISTOCRAT

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ELOISE [with assumed fatigue]. Yes, you usually do. What now?

LOUIS [flushing]. The portmanteau is too heavy. [He returns to the desk, sits, and busies himself with his writing, keeping his grieved face from her view.]

ELOISE. You mean you're too weak to carry it?

LOUIS. Suppose at the last moment it becomes necessary to hasten exceedingly—

ELOISE. You mean, suppose you had to run, you'd throw away the portmanteau. [Contemptuously.] Oh, I don't doubt you'd do it!

LOUIS [forcing himself to look up at her cheerfully]. I dislike to leave my baggage upon the field, but in case of a rout it might be a temptation—if it were an impediment.

ANNE [peremptorily]. Don't waste time. Lighten the portmanteau.

LOUIS. You may take out everything of mine.

ELOISE. There's nothing of yours in it except your cloak. You don't suppose—

ANNE. Take out that heavy brocade of mine.

ELOISE. Thank you for not wishing to take out my fur-lined cloak and freezing me at sea!

LOUIS [gently]. Take out both the cloak and the dress.

ELOISE [astounded]. What!

LOUIS. You shall have mine. It is as warm, but not so heavy.

ELOISE [angrily]. Oh, I am sick of your eternal packing and unpacking! I am sick of it!

ANNE. Watch at the window, then. [She goes swiftly to the portmanteau, opens it, tosses out the green mantle and the brocaded skirt and bodice, and tests the weight of the portmanteau.] I think it will be light enough now, Louis.

LOUIS. Do not leave those things in sight. If our landlord should come in—

ANNE. I'll hide them in the bed in the next room. Eloise!

[She points imperiously to the window, Eloise goes to it slowly, and for a moment makes a scornful pretense of being on watch there; but as soon as Madame de Laseyne has left the room she turns, leaning against the wall and regarding Louis with languid amusement. He

continues to struggle with his ill-omened "permit," but by-and-by, becoming aware of her gaze, glances consciously over his shoulder and meets her half-veiled eyes. Coloring, he looks away, stares dreamily at nothing, sighs, and finally writes again, absently, like a man under a spell, which, indeed, he is. The pen drops from his hand with a faint click upon the floor. He makes the movement of a person suddenly awakened, and holding his last writing near one of the candles, examines it critically. Then he breaks into low, bitter laughter.]

ELOISE [unwillingly curious]. You find something amusing?

LOUIS. Myself. One of my mistakes, that is all.

ELOISE [indifferently]. Your mirth must be indefatigable if you can still laugh at those.

LOUIS. I agree. I am a history of error.

ELOISE. You should have made it a vocation; it is your one genius. And yet—truly because I am a fool, I think, as Anne says—I let you hector me into a sillier mistake than any of yours.

LOUIS. When?

ELOISE [flinging out her arms]. Oh, when I consented to this absurd journey, this *tiresome* journey—with *you*! An "escape"? From nothing. In "disguise"! Which doesn't disguise.

LOUIS [his voice taut with the effort for self-command]. My sister asked me to be patient with you, Eloise—

ELOISE. Because I am a fool, yes. Thanks. [Shrewishly.] And then, my worthy young man?

[He rises abruptly, smarting almost beyond endurance.]

LOUIS [breathing deeply]. Have I not been patient with you?

ELOISE [with a flash of energy]. If I have asked you to be anything whatever—with me!—pray recall the petition to my memory.

LOUIS [beginning to let himself go]. Patient! Have I ever been anything but patient with you? Was I not patient with you five years ago, when you first harangued us on your "Rights of Man" and your monstrous Republicanism? Where you got hold of it all I don't know—

ELOISE [kindling]. Ideas, my friend.

Naturally incomprehensible to you. Books! Brains! Men!

LOUIS. "Books! Brains! Men!" Treason, poison, and mobs! Oh, I could laugh at you then: they were only beginning to kill us, and I was patient. Was I not patient with you when these Republicans of yours drove us from our homes, from our country, stole all we had, assassinated us in dozens, in hundreds, murdered our king? [Walking the floor, gesticulating nervously.] When I saw relative after relative of my own—aye, and of yours, too—dragged to the abattoir—even poor, harmless, kind André de Laseyne, whom they took simply because he was my brother-in-law—was I not patient? And when I came back to Paris for you and Anne, and had to lie hid in a stable, every hour in greater danger because you would not be persuaded to join us, was I not patient? And when you finally did consent, but protested every step of the way, pouting and—

ELOISE [stung]. "Pouting"!

LOUIS. And when that stranger came posting after us, so obvious a spy—

ELOISE [scornfully]. Pooh! He is nothing.

LOUIS. Is there a league between here and Paris over which he has not dogged us? By diligence, on horseback, on foot—turning up at every posting-house, every roadside inn, the while you laughed at me because I read death in his face! These two days we have been here, is there an hour when you could look from that window except to see him grinning up from the wine-shop door down there?

ELOISE [impatiently, but with a somewhat conscious expression]. I tell you not to fear him. There is nothing in it.

LOUIS [looking at her keenly]. Be sure I understand why you do not think him a spy! You believe he has followed us because you—

ELOISE. I expected that! Oh, I knew it would come! [Furiously.] I never saw the man before in my life!

LOUIS [pacing the floor]. He is unmistakable; his trade is stamped on him; a hired trailer of your precious "Nation's."

ELOISE [haughtily]. The Nation is the People. You malign because you fear. The People is sacred!

LOUIS [with increasing bitterness]. Aren't you tired yet of the Palais Royal platitudes? I have been patient with your Mericourtisms for so long! [Striking the desk with his clenched fist.] Yes, always I was patient! Always there was time; there was danger, but there was a little time. [He faces her, his voice becoming louder, his gestures more vehement.] But now the *Jeune Pierrette* sails this hour, and if we are not out of here and on her deck when she leaves the quay, my head rolls in Samson's basket within the week, with Anne's and your own to follow! Now, I tell you, there is no more time, and now—

ELOISE [suavely]. Yes? Well? "Now"?

[He checks himself; his lifted hand falls to his side.]

LOUIS [in a gentle voice]. Now—I am still patient. [He looks into her eyes, makes her a low and formal obeisance, and drops dejectedly into the chair at the desk.]

ELOISE [dangerously]. Is the oration concluded?

LOUIS. Quite.

ELOISE [suddenly volcanic]. Then "now" you'll perhaps be "patient" enough to explain why I shouldn't leave you instantly. Understand fully that I have come this far with you and Anne solely to protect you in case you were suspected. "Now," my little man, you are safe: you have only to go on board your vessel. Why should I go with you? Why do you insist on dragging me out of the country?

LOUIS [wearily]. Only to save your life; that is all.

ELOISE. My life! Tut! My life is safe with the People—my People! [Drawing herself up magnificently.] The Nation would protect me! I gave the people my whole fortune when they were starving. After that, who in France dare lay a finger upon the citizeness Eloise d'Anville!

LOUIS. I have the idea sometimes, my cousin, that perhaps if you had not given them your property they would have taken it, anyway. [Dryly.] They did mine.

ELOISE [agitated]. I do not expect you to comprehend what I felt—what I feel! [Lifting her arms longingly.]

Oh, for a man!—a man who could understand me!

LOUIS [sadly]. That excludes me?

ELOISE. Shall I spell it?

LOUIS. You are right. So far from understanding you, I understand nothing. The age is too modern for me. I do not understand why this rabble is permitted to rule France; I do not even understand why it is permitted to live.

ELOISE [with superiority]. Because you belong to the class that thought itself made of porcelain and the rest of the world clay. It is simple: the mud-ball breaks the vase.

LOUIS. You belong to the same class, even to the same family.

ELOISE. You are wrong. One circumstance proves me no aristocrat.

LOUIS. What circumstance?

ELOISE. That I happened to be born with brains. I can account for it only by supposing some hushed-up ancestral scandal. [Brusquely.] Do you understand that?

LOUIS [smiling faintly]. I overlook it. [He writes again.]

ELOISE. Quibbling was always a habit of yours. [Snapping at him irritably.] Oh, stop that writing! You can't do it, and you don't need it. You blame the people because they turn on you now, after you've whipped and beaten and ground them underfoot for centuries and centuries, and—

LOUIS. Quite a career for a man of twenty-nine!

ELOISE. I have said that quibbling was—

LOUIS [despondently]. Perhaps it is. To return to my other deficiencies, I do not understand why this spy who followed us from Paris has not arrested me long before now. I do not understand why you hate me. I do not understand the world in general. And in particular I do not understand the art of forgery! [He throws down his pen.]

ELOISE. You talk of "patience"! How often have I explained that you would not need passports of any kind if you would let me throw off my incognita! If any one questions you, it will be sufficient if I give my name. All France knows the Citizeness Eloise d'Anville. Do you suppose the officer on the quay would dare oppose—

LOUIS [with a gesture of resignation]. I know you think it.

ELOISE [angrily]. You tempt me not to prove it. But for Anne's sake—

LOUIS. Not for mine. That, at least, I understand. [He rises.] My dear cousin, I am going to be very serious—

ELOISE. Oh, heaven! [She flings away from him.]

LOUIS [plaintively]. I shall not make another oration—

ELOISE. Make anything you choose. [Drumming the floor with her foot.] What does it matter?

LOUIS. I have a presentiment—I ask you to listen—

ELOISE [in her irritation almost screaming]. How can I *help* but listen? And Anne, too! [With a short laugh.] You know as well as I do that when that door is open everything you say in this room is heard in there. [She points to the open doorway, where Madame de Laseyne instantly makes her appearance, and, after exchanging one fiery glance with Eloise, as swiftly withdraws, closing the door behind her with outraged emphasis.]

ELOISE [breaking into a laugh]. Forward, soldiers!

LOUIS [reprovingly]. Eloise!

ELOISE. Well, *open* the door, then, if you want her to hear you make love to me! [Coldly.] That's what you're going to do, isn't it?

LOUIS [with imperfect self-control]. I wish to ask you for the last time—

ELOISE [flouting]. There are so many last times!

LOUIS. To ask you if you are sure that you know your own heart. You cared for me once, and—

ELOISE [as if this were news indeed]. I did? Who under heaven ever told you that?

LOUIS [flushing]. You allowed yourself to be betrothed to me, I believe.

ELOISE. "Allowed" is the word, precisely. I seem to recall changing all that the very day I became an orphan—and my own master! [Satirically polite.] Pray correct me if my memory errs. How long ago was it? Six years? Seven?

LOUIS [with emotion]. Eloise, Eloise, you did love me then. We were happy, both of us, so very happy—

ELOISE [sourly]. "Both"! My faith!

But I must have been a brave little actress.

LOUIS. I do not believe it. You loved me. I— [He hesitates.]

ELOISE. Do get on with what you have to say.

LOUIS [in a low voice]. I have many forebodings, Eloise, but the strongest—and for me the saddest—is that this is the last chance you will ever have to tell—to tell me— [He falters again.]

ELOISE [irritated beyond measure, shouting]. To tell you *what*?

LOUIS [swallowing]. That your love for me still lingers.

ELOISE [promptly]. Well, it doesn't. So *that's* over!

LOUIS. Not quite yet. I—

ELOISE [dropping into a chair]. Oh, Death!

LOUIS [still gently]. Listen. I have hope that you and Anne may be permitted to escape; but as for me, since the first moment I felt the eyes of that spy from Paris upon me I have had the premonition that I would be taken back—to the guillotine, Eloise. I am sure that he will arrest me when I attempt to leave this place to-night. [With sorrowful earnestness.] And it is with the certainty in my soul that this is our last hour together that I ask you if you cannot tell me that the old love has come back. Is there nothing in your heart for me?

ELOISE. Was there anything in *your* heart for the beggar who stood at your door in the old days?

LOUIS. Is there nothing for him who stands at yours now, begging for a word?

ELOISE [frowning]. I remember you had the name of a disciplinarian in your regiment. [Rising to face him.] Did you ever find anything in your heart for the soldiers you ordered tied up and flogged? Was there anything in your heart for the peasants who starved in your fields?

LOUIS [quietly]. No; it was too full of you.

ELOISE. Words! Pretty little words!

LOUIS. Thoughts. Pretty because they are full of you. All, always of you—always, my dear. I never really think of anything but you. The picture of you is always before the eyes of my soul; the very name of you is forever in my

heart. [With a rueful smile.] And it is on the tips of my fingers, sometimes, when it shouldn't be. See. [He steps to the desk and shows her a scribbled sheet.] This was what I laughed at awhile ago. I tried to write, with you near me, and unconsciously I let your name creep into even my forgery! I wrote it as I wrote it in the sand when we were children; as I have traced it a thousand times on coated mirrors—on frosted windows. [He reads the writing aloud.] "Permit the Citizen Balsage and his sister, the Citizeness Virginie Balsage, and his second sister, the Citizeness Marie Balsage, and Eloise d'Anville"—so I wrote!—"to embark upon the vessel *Jeune Pierette*—" You see? [He lets the paper fall upon the desk.] Even in this danger, that I feel closer and closer with every passing second, your name came in of itself. I am like that English Mary: if they will open my heart when I am dead, they shall find, not "Calais," but "Eloise"!

ELOISE [going to the dressing-table]. Louis, that doesn't interest me. [She adds a delicate touch or two to her hair, studying it thoughtfully in the mirror.]

LOUIS [somerly]. I told you long ago—

ELOISE [smiling at her reflection]. So you did—often!

LOUIS [breathing quickly]. I have nothing new to offer. I understand. I bore you.

ELOISE. Louis, to be frank: I don't care what they find in your heart when they open it.

LOUIS [with a hint of sternness]. Have you never reflected that there might be something for me to forgive you?

ELOISE [glancing at him over her shoulder in frowning surprise]. What!

LOUIS. I wonder sometimes if you have ever found a flaw in your own character.

ELOISE [astounded]. So! [Turning sharply upon him.] You are assuming the right to criticize me, are you? Oh!

LOUIS [agitated]. I state merely—I have said—I—I think I forgive you a great deal—

ELOISE [beginning to char]. You do! You bestow your gracious pardon upon me, do you? [Bursting into flame.] Keep your forgiveness to yourself!

When I want it I'll kneel at your feet and beg it of you! You can *kiss* me then, for then you will know that "the old love has come back!"

LOUIS [miserably]. When you kneel—

ELOISE. Can you picture it—*Marquis*? [She hurls his title at him, and draws herself up in icy splendor.] I am a woman of the Republic!

LOUIS. And the Republic has no need of love.

ELOISE. Its daughter has no need of yours!

LOUIS. Until you kneel to me. You have spoken. It is ended. [Turning from her with a pathetic gesture of farewell and resignation, his attention is suddenly arrested by something invisible. He stands for a moment transfixed. When he speaks, it is in an altered tone, light and at the same time ominous.] My cousin, suffer the final petition of a bore. Forgive my seriousness; forgive my stupidity, for I believe that what one hears now means that a number of things are indeed ended. Myself among them.

ELOISE [not comprehending]. What one hears?

LOUIS [slowly]. In the distance.

[Both stand motionless to listen, and the room is silent. Gradually a muffled, multitudinous sound, at first very faint, becomes audible.]

ELOISE. What is it? [She speaks huskily.]

LOUIS [with pale composure]. Only a song!

[The distant sound becomes distinguishable as a singing from many unmusical throats and pitched in every key; a drum-beat booming underneath; a tumultuous rumble which grows slowly louder. The door of the inner room opens and Madame de Laseyne enters.]

ANNE [briskly, as she comes in]. I have hidden the cloak and the dress beneath the mattress. Have you—

LOUIS [lifting his hand]. Listen.

[She halts, startled. The singing, the drums, and the tumult swell suddenly much louder, as if the noise-makers had turned a corner.]

ANNE [crying out]. The Marseillaise!

LOUIS. The Vulture's Chorus!

ELOISE [in a ringing voice]. The Hymn of Liberty!

ANNE [trembling violently]. It grows louder.

LOUIS. Nearer!

ELOISE [running to the window]. They are coming this way!

ANNE [rushing ahead of her]. They have turned the corner of the street. Keep back, Louis!

ELOISE [leaning out of the window enthusiastically]. *Vive la—*

[She finishes with an indignant gurgle as Anne de Laseyne, without comment, claps a prompt hand over her mouth and pushes her vigorously from the window.]

ANNE. A mob—carrying torches and dancing. [Her voice shaking wildly.] They are following a troop of soldiers.

LOUIS. The National Guard.

ANNE. Keep back from the window! A man in a tricolor scarf marching in front.

LOUIS. A political, then—an official of their government.

ANNE. Oh, Virgin, have mercy! [She turns a stricken face upon her brother.] It is that—

LOUIS [biting his nails]. Of course. Our spy.

[He takes a hesitating step toward the desk; but swings about, goes to the door at the rear, shoots the bolt back and forth, apparently unable to decide on a course of action; finally leaves the door bolted and examines the hinges. Anne meanwhile has hurried to the desk, and, seizing a candle there, begins to light others in a candelabrum on the dressing-table. The noise outside grows to an uproar; the "*Marseillaise*" changes to "*Ca Ira*"; and a shaft of the glare from the torches below shoots through the window and becomes a staggering red patch on the ceiling.]

ANNE [feverishly]. Lights! Light those candles in the sconce, Eloise! Light all the candles we have. [Eloise, resentful, does not move.]

LOUIS. No, no! Put them out!

ANNE. Oh, fatal! [Stopping him as he rushes to obey his own command.] If our window is lighted he may believe we have no thought of leaving, and pass by. [She hastily lights the candles in a sconce upon the wall as she speaks; the shabby place is now brightly illuminated.]

LOUIS. He will not pass by.

[The external tumult culminates in riotous yelling, as, with a final roll, the drums cease to beat. Madame de Laseyne runs again to the window.]

ELOISE [sullenly]. You are disturbing yourselves without reason. They will not stop here.

ANNE [in a sickly whisper]. They *have* stopped.

LOUIS. At the door of this house?

[Madame de Laseyne, leaning against the wall, is unable to reply, save by a gesture. The noise from the street dwindles to a confused, expectant murmur. Louis takes a pistol from beneath his blouse, strides to the door, and listens.]

ANNE [faintly]. *He* is in the house. The soldiers followed him.

LOUIS. They are on the lower stairs. [He turns to the two women humbly.] My sister and my cousin, my poor plans have only made everything worse for you. I cannot ask you to forgive me. We are caught.

ANNE [vitalized with the energy of desperation]. Not till the very last shred of hope is gone! [She springs to the desk and begins to tear the discarded sheets into minute fragments.] Is that door fastened?

LOUIS. They'll break it down, of course.

ANNE. Where is our passport from Paris?

LOUIS. Here. [He gives it to her.]

ANNE. Quick! Which of these "permits" is the best?

LOUIS. They're all hopeless— [Fumbling among the sheets on the desk.]

ANNE. Any one of them. We can't stop to select.

[She thrusts the passport and a haphazard sheet from the desk into the bosom of her dress. An orderly tramping of heavy shoes and a clinking of metal become audible as the soldiers ascend the upper flight of stairs.]

ELOISE. All this is childish. [Haughtily.] I shall merely announce—

ANNE [uttering a half-choked scream of rage]. You'll announce nothing! Out of here, both of you!

LOUIS. No, no!

ANNE [with breathless rapidity, as the noise on the stairs grows louder]. Let them break the door in, if they will; only

let them find me alone. [Seizing her brother's arm imploringly as he pauses, uncertain.] Give me the chance to make them think I am here alone.

LOUIS. I can't—

ANNE [urging him to the inner door]. Is there any other possible hope for us? Is there even any other possible way even to gain a little time? Louis, I want your word of honor not to leave that room unless I summon you. I must have it!

[Overborne by her intensity, Louis nods despairingly, allowing her to force him toward the other room. The tramping of the soldiers, much louder and very close, comes to a sudden stop. There is a sharp word of command, and a dozen muskets ring on the floor just beyond the outer door.]

ELOISE [folding her arms]. You needn't think I shall consent to hide myself. I shall tell them—

ANNE [in a surcharged whisper]. You shall *not* ruin us! [With furious determination, as a loud knock falls upon the outer door.] In *there*, I tell you!

[Almost physically she sweeps both Eloise and Louis out of the room, closes the door upon them, and leans against it, panting. The knocking is repeated. She braces herself to speak.]

ANNE [with a catch in her throat]. Who is—there?

A SONOROUS VOICE. French Republic!

ANNE [faltering]. It is—it is difficult to hear. What do you—

THE VOICE. Open the door.

ANNE [more firmly]. That is impossible.

THE VOICE. Open the door.

ANNE. What is your name?

THE VOICE. Valsin, National Agent.

ANNE. I do not know you.

THE VOICE. Open!

ANNE. I am here alone. I am dressing. I can admit no one.

THE VOICE. For the last time: open!

ANNE. No!

THE VOICE. Break it down.

[A thunder of blows from the butts of muskets falls upon the door.]

ANNE [rushing toward it in a passion of protest]. No, no, no! You shall not come in! I tell you I have not finished dressing. If you are men of honor—*Ah!*



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

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"THE MARSEILLAISE!—IT GROWS LOUDER"

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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[She recoils, gasping, as a panel breaks in, the stock of a musket following it; and then, weakened at rusty bolt and crazy hinge, the whole door gives way and falls crashing into the room. The narrow passage thus revealed is crowded with shabbily uniformed soldiers of the National Guard, under an officer armed with a saber. As the door falls, a man wearing a tricolor scarf strides by them, and, standing beneath the dismantled lintel, his hands behind him, sweeps the room with a smiling eye.

This personage is handsomely, almost dandiacally, dressed in black; his ruffle is of lace, his stockings are of silk; the lapels of his waistcoat, overlapping those of his long coat, exhibit a rich embroidery of white and crimson. These and other details of elegance, such as his wearing powder upon his dark hair, all fatally dangerous in these days of untrouserred democracy, indicate either insane daring or an importance quite overwhelming. A certain easy power in his unusually brilliant eyes favors the probability that, like Robespierre, he can

wear what he pleases. Undeniably, he has distinction. Equally undeniable is something in his air that is dapper and impish and lurking.

His first glance over the room apparently affording him acute satisfaction, he steps lightly across the prostrate door, Madame de Laseyne retreating before him, but keeping herself between him and the inner door. He comes to an unexpected halt in a dancing-master's posture, removing his huge hat, which displays a tricolor plume of ostrich feathers, with a wide flourish—an intentional burlesque of the old court manner.]

VALSIN. Permit me. [He bows elaborately.] Be gracious to a recent fellow-traveler. I introduce myself. At your service: Valsin, Agent of the National Committee of Public Safety. [He faces about sharply.] Soldiers! [They stand at attention.] To the street door. I will conduct the examination alone. My assistant will wait on this floor, at the top of the stair. Send the people away, down below there, officer! Look to the courtyard. Clear the streets.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

By the Tyrrhene Sea

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

THE shepherd folds his white
Flocks by the Tyrrhene Sea;
My wandering thoughts at night
I fold in my thought of thee.

To the maiden her shepherd's kiss
And the flower of the orange-tree;
Boy and girl have their bliss,
And the nightingale sings for thee.

Nightlong he sings, nightlong I hear,
And wakeful croons the sea;
Nightlong in wakeful music, dear,
I fold my thought of thee.

The Beginning Husband Gets a Rise

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HOW am I to get a garden for Cordelia? I love so to see her in a garden. They're fine for women. I like them myself, but the calls of the industry I pursue below Canal Street distract me from floriculture and personal pokings in the earth. I don't even *plan* garden in any detail, which is partly, of course, because we have no actual garden possibilities yet to plan, though we still aspire to remote rhododendrons. But I get perceptible refreshment out of flower-beds, and very innocent and healing joys in the colors and texture and designs of flowers and the various patterns of millinery they affect. They are the great natural argument for art and beauty; immensely consoling and inspiring both for what they are and for what they intimate. Admiring them, even the imperfectly Scriptural, like me, revert instinctively to Scripture and to consideration of the lilies, that toil not, neither spin, and yet are in the front of the competition for looks, and fit for their beauty's sake to reproach the doubts of them of little faith. Certainly the Creator did not get up flowers for nothing.

We must have a garden, if only for its pious uses, but for Cordelia it has admirable physical and mental uses besides. It gives her all the exercises—of mind, body, and spirit. Detached as she is from the soil she sprang from, in her mother's garden she gets personally back to earth, grubbing in it with trowels and like implements, with beads on her brow and blisters and mosquito-bites wherever they happen to come, but with zest and an enjoyment that comes near to passion. Our parents, happily, have pretty good gardens, and all the spring we have been improving the week-ends by getting near to nature on the paternal suburban reservations. This being Samuel's first spring, he has viewed it mostly from a perambulator, but, so seen, it has been profitable to him, and he has regarded its advances with perceptible approval,

especially when it has been warm enough, and dry enough, for him to sleep informally out of doors. No doubt the modern theory is sound that it is never too cold or too wet to sleep out of doors, but Samuel, being naturally robust, has never had to be absolutely modern in his observances. I leave it to any fair person if it is tolerable to think of his growing up without close and long association with the green-and-brown earth! Yet children do it by the hundred thousand in New York, and a fair proportion of them grow up stronger and better than a considerable proportion of the country-bred children. There are children, I am told, whom the city agrees with, and others—a minority—who suffer from the nervous tension of it. It is agreed, I suppose, that all children are better off out of town in summer, but so are grown people, provided they go to a healthier place and can find fit employments, or make them for themselves. But the hardy children, like the hardy grown-ups, seem to get along in town or out. I find that in June the country air begins to taste different from the town air, and when I get off the cars in the rural districts I fill my lungs with great gulps of it, to the easement of my feelings.

Bless me, how much we want, and how much it seems to cost to get it! Everybody wants a lot nowadays, and everybody, except the seriously opulent, seems to find the cost excessive. I suppose everybody wants for his child what Cordelia and I want for Samuel. Everybody seems to want to live some sort of a life that's worth living, and to get the price of it somehow. It is a large contract for society to meet these natural and reasonable desires; no wonder the world's machinery groans so, and that strikes and perplexities and trust trials so much abound, and that so much talk is in the air about the right of the people to rule. But ruling is a skilled job, and though it is none too well done, and

never has been, the notion that "the people" are first-class experts at it who are kept out of power by interlopers seems to me more or less humorous. And so is the notion that we "people" have any great eagerness to rule. We haven't. That's one trouble. Almost all of us want to go about our business and procure some of the ameliorations of existence. Ruling is hard work and small pay. We want some one else to do it, if possible; some one who has a call and feels that he has a talent for government. These gentlemen who talk about the people ruling are usually gentlemen who have inward admonitions that they possess governmental talent. We choose between them, and to that extent we rule, and have been ruling for some time, and will rule, I guess, for some time to come.

Cordelia and I would like to vote for more room in our flat. It's too tight. Now, with Samuel and his belongings to provide for, we haven't room to hang up and put away our things. We want a larger apartment, cheaper food, especially milk, reduction in the price of clothes, lower servants' wages—more, generally, for our money. But I don't know just how to vote for these things without running up against the reasonable needs of other people. All the measures I would favor as suitable to make my earnings go further seem constituted to make somebody else's earnings less. That wouldn't hinder me from voting to reduce the tariff, because I think it ought to be reduced, but I don't want to vote any less wages for Matilda Finn. Demand and taxation fix rents; how am I going to vote them cheaper? If the Meat Trust makes meat unduly dear, I'm against it; but I am not at all sure that it does. If the excessive multiplication of grocers makes potatoes high, it is a pity, but how am I going to vote against it? I can vote, when the chance comes, for the best city government that is offered, and the best obtainable bargain about public utilities, and supervision of milk, and such things; and I can vote for tariff reform, and trust regulation, and conservation in so far as those desirables are affected by retaining or dismissing the present administrators of the Federal government; but after I have voted all I can—and expressed my primary prefer-

ence, and initiated and recalled and referended, if those privileges are offered me—it will still remain undoubtedly that if I want more closet-room for Cordelia and a continuing residence in town and a garden somewhere, I've got to get in more money. So I'm in just the same case as the mill-hands and the miners and everybody else who has been on a strike lately, except that I haven't got to strike unless I want to, and I sha'n't want to until I have an offer of something better than I've got now.

It makes me ashamed to keep wanting more money, even though the mill-hands and miners and the rest feel just as I do about it. But, after all, that want is the great spur of civilization. If most of us didn't want more closet-room, and a garden, and a roof-garden sleeping-apartment for Samuel, and a little larger dinner-parties than we can give as it is and more of them, and food, clothes, education, leisure, travel, automobiles, and all the other necessities and unnecessaries, I suppose all progress would slacken. The whole apparatus of civilization seems to be geared to these more or less humble human desires. Politics is a sort of rash that breaks out on bodies of men that are tired with too much work, or hungry, or starved in their spirits, or thwarted in their aspirations, or who need more closet-room and gardens. The politicians are not rulers, after all; they are doctors, making diagnoses, and offering prescriptions and treatments, and taking fees, and flunked a good deal of the time by the symptoms of the patient. A real cure of human ailments by politics is inconceivable. There are too many people, and they want more than there is, and if they were all satisfied for once at a quarter-past six there would be a lot more of them, and they would have developed a lot more wants, by seven o'clock. But that only proves that politics is a continuing job, that never will lapse, and never will be finished so long as there are folks on the earth.

It is wonderful what is accomplished; how we endure labor, privations, disappointments, restricted closet-space, and lack of gardens, and go on comparatively orderly and patient, getting what we can and going without the rest. Shops are full of goods and the doors open;

trains run, crowds surge here and there, strikers strike and pickets picket, judges sit, juries find, the polls open and close, and the papers tell us who was elected. Somehow, in all this muddle, life is fairly safe, most of the people are fed, babies get attention, the dead are buried, the processes of existence go on.

The whole of politics seems secondary because the whole material side of life, even gardens and closet-room, seems secondary. I guess that is what saves the world alive. There are not enough material things to satisfy everybody. I doubt indeed if there are enough to satisfy anybody. But of the things of the mind and of the things of the spirit there is a boundless supply, and any one who can may help himself.

We scramble for things as though they were all there was, and yet the main joys of life are in ideas—in religion, in love, in beauty, in duty, in truth—things that no trust can monopolize, and which come tariff-free through any port. They are the realities, and these bodily things are mostly shadows, indispensable, to be sure—things that it is a reproach and a high inconvenience to be without, but which take care of themselves so long as the realities prosper.

Well, I have got a boost. Major Brace has suggested to me that I move my tools over to his office this fall and become a partner in his firm. The suggestion is agreeable to me, and I have closed with it. His firm is undergoing reorganization. At present it is Brace & Ketcham, but Ketcham's wife has fallen into so much money that, having also some savings of his own, he feels the need of foreign travel, country air, and like delights, and proposes to retire from active practice and concern himself with self-improvement, cows, and public or quasi-public duties, like being a director in banks and corporations, serving on committees, or even running for public office. There seems to be a great deal for competent and experienced citizens to do whenever they have acquired the means of support and can afford to take nominal pay, or none, for their services. The new firm is to be Brace, Witherspoon & Jesup; which last is me. It will be a strong firm.

The Major has experience and connections; Mr. Witherspoon has knowledge, especially of law, and appalling diligence; and I have a living to make for Cordelia and Samuel and myself, and everything to buy, including a city mansion, a country residence, some automobiles, and a garden with rhododendrons in it. When I think how modest my proportion of the firm's winnings is to be, and how much it is to buy, my arithmetical talents are strained to compute the princely affluence that must be coming out of the new firm to the Major.

Anyhow, my circumstances will be eased enough for us to move into a more commodious flat next fall, which is important. The modification in my prospects pleases me very much. I am attached to the Major. He is good to be with. I feel confident that he will make a living, and either make it honestly or make it look so honest to me that my self-esteem will not be wounded by a lot of compunctions. I think so because I believe he is at least as scrupulous as I am, and has more experience in adjusting his scruples to the facts of life. And that is a mighty delicate matter. If you can't do it you get nowhere, and if you overdo it you get eventually, I presume, to that ideality that we call "hell." I don't know that I should necessarily mind that, for it is possible that the attractions of hell may have been underrated; but I hate consumedly the processes of getting there as I see them. The by-path by drink is so far out of my line that I don't have to take serious thought about it; nor yet about the propensity to divagations in feminine companionship, which makes some persons so much trouble; but I believe I may say without affectation that I would hate the detachment from that ideality which we call "truth." Surely the greatest possible luxury in life is to think you are on the right side; to know the truth and follow it, or at least, since we are all so fallible, to think you know it and are on its trail. To think that I was going to practise law merely as the agent of the astute, filching unwarranted profits from the simple, would be quite intolerable, of course. It would be so at least as long as I continued to be any good, for I should think of it



as a progress to "hell"; and when it ceased to bother me, that would be the sign that I had arrived. That's the kind of hell the idea of which is repellent—the hell in which the damned are fat and hard and solvent, and relentlessly and eternally gainful for themselves. Ugh! They make me sick; at least the thought of them does. When you come to look for them in the flesh, of course they have their human modifications and are often lean, jocund, and charming.

The Major says there's a new morality growing up that will express itself presently in some new commandments, or a new interpretation of the sixth. Stealing, as heretofore understood, has been limited, he says, to taking from some one something that was his. But there is a growing sentiment that it applies also to hogging an unconscionable amount of things desirable for the mass of folks, but to which none of them had established legal ownership. As "the people" grow stronger and more intelligent there is more interest in having them get what should be coming to them. So the Major looks for the evolution of a commandment to the general effect of "Thou shalt not take more than thy share," and for lots of legislation based on it. And since what anybody's share is depends on all manner of circumstances, and is highly debatable, and is sure to get into court again and again, he looks for busy—and profitable—times for our profession.

Meanwhile the bulk of the law business is not a wrangle between the wolf and the lamb, with all the best talent retained for the wolf. A good deal of it is wrangles between wolves, wherein it is just as virtuous to be on one side as the other; and a lot more of it is not wrangle at all, but a tame exercise of the lawyer's true profession of keeping order in the world.

All the same, it must be embarrassing to any lawyer's ethical self-esteem always to be the defender, at a high price, of the strong. It can't be easy to avoid it, once a man gets a considerable reputation; but I guess it does pinch. Politically, of course, it is very expensive, and that, without much regard for the truth that when Strength is right, even though it is incorporated, it is just as

important to society that it should get its dues under the law as though it were somebody else. The risks of an employment are one of the considerations on which its rate of payment is based, and in this legal employment to which I seem committed the risk of discredit may well be one basis for extra large fees. Disreputability is bound to rub off of clients on their lawyers, provided there is enough of it, and the association is long enough continued, and highly enough paid, or insufficiently varied by professional associations of another sort.

I should not like to be committed bodily to the side of the Haves in my legal experiences, and I know I never shall be so long as I am in the same firm with the Major. Neither do I want to tie up to impossible enthusiasms and altruisms; and to plans that won't work, and to fabulous expectations of making the earth equally comfortable for all its residents irrespective of their powers and qualities. The Major does not go in for those phantoms. He will not always be right, but he will never be systematically impossible.

I guess Witherspoon is going to get rich. He is terribly smart; so smart, and so nearly sound-minded, and so nearly drink-proof, that, with the start he has, it will be virtually impossible for him to stay poor. If not myself, I would rather be Witherspoon than any one I see about. I could not afford to be the Major; he is too old. I have too much to do, and too much expectation of liking to do it, to wish to be he, much as I like him. Witherspoon is older than I am, older by nine or ten years, I guess, but I could almost afford that advancement in years for what I might gain in ability by having his head instead of mine. Not, of course, that I would be he, unless it was compulsory that I should be some one else than I am. A property that one has taken so much pains to improve as me becomes dear to the owner. I rate among improvements Cordelia and Samuel (though you may call them liabilities if you like), all that I know, my acquaintance, my reputation, the repairs done on my teeth (which were quite expensive), advertisement as so far acquired (except as already mentioned under acquaintance and reputa-

tion), a little life insurance paid up to date, and there must be a lot of other improvements I can't think of. To offset all that, I have expensive habits (like Cordelia and Samuel) and the probability of others. I smoke and drink, though inexpensively as yet, and like better food and rather better clothes than I am entitled to.

One thing that I admire about Witherspoon is his clothes; they are so bad—or rather he is so oblivious to them. I guess they are pretty good clothes, but he is apt to wear them like a man in the woods; I see him sometimes going about in this polite community in rough-looking, unshiny, russet shoes, a flannel shirt with a soft collar, his trousers turned up, not precisely but casually; and if he has on black shoes, like as not they are not polished. That is liable to be his working dress. He does better at times; does better doubtless if he happens to think of it or his wife tells him, and he togs himself out properly when he goes out to dinner; but his mind is not on raiment, nor much on details of living, anyhow. Presently, I suppose, his wife will say he must have a valet, and his clothes will be pressed and laid out for him for the rest of time, and he will put them on and always go forth shining. But he's fine as he is.

It is grand to be enough of a man to be worth a servant to do all one's chores. It is also grand meanwhile to be able to dress as inattentively as Witherspoon does. If he were lazy he couldn't do it, nor yet if he had not on him so many of the marks of a first-class man. If he were just ordinary, you'd be displeased with him for not being clean shaven, but when he smiles and begins to talk you don't care whether he shaved yesterday or the day before, nor whether his shoes are blacked, nor what kind of a collar he has on.

I'm not that way at all. I have to wear respectable clothes, brush my hair and teeth, shave every morning, have my shoes blacked, and pay attention to millinery. I succeed in all these details, and would make, I suppose, an acceptable body-servant for a really great man, or a fairly good housemaid, if it were not

that I am able, under Providence, to put the remnant of my time after attending to my own details to more profitable use than doing ordinary details for some one else. Details I shall do, no doubt, for some time to come if not forever, but they will be fairly remunerative details, I hope, requiring judgment and knowledge.

It's all service, and all that matters much to the moralist is that each of us should come, somehow, where he belongs, and get the sort of job he can learn to be good at, and delve at it until a better one calls him—if it does. But of course to find one's proper job is a great achievement in life, being the one that engages my energies at present. Also to find a man proper for a job that needs doing seems to be a considerable achievement, bigger or less big, according to the size of the job, but supremely important when the job is a vital matter like the Presidency sometimes, or the discovery of an effectual general in war, or a revolutionary leader. The processes by which the top men come to the top are as interesting as anything in history. Indeed, they almost constitute history. Usually they are processes of trying out, and it seems that the qualifications for a great place must include, as a rule, the ability to get the place, and, if it is political, to get it away from somebody else. But the unpolitical places don't seem so much to be wrested from anybody. The most powerful men just come to their own. Commonly they make the places which they occupy, and the places grow with them until, when they get out, there is a gaping vacancy to be filled.

That is not the sort of place for which the Major has selected me. Not yet. It's just a chance to do some work as it comes along, and make a place, possibly, which can be recognized as definite, commodious, and profitable because of some scarcity of the qualities required to fill it. I have great confidence in the Major, and feel strongly that his judgment in choosing persons and foreseeing labors for them is excellent, and I have faith in particular, as I have intimated, in his sagacity in selecting Witherspoon. So I am a good deal pleased that he should have invited me.

Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

TENTH PAPER

IN May, 1878, began Mark Twain's Continental wanderings which resulted in the writing of *A Tramp Abroad*.

The voyage of the Clemens family to Germany, with its many delightful companionships, ended at Hamburg after two weeks' stormy sailing. They rested a few days there, then went to Hanover and Frankfort, and at last to Heidelberg.

They had no lodgings selected in Heidelberg, and, leaving the others at an inn, Clemens set out immediately to find apartments. Chance or direction, or both, led him to the beautiful Schloss Hotel, on a hill overlooking the city, and as fair a view as one may find in all Germany. He did not go back after his party. He sent a message telling them to take carriage and drive at once to the Schloss, then he sat down to enjoy the view.

Coming up the hill, they saw him standing on the veranda, waving his hat in welcome. He led them to their rooms, spacious apartments, and pointed to the view. They were looking down on beautiful Heidelberg Castle, densely wooded hills, the far-flowing Neckar, and the haze-empurpled valley of the Rhine. By and by, pointing to a small cottage on the hilltop, he said:

"I have been picking out my little house to work in; there it is over there—the one with the gable in the roof. Mine is the middle room on the third floor." Mrs. Clemens thought the occupants of that house might be surprised if he should suddenly knock at their door and tell them he had come to rent that room. Nevertheless, they often looked over in that direction and referred to it as his office. They amused themselves by watching his "people" and trying to make out what they were like. One day he went over there, and sure enough there was a sign out, "*Möblierte*

Wohnung zu vermieten." A day or two later he was established in the very room he had selected, it being the only room but one vacant.

In *A Tramp Abroad* Mark Twain tells of the beauty of their Heidelberg environment. To Howells he wrote:

Our bedroom has two great glass bird-cages (inclosed balconies), one looking toward the Rhine Valley and sunset, the other looking up the Neckar *cul-de-sac*, and naturally we spend nearly all our time in these. We have tables and chairs in them; we do our reading, writing, studying, smoking, and suppering in them.

Lord, how blessed is the repose, the tranquillity of this place! Only two sounds: the happy clamor of the birds in the groves, and the muffled music of the Neckar, tumbling over the opposing dikes. It is no hardship to lie awake awhile nights, for this subdued roar has exactly the sound of a steady rain beating upon a roof. It is so healing to the spirit; and it bears up the thread of one's imaginings as the accompaniment bears up a song. . . .

I have waited for a "call" to go to work—I knew it would come. Well, it began to come a week ago; my note-book comes out more and more frequently every day since; three days ago I concluded to move my manuscripts over to my den. Now the call is loud and decided at last. So to-morrow I shall begin regular, steady work, and stick to it till the middle of July or August 1st, when I look for Twichell; we will then walk about Germany two or three weeks and then I'll go to work again (perhaps in Munich).

The walking tour with Twichell had been contemplated in the scheme for gathering book material, but the plan for it had not been completed when he left Hartford. Now he was anxious that they should start as soon as possible. Twichell, receiving the news in Hartford, wrote that it was a great day for him: that his third son had been happily born early

that morning, and now the arrival of this glorious gift of a tramp through Germany and Switzerland completed his blessings.

Meantime the struggle with the "awful German language" went on. It was a general hand-to-hand contest. From the head of the household down to little Bay not one was exempt. To Clemens it became a sort of nightmare. Once in his note-book he says:

"Dreamed all bad foreigners went to German heaven; couldn't talk, and wished they had gone to the other place"; and a little farther along, "I wish I could hear myself talk German."

Rosa, the maid, was required to speak to the children only in German, though Bay at first would have none of it. The nurse and governess tried to blandish her, in vain. She maintained a calm and persistent attitude of scorn. Little Susy tried, and really made progress; but one day she said, pathetically:

"Mamma, I wish Rosa was made in English."

Even Howells, in far-off America, caught the infection, and began a letter in German, though he hastened to ask, "Or do you prefer English by this time?" Howells adds: "Really I could imagine the German going hard with you, for you always seemed to me a man who liked to be understood with the least possible personal inconvenience."

Clemens more than once declared that he scorned the "outrageous and impossible German grammar," and abandoned it altogether.

He was daily impressed with the lingual attainments of foreigners and his own lack of them. In the notes he comments:

Am addressed in German, and when I can't speak it immediately the person tackles me in French, and plainly shows astonishment when I stop him. They naturally despise such an ignoramus. Our doctor here speaks as pure English as I.

On the fourth day after his arrival he addressed the American students in Heidelberg in one of those mixtures of tongues for which he had a peculiar gift. Just a bit of the peroration:

Nun, meinem Freunde—no, meinen Freunde—no, meines Freundes—well, take

your choice, they're all the same price. I don't know which is right. Nun, ich habe gehabt worden gewesen sein—as Goethe says in his "Life on the Ocean Wave"—ich glaube das—das—but never mind, it wasn't anything important, and I will desist.

The Clemens party enjoyed Heidelberg, though in different ways. The children romped and picnicked in the castle grounds, which adjoined the hotel; Mrs. Clemens and Miss Spaulding were devoted to bric-à-brac hunting, picture-galleries, and music. Clemens took long walks, or made excursions by rail and diligence to farther points. Art and opera did not appeal to him. The note-book says:

I have attended operas, whenever I could not help it, for fourteen years now; I am sure I know of no agony comparable to the listening to an unfamiliar opera. I am enchanted with the airs of "Trovatore" and other old operas which the hand-organ and the music-box have made entirely familiar to my ear. I am carried away with delighted enthusiasm when they are sung at the opera. But oh, how far between they are! And what long, arid, heartbreaking and headaching "betweentimes" of that sort of intense but incoherent noise which always so reminds me of the time the orphan-asylum burned down.

Twichell arrived on time, August 1st. Clemens met him at Baden-Baden, and they immediately set out on a tramp through the Black Forest, excursing as pleased them, and having an idyllic good time. They did not always walk, but they often did. At least they did sometimes, when the weather was just right and Clemens's rheumatism did not trouble him. But they were likely to take a carriage, or a donkey-cart, or a train, or any convenient thing that happened along. They did not hurry, but idled and talked and gathered flowers, or gossiped with wayside natives and tourists, though always preferring to wander along together, beguiling the way with discussion and speculation and entertaining tales. They crossed over into Switzerland in due time and considered the conquest of the Alps. The family followed by rail or diligence, and greeted them here and there when they rested from their wanderings. Mark Twain found an immunity from attention in Switzerland, which for years he had not known

elsewhere. His face was not so well known and his pen-name was carefully concealed.

It was a large relief for the most part to be no longer an object of public curiosity; but Twichell, as in the Bermuda trip, did not feel quite honest, perhaps, in altogether preserving the mask of unrecognition. In one of his letters home he tells how, when a young man at their table was especially delighted with Mark Twain's conversation, he could not resist taking the young man aside and divulging to him the speaker's identity.

"I could not forbear telling him who Mark was," he says, "and the mingled surprise and pleasure his face exhibited made me glad I had done so."

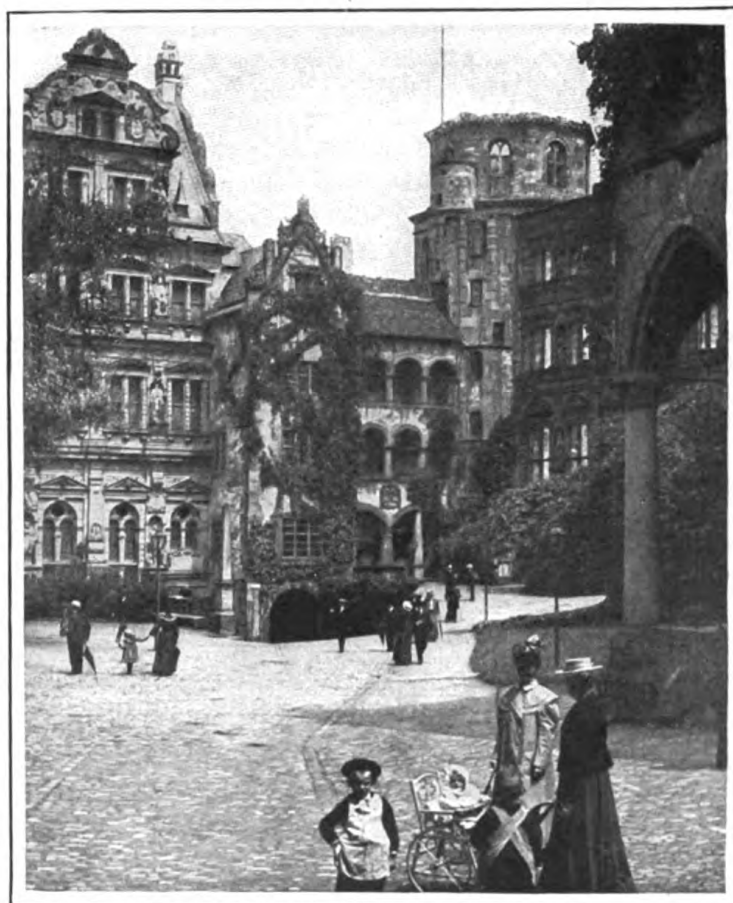
They climbed the Rigi, after which Clemens was not in good walking trim for some time, so Twichell went on a trip on his own account, to give his comrade a chance to rest. Then away again to Interlaken, where the Jungfrau rose, cold and white—on over the loneliness of Gemmi Pass, with glaciers for

neighbors and the unfading white peaks against the blue; to Visp and to Zermatt, where the Matterhorn points like a finger that directs mankind to God. This was true Alpine wandering—sweet vagabondage.

The association of the wanderers was a very intimate one. Their minds were closely attuned, and there were numerous instances of thought-echo—mind answering to mind without the employment of words. Clemens records in his notes:

Sunday A.M., August 11. Been reading *Romola* yesterday afternoon, last night, and this morning; at last I came upon the only

passage which has thus far *hit me with force*—Tito compromising with his conscience, and resolving to do, not a bad thing, but not the *best* thing. Joe entered the room five minutes—no, three minutes later—and without prelude said, "I read that book



AN IVY-GROWN COURT OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE

you've got there six years ago, and got a mighty good text for a sermon out of it—the passage where the young fellow compromises with his conscience, and resolves to do, not a bad thing, but not the *best* thing." This is Joe's first reference to this book since he saw me buy it twenty-four hours ago. So my mind operated on his in this instance. He said he was sitting yonder in the reading-room three minutes ago (I have not got up yet), thinking of nothing in particular, and didn't know what brought *Romola* into his head; but into his head it came and that particular passage. Now I, forty feet away, in another room, was reading that particular passage at that particular moment. Couldn't suggest *Romola* to him earlier, because nothing in the book had

taken hold of me till I came to that one passage on page 112, Tauchnitz edition.

Such entries are frequent, and one day there came along a sort of an object-lesson. They were toiling up a mountain-side, when Twichell began telling a very interesting story which had happened in connection with a friend still living, though Twichell had no knowledge of his whereabouts at this time. The story finished just as they rounded a turn in the cliff, and Twichell, looking up, ended his last sentence, "*And there's the man!*" Which was true, for they were face to face with the very man of whom he had been telling.

The author of *A Tramp Abroad* tells us of the rushing stream that flows out of the Arcadian sky valley, the Gasternthal, and goes plunging down to Kandersteg, and how he took exercise by making "Harris" (Twichell) set stranded logs adrift while he lounged comfortably on a boulder, and watched them go tearing by; also how he made Harris run a race with one of those logs. But that is literature. Twichell, in a letter home, has preserved a likelier and lovelier story:

Mark is a queer fellow. There is nothing that he so delights in as a swift, strong stream. You can hardly get him to leave one when once he is within the influence of its fascinations. To throw in stones and sticks seems to afford him rapture. Tonight, as we were on our way back to the hotel, seeing a lot of driftwood caught by the torrent side below the path, I climbed down and threw it in. When I got back to the path Mark was running down-stream after it as hard as he could go, throwing up his hands and shouting in the wildest ecstasy, and when a piece went over a fall and emerged to view in the foam below he would jump up and down and yell. He said afterward that he hadn't been so excited in three months. He acted just like a boy; another feature of his extreme sensitiveness in certain directions.

Then, generalizing, Twichell adds:

I never knew a person so finely regardful of the feelings of others in some ways. He hates to pass another person walking, and will practise some subterfuge to take off what he feels is the discourtesy of it. And he is exceedingly timid, tremblingly timid, about approaching strangers: hates to ask a question. His sensitive regard to others extends to animals. When we are driving, his

concern is all about the horse. He can't bear to see the whip used, or to see a horse pull hard. To-day, when the driver clucked up his horse and quickened his pace a little, Mark said, "The fellow's got the notion that we are in a hurry." He is exceedingly considerate toward me in regard of everything—or most things.

The days were not all sunshine. Sometimes it rained and they took shelter by the wayside, or, if there was no shelter, they plodded along under their umbrellas, still talking away, and if something occurred that Clemens wanted to put down they would stand stock-still in the rain, and Twichell would hold the umbrella while Clemens wrote—a good while sometimes—oblivious to storm and discomfort and the long way yet ahead.

In an address which Twichell gave many years later he recalls another pretty incident of their travels. They had been toiling up the Gorner Grat.

As we paused for a rest, a lamb from a flock of sheep near by ventured inquisitively toward us, whereupon Mark seated himself on a rock and with beckoning hand and soft words tried to get it to come to him.

On the lamb's part it was a struggle between curiosity and timidity, but in a succession of advances and retreats it gained confidence, though at a very gradual rate. It was a scene for a painter: the great American humorist on one side of the game and that silly little creature on the other, with the Matterhorn for a background. Mark was reminded that the time he was consuming was valuable—but to no purpose. The Gorner Grat could wait. He held on with undiscouraged perseverance till he carried his point: the lamb finally put its nose in his hand, and he was happy over it all the rest of the day.

They joined Mrs. Clemens and the others at Lausanne at last, and their Swiss holiday was over. Twichell set out for home by the way of England, and Clemens gave himself up to reflection and rest after his wanderings. Then, as the days of their companionship passed in review, quickly and characteristically he sent a letter after his comrade:

DEAR OLD JOE.—It is actually all over! I was so low-spirited at the station yesterday, and this morning, when I woke, I couldn't seem to accept the dismal truth that you were really gone, and the pleasant tramping and talking at an end. Ah, my boy! it has

been such a rich holiday to me, and I feel under such deep and honest obligations to you for coming. I am putting out of my mind all memory of the times when I misbehaved toward you and hurt you; I am resolved to consider it forgiven, and to store up and remember only the charming hours of the journeys and the times when I was not unworthy to be with you and share a companionship which to me stands first after Livy's. It is justifiable to do this; for why should I let my small infirmities of disposition live and grovel among my mental pictures of the eternal sublimities of the Alps?

Livy can't accept or endure the fact that you are gone. But you *are*, and we cannot get around it. So take our love with you, and bear it also over the sea to Harmony, and God bless you both.

MARK.

The Clemens party wandered down into Italy—to the lakes, Venice, Florence, Rome—loitering through the galleries, gathering here and there beautiful furnishings—pictures, marbles, and the like—for the Hartford home.

They spent three weeks in Venice; a dream-like experience, especially for the children, who were on the water most of the time, and became fast friends with their gondolier, who taught them some Italian words; then a week in Florence and a fortnight in Rome. Clemens discovered that in twelve years his attitude had changed somewhat concerning the old masters. He no longer found the bright, new copies an improvement on the originals, though the originals still failed to wake his enthusiasm. Mrs. Clemens and Miss Spaulding spent long hours wandering down avenues of art, accompanied by him on occasion, though not always willingly. He wrote his sorrow to Twichell:

I do wish you were in Rome to do my sightseeing for me. Rome interests me as much as East Hartford could, and no more; that is, the Rome which the average tourist feels an interest in. There are other things here which stir me enough to make life worth living. Livy and Clara are having a royal time worshiping the old masters, and I as good a time gritting my ineffectual teeth over them.

Once, when Sarah Orne Jewett was with the party, he remarked that if the old masters had labeled their fruit one wouldn't be so likely to mistake pears for turnips.

"Youth," said Mrs. Clemens, gravely, "if you do not care for those masterpieces yourself, you might at least consider the feelings of others"; and Miss Jewett, regarding him severely, added, in her quaint Yankee fashion: "Now, you've been spoken to!"

He felt duly reprimanded, but his taste did not materially reform. He realized that he was no longer in a proper frame of mind to write of general sightseeing. One must be eager, verdant, to write happily the story of travel. Replying to a letter from Howells on the subject, he said:

I wish I *could* give those sharp satires on European life which you mention, but of course a man can't write successful satire except to be in a calm, judicial good-humor; whereas I *hate* travel, and I *hate* hotels, and I *hate* the opera, and I *hate* the old masters. In truth, I don't ever seem to be in a good enough humor with anything to satirize it. No, I want to stand up before it and curse it and foam at the mouth, or take a club and pound it to rags and pulp. I have got in two or three chapters about Wagner's operas, and managed to do it without showing temper, but the strain of another such effort would burst me.

Clemens became his own courier for a time in Italy, and would seem to have made more of a success of it than he did a good many years afterward, if we may believe the story he has left us of his later attempt.

"Am a shining success as a courier," he records, "by the use of francs. Have learned how to handle the railway guide intelligently and with confidence."

He declares that he will have no more couriers; but possibly he could have employed one to advantage on the trip out of Italy, for it was a desperately hard one, with bad connections and delayed telegrams. When, after thirty-six hours' weary, continuous traveling, they arrived at last in Munich in a drizzle and fog, and were domiciled in their winter quarters, at No. 1a, Karlstrasse, they felt that they had reached the home of desolation itself, the very throne of human misery.

And the rooms were so small, the conveniences so meager, and the porcelain stove was grim, ghastly, dismal, intolerable! So Livy and Clara Spaulding sat down forlorn and cried, and I retired to a private place

to pray. By and by we all retired to our narrow German beds, and when Livy and I had finished talking across the room it was all decided that we should rest twenty-four hours, then pay whatever damages were

veniences for them. Their location was central, and there was a near-by park. They had no wish to change. Clemens, in his letter to Howells, boasts that he brought the party through from Rome himself, and that they never had so little trouble before; but in looking over this letter, thirty years later, he commented, "Probably a lie."

He secured a room some distance away for his work, but then could not find his Swiss note-book. He wrote Twichell he had lost it, and that, after all, he might not be obliged to write a volume of travels. But the note-book turned up, and the work on the new book proceeded. For a time it went badly. He wrote many chapters, only to throw them aside. He had the feeling that he had somehow lost the knack of descriptive narrative. He had become, as it seemed, too didactic. He thought his description was inclined to be too literal, his humor manufactured.

These impressions passed by and by; interest developed, and with it enthusiasm and confidence. In a letter to Twichell he reported his progress:

I was about to write to my publisher and propose some other book, when the confounded thing [the note-book] turned up, and down went my heart into my boots. But there was now no excuse, so I went solidly to work, tore up a great part of the MS. written in Heidelberg—wrote and tore up, continued to write and tear up—and at last, reward of patient and noble persistence, my pen got the old swing again! Since then I'm glad that Providence knew better what to do with the Swiss note-book than I did.

That winter in Munich was not re-



SUSY, CLARA, AND JEAN

A photograph of Mark Twain's children taken about 1881

required, and straightway fly to the south of France.

These rooms had been engaged by letter months before of their proprietress, Fräulein Dahlweiner, who had met them at the door with a lantern in her hand, full of joy in their arrival and faith in her ability to make them happy. It was a faith that was justified. Next morning, when they all woke, rested, the weather had cleared, there were bright fires in the rooms, the world had taken on a new aspect. Fräulein Dahlweiner, the pathetic, hard-working little figure, became almost beautiful in their eyes in her efforts for their comfort. She arranged larger rooms and better con-

called as an unpleasant one in after-years. His work went well enough, always a chief source of gratification. Mrs. Clemens and Miss Spaulding found interest in the galleries, in quaint shops, in the music and picturesque life of that beautiful old Bavarian town. The children also liked Munich. It was easy for them to adopt any new environment or custom. The German Christmas, with its lavish tree and toys and cakes, was an especial delight. The German language they seemed fairly to absorb. Writing to his mother, Clemens said:

I cannot see but that the children speak German as well as they do English. Susy often translates Livy's orders to the servants. I cannot work and study German at the same time; so I have dropped the latter and do not even read the language, except in the morning paper to get the news.

In Munich—and this was the case wherever they were known—there were many callers. Most Americans and many foreigners felt it proper to call on Mark Twain. It was complimentary, but it was wearying sometimes. Mrs. Clemens, in a letter written from Venice, where they had received even more than usual attention, declared there were moments when she almost wished she might never see a visitor again.

Originally there was a good deal about Munich in the new book, and some of the discarded chapters might have been retained with advantage. They were ruled out in the final weeding as being too serious, along with the French chapters. Only a few Italian memories were left to follow the Switzerland wanderings.

The book does record one Munich event, though transferring it to Heilsbronn. It is the incident of the finding of the lost sock in the vast bedroom. It may interest the reader to compare what really happened, as set down in a let-

ter to Twichell, with the story as written for publication:

Last night I awoke at three this morning, and after raging to myself for two interminable hours I gave it up. I rose, assumed a cat-like stealthiness, to keep from waking Livy, and proceeded to dress in the pitch dark. Slowly but surely I got on garment after garment—all down to one sock; I had one slipper on and the other in my hand. Well, on my hands and knees I crept softly around, pawing and feeling and scooping along the carpet and among chair-legs, for that missing sock. I kept that up, and still kept it up, and *kept* it up. At first I only said to myself, "Blame that sock," but that soon ceased to answer. My expletives grew steadily stronger and stronger, and at last, when I found I was *lost*, I had to sit flat down on the floor and take hold of something to keep from lifting the roof off with the profane explosion that was trying to get out of me. I could see the dim blur of the window, but of course it was in the wrong place and could give me no information as to where I was. But I had one comfort—I had not waked Livy;



WHERE MARK TWAIN LIVED IN MUNICH, NO. 1A, KARLSTRASSE

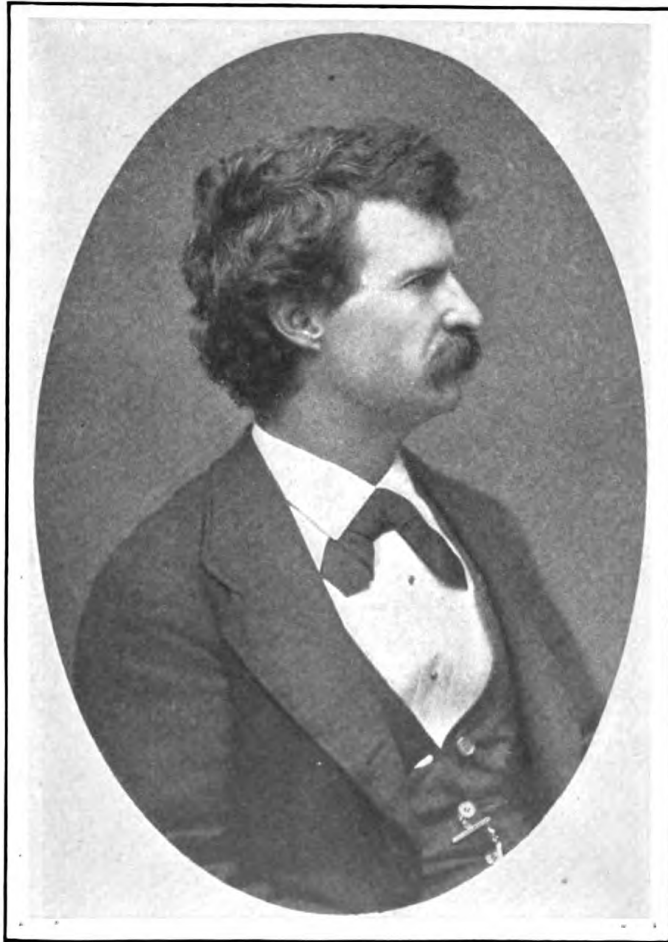
I believed I could find that sock in silence if the night lasted long enough. So I started again and softly pawed all over the place; and sure enough, at the end of half an hour I laid my hand on the missing article. I rose joyfully up and butted the wash-bowl and pitcher off the stand, and simply

pleasant quarters with Fräulein Dahlweiner, and journeyed across Europe, arriving at the French capital February 28, 1879. Here they met another discouraging prospect, for the weather was cold and damp, the cabmen seemed

brutally ill-mannered, their first hotel was chilly, dingy, uninviting. It was better when the sun came out, and they found happier quarters presently at the Hôtel Normandy, Rue de l'Echelle. But, alas! the sun did not come out often enough. It was one of those European springs and summers when it rains nearly every day, and is distressingly foggy and chill betweentimes. Clemens received a bad impression of France and the French during that Parisian sojourn, from which he never entirely recovered. In his note-book he writes: "France has neither winter, nor summer, nor morals. Apart from these drawbacks it is a fine country."

It was not all gloom and discomfort, however. There was congenial company in Paris, and dinner-parties and a world of callers. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the scintillating, was there, also Gedney Bunce, of Hartford, Frank Millet and his wife, and a Mr. and

Mrs. Chamberlain, artist people whom the Clemenses had met pleasantly in Italy. Turgenieff, as in London, came to call; also Baron Tauchnitz, that nobly born philanthropist of German publishers. Tauchnitz had early published *The Innocents*, following it with other Mark Twain volumes as they appeared, paying always, of his own will and accord, all that he could afford to pay for this privilege; which was not really a privilege, for the law did not require him to pay at all. He traveled down to Paris now to see the author, and to pay his respects to him. "A mighty nice old



MARK TWAIN IN 1880

raised — so to speak. Livy screamed, then said: "Who is it? What is the matter?" I said: "There ain't anything the matter. I'm hunting for my sock." She said, "Are you hunting for it with a club?"

I went in the parlor and lit the lamp, and gradually the fury subsided and the ridiculous features of the thing began to suggest themselves. So I lay on the sofa with note-book and pencil, and transferred the adventure to our big room in the hotel at Heilsbronn, and got it on paper a good deal to my satisfaction.

They decided to spend the spring months in Paris, so they gave up their

gentleman," Clemens found him. Richard Whiteing was in Paris that winter, and there were always plenty of young American painters that it was good to know.

Clemens had a better time in Paris than the rest of his party. He could go and come, and mingle with the sociabilities when the abnormal weather kept the others housed in. He did a good deal of sight-seeing of his own kind, and once went up in a captive balloon. They were all studying French, more or less, and they read histories and other books relating to France. Clemens renewed his old interest in Joan of Arc, and for the first time appears to have conceived the notion of writing a story of that lovely character. Without doubt France's treatment of Joan of Arc, the nation's abandonment of that gentle savior of her race to martyrdom, rankled in Mark Twain and made him unable to see with uncolored vision.

The Reign of Terror interested him. He reread Carlisle's *Revolution*, a book which he was never long without reading, and they all read *A Tale of Two Cities*. When the weather permitted they visited the scenes of that grim period.

On June 1, 1879, he writes:

Still this vindictive winter continues. Had a raw, cold rain to-day. To-night we sit around a rousing fire.

They stood it for another month, and then on the 10th of July, when it was still chilly enough and disagreeable, they gave it up and left for Brussels, which he calls "a dirty, beautiful (architecturally), interesting town."

Two days in Brussels, then to Antwerp, where they dined on the *Trenton* with Admiral Roan, then to Rotterdam, Dresden, Amsterdam, and London, arriving there the 29th of July, which was rainy and cold, in keeping with all Europe that year.

London meant a throng of dinners, as always; brilliant, notable affairs, too far away to recall. A letter written by Mrs. Clemens at the time preserves one charming, fresh bit of that departed bloom:

Clara [Spaulding] went in to dinner with Mr. Henry James; she enjoyed him very

much. I had a little chat with him before dinner, and he was exceedingly pleasant and easy to talk with. I had expected just the reverse, thinking one would feel looked over by him and criticized. Mr. Whistler, the artist, was at the dinner, but he did not attract me. Then there was a lady, over eighty years old, a Mrs. Stuart, who was Washington Irving's love, and she is said to have been his only love, and because of her he went unmarried to his grave. She was also an intimate friend of Madame Bonaparte. You would judge Mrs. Stuart to be about fifty, and she was the life of the drawing-room after dinner, while the ladies were alone, before the gentlemen came up. It was lovely to see such a sweet old age; every one was so fond of her, every one deferred to her, yet every one was joking her, making fun of her, but she was always equal to the occasion, giving back as bright replies as possible; you had not the least sense that she was aged. She quoted French in her stories with perfect ease and fluency, and had all the time such a kindly, lovely way. When she entered the room, before dinner, Mr. James, who was then talking with me, shook hands with her and said, "Good evening, you wonderful lady." After she had passed . . . he said, "She is the youngest person in London. She has the youngest feelings and the youngest interests. . . . She is always interested."

For more than two years they had had an invitation from Reginald Cholmondeley, who had shown them such kindness on those earlier trips, to pay him another visit. So they went for a week to Condoever, where many friends were gathered, including Millais, the painter, and his wife (who had been the wife of Ruskin), numerous relatives, and other delightful company. It was one of the happiest chapters of their foreign sojourn.

They had planned to visit Dr. Brown in Scotland. Mrs. Clemens in particular longed to go, for his health had not been of the best, and she felt that they would never have a chance to see him again. Clemens in after-years blamed himself bitterly for not making the trip, declaring that their whole reason for not going was an irritable reluctance on his part to take the troublesome journey, and a perversity of spirit for which there was no real excuse. There is documentary evidence against this harsh conclusion. They were, in fact, delayed here and there by misconnections and the con-

tinued terrific weather, barely reaching Liverpool in time for their sailing date, August 23d.

Their ship was the *Gallia*, and one night, when they were nearing the other side of the Atlantic, Mark Twain, standing on deck, saw for the third time in his experience a magnificent lunar rainbow; a complete arch, the colors part of the time very brilliant, but little different from a day rainbow. It is not given to many persons in this world to see even one of these phenomena. After each previous vision there had come to him a period of good-fortune. Perhaps this also boded well for him.

They went directly to the farm, for whose high, sunlit loveliness they had been longing through all their days of absence. Mrs. Clemens, in her letters, had never failed to dwell on her hunger for that fair hill-top. From his accustomed study-table Clemens wrote to Twichell:

You have run about a good deal, Joe, but you have never seen any place that was so divine as the farm. Why don't you come here and take a foretaste of heaven?

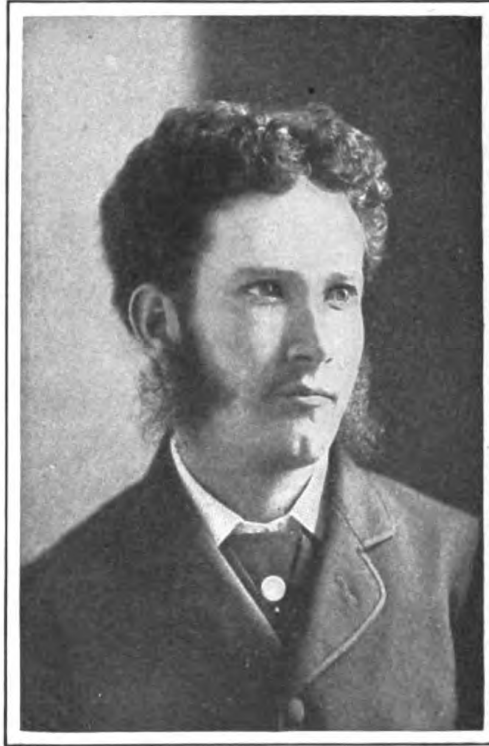
Without doubt it was like heaven to be back there, after the bustle and weary drag of travel, the long, hard winter, and the unseasonable European summer. Clemens declared that he would roam no more forever, and settled down to the happy farm routine. He took up his work, which had not gone well in Paris, and found his interest in it renewed. Mrs. Clemens was no less weary of travel than he. Yet she had

enjoyed their roaming, and her gain from it had been greater than his. Her knowledge of art and literature, and of the personal geography of nations, had vastly increased; her philosophy of life had grown beyond all counting.

If the lunar rainbow had any fortuitous significance, perhaps we may find it in the two speeches which Mark Twain made in November and December of that year. The first of these was delivered at Chicago, on the occasion of the reception of General Grant by the Army of the Tennessee, on the evening of November 13, 1879. Grant had just returned from his splendid tour of the world. His progress from San Francisco eastward had been such an ovation as is only accorded to sovereignty. Clemens received an invitation to the reunion, but, dreading the long railway journey, was at first moved to decline. He prepared a letter in which he made "business" his excuse, and expressed his regret that he would not be present to see and hear the veterans of the Army of the Tennessee at the moment when their old commander entered the room and rose in his place to speak. He added:

Besides, I wanted to see the General again, anyway, and renew the acquaintance. He would remember me, because I was the person who did not ask him for an office.

He did not send it. Reconsidering, it seemed to him that there was something strikingly picturesque in the idea of a Confederate soldier who had been chased for a fortnight in the rain through Ralls



REGINALD CHOLMONDELEY

and Monroe counties, Missouri, to be invited now to come and give welcome home to his old imaginary pursuer. It was in the nature of an imperative command, which he could not refuse to obey. He accepted and agreed to speak. They had asked him to respond to the toast of "The Ladies," but he had already responded to that toast at least twice. He telegraphed that there was one class of the community that had always been overlooked upon such occasions, and that if they would allow him to do so he would take that class for a toast: "The Babies."

He arrived in Chicago in time for the prodigious procession of welcome. Grant was to witness the march from a grand reviewing-stand, which had been built out from the second story of the Palmer House. Clemens had not seen the General since the days in Washington, twelve years before, when Clemens had said:

"General, I am embarrassed; are you?" Their meeting now was equally characteristic. Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, arriving with Grant, stepped up to Clemens and asked him if he wouldn't like to be presented. Grant also came forward, and a moment later Harrison was saying:

"General, let me present Mr. Clemens, a man almost as great as yourself." They shook hands; there was a pause of a moment; then Grant said, looking at him gravely:

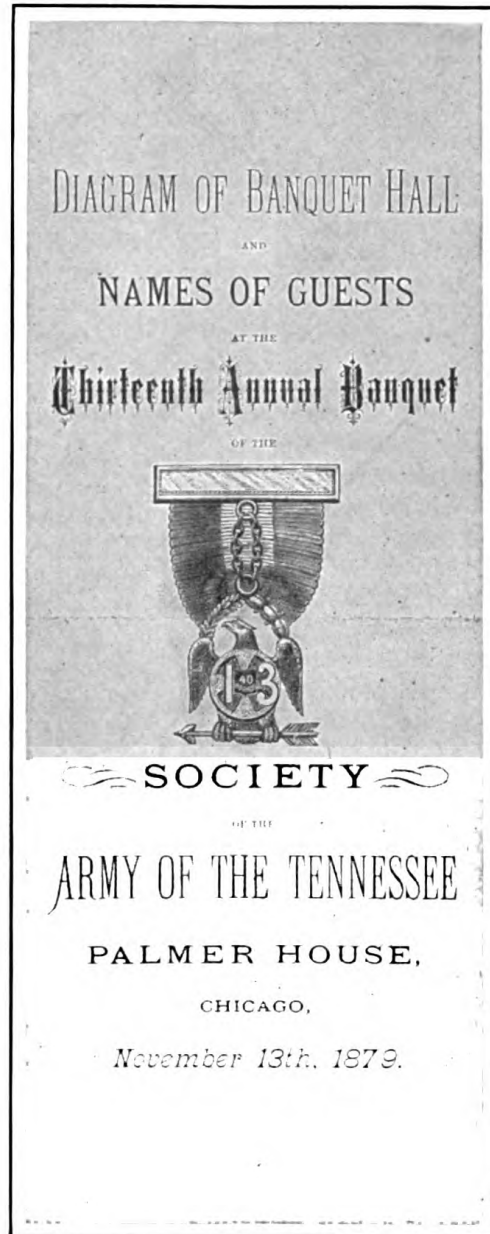
"Mr. Clemens, I am not embarrassed; are you?"

So he remembered that first long-ago meeting. It was a conspicuous performance. The crowd could not hear the words, but they saw the greeting and the laugh, and cheered both men.

Following the procession, there were certain imposing ceremonies of welcome at Haverly's Theater, where long, laudatory eloquence was poured out upon the returning hero, who sat unmoved while the storm of music and cheers and oratory swept about him. Clemens, writing of it that evening to Mrs. Clemens, said:

I never sat elbow to elbow with so many historic names before. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield, Pope, Logan, and so on. What an iron man Grant is!

He sat facing the house, with his right leg crossed over his left, his right boot sole tilted up at an angle, and his left hand and arm reposing on the arm of his chair. You note that position? Well, when glowing references were made to *other* grantees on the stage, those grantees always showed a trifle of nervous consciousness, and as these refer-



FACSIMILE OF COVER OF GUEST LIST

At the famous Grant dinner where Mark Twain spoke

ences came frequently the nervous changes of position and attitude were also frequent. But Grant! He was under a tremendous and ceaseless bombardment of praise and congratulation; but as true as I'm sitting here he never moved a muscle of his body for a single instant during thirty minutes! You could have played him on a stranger for an effigy. Perhaps he never *could* have moved, but at last a speaker made such a particularly ripping and blood-stirring remark about him that the audience rose and roared and yelled and stamped and clapped an entire minute—Grant sitting as serene as ever—when General Sherman stepped up to him, laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder, bent respectfully down, and whispered in his ear. Then Grant got up and bowed, and the storm of applause swelled into a hurricane.

But it was the next evening that the celebration rose to a climax. This was at the grand banquet at the Palmer House, where six hundred guests sat down to dinner and Grant himself spoke, and Logan and Hurlbut, and Vilas and Woodford and Pope, fifteen in all, including Robert Ingersoll and Mark Twain. Chicago has never known a greater event than that dinner, for there has never been a time since when those great soldiers and citizens could have been gathered there.

To Howells Clemens wrote:

Imagine what it was like to see a bullet-shredded old battle-flag reverently unfolded to the gaze of a thousand middle-aged soldiers, most of whom hadn't seen it since they saw it advancing over victorious fields when they were in their prime. And imagine what it was like when Grant, their first commander, stepped into view while they were still going mad over the flag, and then right in the midst of it all somebody struck up "When We Were Marching Through Georgia." Well, you should have heard the thousand voices lift that chorus and seen the tears stream down. If I live a hundred years I sha'n't ever forget these things, nor be able to talk about them. I sha'n't ever forget that I saw Phil Sheridan, with martial cloak and plumed chapeau, riding his big black horse in the midst of his own cannon; by all odds the superbest figure of a soldier I ever looked upon!

Grand times, my boy, grand times!

Mark Twain declared afterward that he listened to four speeches that night which he would remember as long as he

lived. One of them was by Emory Storrs, another by General Vilas, another by Logan, and the last and greatest by Robert Ingersoll, whose eloquence swept the house like a flame.

Clemens's own speech came last. He had been placed at the end to hold the house. He was preceded by a dull speaker, and his heart sank, for it was two o'clock and the diners were weary and sleepy, and the dreary speech had made them unresponsive.

They gave him a round of applause when he stepped up upon the table in front of him—a tribute to his name. Then he began the opening words of that memorable, delightful fancy.

"We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the *babies*—*we stand on common ground*—"

The tired audience had listened in respectful silence through the first half of the sentence. He made one of his effective pauses on the word "*babies*," and when he added, in that slow, rich measure of his, "*we stand on common ground*," they let go a storm of applause. There was no weariness and inattention after that. At the end of each sentence he had to stop to let the tornado roar itself out and sweep by. When he reached the beginning of the final paragraph, "Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are," the vast audience waited breathless for his conclusion. Step by step he led toward some unseen climax—some surprise, of course, for that would be his way. Then steadily, and almost without emphasis, he delivered the opening of his final sentence:

"And now in his cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth, an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago."

He paused, and the vast crowd had a chill of fear. After all, he seemed likely to overdo it—to spoil everything with a cheap joke at the end.

No one ever knew better than Mark Twain the value of a pause. He waited now long enough to let the silence become absolute, until the tension was painful; then wheeling to Grant himself, he said, with all that dramatic power of which he was master:

“And if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded!”

The house came down with a crash. The linking of their hero's great military triumphs with that earliest of all conquests seemed to them so grand a figure that they went mad with the joy of it. Even Grant's iron serenity broke; he rocked and laughed while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

They swept around the speaker with their congratulations, in their efforts to seize his hand. He was borne up and down the great dining-hall. Grant himself pressed up to make acknowledgments.

“It tore me all to pieces,” he said; and Sherman exclaimed: “Lord bless you, my boy! I don't know how you do it!”

The little speech has been in “cold type” so many years since then that

the reader of it to-day may find it hard to understand the flame of response it kindled so long ago. But that was another time—and another nation—and Mark Twain knew always his period and his people.

A Tramp Abroad came from the presses on the 13th of March, 1880. It had been widely heralded, and there was an advance sale of twenty-five thousand copies. It was of the same general size and outward character as *The Innocents*, numerous illustrations, and was regarded by its publishers as a satisfactory book.

Mark Twain himself had dubious anticipations as to the book's reception. He was vastly gratified, therefore, to receive a letter from Howells, full of his delight in it, and closing:

Well, you are a blessing. You ought to believe in God's goodness, since he has bestowed upon the world such a delightful genius as yours to lighten its troubles.

To which Clemens replied:

Your praises have been the greatest uplift I ever had. When a body is not even remotely expecting such things, how the surprise takes the breath away! We had been interpreting your stillness to melancholy and depression, caused by that book. This is honest. Why, everything looks brighter now. A check for untold cash could not have made our hearts sing as your letter has done.

Confession

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I HAVE loved too well the wonderful things
That are born beneath the sky.
The flower and the bird and the rainbow rings,
And the faces that always die.

Such is one wrong I have done the world,
But mine too a greater wrong.
That I have dared to tell the truth
Of beauty in a song.

Little Lucy Rose

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

BACK of the rectory there was a splendid, long hill. The ground receded until the rectory garden was reached, and the hill was guarded on either flank by a thick growth of pines and cedars, and, being a part of the land appertaining to the rectory, was never invaded by the village children. This was considered very fortunate by Mrs. Paterson, Jim's mother, and for an odd reason. The rector's wife was very fond of coasting, as she was of most out-of-door sports, but her dignified position prevented her from enjoying them to the utmost. In many localities the clergyman's wife might have played golf and tennis, have rowed and swum and coasted and skated, and nobody thought the worse of her; but in The Village it was different.

Sally had therefore rejoiced at the discovery of that splendid, isolated hill behind the house. It could not have been improved upon for a long, perfectly glorious coast, winding up on the pool of ice in the garden and bumping thrillingly between dry vegetables. Mrs. Paterson steered and Jim made the running pushes, and slid flat on his chest behind his mother. Jim was very proud of his mother. He often wished that he felt at liberty to tell of her feats. He had never been told not to tell, but realized, being rather a sharp boy, that silence was wiser. Jim's mother confided in him, and he respected her confidence. "Oh, Jim, dear," she would often say, "there is a mothers' meeting this afternoon, and I would so much rather go coasting with you." Or, "There's a Guild meeting about a fair, and the ice in the garden is really quite smooth."

It was perhaps unbecoming a rector's wife, but Jim loved his mother better because she expressed a preference for the sports he loved, and considered that no other boy had a mother who was quite equal to his. Sally Paterson was

small and wiry, with a bright face, and very thick, brown hair which had a boyish crest over her forehead, and she could run as fast as Jim. Jim's father was much older than his mother, and very dignified, although he had a keen sense of humor. He used to laugh when his wife and son came in after their coasting expeditions.

"Well, boys," he would say, "had a good time?"

Jim was perfectly satisfied and convinced that his mother was the very best and most beautiful person in the village, even in the whole world, until Mr. Cyril Rose came to fill a vacancy of cashier in the bank, and his daughter, little Lucy Rose, as a matter of course came with him. Little Lucy had no mother. Mr. Cyril's cousin, Martha Rose, kept his house, and there was a colored maid with a bad temper, who was said, however, to be invaluable "help."

Little Lucy attended Madame's school. She came the next Monday after Jim and his friends had planned to have a chicken roast and failed. After Jim saw little Lucy he thought no more of the chicken roast. It seemed to him that he thought no more of anything. He could not by any possibility have learned his lessons had it not been for the desire to appear a good scholar before little Lucy. Jim had never been a self-conscious boy, but that day he was so keenly worried about her opinion of him that his usual easy swing broke into a strut when he crossed the room. He need not have been so troubled, because little Lucy was not looking at him. She was not looking at any boy or girl. She was only trying to learn her lesson. Little Lucy was that rather rare creature, a very gentle, obedient child, with a single eye for her duty. She was so charming that it was sad to think how much her mother had missed, as far as this world was concerned.

The minute Madame saw her a sin-

gular light came into her eyes—the light of love of a childless woman for a child. Similar lights were in the eyes of Miss Parmalee and Miss Acton. They looked at one another with a sort of sweet confidence when they were drinking tea together after school in Madame's study.

"Did you ever see such a darling?" said Madame.

Miss Parmalee said she never had, and Miss Acton echoed her.

"She is a little angel," said Madame.

"She worked so hard over her geography lesson," said Miss Parmalee, "and she got the Amazon River in New England and the Connecticut in South America, after all; but she was so sweet about it, she made me want to change the map of the world. Dear little soul, it did seem as if she ought to have rivers and everything else just where she chose."

"And she tried so hard to reach an octave, and her little finger is too short," said Miss Acton; "and she hasn't a bit of an ear for music, but her little voice is so sweet it does not matter."

"I have seen prettier children," said Madame, "but never one quite such a darling."

Miss Parmalee and Miss Acton agreed with Madame, and so did everybody else. Lily Jennings's beauty was quite eclipsed by little Lucy, but Lily did not care; she was herself one of little Lucy's most fervent admirers. She was really Jim Paterson's most formidable rival in the school. "You don't care about great, horrid boys, do you, dear?" Lily said to Lucy, entirely within hearing of Jim and Lee Westminster and Johnny Trumbull and Arnold Carruth and Bubby Harvey and Frank Ellis, and a number of others who glowered at her.

Dear little Lucy hesitated. She did not wish to hurt the feelings of boys, and the question had been loudly put. Finally she said she didn't know. Lack of definite knowledge was little Lucy's rock of refuge in time of need. She would look adorable, and say in her timid, little fluty voice, "I don't—know." The last word came always with a sort of gasp which was alluring. All the listening boys were convinced that little Lucy loved them all individually and generally, because of her "I don't—know."

Everybody was convinced of little Lucy's affection for everybody, which was one reason for her charm. She flattered without knowing that she did so. It was impossible for her to look at any living thing except with soft eyes of love. It was impossible for her to speak without every tone conveying the sweetest deference and admiration. The whole atmosphere of Madame's school changed with the advent of the little girl. Everybody tried to live up to little Lucy's supposed ideal, but in reality she had no ideal. Lucy was the simplest of little girls, only intent upon being good, doing as she was told, and winning her father's approval, also her cousin Martha's.

Martha Rose was quite elderly, although still good-looking. She was not popular, because she was very silent. She dressed becomingly, received calls and returned them, but hardly spoke a word. People rather dreaded her coming. Miss Martha Rose would sit composedly in a proffered chair, her gloved hands crossed over her nice, gold-bound card-case, her chin tilted at an angle which never varied, her mouth in a set smile which never wavered, her slender feet in their best shoes toeing out precisely under the smooth sweep of her gray silk skirt. Miss Martha Rose dressed always in gray, a fashion which the village people grudgingly admired. It was undoubtedly becoming and distinguished, but savored ever so slightly of ostentation, as did her custom of always dressing little Lucy in blue. There were different shades and fabrics, but blue it always was. It was the best color for the child, as it revealed the fact that her big, dark eyes were blue. Shaded as they were by heavy, curly lashes, they would have been called black or brown, but the blue in them leaped to vision above the blue of blue frocks. Little Lucy had the finest, most delicate features, a mist of soft, dark hair, which curled slightly, as mist curls, over sweet, round temples. She was a small, daintily clad child, and she spoke and moved daintily and softly; and when her blue eyes were fixed upon anybody's face, that person straightway saw love and obedience and trust in them, and love met love half-way. Even

Miss Martha Rose looked another woman when little Lucy's innocent blue eyes were fixed upon her rather handsome but colorless face between the folds of her silvery hair; Miss Martha's hair had turned prematurely gray. Light would come into Martha Rose's face, light and animation, although she never talked much even to Lucy. She never talked much to her cousin Cyril, but he was rather glad of it. He had a keen mind, but it was easily diverted, and he was engrossed in his business, and concerned lest he be disturbed by such things as feminine chatter, of which he certainly had none in his own home, if he kept aloof from Jenny, the colored maid. Hers was the only female voice ever heard to the point of annoyance in the Rose house.

It was rather wonderful how a child like little Lucy and Miss Martha lived with so little conversation. Martha talked no more at home than abroad; moreover, at home she had not the attitude of waiting for some one to talk to her, which people outside considered trying. Martha did not expect her cousin to talk to her. She seldom asked a question. She almost never volunteered a perfectly useless observation. She made no remarks upon self-evident topics. If the sun shone, she never mentioned it. If there was a heavy rain, she never mentioned that. Miss Martha suited her cousin exactly, and for that reason, aside from the fact that he had been devoted to little Lucy's mother, it never occurred to him to marry again. Little Lucy talked no more than Miss Martha, and nobody dreamed that she sometimes wanted somebody to talk to her. Nobody dreamed that the dear little girl, studying her lessons, learning needlework, trying very futilely to play the piano, was lonely; but she was without knowing it herself. Martha was so kind and so still; and her father was so kind and so still, engrossed in his papers or books, often sitting by himself in his own study. Little Lucy in this peace and stillness was not having her share of childhood. When other little girls came to play with her, Miss Martha enjoined quiet, and even Lily Jennings's bird-like chattering became subdued. It was only at school that

Lucy got her chance for the irresponsible delight which was the simple right of her childhood, and there her zeal for her lessons prevented. She was happy at school, however, for there she lived in an atmosphere of demonstrative affection. The teachers were given to seizing her in fond arms and caressing her, and so were her girl companions; while the boys, especially Jim Paterson, looked wistfully on.

Jim Paterson was in love, a charming little poetical boy-love; but it was love. Everything which he did in those days was with the thought of little Lucy for incentive. He stood better in school than he had ever done before, but it was all for the sake of little Lucy. Jim Paterson had one talent, rather rudimentary, still a talent. He could play by ear. His father owned an old violin. He had been inclined to music in early youth, and Jim got permission to practise on it, and he went by himself in the hot attic and practised. Jim's mother did not care for music, and her son's preliminary scraping tortured her. Jim tucked the old fiddle under one round boy-cheek and played in the hot attic, with wasps buzzing around him; and he spent his pennies for catgut, and he learned to mend fiddle-strings; and finally came a proud Wednesday afternoon, when there were visitors in Madame's school, and he stood on the platform, with Miss Acton playing an accompaniment on the baby grand piano, and he managed a feeble but true tune on his violin. It was all for little Lucy, but little Lucy cared no more for music than his mother; and while Jim was playing she was rehearsing in the depths of her mind the little poem which later she was to recite; for this adorable little Lucy was, as a matter of course, to figure in the entertainment. It therefore happened that she heard not one note of Jim Paterson's painfully executed piece, for she was saying to herself in mental sing-song a foolish little poem, beginning:

"There was one little flower that bloomed
Beside a cottage door."

When she went forward, little darling blue-clad figure, there was a murmur of admiration; and when she made mistakes straight through the poem, saying,

"There was a little flower that fell
On my aunt Martha's floor,"

for beginning, there was a roar of tender laughter and a clapping of tender, maternal hands, and everybody wanted to catch hold of little Lucy and kiss her. It was one of the irresistible charms of this child that people loved her the more for her mistakes, and she made many, although she tried so very hard to avoid them. Little Lucy was not in the least brilliant, but she held love like a precious vase, and it gave out perfume better than mere knowledge.

Jim Paterson was so deeply in love with her when he went home that night that he confessed to his mother. Mrs. Paterson had led up to the subject by alluding to little Lucy while at the dinner-table.

"Edward," she said to her husband—both she and the rector had been present at Madame's school entertainment and the tea-drinking afterward—"did you ever see in all your life such a darling little girl as the new cashier's daughter? She quite makes up for Miss Martha, who sat here one solid hour, holding her card-case, waiting for me to talk to her. That child is simply delicious, and I was so glad she made mistakes."

"Yes, she is a charming child," assented the rector, "despite the fact that she is not a beauty, hardly even pretty."

"I know it," said Mrs. Paterson, "but she has the worth of beauty."

Jim was quite pale while his father and mother were talking. He swallowed the hot soup so fast that it burned his tongue. Then he turned very red, but nobody noticed him. When his mother came up-stairs to kiss him good night, he told her.

"Mother," said he, "I have something to tell you."

"All right, Jim," replied Mrs. Paterson, with her boyish air.

"It is very important," said Jim.

Mrs. Paterson did not laugh; she did not even smile. She sat down beside Jim's bed and looked seriously at his



IN THE HOT ATTIC HE PRACTISED

eager, rapt, shamed little boy-face on the white pillow. "Well?" said she, after a minute which seemed difficult to him.

Jim coughed. Then he spoke with a blurt. "Mother," said Jim, "by and by, of course not quite yet, but by and by, will you have any objection to Miss Lucy Rose as a daughter?"

Even then Mrs. Paterson did not laugh or even smile. "Are you thinking of marrying her, Jim?" asked she, quite as if her son had been a man.

"Yes, mother," replied Jim. Then he flung up his little arms in pink pajama-sleeves, and Mrs. Paterson took his face between her two hands and kissed him warmly.

"She is a darling, and your choice does you credit, Jim," said she. "Of course you have said nothing to her yet?"

"I thought it was rather too soon."

"I really think you are very wise, Jim," said Mrs. Paterson. "It is too soon to put such ideas into the poor child's head. She is younger than you, isn't she, Jim?"

"She is just six months and three days younger," replied Jim, with majesty.

"I thought so. Well, you know, Jim, it would just wear her all out as young as that to be obliged to think about her trousseau and housekeeping and going to school, too."

"I know it," said Jim, with a pleased air. "I thought I was right, mother."

"Entirely right," said Mrs. Paterson, "and you, too, really ought to finish school, and take up a profession or a business, before you say anything definite. You would want a nice home for the dear little thing, you know that, Jim."

Jim stared at his mother out of his white pillow. "I thought I would stay with you, and she would stay with her father until we were both very much older," said he. "She has a nice home now, you know, mother."

Mrs. Paterson's mouth twitched a little, but she spoke quite gravely and reasonably. "Yes, that is very true," said she; "still I do think you are wise to wait, Jim."

When Mrs. Paterson had left Jim, she looked in on the rector in his study. "Our son is thinking seriously of marrying, Edward," said she.

The rector stared at her. She had shut the door, and she laughed.

"He is very discreet. He has consulted me as to my approval of her as daughter and announced his intention to wait a little while."

The rector laughed; then he wrinkled his forehead uneasily. "I don't like the little chap getting such ideas," said he.

"Don't worry, Edward, he hasn't got them," said Sally Paterson.

"I hope not."

"He has made a very wise choice. She is that perfect darling of a Rose girl who couldn't speak her piece, and thought we all loved her when we laughed."

"Well, don't let him get foolish ideas; that is all, my dear," said the rector.



"ARE YOU THINKING OF MARRYING HER?"

"Don't worry, Edward. I can manage him," said Sally.

But she was mistaken. The very next day Jim proposed in due form to little Lucy. He could not help it. It was during the morning intermission, and he came upon her seated all alone under a hawthorn hedge, studying her arithmetic anxiously. She was in blue, as usual, and a very perky blue bow sat on her soft, dark hair, like a bluebird. She glanced up at Jim from under her long lashes.

"Do two and seven make eight or ten? If you please, will you tell me?" said she.

"Say, Lucy," said Jim, "will you marry me by and by?"

Lucy stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Marry me by and by?"

Lucy took refuge in her little harbor of ignorance. "I don't know," said she.

"But you like me, don't you, Lucy?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you like me better than you like Johnny Trumbull?"

"I don't know."

"You like me better than you like Arnold Carruth, don't you? He has curls and wears socks."

"I don't know."

"When do you think you can be sure?"

"I don't know."

Jim stared helplessly at little Lucy. She stared back sweetly.

"Please tell me whether two and seven make six or eleven, Jim," said she.

"They make nine," said Jim.

"I have been counting my fingers and I got it eleven, but I suppose I must have counted one finger twice," said little Lucy. She gazed reflectively at her little baby-hands. A tiny ring with a blue stone shone on one finger.

"I will give you a ring, you know," Jim said, coaxingly.

"I have got a ring my father gave me. Did you say it was ten, please, Jim?"

"Nine," gasped Jim.

"All the way I can remember," said little Lucy, "is for you to pick just so many leaves off the hedge, and I will tie them in my handkerchief, and just be-

fore I have to say my lesson I will count those leaves."

Jim obediently picked nine leaves from the hawthorn hedge, and little Lucy tied them into her handkerchief, and then the Japanese gong sounded, and they went back to school.

That night after dinner, just before Lucy went to bed, she spoke of her own accord to her father and Miss Martha, a thing which she seldom did. "Jim Paterson asked me to marry him when I asked him what seven and two made in my arithmetic lesson," said she. She looked with the loveliest round eyes of innocence first at her father, then at Miss Martha. Cyril Rose gasped and laid down his newspaper.

"What did you say, little Lucy?" he asked.

"Jim Paterson asked me to marry him when I asked him to tell me how much seven and two made in my arithmetic lesson."

Cyril Rose and his cousin Martha looked at each other.

"Arnold Carruth asked me, too, when a great big wasp flew on my arm and frightened me."

Cyril and Martha continued to look. The little, sweet, uncertain voice went on.

"And Johnny Trumbull asked me when I 'most fell down on the sidewalk; and Lee Westminster asked me when I wasn't doing anything, and so did Bubby Harvey."

"What did you tell them?" asked Miss Martha, in a faint voice.

"I told them I didn't know."

"You had better have the child go to bed now," said Cyril. "Good night, little Lucy. Always tell father everything."

"Yes, father," said little Lucy, and was kissed, and went away with Martha.

When Martha returned, her cousin looked at her severely. He was a fair, gentle-looking man, and severity was impressive when he assumed it.

"Really, Martha," said he, "don't you think you had better have a little closer outlook over that baby?"

"Oh, Cyril, I never dreamed of such a thing," cried Miss Martha.

"You really must speak to Madame," said Cyril. "I cannot have such things put into the child's head."

"Oh, Cyril, how can I?"

"I think it is your duty."

"Cyril, could not—you?"

Cyril grinned. "Do you think," said he, "that I am going to that elegant widow schoolma'am and say, 'Madame, my young daughter has had four proposals of marriage in one day, and I must beg you to put a stop to such proceedings'? No, Martha; it is a woman's place to do such a thing as that. The whole thing is too absurd, indignant as I am about it. Poor little soul!"

So it happened that Miss Martha Rose, the next day being Saturday, called on Madame, but not being asked any leading question, found herself absolutely unable to deliver herself of her errand, and went away with it unfulfilled.

"Well, I must say," said Madame to Miss Parmalee, as Miss Martha tripped wearily down the front walk—"I must say, of all the educated women who have really been in the world, she is the strangest. You and I have done nothing but ask inane questions, and she has sat waiting for them, and chirped back like a canary. I am simply worn out."

"So am I," sighed Miss Parmalee.

But neither of them was so worn out as poor Miss Martha, anticipating her cousin's reproaches. However, her wonted silence and reticence stood her in good stead, for he merely asked, after little Lucy had gone to bed:

"Well, what did Madame say about Lucy's proposals?"

"She did not say anything," replied Martha.

"Did she promise it would not occur again?"

"She did not promise, but I don't think it will."

The financial page was unusually thrilling that night, and Cyril Rose, who had come to think rather lightly of the affair, remarked, absent-mindedly: "Well, I hope it does not occur again. I cannot have such ridiculous ideas put into the child's head. If it does, we get a governess for her and take her away from Madame's." Then he resumed his reading, and Martha, guilty but relieved, went on with her knitting.

It was late spring then, and little Lucy had attended Madame's school several months, and her popularity had never

waned. A picnic was planned to Dover's Grove, and the romantic little girls had insisted upon a May queen, and Lucy was unanimously elected. The pupils of Madame's school went to the picnic in the manner known as a "straw-ride." Miss Parmalee sat with them, her feet uncomfortably tucked under her. She was the youngest of the teachers, and could not evade the duty. Madame and Miss Acton headed the procession, sitting comfortably in a victoria driven by the colored man Sam, who was employed about the school. Dover's Grove was six miles from the village, and a favorite spot for picnics. The victoria rolled on ahead; Madame carried a black parasol, for the sun was on her side and the day very warm. Both ladies wore thin, dark gowns, and both felt the languor of spring.

The straw-wagon, laden with children seated upon the golden trusses of straw, looked like a wagon-load of blossoms. Fair and dark heads, rosy faces looked forth in charming clusters. They sang, they chattered. It made no difference to them that it was not the season for a straw-ride, that the trusses were musty. They inhaled the fragrance of blooming boughs under which they rode, and were quite oblivious to all discomfort and unpleasantness. Poor Miss Parmalee, with her feet going to sleep, sneezing from time to time from the odor of the old straw, did not obtain the full beauty of the spring day. She had protested against the straw-ride.

"The children really ought to wait until the season for such things," she had told Madame, quite boldly; and Madame had replied that she was well aware of it, but the children wanted something of the sort, and the hay was not cut, and straw, as it happened, was more easily procured.

"It may not be so very musty," said Madame; "and you know, my dear, straw is clean, and I am sorry, but you do seem to be the one to ride with the children on the straw, because"—Madame dropped her voice—"you are really younger, you know, than either Miss Acton or I."

Poor Miss Parmalee could almost have dispensed with her few years of superior youth to have gotten rid of that straw-



"SAY, LUCY, WILL YOU MARRY ME BY AND BY?"

ride. She had no parasol, and the sun beat upon her head, and the noise of the children got horribly on her nerves. Little Lucy was her one alleviation. Little Lucy sat in the midst of the boisterous throng, perfectly still, crowned with her garland of leaves and flowers, her sweet, pale little face calmly observant. She was the high light of Madame's school, the effect which made the whole. All the others looked at little Lucy, they talked to her, they talked at her; but she remained herself unmoved, as a high light should be. "Dear little soul," Miss Parmalee thought. She also thought that it was a pity that little Lucy could not have worn a white frock in her character as Queen of the May, but there she was mistaken. The blue was of a peculiar shade, of a very soft material, and nothing could have been prettier. Jim Paterson did not often look away

from little Lucy; neither did Arnold Carruth; neither did Bubby Harvey; neither did Johnny Trumbull; neither did Lily Jennings; neither did many others.

Amelia Wheeler, however, felt a little jealous as she watched Lily. She thought Lily ought to have been queen; and she, while she did not dream of competing with incomparable little Lucy, wished Lily would not always look at Lucy with such worshipful admiration. Amelia was inconsistent. She knew that she herself could not aspire to being an object of worship, but the state of being a non-entity for Lily was depressing. "Wonder if I jumped out of this old wagon and got killed if she would mind one bit?" she thought, tragically. But Amelia did not jump. She had tragic impulses, or rather imaginations of tragic impulses, but she never carried them out. It was

left for little Lucy, flower-crowned and calmly sweet and gentle under honors, to be guilty of a tragedy of which she never dreamed. For that was the day when little Lucy was lost.

When the picnic was over, when the children were climbing into the straw-wagon and Madame and Miss Acton were genteelly disposed in the victoria, a lamentable cry arose. Sam drew his reins tight and rolled his inquiring eyes around; Madame and Miss Acton leaned far out on either side of the victoria.

"Oh, what is it?" said Madame. "My dear Miss Acton, do pray get out and see what the trouble is. I begin to feel a little faint."

In fact, Madame got her cut-glass smelling-bottle out of her bag and began to sniff vigorously. Sam gazed backward and paid no attention to her. Madame always felt faint when anything unexpected occurred, and smelled at the pretty bottle, but she never fainted.

Miss Acton got out, lifting her nice skirts clear of the dusty wheel, and she scuttled back to the uproarious straw-wagon, showing her slender ankles and trimly shod feet. Miss Acton was a very wiry, dainty woman, full of nervous energy. When she reached the straw-wagon, Miss Parmalee was climbing out, assisted by the driver. Miss Parmalee was very pale and visibly tremulous. The children were all shrieking in dissonance, so it was quite impossible to tell what the burden of their tale of woe was; but obviously something of a tragic nature had happened.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Acton, teetering like a humming-bird with excitement.

"Little Lucy—" gasped Miss Parmalee.

"What about her?"

"She isn't here."

"Where is she?"

"We don't know. We just missed her."

Then the cry of the children for little Lucy Rose, although sadly wrangled, became intelligible. Madame came, holding up her silk skirt and sniffing at her smelling-bottle, and everybody asked questions of everybody else, and nobody knew any satisfactory answers. Johnny Trumbull was confident that he was the last one to see little Lucy, and so were Lily Jennings and Amelia Wheeler, and so

were Jim Paterson and Bubby Harvey and Arnold Carruth and Lee Westminster and many others; but when pinned down to the actual moment, everybody disagreed, and only one thing was certain: little Lucy Rose was missing.

"What shall I say to her father?" moaned Madame.

"Of course, we shall find her before we say anything," returned Miss Parmalee, who was sure to rise to an emergency. Madame sank helpless before one. "You had better go and sit under that tree, Sam; take a cushion out of the carriage for Madame, and keep quiet; then Sam must drive to the village and give the alarm, and the straw-wagon had better go, too; and the rest of us will hunt by threes, three always keeping together. Remember, children, three of you keep together, and whatever you do, be sure and do not separate. We cannot have another lost."

It seemed very sound advice. Madame, pale and frightened, sat on the cushion under the tree and sniffed at her smelling-bottle, and the rest scattered and searched the grove and surrounding underbrush thoroughly. But it was sunset when the groups returned to Madame under her tree, and the straw-wagon with excited people was back, and the victoria with Lucy's father and the rector and his wife, and Dr. Trumbull in his buggy, and other carriages fast arriving. Poor Miss Martha Rose had been out calling when she heard the news, and she was walking to the scene of action. The victoria in which her cousin was seated left her in a cloud of dust. Cyril Rose had not noticed the mincing figure with the card-case and parasol.

The village searched for little Lucy Rose, but it was Jim Paterson who found her, and in the most unlikely of places. A forlorn pair with a multiplicity of forlorn children lived in a tumble-down house about half a mile from the grove. The man's name was Silas Thomas, and his wife's was Sarah. Poor Sarah had lost a large part of the small wit she had originally owned several years before, when her youngest daughter, aged four, died. All the babies that had arrived since had not consoled her for the death of that little lamb, by name Viola May, nor restored her full measure of under-



Drawn by Worth Brehm

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

THERE SAT SARAH THOMAS HOLDING LITTLE LUCY

wit. Poor Sarah Thomas had spied adorable little Lucy separated from her mates by chance for a few minutes, picking wild flowers, and had seized her in forcible but loving arms and carried her home. Had Lucy not been such a silent, docile child, it could never have happened; but she was a mere little limp thing in the grasp of the over-loving, deprived mother, who thought she had gotten back her own beloved Viola May.

When Jim Paterson, big-eyed and pale, looked in at the Thomas door, there sat Sarah Thomas, a large, unkempt, wild-visaged, but gentle creature, holding little Lucy and cuddling her, while Lucy, shrinking away as far as she was able, kept her big, dark eyes of wonder and fear upon the woman's face. And all around were clustered the Thomas children, unkempt as their mother, a gentle but degenerate brood, all of them believing what their mother said. Viola May had come home again. Silas Thomas was not there; he was trudging slowly homeward from a job of wood-cutting. Jim saw only the mother, little Lucy, and that poor little flock of children gazing in wonder and awe. Jim rushed in and faced Sarah Thomas. "Give me little Lucy!" said he, as fiercely as any man. But he reckoned without the unreasoning love of a mother. Sarah only held little Lucy faster, and the poor little girl rolled appealing eyes at him over that brawny, grasping arm of affection.

Jim raced for help, and it was not long before it came. Little Lucy rode home in the victoria, seated in Sally Paterson's lap. "Mother, you take her," Jim had pleaded; and Sally, in the face and eyes of Madame, had gathered the little trembling creature into her arms. In her heart she had not much of an opinion of any woman who had allowed such a darling little girl out of her sight for a moment. Madame accepted a seat in another carriage and rode home, explaining and sniffing and inwardly resolving never again to have a straw-ride.

Jim stood on the step of the victoria all the way home. They passed poor Miss Martha Rose, still faring toward the grove, and nobody noticed her for the second time. She did not turn back until the straw-wagon, which formed the tail of the little procession, reached her.

That she halted with mad waves of her parasol, and when told that little Lucy was found, refused a seat on the straw because she did not wish to rumple her best gown and turned about and fared home again.

The rectory was reached before Cyril Rose's house, and Cyril yielded gratefully to Sally Paterson's proposition that she take the little girl with her, give her dinner, see that she was washed and brushed and freed from possible contamination from the Thomases, who were not a cleanly lot, and later brought home in the rector's carriage. However, little Lucy stayed all night at the rectory. She had a bath; her lovely, misty hair was brushed; she was fed and petted; and finally Sally Paterson telephoned for permission to keep her overnight. By that time poor Martha had reached home, and was busily brushing her best dress.

After dinner, little Lucy, very happy and quite restored, sat in Sally Paterson's lap on the veranda, while Jim hovered near. His innocent boy-love made him feel as if he had wings. But his wings only bore him to failure, before an earlier and mightier force of love than his young heart could yet compass for even such a darling as little Lucy. He sat on the veranda step and gazed eagerly and rapturously at little Lucy on his mother's lap, and the desire to have her away from other loves came over him. He saw the fireflies dancing in swarms on the lawn, and a favorite sport of the children of the village occurred to him.

"Say, little Lucy," said Jim.

Little Lucy looked up with big, dark eyes under her mist of hair, as she nestled against Sally Paterson's shoulder.

"Say, let's chase fireflies, little Lucy."

"Do you want to chase fireflies with Jim, darling?" asked Sally.

Little Lucy nestled closer. "I would rather stay with you," said she, in her meek flute of a voice, and she gazed up at Sally with the look which she might have given the mother she had lost.

Sally kissed her and laughed. Then she reached down a fond hand and patted her boy's head. "Never mind, Jim," said Sally. "Mothers have to come first."

A Night and a Day in Toledo

BY W. D. HOWELLS

IF you choose to make your visit to Toledo an episode of your stay in Madrid, you have still to choose between going at eight in the morning and coming back at five in the evening, or going at five one evening, and coming back at the same hour the next. In either case you will have two hours' jolting each way over the roughest bit of railroad in the world, and if your porter, before you could stop him, has selected for your journey a compartment over the wheels, you can never be sure that he has done worse for you than you will have done for yourself when you come back in a compartment between the trucks. However you go or come, you remain in doubt whether you have been jolting over rails jointed at every yard, or have been getting on without any track on a cobblestone pavement. Still, if the compartment is wide and well cushioned, as it is in Spain nearly always, with free play for your person between roof and floor and wall and wall; and if you go and come at five, you are, as long as the afternoon light lasts, not wholly unhappy in your glimpses of far-stretching wheat-fields, with nearer kitchen gardens rich in beets and cabbages, alternating with purple and yellow patches of vineyard.

I find from my ever-faithful note-book that the landscape seemed to grow drearier as we got away from Madrid, but this may have been the effect of the waning day: a day which at its brightest had been dull from recurrent rain and incessant damp. The gloom was not relieved by the long stops at the frequent stations, though the stops were good for getting your breath, and for trying to plan greater control over your activities when the train should go on again. The stations themselves were not so alluring but you were willing to get away from them; and you were glad to get away from them by train instead of by mule-team over the rainy levels to the towns

that glimmered along the horizon two or three miles off. There had been nothing to lift the heart in the sight of two small boys already perched on one horse, or of a priest difficultly mounting another with his legs entangled in his long robe. At the only station which I can remember having any town about it, a large number of our passengers left the train, and I realized that they were commuters like those who might have been leaving it at some soaking suburb of Long Island or New Jersey.

It had, as I say, been raining intermittently all day; now that the old day was done, the young night took up the work and devoted itself to a vigorous downpour which, when we reached our hotel in Toledo, had assumed the rôle of a theatrical tempest, with sudden peals of thunder and long, loud reverberations, and blinding flashes of lightning, such as the wildest effects of the tempest in the Catskills when Rip Van Winkle was lost would have been nothing to.

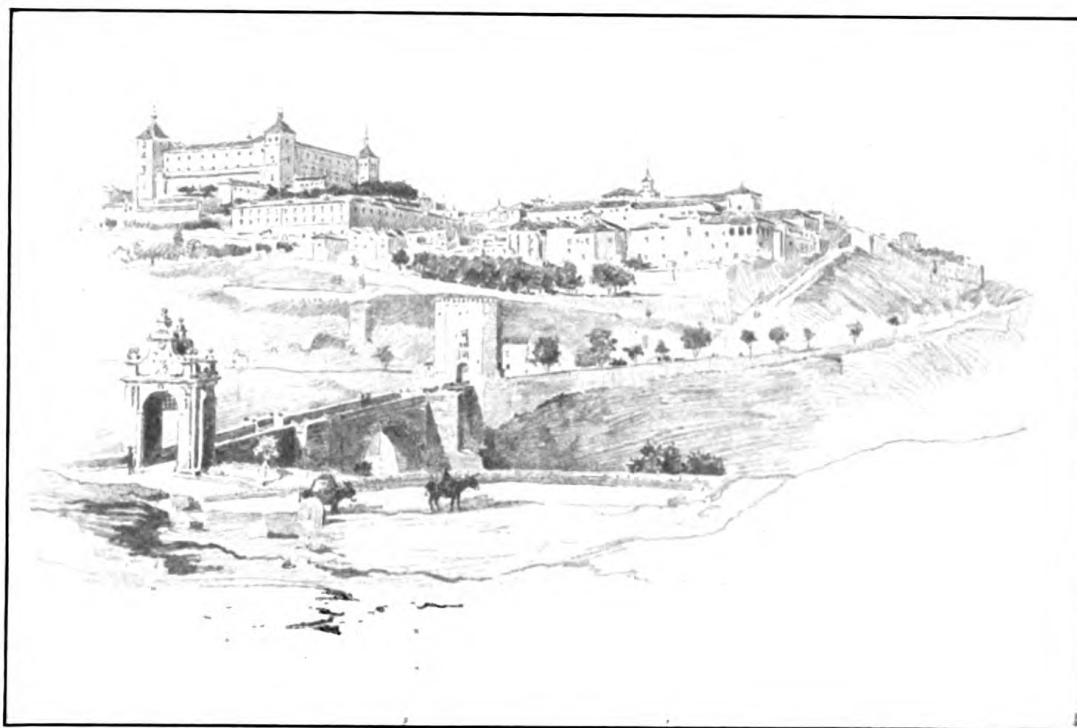
Foreboding the inner chill of a Spanish hotel on such a day, we had telegraphed for a fire in our room, and our eccentricity had been interpreted in spirit as well as in letter. It was not the habitual hotel omnibus which met us at the station, but a luxurious closed landau, commanded by an interpreter who intuitively opened our compartment-door, and conveyed us dry and warm to our hotel, in every circumstance of tender regard for our comfort, during the slow, sidelong up-hill climb to the city, amidst details of historic and romantic picturesqueness which the lightning momentarily flashed into sight. From our landau we passed as in a dream between the dress-coated head waiter and the skull-capped landlord who silently and motionlessly received us in the Gothic doorway, and mounted by a stately stair from a beautiful glass-roofed *patio*, airily galloped round at every floor, to the rooms from which a smoky warmth gushed out

to welcome us. The warmth was from the generous blaze kindled in the fireplace against our coming, and the smoke was from the crevices in a chimney-piece not sufficiently calked with newspapers to keep the smoke going up the flue. The fastidious may think this a defect in our perfect experience, but we would not have had it otherwise if we could, and probably we could not. We easily assumed that we were in the palace of some ancient hidalgo, adapted to the uses of a modern hotel, with a prevision which did not quite include the accurate jointing of chimneypieces. The storm bellowed and blazed outside, the rain strummed richly on the *patio* roof which the lightning illumined, and as we descended that stately stair, with its walls ramped and foliaged over with heraldic fauna and flora, I felt as rarely before the disadvantage of not being still fourteen years old.

But you cannot be of every age at once, and it was no bad thing to be presently sitting down in my actual epoch at one of those excellent Spanish dinners which no European hotel can surpass and no American hotel can equal. It may seem a descent from the high-horse, the winged steed of dreamery, to have been following those admirable courses with unflagging appetite, as it were on foot, but man born of woman is hungry after such a ride as ours from Madrid; and it was even with no appreciable loss of our sense of enchantment that we presently learned from our host, waiting skull-capped in the *patio*, that we were in no real palace of an ancient hidalgo, but were housed as we found ourselves by the fancy of a rich nobleman of Toledo whom the whim had taken to equip his city with a hotel of poetic perfection. I am afraid I have forgotten his name, though perhaps I should not have the right to parade it here if I remembered it; but I cannot help saluting him brother-in-imagination, and thanking him for one of the rarest pleasures that travel, even Spanish travel, has given me.

One must recall the effect of a gentle fancy like his with some such emotion as one recalls a pleasant tale unexpectedly told when one feared the repetition of stale banalities; and I now feel a pang of retroactive self-reproach

for not spending the whole evening after dinner in reading up the story of that most storied city where this Spanish castle received us. What better could I have done in the smoky warmth of our hearth fire than con, by the light of the single electric bulb dangling overhead, its annals in some such voluntarily quaint, unconsciously old-fashioned volume as Irving's *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*; or read in some such (if there is any such other) imperishably actual and unfadingly brilliant record of impressions as Gautier's *Voyage en Espagne*, the tragic tale of that poor, wicked, overpunished last of the Gothic kings, Don Roderick? It comes to much the same effect in both, and as I knew it already from the notes to Scott's poem of "Don Roderick," which I had read sixty years before in the loft of our log-cabin (years before the era of my unguided Spanish studies), I found it better to go to bed after a day which had not been without its pains as well as pleasures. I could recall the story well enough for all poetical purposes as I had found it in the fine print of those notes; and, if I could believe the reader did not know it, I could tell him now how this wretched Don Roderick betrayed the daughter of Count Julian, whom her father had intrusted to him here in his capital of Toledo, when, with all the rest of Spain, it had submitted to his rule. That was in the eighth century, when the hearts of kings (if we except his late Majesty of Belgium) were more easily corrupted by power than perhaps in the twentieth; and it is possible that there was a good deal of politics mixed up with Count Julian's passion for revenge on the king, when from his province in Andalusia he invited the Moors to invade his native land and helped them overrun it. The conquest, let me again superfluously remind the reader, was abetted by the Jews, who had been flourishing mightily under the Gothic anarchy, but whom Don Roderick had reduced to a choice between exile or slavery when he came to full power. In a few weeks the whole peninsula fell before the invaders. Toledo fell after the battle of Guadalete, where even the Bishop of Seville fought on their side, and Roderick was lastingly numbered



RICHES OF GRAY ROOF AND WHITE WALL MARK ITS INSURPASSABLE ANTIQUITY

among their missing, and was no doubt killed, as nothing has since been heard of him. It was not until nearly three hundred years afterward that the Christians recovered the city. By this time they were no longer Arians, but good Catholics—so good that Philip II. himself, one of the best of Catholics, is said to have removed his capital to Madrid because he could not endure the still more unsparing orthodoxy of the Toledan archbishop.

Nobody is obliged to believe this, but I should be sorry if any reader of mine questioned the insurpassable antiquity of Toledo, as attested by a cloud of chroniclers. Théophile Gautier notes that "the most moderate place the epoch of its foundation before the Deluge," and attribute the honor of laying its first stone, some to Jubal, others to the Greeks; these to the Roman consuls Talmor and Brutus, those to the Jews who entered Spain with Nebuchadnezzar, and rest their claim on the etymology of Toledo, which comes from Toledoth, a Hebrew word signifying generations, because the Twelve Tribes had helped to build and people it.

The chroniclers, in fact, offer such an

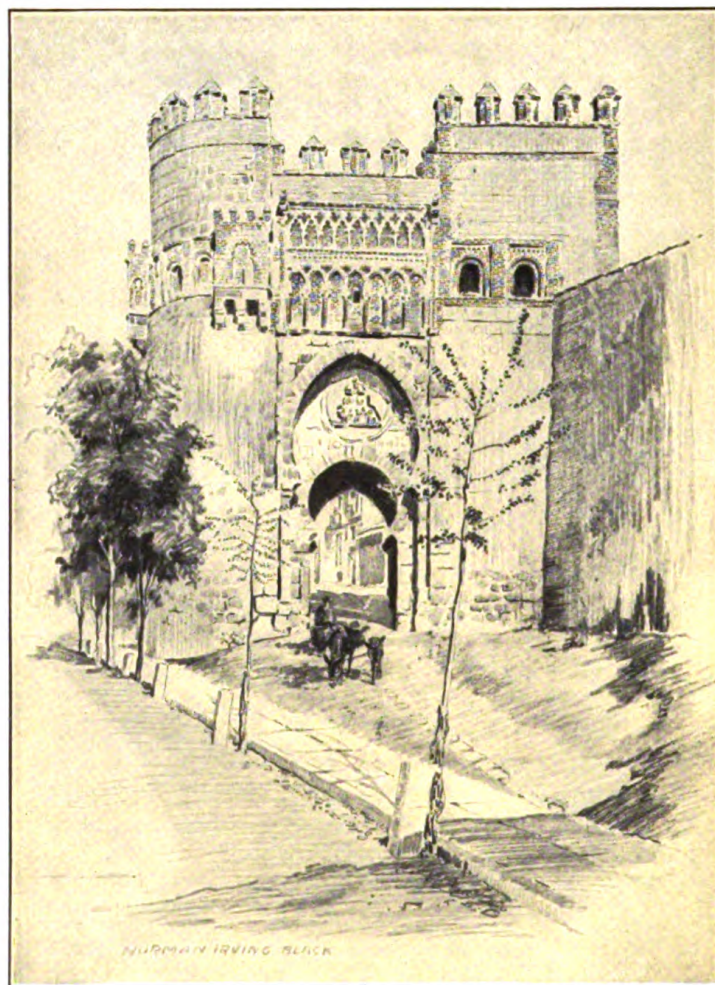
embarrassing abundance to the choice that I am rather glad I knew little or nothing of those antagonistic origins when I opened my window to the sunny morning which smiled at the notion of the overnight tempest, and lighted all the landscape on that side of the hotel. The outlook was over plowed lands, red as Virginia or New Jersey fields, billowing miles away from the yellow Tagus in the foreground to the mountain-walled horizon, with long stretches of forest in the middle distance. What riches of gray roof, of white wall, of glossy green or embrowning foliage in the city gardens the prospect included one should have the brush rather than the pen to suggest; or else one should have an inexhaustible ink-bottle, with every color in it to pour the right tints from. Mostly, however, I should say that the city of Toledo is of a mellow gray, and the country of Toledo a rich orange. Seen from any elevation, the gray of the town made me think of Genoa, and, if the reader's knowledge does not enable him to realize it from this association, he had better lose no time in going to Genoa.

I myself should prefer going again to

Toledo, where we made only a day's demand on the city's beauty, when a year would hardly have exhausted its infinite variety. Yet I would not counsel any one to pass a whole year in Toledo unless he was sure he could bear the full-

of another hotel as "an Italian man," with little or no English.

As soon as we got outside, the beggars of Toledo swarmed upon us; but I hope it was not wholly from them I formed the notion that the beauty of the place was architectural and not personal, though these poor things were as deplorably plain as they were obviously miserable. The inhabitants who did not ask alms were of course in the majority, but neither were these impressive in looks or bearing. Rather, I should say, their average was small and dark, and in color of eyes and hair as well as skin suggested the African race that had held Toledo for three centuries. Neither here nor anywhere else in Spain are there any traces of the Jews who helped bring the Arabs in; once for all, that people have been banished so perfectly that they do not show their noses anywhere. Possibly they exist, but they do not exist openly, any more than the descendants of the Moorish invaders practise their Moslem rites. As for the beggars, to whom I return as they constantly returned to



PUERTA DEL SOL—GATE OF THE SUN

ness of that beauty. Add antiquity, unsurpassable antiquity, add tragedy, add unendurable orthodoxy, and the pathos of hopeless depopulation, and I think I would rather give a day than a year to Toledo. Or, I would like to go back and give another day to it, and come every year and give a day. This very moment, I would like to be in that glass-roofed *patio* of our histrionic hotel, engaging the services of one of the most admirable guides who ever fell to the lot of mortal American, while much advised by our skull-capped landlord to shun the cicerone

us, it did not avail to do them charity; that by no means dispersed them; the thronging misery and mutilation in the lame, the halt, and the blind was as great at our home-coming to our hotel as at our going out of it. The very school-children interrupted their sports to chance our charity; and it is still with a pang that I remember the little girl whom we denied a copper when she was really asking for a *floreto* out of the nosegay that one of us carried. But how could we suppose that it was a little flower and not a "little dog" that she wanted?

There was something very stage-like in the square, by no means large, which we came into on turning the corner from our hotel. It was a sort of market-place as well as business place, and it looked as if it might be the resort at certain hours of the polite as well as the impolite leisure of a city not apparently overworked in any of its classes. But at ten o'clock in the morning it was empty enough, and after a small purchase at one of the shops we passed from it without elbowing or being elbowed, and found ourselves at the portal of that ancient *posada* where Cervantes is said to have once sojourned, at least long enough to write one of his Exemplary Novels. He was of such a ubiquitous habit that if we had visited almost any city of Spain we should have found some witness of his stay, but I do not believe we could have found one more satisfactory than this. I altogether prefer it to his house at Valladolid, which it surpassed as much in its intrinsic interest as it came short of in its intrinsic odor. It is verified by a memorial tablet in its outer wall, and within it was convincingly a *posada* of his time: large, low-vaulted, with the carts and wagons of the muleteers at the right of the entrance, and beyond these the stalls of the mules, where they stood chewing their provender and glancing uninterestedly round at the intruders; for plainly we were not of the guests who frequent the place. These, for a chamber like those around and behind the stalls, on the same earthen level, pay five cents of our money a day; they supply their own bed and board, and pay five cents more for the use of a fire. Some of them went and came in the dim light of the cavernous spaces, and others squatted on the ground before their morning meal. A smoke-browned wooden gallery

went round three sides of the *patio* overhead; half-way up to this, at one side, rose an immense earthen water-jar, dim red; piles of straw mats, which were perhaps the bedding of the guests, heaped the ground or hung from the gallery. The guests, among them a most beautiful youth, black as Africa, but of a Greek perfection of profile, regarded us with a friendly indifference that contrasted strikingly with the fixed stare of the bluish-gray hound beside one of the wagons. He had a human effect of having brushed his hair from his strange, gloomy eyes, and of a sad, hopeless puzzle in the effort to make us out. If he was haunted by some inexplicable relation in me to the great author whose dog he undoubtedly had been in a retroactive incarnation, and was thinking to question me of my ever-unfulfilled boyish self-promise of writing the life of Cervantes, I could as successfully have challenged him to say how and where in such a place as that an exemplary novelist could have writ-



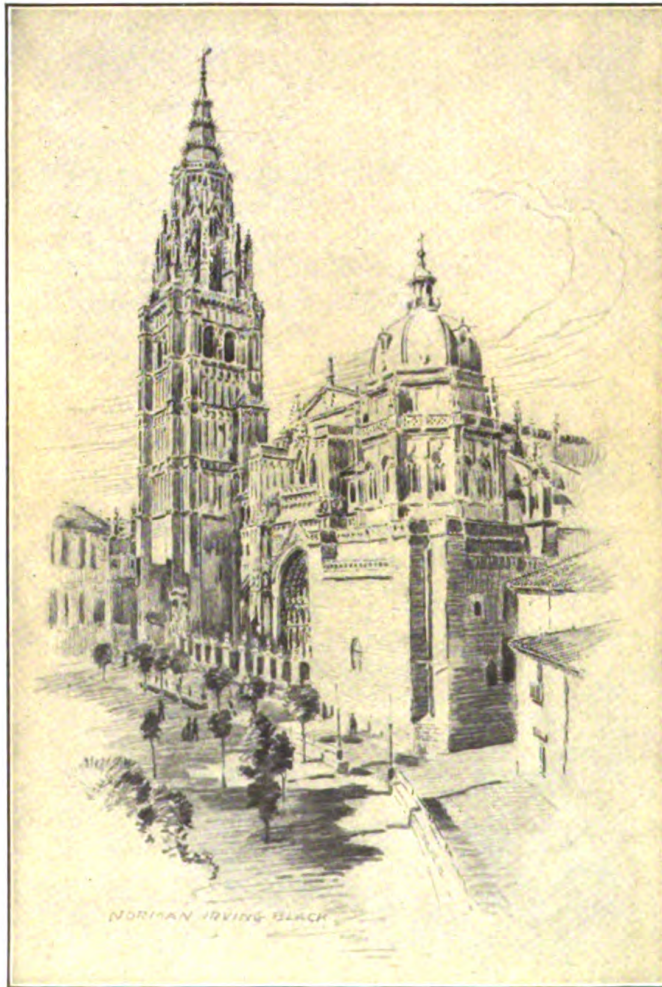
PUERTA DEL CAMBRON—GATE OF THE THORN-TREE

ten even the story of "The Illustrious Scullion." Whether Cervantes really wrote one of his tales there or not, it is certain that he could have exactly studied from this *posada* the setting of the scene for that episode of the enchanted castle in *Don Quixote* where the knight suffered all the demoniacal torments which a jealous and infuriate muleteer knew how to inflict.

Upon the whole I am not sure that I was more edified by the cathedral of Toledo, though I am afraid to own it,

story with an ineffable fullness of dramatic detail up to the tragic climax of the Crucifixion, the *Calvario*, at the summit. Every fact of it fixes itself the more ineffaceably in the consciousness because of that cunningly studied increase in the stature of the actors, who constantly appear life-size in spite of their lift from level to level above the spectator. But what is the use, what *is* the use? Am I to abandon the young and younger wisdom with which I refrained in so many books from attempting the portrayal of

any Italian, any English church, and fall into the folly, now that I am old and older, of trying to say again in words what one of the greatest of Spanish churches says in form, in color? Let me rather turn from that vainest endeavor to the trivialities of sight-seeing which endear the memory of monuments and make the experience of them endurable. The beautiful choir, with its walls pierced in gigantic filigree, might have been Art or it might not, as one chose, but the three young girls who smiled and whispered with the young man near it were Nature which there could be no two minds about. They were there pathetically privileged to a moment of the free interplay of youthful interests and emotions which the Spanish convention forbids so much less in the churches than anywhere else. The Spanish religion is kind to the young in many ways, and on our way to the cathedral we had paused at a shrine of the Virgin in admiration of her friendly offices to



THE CATHEDRAL

and must make haste to say that it is a cathedral surpassing in some things any other cathedral that we saw in Spain. Chiefly it surpasses them in the glory of that stupendous *retable* which fills all one end of the vast fane, and, mounting from floor to roof, tells the Christian

poor girls wanting husbands; they have only to drop a pin inside the grating before her and draw a husband, tall for a large pin and short for a little one; or, if they can make their offering in coin, their chances of marrying money are good.



THE GATE OF PARDON—WEST DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

The Virgin is always ready to befriend her devotees, and in the cathedral, near that beautiful choir screen, she has a shrine, above the stone where she alighted when she brought a chasuble to St. Ildefonso (she owed him something for his maintenance of her Immaculate Conception long before it was imagined a dogma), and left the print of her foot in the pavement. The fact is attested by the very simple yet positive inscription:

“Quando la Reina del Cielo
Pusó los piés en el suelo,
En esta piedra los pusó”;

or, as my English will have it,

“When the Queen of Heaven put
Upon the earth her foot,
She put it on this stone,”

and left it indelible there, so that now if you thrust your finger through the grille and touch the place you get off three hundred years of purgatory: not much in the count of eternity, but still something.

We saw a woman and a priest touching it as we stood by, and going away enviably comforted; but we were there

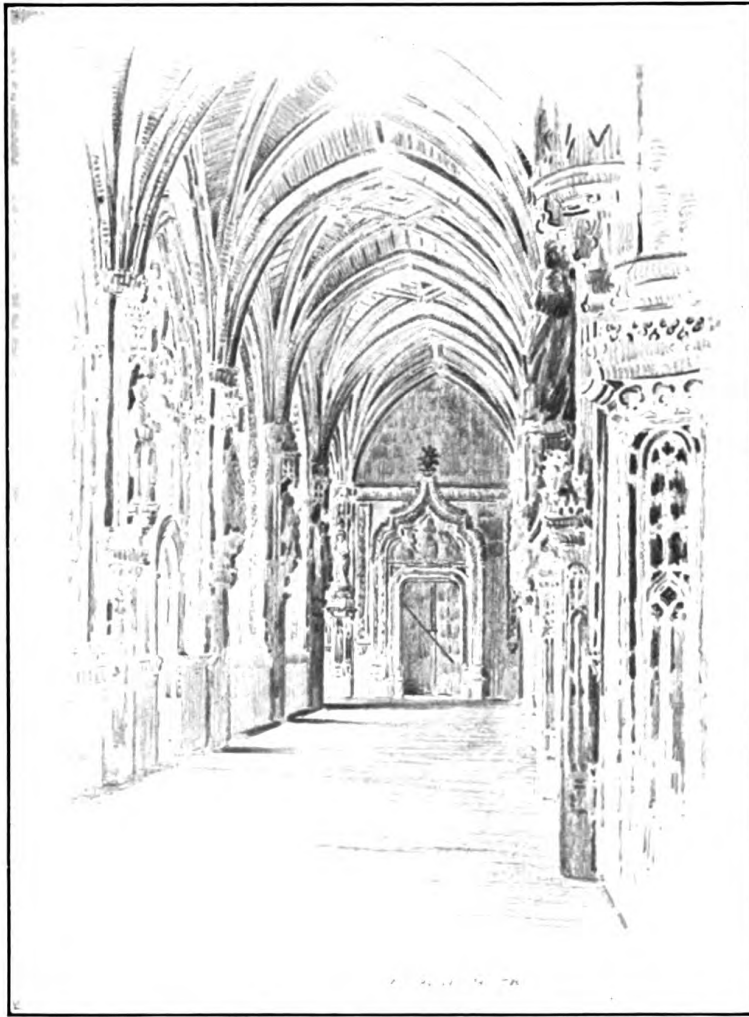
as connoisseurs, not as votaries, and we were trying to be sensible solely of the surpassing grandeur and beauty of the cathedral. Here, as everywhere in Spain, the passionate desire of the race to realize a fact in art expresses itself gloriously or grotesquely according to the occasion. The rear of the choir is one huge riot of rococo sculpture, representing I do not remember what mystical event; but down through the midst of the most livingly studied performance a mighty angel comes plunging, with his fine legs following his torso through the air, like those of a diver taking a header into the water. Nothing less than the sublime effect of those legs would have satisfied the instinct from which and for which the artist worked; they gave actuality to the affair in every part.

I wish I could give actuality to every part of that most noble, that most lovably beautiful temple. We had only a poor half-hour for it, and we could not do more than flutter the pages of the epic it was, and catch here and there a word, a phrase: a word stamped in architecture or sculpture, a phrase richly

wrought in gold and silver and precious stone, or painted in the dyes of the dawns and sunsets which seemed once to lend themselves so much more willingly to the arts than they do now. From our note-book I find that the cathedral of

us to the Alcazar, which is no longer any great thing to see in itself, but which opens a hospitable space within its court for a prospect of so much of the world around Toledo, the world of yellow river and red fields and blue mountains and white-clouded, azure sky, that one might well mistake it for the whole earth.

After gasping at this outlook, we left the Alcazar, and would have lost ourselves, except for our kindly guide, in the crooked, stony lanes, with the sun hot on our backs and the shade cool in our faces. There were Moorish bits and suggestions in the white walls and the low, flat roofs of the houses, but they were not so jealous of their privacy as such houses were once meant to be. Through the gate of one we were led into a garden full of simple flowers belted in with a world-old parapet, over which we could look at a stretch of the Gothic wall of King Wamba's time, before the miserable Roderick won and lost his kingdom. A pomegranate-tree, red with fruit, overhung



CLOISTERS—SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES

Toledo appeared more wonderful to one of us than the cathedral of Burgos; but who knows? It might have been that the day was warmer and brighter, and had not yet shivered and saddened to the cold rain it ended in. At any rate, the church filled itself more and more with the solemn glow in which we left it steeped when we went out and took our dream-way through the narrow, winding, wandering streets that lured us where they would. One of them climbed with

us, and from the borders of marigolds and zinnias and German clover the gray garden-wife gathered a nosegay for us.

It was hard by her cottage that we saw our first mosque, which had begun by being a Gothic church, but had lost itself in paynim hands for centuries, in spite of the lamp always kept burning in it. Then, one day, the Cid came riding by, and his horse, at sight of a white stone in the street pavement, knelt down and would not budge till men came and

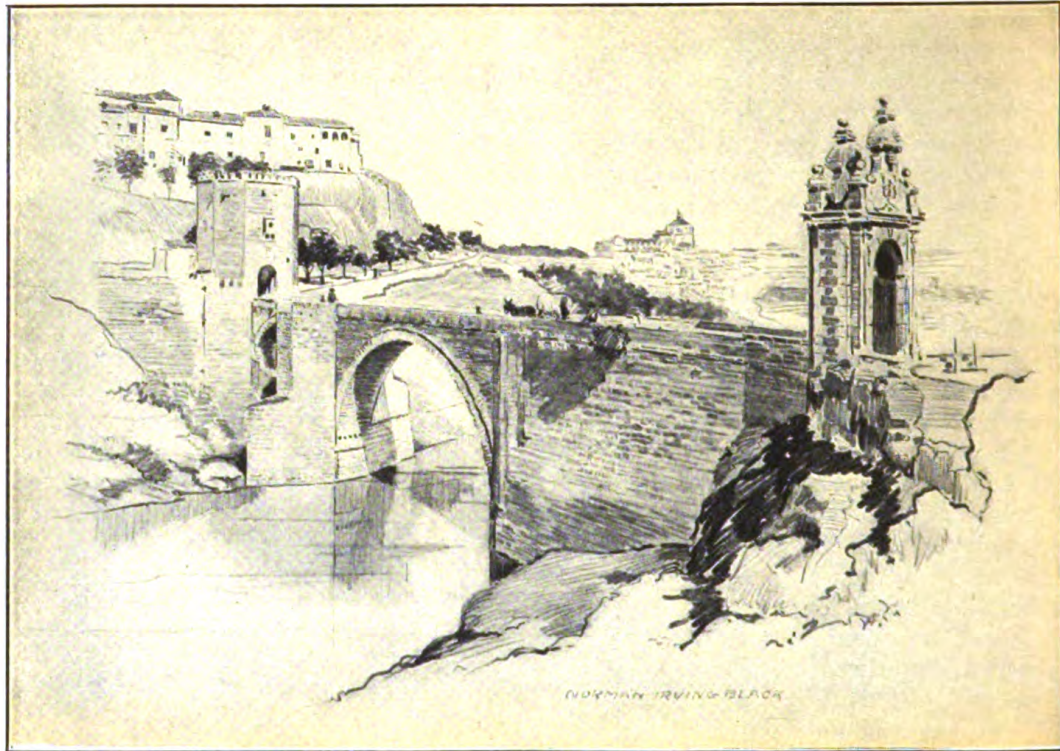
digged through the wall of the mosque and disclosed this indefatigable lamp in the church. One of us wondered at the men knowing so unerringly that the horse meant them to dig through the mosque. "If you can believe the rest, I think you can believe that," our guide urged.

He was, like many taciturn Spaniards, not inconvertible, and we had a pleasure in his unobtrusive intelligence which I should be sorry to exaggerate. He supplied us very unobtrusively with such statistics of his city as we brought away with us, and as I think the reader may join me in trusting, and in regretting that I did not ask more of. Still it is something to have learned that in Toledo now each family lives, English fashion, in a house of its own, while in all the other continent it mostly dwells in a flat. This is because the population has fallen from 200,000 to 20,000, and the houses have not shared its decay, but remain habitable for numbers immensely beyond those of the households. In the summer the family lives on the first floor, which the *patio* and the cistern under it filled by the rains keep cool; in the winter it retreats to the upper chambers, which the sun is supposed to warm, and which are at any rate dry even on cloudy days. The rents would be thought low in New York: three dollars a month get a very fair house in Toledo; but the wages are small: three dollars a month for a man-servant, and a dollar and a half for a maid. If the Toledans, from high to

low, are extravagant in anything, it is dress, but dress for the outside, not the inside, which does not show, as our guide ironically explained. If they skimp themselves on food, they pay the penalty in lessened vitality; there is not so much fever as one might think; but there is a great deal of consumption; and, as we could not help seeing everywhere in the streets, there were many blind, who seemed oftenest to have suffered from smallpox. The beggars were not so well dressed as the other classes, but I saw no such delirious patchwork as at Burgos. On the other hand, there were no idle people who were fashionably dressed; no men or women who looked great world. Perhaps if the afternoon had kept the



AN ANCIENT CORNER OF THE CITY



THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE YELLOW TAGUS

sunny promise of the forenoon, they might have been driving in the Paseo, which Toledo has, like every Spanish city; but it rained, and we did not stop at the Paseo, which looked so pleasant, though so empty.

The city, as so many have told, and as I hope the reader will imagine, is a network of winding and crooked streets, which the books say are Moorish, but which are medieval, like those of every old city. They nowhere lend themselves to walking for pleasure, and the houses do not open their *patios* to the passer with Andalusian expansiveness; they are, in fact, of quite Oriental reserve. I remember no dwellings of the grade, quite, of hovels; but neither do there seem to be many palaces or palatial houses in my hurried impression. Whatever it may be industrially or ecclesiastically, Toledo is now socially provincial, and tending to extinction. It is so near Madrid that if I myself were living in Toledo I would want to go and live in Madrid, and only return for brief sojourns to mourn my want of a serious object in life, which it must be easy to cherish in Toledo.

Industrially, of course, one associates

it with the manufacture of the famous Toledo blades, which are said to be made as wonderful as ever, and I had a dim ideal of getting a large one for decorative use in a New York flat. The foundry is a mile out of town, and I only went so far as to look at the artists who engrave the smaller sort in their shops, open to the public eye, where my purpose dwindled to the purchase of a little pair of scissors, much as a high resolve for the famous marchpane of Toledo ended in a piece of that pastry about twice the size of a silver dollar. Not all of the 20,000 people of Toledo could be engaged in these specialties, and I own myself to blame for not asking more about the Toledan industries, but it is not too late for the reader, whom I could do no greater favor than sending him there, to repair my deficiency. In self-defense I urge my knowledge of a military school in the Alcazar, where, and in the street leading up to it, we saw some companies of the comely and kindly-looking cadets. I know also that there are public night-schools, where those so minded may study the arts and letters, as our guide was doing in certain directions. Now that

there are no longer any Jews in Toledo, and the Arabs to whom they betrayed the Gothic capital have all been Christians or exiles for many centuries, we felt that we represented the whole alien element in the place. There seemed that day to be no other visitors of our lineage or language, but at luncheon there were some Spanish strangers, notably the family of an officer, with their sons from the military school in the Alcazar, and a civilian gentleman with his wife and daughter, both notable for their obesity not less than for their beauty.

We were going to spend the rest of the day driving out through the city into the country beyond the Tagus, and we passed from those masses of matronly and maidenly loveliness through the swarms of beggars, whose prayers our horses' bells drowned when we left them to their despair at the hotel door. I suppose this is the right spirit in which to write of the misery which the wretched creatures represented; but sometimes I have moments of remorse in which I wish I had thrown big and little dogs broadcast among them. They could not all be begging for the profit or pleasure of it; some of them were imaginably out of work, and worthily ragged as I saw them, and hungry as I begin to fear them. I am glad now to think that many of them could not see with their poor, blind eyes the face which I hardened against them as we whirled away to the deafening music of our horses' bells.

The bells pretty well covered our horses from their necks to their haunches, a pair of gallant grays urged to their briskest pace by the driver, whose short, square face and humorous mouth and eyes were a joy whenever we caught a glimpse of them. He was one of those drivers who know everybody; he passed the time of day with all the men we met, and he had a joking compliment for all the women, who gladdened at sight of him from the thresholds where they sat sewing or knitting: such a driver as brings a gay world to many home-keeping souls, and leaves them with the feeling of having been in it. I would have given much more than I gave the beggars in Toledo to know in just what terms he bantered his universal acquaintance; but they might sometimes have been rather rank.

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After we crossed the Tagus by a bridge which a company of workmen willingly paused from mending to let us by, and then remained standing absent-mindedly aside some time after we had passed, we found ourselves in a scene which I do not believe was ever surpassed for spectacularity in the New York Hippodrome or in any other amphitheater. I hope this is not giving the notion of something factitious in it; I only mean that here Nature was in one of her most melodramatic moods. The yellow torrent swept through a deep gorge of red earth, which on the farther side climbed in precipitous banks, cleft by enormous fissures, or chasms rather, to the wide, shelving plateau where the gray city stood. The roofs of ivory-tinted tiles formed a succession of slopes, from which the irregular towers of the churches stamped themselves against a sky now filled with clouds, but through an air so clear that their beautiful differences showed to one very noble effect. The city still looked the ancient capital of two hundred thousand souls it once was, and in its stony repair there was no hint of dilapidation.

On our right the road mounted through country wild enough at times, but for the most part comparatively friendly, with brief moments of being almost homelike. There were slopes which, if massive always, were sometimes mild, and were then gray with regularly planted olives, while in certain orchard nooks there were apricot-trees, yellowing to the autumn, with red-brown withered grasses tangling under them. Men were gathering the fruit of the abounding cactuses in places, and in one place a peasant was bearing an armload of them to a wide stone pen, in the midst of which stood a lordly black pig, with head lifted and staring, indifferent to cactuses, toward Toledo. His statuesque pose was of a fine hauteur, and a more imaginative tourist than I might have fancied him lost in a dream of the past, a vision piercing beyond the time of the Iberian autochthons to those prehistoric ages,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran," pursued or pursuing by his tusked and bristled ancestor, and then slowly revert-

ing through centuries of Phœnician and Grecian and Carthaginian invasions, and the Roman occupation, to the coming of the red Goths destined to leave their name an analogue of Spanish nobility forever, and so to the wonderful Moslem conquest, when in two years the Arabs overran the land which they held for more than thrice as many centuries. Dark, mysterious, fierce, the proud pig stood, a figure made for sculpture; and, if he had been a lion, with the lion's royal ideal of eating rather than feeding the human race, the reader would not have thought him unworthy even of literature; I have seldom seen a lion that looked worthier of it.

We must have met farmer folk, men and women, in our way and have seen their white houses farther or nearer. But mostly the landscape was lonely and at times nightmarish, as the Castilian landscape has a trick of being, and as this now had, remanding us momentarily to the awful scenery of our run from Valladolid to Madrid. We were glad to get back to the Tagus, which if awful is not grisly, but wherever it rolls its yellow flood lends the landscape such a sublimity that it was no esthetic descent from the high perch of that proud pig to the mighty gorge through which, geologically long ago, the river had torn its way. When we drove back, the bridge-menders stood aside for us while we were yet far off, and the women came to their doorways at the sound of our bells for another exchange of jokes with our driver. By the time a protracted file of mules had preceded us over the bridge a brisk shower had come up, and after urging our grays at their topmost speed toward the famous Church of San Juan de los Reyes Catolicos, we still had to run from our carriage door through the rain. Happily the portal was in the keeping of one of those authorized beggars who guard the gates of heaven everywhere in that kind country, and he welcomed us so eagerly from the wet that I could not do less than give him a big dog at once. In a moment of confusion I turned about, and, taking him for another beggar, I gave him another big dog; and when we came out of the church he had put off his cap and arranged so complete a disguise with the red hand-

kerchief bravely tied round his head that my innocence was again abused.

If the merit of the church might only be partially attributed to him, he was worth the whole three; for the church was first meant to be the sepulcher of the Catholic kings, who are more fitly buried in the cathedral at Granada, in the heart of their great conquest. It is a beautiful church, of a mingled Saracenic and plateresque Gothic, and excessive baroque, as the guide-books remind me; but what I personally recall is a sense of chill obscurity from which we willingly escaped, and of the airy gallery wandering far aloof in the upper gloom, which remains overhead with me still, with the yet fainter sense of the balconies crowning like capitals the two pillars fronting the high altar in which the Catholic kings heard mass. I am now sorry for our haste, but one has not so much time for enjoying such churches in their presence as for regretting them in their absence. One detail, certainly not of its beauty, stamped itself at once in my incredulous inexperience, and that was the life-size crucifix in one of the chapels, where the Spanish passion for literality had been satisfied by realizing the fact in a flesh-like effigy draped with a black skirt, and with long, black hair hanging loose from the head over the shoulders: an incomparably dreadful thing. But I had a pang, un-mixed with repulsion, a lasting heart-ache from the sight of that space on the façade of this church which is overhung with the chains of the Christian captives rescued from slavery among the Moors by the Catholic kings in their conquest of Granada. They were not only the memorials of the most sorrowful fact, but represented the misery of a thousand years of warfare in which the prisoners on either side suffered in chains for being Moslems or being Christians. The manacles and the fetters on the church front are of an effect purely decorative to the glance, but to the eye that dwells on them how structural in their tale of man's inhumanity to man! How heavily those chains had hung on weary limbs! How they had eaten through bleeding ulcers to the bone! Yet they were very, very decorative, as the flowers are that bloom on battle-fields.

Even with only a few minutes of a scant quarter-hour to spare, I would not have any one miss seeing the cloister, from which the Catholic kings used to enter the church by the gallery to those balcony-capitals, but which the common American must see by going outside the church.

The cloister is now turned to the uses of an industrial school, as we were glad to know, because our guide, whom we liked so much, was a night-student there. It remains as beautiful and reverend as if it were of no secular use, with gentle sculptures and with a garden in the middle, raised above the pavement in a border of thin tiles, with flower-pots standing on their coping, all in the shadow of tall trees, overhanging a deep, secret-keeping well.

From this place, where you will be partly sheltered from the rain, your next advisable sally through the storm will be to Santa Maria la Blanca, once the synagogue of the richest Jews of Toledo, but now turned church in spite of its high authorization as a place of Hebrew worship. It was permitted them to build it because they maintained that they were of that tribe of Israel which, when Caiaphas, the high priest, sent round to the different tribes for their vote whether Jesus should live or die, alone voted that He should live. Their response, as Théophile Gautier reports from the chronicles, is preserved in the Vatican with a Latin version of the Hebrew text. The fable, if it is a fable, has its pathos; and I for one can only lament the religious zeal to which the preaching of a fanatical monk roused the Christian neighborhood in the fifteenth century, to such excess that these kind Jews were afterward forbidden their worship in the place. It is a very clean-looking, cold-looking white monument to the Catholic faith, with a *retable* attributed to Berruguete, and much picturesque Gothic detail, mingled with Byzantine ornament and Moorish arabesquing and the famous stucco honey-combing which we were destined at Seville and Granada to find almost too sickeningly honey-sweet. Where the rabbis read the law from their pulpit the high altar stands, and the pious populace has for three hundred years pushed the Jews from the surrounding streets, where

they had so vainly humbled their dwellings to the aspect of the lowliest lest they should rouse the jealousy of their sleepless enemies.

After we had visited this church there remained only the house of the painter known as El Greco, for whom we had formed such a distaste, because of the long features of the faces of his pictures, that our guide could hardly persuade us his house was worth seeing. Now I am glad he prevailed with us, for we have come to find a peculiar charm in recalling those long features and the characteristic coloring of El Greco's pictures; and the little house full of memorials and the little garden full of flowers, which ought to have been all forget-me-nots, were entirely delightful. As every one but I knew, and even I now know, he was born a Greek with the name of Theotocopuli, but studied under Titian till he found his account in a manner of his own, making long noses and long chins and high, narrow foreheads in ashen gray, and at last went mad in the excess of his manner. The house has been restored by the Marquis de la Vega, according to his notion of an old Spanish house, and has the pleasantest small *patio* in the world, looked down into from a carved wooden gallery, with a pavement of red tiles interset with Moorish tiles of divers colors. There are interesting pictures everywhere, and the whole place is endearingly homelike, with an effect so genuinely and so unaffectedly hospitable that we almost sat down at table in the kitchen with the young Spanish king who had lunched with the Marquis there a few weeks before. There was a veranda outside where we could linger till the rain held up, and look into the garden where the flowers crowded round tiled-edged pools, and other flowers bloomed in pots on the coping of the garden-seats. It is strongly believed that there are several stories under the house, and it is said that the Marquis is going some day to dig them all up, or out, to the last one, where the original Jewish owner of the house is supposed to have hid his treasure.

In the mean time we could look across the low wall that belted the garden in, to a vacant ground a little way off where some boys were playing with a wagon

they had made. They had made it out of an oblong box, with wheels so rudely and imperfectly rounded that they wobbled fearfully and at times gave way under the body; just as they did with the wagons that the boys I knew seventy years ago used to make. There must have been other things worth seeing in Toledo, thousands of others, and some others we saw, but most we missed, and many I do not remember. It was now coming the hour to leave Toledo, and we drove back to our enchanted castle for our bill and for the omnibus to the station. I thought for some time that there was no charge for the fire, or even the smoke we had the night before, but my eyes were holden from the item which I found later, by seeing myself addressed as Milor. I had never been so addressed in any bill before, but I reflected that in the proud old metropolis of the Goths I could not be saluted as less, and I gladly paid the bill, which observed a golden mean between cheapness and dearness; and we parted good friends with our host, and better with our guide, who at the last brought out a book given him by an English friend about the English cathedrals. Some day I am going back there to repay him the fees which he disbursed for me to different doorkeepers and custodians, and which I forgot at

parting and he was too delicate to remind me of.

When all leaves were taken, our horses, covered with bells, burst with the omnibus through a solid mass of beggars come to give us a last chance of meriting heaven by alms to them, and dashed down the hill to the station. There we sat a long half-hour in the wet evening air, wondering how we had been spared seeing these wretches trampled under our horses' feet, and how the long train of goats climbing to the city to be milked had escaped our wheels. But we were guiltless of inflicting either disaster, and we could watch with a good conscience the quiescent industry of some laborers in the brickyard beyond the track. Slowly and more slowly they worked, wearily, apathetically, fetching, carrying, in their divided skirts of cross-barred stuff of a rich Velasquez dirt-color. Throughout I was tormented by question of the precise co-racial quality of some English-speaking folk who had come to share our bone-breaking return to Madrid. English English they certainly were not; American English as little. If they were Australian English, why should not it have been the convention of polite travel for them to come up and say so, and save us that torment of curiosity? But perhaps they were not Australians.

The Enchantment

BY SARA KING

I WONDER how the robin's throat
 Hath caught the rain's sweet dripping note,
 That little falling, pelting sound,
 Liquidly clear and crystal round,
 The very heart-rune of the Spring,
 Enchanted of the sky and ground,
 That conjures life from everything.

No ancient, age-worn witchery,
 No incantation, could set free
 The fast-bound dead; yet here each day,
 Robin and rain in mystic way
 Bring life back greenly; ah, and how
 One's heart and pulse obey
 That lure of music! Listen now. . . .

The Murderer

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

FROM the open door of the galley, where the cross, sleepy cook was coaxing his stove to burn, a path of light lay across the deck, showing a slice of steel bulwark with ropes coiled on the pins, and above it the arched foot of the mainsail. In the darkness forward, where the port watch of the *Villingen* was beginning the sea day by washing down decks, the brooms swished briskly and the head-pump clacked like a great, clumsy clock.

The men worked in silence, though the mate was aft on the poop, and nothing prevented them from talking as they passed the buckets to and from the tub under the pump and drove their brooms along the planks. They labored with the haste of men accustomed to be driven hard, with the shuffling, involuntary speed that has nothing in it of free strength or good-will. The big German four-master had gathered from the boarding-houses of Philadelphia a crew representing all the nationalities which breed sailors, and carried officers skilled in the crude arts of getting the utmost out of it. And since the *lingua franca* of the sea, the tongue which has meaning for Swedish carpenters, Finn sail-makers, and Greek fo'c's'le hands alike, is not German, orders aboard the *Villingen* were given and understood in English.

"A hand come aft here!"

It was the mate's voice from the poop, robust and peremptory. Conroy, one of the two Englishmen in the port watch, laid down the bucket he was carrying and moved aft in obedience to the summons. As he trod into the slip of light by the galley door he was visible as a fair youth, long-limbed and slender, clad in a serge shirt, with dungaree trousers rolled up to the knees and girt with a belt which carried the usual sheath-knife. His pleasant face had a hint of uncertainty; it was conciliatory and amiable; he was an able seaman of the kind which is manufactured by a boarding-master

short of men out of a runaway apprenticeship. The others, glancing after him while they continued their work, saw him suddenly clear by the galley door, then dim again as he stepped beyond it. He passed out of sight toward the lee poop ladder.

The silent, hurried sailors pressed on with their work, while the big bark purred through the water to the drone of wind thrusting in the canvas. The brooms were abaft of the galley when the outcry began which caused them to look apprehensively toward the poop without ceasing their business of washing down. First it was an oath in explosive German, the tongue which puts a cutting-edge on profanity; then the mate's roar:

"Is dat vat I tell you, you *verfluchter* fool? Vat? Vat? You don't understand ven I speak? I show you vat—"

The men who looked up were on the wrong side of the deck to make out what was happening, for the chart-house screened the drama from them. But they knew too well the meaning of that instantaneous silence which cut the words off. It was the mate biting in his breath as he struck. They heard the smack of the fist's impact and Conroy's faint, angry cry as he failed to guard it; then the mate again, bull-mouthed, lustful for cruelty: "Vat—you lift up your arm to me? You dog!" More blows, a rain of them, and then a noise as though Conroy had fallen or been knocked down. And after that a thud and a scream.

The men looked at one another, and nods passed among them. "He kicked him when he was down on the deck," the whisper went. The other Englishman in the watch swore in a low grunt and dropped his broom, meeting the wondering eyes of the "Dutchmen" and "Dagoes" with a scowl. He was white-haired and red-faced, a veteran among the nomads of the sea, the oldest man aboard, and the only one in port watch who had not felt the weight of the mate's

fist. Scowling still, as though in deep thought, he moved toward the ladder. The forlorn hope was going on a desperate enterprise of rescue.

It might have been an ugly business; there was a sense in the minds of his fellows of something sickening about to happen; but the mate had finished with Conroy. The youth came staggering and crying down the ladder, with tears and blood befouling his face, and stumbled as his foot touched the deck. The older man, Slade, saved him from falling, and held him by the upper arm with one gnarled, toil-roughened hand, peering at him through the early morning gloom.

"Kicked you when you was down, didn't he?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Yes," blubbered Conroy, shivering and dabbing at his face. "With his sea-boots, too, the—the—"

Slade shook him. "Don't make that noise or he might kick you some more," he advised, grimly. "You better go now an' swab that blood off your face."

"Yes," agreed Conroy, tremulously, and Slade let him go.

The elder man watched him move forward on shambling and uncertain feet, with one hand pressed to his flank, where the mate's kick was still an agony. Slade was frowning heavily, with a tincture of thought in his manner, as though he halted on the brink of some purpose.

"Conroy," he breathed, and started after the other.

The younger man turned. Slade again put his hand on Conroy's arm.

"Say," he said, breathing short, "is that a knife in your belt?"

Conroy felt behind him, uncomprehending, for the sheath-knife which he wore, sailor fashion, in the middle of his back.

"What d'you mean?" he asked, vacantly. "Here's my knife."

He drew it and showed it to Slade, the flat blade displayed in his palm.

The white-haired seaman thrust his keen old face toward Conroy's, so that the other could see the flash of the white of his eyes.

"And he kicked you, didn't he?" said Slade, tensely. "You fool!"

He struck the knife to the deck, where it rattled and slid toward the scupper.

"Eh?" Conroy gaped, not understanding. "I don't see what—"

"Pick it up!" said Slade, with a gesture toward the knife. He spoke as though he strangled an impulse to brandish his fists and scream in a nasal whisper. "It's safe to kick you," he said. "A woman could do it."

"But—" Conroy flustered, vaguely.

Slade drove him off with a wave of his arm and turned away with the abruptness of a man disgusted beyond hearing.

Conroy stared after him and saw him pick up his broom where he had dropped it and join the others. His intelligence limped; his thrashing had stunned him, and he could not think—he could only feel, like fire in his mind, the passion of the feeble soul resenting injustice and pain which it cannot resist or avenge. He stooped to pick up his knife and went forward to the tub under the head-pump, to wash his cuts in cold seawater, the cheap balm for so many wrongs of cheap humanity.

It was an accident such as might serve to dedicate the day to the service of the owners of the *Villingen*. It was early and sudden; but, save in these respects, it had no character of the unusual. The men who plied the brooms and carried the buckets were not shocked or startled by it so much as stimulated; it thrust under their noses the always imminent danger of failing to satisfy the mate's ideal of seaman-like efficiency. They woke to a fresher energy, a more desperate haste, under its suggestion.

It was after the coffee interval, which mitigates the sourness of the morning watch, when daylight had brought its chill, gray light to the wide, wet decks, that the mate came forward to superintend the "pull all round" which is the ritual sequel to washing down.

"Lee fore-brace, dere!" his flat, voluminous voice ordered, heavy with the man's potent and dreaded personality. They flocked to obey, scurrying like scared rats, glancing at him in timid hate. He came striding along the weather side of the deck from the remote, august poop; he was like a dreadful god making a dreadful visitation upon his faithful. Short-legged, tending to bigness in the belly, bearded, vibrant with animal force and personal power, his mere presence cowed them. His gross face, the happy face of an egoist with a sound digestion,

sent its lofty and sure regard over them; it had a kind of unconsciousness of their sense of humility, of their wrong and resentment—the innocence of an aloof and distant tyrant, who has not dreamed how hurt flesh quivers and seared minds rankle. He was bland and terrible; and they hated him after their several manners, some with dull fear, one or two—and Slade among them—with a ferocity that moved them like physical nausea.

He had left his coat on the wheel-box to go to his work, and was manifestly unarmed. The belief which had currency in the forecastle, that he came on watch with a revolver in his coat-pocket, did not apply to him now; they could have seized him, smitten him on his blaspheming mouth, and hove him over the side without peril. It is a thing that has happened to a hated officer more than once or ten times, and a lie, solemnly sworn to by every man of the watch on deck, has been entered in the log, and closed the matter for all hands. He was barer of defense than they, for they had their sheath-knives; and he stood by the weather-braces, arrogant, tyrannical, overbearing, and commanded them. He seemed invulnerable, a thing too great to strike or defy, like the white squalls that swooped from the horizon and made of the vast *Villingen* a victim and a plaything. His full, boastful eye traveled over them absently, and they cringed like slaves.

"Belay, dere!" came his orders, over-loud and galling to men surging with cowardly and insufferable hate. "Lower tobsail—haul! Belay! Ubber tobsail—haul, you sons of dogs! Haul, dere, blast you! You vant me to come over and show you?"

Abjectly, desperately, they obeyed him, spending their utmost strength to placate him, while the naked spirit of murder moved in every heart among them. At the tail of the brace, Conroy, with his cuts stanchd, pulled with them. His abject eyes, showing the white in side-long glances, watched the great, squat figure of the mate with a fearful fascination.

Eight bells came at last, signaling the release of the poor watch from the deck and the tension of the officer's presence. The forecastle received them, the strong-

hold of their brief and limited leisure. The unkempt, weather-stained men, to whom the shifting seas were the sole arena of their lives, sat about on chests and on the edges of the lower bunks, at their breakfast, while the pale sunlight traveled to and fro on the deck as the *Villingen* lurched in her gait. Conroy, haggard and drawn, let the coffee slop over the brim of his hook-pot as he found himself a seat.

"Well, an' what did he punch ye for this time?"

It was old Slade who put the question, seated on a chest with his back against the bulkhead. His pot was balanced on his knee, and his venerable, sardonic face, with the scanty white hair clinging about the temples, addressed Conroy with slow mockery.

Conroy hesitated. "It was all over coilin' away some gear," he said. Slade waited, and he had to go on. He had misunderstood the mate's order to coil the ropes on the pins, where they would be out of the way of the deck-washing, and he had flemished them down on the poop instead. It was the mistake of a fool, and he knew it.

Slade nodded. "Ye-es," he drawled. "You earned a punch an' you got it. But he kicked you, too, didn't he?"

"Kicked me!" cried Conroy. "Why, I thought he was goin' to kill me! Look here—look at this, will you?"

With fumbling hands he cast loose his belt and flung it on the floor, and plucked his shirt up so as to leave his side bare. He stood up, with one arm raised above his head, showing his naked flank to the slow eyes of his shipmates. His body had still a boyish delicacy and slenderness; the labor of his trade had not yet built it and thickened it to a full masculinity of proportion. Measured by any of the other men in the watch, it was frail, immature, and tender. The moving sunlight that flowed around the door touched the fair skin and showed the great, puffed bruises that stood on it, swollen and horrid, like some vampire fungus growing on the clean flesh.

A great Greek, all black hair and eyeball, clicked softly between his teeth.

"It looks like a hell!" he said, softly, in his purring voice.

"Dem is kicks, all right—*ja!*" said

some one else, and yet another added the comment of a heavy oath.

Old Slade made no comment, but sat, balancing his hook-pot of coffee and watching the scene under his heavy white brows. Conroy lowered his arm and let the shirt fall to cover the bruises.

"You see?" he said, to Slade.

"I see," answered the other, with a bitter twist of his old, malicious lips. Setting down the pot which he held, he stooped and lifted the belt which Conroy had thrown down. It seemed to interest him, for he looked at it for some moments.

"And here's yer knife," he said, reaching it to the youth, still with his manner of mockery. "There's some men it wouldn't be safe to kick, with a knife in their belts."

He and Conroy were the only Englishmen there; the rest were of the races which do not fight bare-handed. The big Greek flashed a smile through the black, shining curls of his beard, and continued to smile without speaking. Through the tangle of incomprehensible conventions, he had arrived at last at a familiar principle.

Conroy flushed hotly, the blood rising hectic on his bruised and broken face.

"If he thinks it's safe with me," he cried, "he'll learn different. I didn't have a chance aft there; he came on me too quick, before I was expecting him, and it was dark, besides. Or else—"

"It 'll be dark again," said Slade, with intent, significant eyes fixed on him, "and he needn't be expecting you. But—it don't do to talk too much. Talk's easy—talk is."

"I'll do more than talk," responded Conroy. "You'll see!"

Slade nodded. "Right, then; we'll see," he said, and returned to his breakfast.

His bunk was an upper one, lighted and aired by a brass-framed port-hole. Here, when his meal was at an end, he lay, his pipe in his mouth, his hands behind his head, smoking with slow relish, with his wry old face upturned, and the leathery, muscular forearms showing below the rolled shirt-sleeves. His years had ground him to an edge; he had an effect, as he lay, of fineness, of subtlety, of keen and fastidious temper. Forty years of subjection to arbitrary masters

had left him shrewd and secret, a Machiavelli of the forecastle.

Once Conroy, after seeming to sleep for an hour, rose on his elbow and stared across at him, craning his neck from his bunk to see the still mask of his face.

"Slade?" he said, uncertainly.

"What?" demanded the other, unmoving.

Conroy hesitated. The forecastle was hushed; the seamen about them slumbered; the only noises were the soothing of the water overside, the stress of the sails and gear, and the irregular tap of a hammer aft. It was safe to speak, but he did not speak.

"Oh, nothing," he said, and lay down again. Slade smiled slowly, almost paternally.

It took less than eight hours for Conroy's rancor to wear dull, and he could easily have forgotten his threat against the mate in twelve, if only he had been allowed to. He was genuinely shocked when he found that his vaporings were taken as the utterance of a serious determination. Just before eight bells in the afternoon watch he went forward beneath the forecastle head in search of some rope-yarns, and was cutting an end off a bit of waste-line when the Greek, he of the curly beard and extravagant eyeballs, rose like a demon of pantomime from the forepeak. Conroy had his knife in his hand to cut the rope, and the Greek's sudden smile seemed to rest on that and nothing else.

"Sharp, eh?" asked the Greek, in a whisper that filled the place with dark drama.

Conroy paused, apprehending his meaning with a start.

"Oh, it's all right," he growled, and began to saw at the rope in his hand, while the Greek watched him with his fixed, bony smile.

"No," said the latter, suddenly. "Data-a not sharp—no! Look-a 'ere; you see dis?"

He drew his own knife, and showed it pointing toward Conroy in a damp, swarthy hand, whose knuckles bulged above the haft. His rough, spatulate thumb rasped along it, drawing from it the crepitation that proves an acute edge.

"Carve him like-a da pork," he said.

in his stage-conspirator's whisper. "And da point—now, see!"

He glanced over his shoulder to be sure that none overlooked them; then, with no more than a jerk of his hand beside his hip, threw the keen blade toward the wooden door of the bo'sun's locker. It traveled through the air swiftly and stuck, quivering on its thin point, in the stout teak. The Greek turned his smile again for a moment on Conroy before he strode across and recovered it.

"You take 'im," he whispered. "Better dan your little knife—yais."

By the mere urgency of his proffering it, the exchange was made, and Conroy found himself with a knife in his hand that fell through the strands of the manila line as though they had been butter, an instrument made and perfected for a murder.

"Yes, but look here," he began, in alarm.

The broad, mirthless smile was turned on him.

"Just like-a da pork," purred the Greek, and nodded assuringly before he turned to go aft.

The bull-roar of the mate, who was awaiting his return with the rope-yarns, roused Conroy from a scared reverie over the knife. He started; the mate was hustling furiously forward in search of him, full of uproar and anger.

"Dam' lazy *Schwein*, you goin' to schleep dere? You vant me to come an' fetch you? You vant anodder schmack on de *Maul* to keep you awake—yes?"

He stamped into view round the forward house, while Conroy stood, convicted of idleness by the rope in his hand only half cut through. At the same moment a population of faces came into being behind him. A man who had been aloft shuffled down to the rail; a couple of others came into view on the deck; on top of the house, old Slade kneeled to see under the break of the forecastle head. It seemed as though a skeptical audience had suddenly been created out of his boast of the morning, every face threatening him with that shame which vanity will die rather than endure. In a panic of his faculties he took one step toward the mate.

"Hey?" The mate halted in his

stride, with sheer amazement written on his face. "You vant yer head knocked off—yes?"

"No, I don't," said Conroy, out of a dry mouth.

According to the usage of ships, even that was defiance and a challenge.

He had forgotten the revolver with which the mate was credited; he had forgotten everything but the fact that eyes were on him. Even the knife in his hand passed from his mind; he was a mere tingling pretense at fortitude, expending every force to maintain his pose.

"Put dat knife away!" ordered the mate, suddenly.

He arrested an automatic movement to obey, fighting down a growing fear of his opponent.

"I've not finished with it yet," he answered.

The mate measured him with a practised eye. Though he had the crazy courage of a bulldog, he was too much an expert in warlike emergencies to overlook the risk of trying to rush a desperate man armed with a knife; the chances of the grapple were too ugly. There was something lunatic and strange in the youth's glare also; and it will sometimes happen that an oppressed and cowed man in his extremity will shrug his meekness from him and become, in a breath, a desperado. This had its place in the mate's considerations.

"Finish, den!" he rasped, with no weakening of his tone or manner. "You don't t'ink I'm goin' to vait all night for dem rope-yarns—hey?"

He turned his back at once lest Conroy should venture another retort and make an immediate fight unavoidable. Before his eye the silent audience melted as swiftly as it had appeared, and Conroy was alone with his sick sense of having ventured too far, which stood him in place of the thrill of victory.

The thrill came later, in the fore-castle, where he swelled to the adulation of his mates. They, at any rate, had been deceived by his attitude; they praised him by word and look; the big Greek infused a certain geniality into his smile. Only Slade said the wrong thing.

"I was ready for him as soon as he

moved," Conroy was asserting. "And he knew it. You should ha' seen how he gaped when I wouldn't put the knife away."

The men were listening, crediting him. Old Slade, in the background, took his pipe from his lips.

"An' now I suppose you're satisfied," he inquired, harshly.

"How d'you mean, satisfied?" demanded Conroy, coloring. "You saw what happened, didn't you?"

"You made him gape," said Slade. "That was because he made you howl, eh? Well, ain't you calling it quits, then—till the next time he kicks you?"

Some one laughed; Conroy raised his voice.

"He'll never kick me again," he cried. "His kicking days are over. He's kicked me once too often, he has. Quits—I guess not!"

Slade let a mouthful of smoke trickle between his lips; it swam in front of his face in a tenuous film of pale vapor.

"Well, talkin' won't do it, anyhow," he said.

"No," retorted Conroy, and collected all eyes to his gesture. "But this will!"

He showed them the thin-bladed knife which the Greek had given him, holding it before them by the hilt. He let a dramatic moment elapse.

"Like that!" he said, and stabbed at the air. "Like that—see? Like that!"

They came upon bad weather gradually, drawing into a belt of half-gales, with squalls that roared up from the horizon and made them for the time into whole gales. The *Villingen*, designed and built primarily for cargo capacity, was a wet ship, and upon any point of sailing had a way of scooping in water by the many tons. In nearly every watch came the roar, "Stand by yer to'gallant halliards!" Then the wait for ten seconds or ten minutes while the wind grew and the big four-masted bark lay over and bumped her bluff bows through racing seas, till the next order, shriller and more urgent, "Lower away!" and the stiff canvas fought and slatted as the yards came down. Sea-boots and oilskins were the wear for every watch; wet decks and the crash of water coming inboard over the rail, dull cold and the rasp of heavy, sodden canvas

on numb fingers, became again familiar to the men, and at last there arrived the evening, graced with tempest, on which all hands reefed topsails.

The mate had the middle watch, from midnight till four o'clock in the morning, and for the first two hours it was Conroy's turn on the lookout. The rest, in oilskins and sea-boots, were standing by under the break of the poop; save for the sleeping men in the shut fore-castle, he had the fore part of the ship to himself. He leaned against the after rail of the fore-castle head, where a ventilator somewhat screened him from the bitter wind that blew out of the dark, and gazed ahead at the murk. Now and again the big bark slid forward with a curtsying motion, and dipped up a sea that flowed aft over the anchors and cascaded down the ladders to the main-deck; spray that spouted aloft and drove across on the wind, sparkled red and green in the glare of the sidelights like brief fireworks.

The splash and drum of waters, the heavy drone of the wind in the sails, the clatter of gear aloft, were in his ears; he did not hear one bell strike from the poop, which he should have answered with a stroke on the big bell behind him and a shouted report on the lights.

"Hoy! You schleepin' up dere—hey?"

It was the mate, who had come forward in person to see why he had not answered. He was by the fore fire-rail, a mere black shape in the dark.

"Sleepin'—no, sir!"

"Don't you hear von bell shtrike?" cried the mate, slithering on the wet deck toward the foot of the ladder.

"No, sir," said Conroy, and stooped to strike the bell.

The mate came up the ladder, hauling himself by the hand-rails, for he was swollen beyond the ordinary with extra clothes under his long oilskin coat. A plume of spray whipped him in the face as he got to the top, and he swore shortly, wiping his eyes with his hands. At the same moment Conroy, still stooping to the bell-lanyard, felt the *Villingen* lower her nose and slide down in one of her disconcerting curtseys; he caught at the rail to steady himself. The dark water, marbled with white foam, rode in over the deck, slid across the anchors and about the capstan, and came aft

toward the ladder and the mate. The ship rolled at the same moment.

Conroy saw what happened as a grotesque trick of circumstance. The mate, as the deck slanted, slipped and reached for the hand-rail with an ejaculation. The water flowed about his knees; he fell back against the hand-rail, which was just high enough for him to sit on. It was what, for one ridiculous moment, he seemed to be doing. The next, his booted feet swayed up and he fell over backward, amid the confusion of splashing water that leaped down the main-deck. Conroy heard him strike something below with a queer, smacking noise.

"Pity he didn't go overboard while he was about it," he said to himself, acting out his rôle. Really, he was rather startled and dismayed.

He found the mate coiled in the scupper, very wet and still. He took hold of him to draw him under the fore-castle head, where he would have shelter, and was alarmed at the inertness of the body under his hands.

"Sir!" he cried, "sir!—sir!"

He shook the great shoulders, but quickly desisted; there was something horrible, something that touched his nerves, in its irresponsiveness. He remembered that he might probably find matches in the lamp-locker, and staggered there to search. He had to grope in gross darkness about the place, touching brass and the uncanny smoothness of glass, before his hand fell on what he sought. At last he was on one knee by the mate's side, and a match shed its little illumination. The mate's face was odd in its quietude, and the sou'wester of oilskin was still on his head, held there by the strings under the chin. From under its edge blood flowed steadily, thickly, appallingly.

"But—" cried Conroy. The match-flame stung his fingers and he dropped it. "O Lord!" he said. It occurred to him then, for the first time, that the mate was dead.

The men aft, bunched up under the break of the poop, were aware of him as a figure that came sliding and tottering toward them and fell sprawling at the foot of the poop ladder. He floundered up and clutched the nearest of them, the Greek.

"The mate's dead," he broke out, in a kind of breathless squeal. "Somebody call the captain; the mate's dead."

There was a moment of silence; then a cackle of words from several of them together. The Greek's hands on his shoulders tightened. He heard the man's purring voice in his ear.

"How did you do it?"

Conroy thrust himself loose; the skies of his mind were split by a frightful lightning flash of understanding. He had been alone with the mate; he had seen him die; he was sworn to kill him. He could see the livid smile of the Greek bent upon him.

"I didn't do it," he choked, passionately, and struck with a wild, feeble hand at the smile. "You liar—I didn't do it."

"Hush!" The Greek caught him again and held him.

Some of the men had started forward; others had slipped into the alleyway to rouse the second mate and captain. The Greek had him clutched to his bosom in a strong embrace and was hushing him as one might hush a scared child. Slade was at his side.

"He slipped, I tell you; he slipped at the top of the ladder! She'd shipped a dollop of water and then rolled, and over he went. I heard his head go smack and went down to him. I never touched him. I swear it—I never touched him."

"Hush!" It was Slade this time. "And yer sure he's dead?"

"Yes, he's dead."

"Well—" the old man exchanged nods with the Greek. "All right. Only—don't tell the captain that tale; it ain't good enough."

"But—" began Conroy. A hug that crushed his face against the Greek's oil-skin breast silenced him.

"Vat is all dis?"

It was the captain, tall, august, come full-dressed from his cabin. At his back the second mate, with his oilskin coat over his pajamas, thrust forward his red, cheerful face.

Slade told the matter briefly. "And it's scared young Conroy all to bits, sir," he concluded.

"Come for'ard," bade the captain. "Get a lamp, some vun!"

They followed him along the wet,

slippery deck, slowly, letting him pass ahead out of ear-shot.

"It was a belayin'-pin, ye-es?" queried the Greek, softly, of Conroy.

"He might have hit his head against a pin," replied Conroy.

"Eh?" The Greek stopped. "Might 'ave—might 'ave 'it 'is 'ead! Ah, dat is fine! 'E might 'ave 'it 'is 'ead, Slade! You 'ear dat?"

"Yes, it ain't bad!" replied Slade, and Conroy, staring in a wild attempt to see their faces clearly, realized that they were laughing, laughing silently and heartily. With a gesture of despair he left them.

A globe-lamp under the forecandle head lighted the captain's investigations, gleaming on wet oilskins, shadow-pitted faces, and the curious, remote thing that had been the mate of the *Villingen*. Its ampler light revealed much that the match-flame had missed from its field—the manner in which the sou'wester and the head it covered were caved in at one side, the cut in the sou'wester through which clotted hair protruded, the whole ghastliness of death that comes by violence. With all that under his eyes, Conroy had to give his account of the affair, while the ring of silent, hard-breathing men watched him and marveled at the clumsiness of his story.

"It is strange," said the captain. "Fell ofer backwards, you said. It is very strange! And vere did you find de body?"

The scupper and deck had been washed clean by successive seas; there was no trace there of blood, and none on the rail. Even while they searched, water spouted down on them. But what Conroy noted was that no pin stood in the rail where the mate had fallen, and the hole that might have held one was empty.

"Ah, vell!" said the captain at last. "De poor fellow is dead. I do not understand, quite, how he should fall like dat, but he is dead. Four of you get de body aft."

"Please, sir," accosted Conroy, and the tall captain turned.

"Vell, vat is it?"

"Can I go below, sir? It was me that found him, sir. I feel rather—rather bad."

"So!" The tall captain considered him inscrutably, he, the final arbiter of

fates. "You feel bad—yes? Vell, you can go below!"

The little group that bore the mate's body shuffled aft, with the others following like a funeral procession. A man looked shivering out of the door of the starboard forecandle, and inquired in loud whispers: "*Was ist los? Sag' mal—was ist denn los?*" He put his inquiry to Conroy, who waved him off and passed to the port forecandle on the other side of the deck-house.

The place was somehow strange, with its double row of empty bunks like vacant coffin-shelves in a vault, but solitude was what he desired. The slush-lamp swung and stank and made the shadows wander. From the other side of the bulkhead he could hear stirrings and a murmur of voices as the starboard watch grew aware that something had happened on deck. Conroy, with his oil-skin coat half off, paused to listen for comprehensible words. The opening of the door behind him startled him, and he spun round to see Slade making a cautious entry. He recoiled.

"Leave me alone," he said, in a strangled voice, before the other could speak. "What are you following me for? You want to make me out a murderer. I tell you I never touched him."

The other stood just within the door, the upper half of his face shadowed by his sou'wester, his thin lips curved in a faint smile. "No?" he said, mockingly. "You didn't touch him? An' I make no doubts you'd take yer oath of it. But you shouldn't have put the pin back in the rail when you was through with it, all the same."

"There wasn't any pin there," said Conroy, quickly. He had backed as far from Slade as he could, and was staring at him with horrified eyes.

"But there would ha' been if I hadn't took a look round while you were spinnin' your yarn to the old man," said Slade. "I knew you was a fool."

With a manner as of mild glee he passed his hand into the bosom of his coat, still keeping his sardonic gaze fixed on Conroy.

"Good thing you've got me to look after you," he went on. "Thinks I. 'He might easy make a mistake that 'ud cost him dear'; so I took a look round.

An' I found this." From within his coat he brought forth an iron belaying-pin, and held it out to Conroy.

"See?" His finger pointed to it. "That's blood, that is—and that's hair. Look for yourself! *Now* I suppose you'll tell me you never touched him!"

"He hit his head against it when he fell," protested the younger man. "He did! Oh, God, I can't stand this!"

He sank to a seat on one of the chests and leaned his face against the steel plate of the wall.

"Hit his head!" snorted old Slade. "Couldn't you ha' fixed up a better yarn than that? What are you snivelin' at? D'ye think yer the only man as ever stove in a mate's head—an' him a murderin' man-driver? Keep them tales for the Old Man; he believes 'em, seemingly; but don't you come them on me."

Conroy was moaning. "I never touched him; I never touched him!"

"Never touched him! Here, take the pin; it's yours!"

He shrank from it. "No, no!"

Slade pitched it to his bunk, where it lay on the blanket. "It's yours," he repeated. "If yer don't want it, heave it overboard yerself or stick it back in the rail. Never touched him—you make me sick with yer 'never touched him'!"

The door slammed on his scornful retreat; Conroy shuddered and sat up. The iron belaying-pin lay where it had fallen, on his bed, and even in that meager light it carried the traces of its part in the mate's death. It had the look of a weapon rather than of a humble ship-fitting. It rolled a couple of inches where it lay as the ship leaned to a gust, and he saw that it left a mark where it had been, a stain.

He seized it in a panic and started for the door to be rid of it at once.

As if a malicious fate made him its toy, he ran full into the Greek outside.

"Ah!" The man's smile flashed forth, wise and livid. "An' so you 'ad it in your pocket all de time, den!"

Conroy answered nothing. It was beyond striving against. He walked to the rail and flung the thing forth with hysterical violence to the sea.

The watch going below at four o'clock found him apparently asleep, with his face turned to the wall. They spoke in

undertones, as though they feared to disturb him, but none of them mentioned the only matter which all had in mind. They climbed heavily to their bunks, there to smoke the brief pipe, and then to slumber. Only Slade, who slept little, would from time to time lean up on one elbow to look down and across to the still figure which hid its face throughout the night.

Conroy woke when the watch was called for breakfast by a man who thrust his head in and shouted. He had slept at last, and now as he sat up it needed an effort of mind to recall his trouble. He looked out at his mates, who stood about the place pulling on their clothes, with sleep still heavy on them. They seemed as usual. It was his turn to fetch the coffee from the galley, he remembered, and he slipped out of his bunk to dress and attend to it.

"I won't be a minute," he said to the others, as he dragged on his trousers.

A shaggy young Swede near the door was already dressed.

"I vill go," he said. "You don't bother," and forthwith slipped out.

The others were looking at him now, glancing with a queer, sharp interest and turning away when they met his eyes. It was as though he were a stranger.

"That was a queer thing last night," he said to the nearest.

"Yes," the other agreed, with a kind of haste.

They sat about at their meal, when the coffee had been brought by the volunteer, under the same constraint. He could not keep silent; he had to speak and make them answer.

"Where is he?" he asked, abruptly.

"On de gratings," he was told. And the Swede who fetched the coffee added, "Sails is sowin' him up now already."

"We'll see the last of him to-day," said Slade. "He won't kick nobody again!"

There was a mutter of agreement, and eyes turned on Conroy again. Slade smiled slowly.

"Yes, he keeck once too many times," said the Greek.

The shaggy young Swede wagged his head. "He t'ink it was safe to kick Conroy, but it aindt," he observed, profoundly. "No, it aindt safe."

"He got vat he ask for. . . . Didn't

know vat he go up againdst. . . . No, it aindt—it aindt safe. . . . Maybe vish he aindt so handy mit his feet now.”

They were all talking; their mixed words came to Conroy in broken sentences. He stared at them a little wildly, realizing the fact that they were admiring him, praising him, and afraid of him. The blood rose in his face hotly.

“You fellers talk,” he began, and was disconcerted at the manner in which they all fell silent to hear him—“you talk as if I’d killed him.”

“Well! . . . *Ach was!*”

He faced their smiles, their conciliatory gestures, with a frown.

“You better stop it,” he said. “He fell—see? He fell an’ caved his head in. An’ any feller that says he didn’t—”

His regard traveled from face to face, giving force to his challenge.

“Ve aindt goin’ to say nodings!” they assured him, mildly. “You don’t need to be scared of us, Conroy.”

“I’m not scared,” he said, with meaning. “But—look out, that’s all.”

When breakfast was over, it was his turn to sweep up. But there was almost a struggle for the broom and the privilege of saving him that trouble. It comforted him and restored him; it would have been even better but for the presence of Slade, sitting aloft in his bunk, smiling over his pipe with malicious understanding.

The *Villingen* was still under reefed upper topsails, walking into the seas on a taut bowline, with water a-coming aboard freely. There was little for the watch to do save those trivial jobs which never fail on a ship. Conroy and some of the others were set to scrubbing teak on the poop, and he had a view of the sail-maker at his work on the gratings under the break of the poop, stitching on his knees to make the mate presentable for his last passage. The sail-maker was a bearded Finn, with a heavy, darkling face and the secret eyes of a faun. He bent over his task, and in his attitude and the slow rhythm of his moving hand there was a suggestion of ceremonial, of an act mysterious and ritual.

Half-way through the morning Conroy was sent for to the cabin, there to tell his tale anew, to see it taken down, and to sign it. The captain even asked him if he felt better.

“Thank you, sir,” replied Conroy. “It was a shock, findin’ him dead like that.”

“Yes, yes,” agreed the captain. “I can understand—a great shock. Yes!”

He was bending over his papers at the table; Conroy smiled over his bowed head. Returning on deck, he winked to the man at the wheel, who smiled uncomfortably in return. Later he borrowed a knife to scrape some spots of paint off the deck; he did not want to spoil the edge of his own.

They buried the mate at eight bells; the weather was thickening, and it might be well to have the thing done. The hands stood around, bareheaded, with the grating in the middle of them, one edge resting on the rail, the other supported by two men. There was a dark smudge on the sky up to windward, and several times the captain glanced up from his book toward it. He read in German, slowly, with a dwelling upon the sonorous passages, and toward the end he closed the book and finished without its aid.

Conroy was at the foot of the ladder; the captain was above him, reading mournfully, solemnly, without looking at the men. They were rigid, only their eyes moving. Conroy collected their glances irresistibly. When the captain had finished his reading he sighed and made a sign, lifting his hand like a man who resigns himself. The men holding the grating tilted it; the mate of the *Villingen*, with a little jerk, went over the side.

“Shtand by der tobs’l halliards!” roared the second mate.

Conroy, in the flurry, found himself next to a man of his watch. He jerked a thumb in the direction of the second mate, who was still vociferating orders.

“Hark at him!” he said. “Before we’re through I’ll teach *him* manners, too.”

And he patted his knife.

The Motion of the Fixed Stars

BY BENJAMIN BOSS

Secretary of the Department of Meridian Astrometry, Carnegie Institution of Washington

WE have all become accustomed to seeing great changes taking place about us — automobiles supplanting the horse, wireless messages flashed over great distances, aeroplanes and other wonderful inventions; but because the public does not come into contact with the astronomer, it is not generally known what great strides have been taken in astronomy within a comparatively few years, especially in matters relating to the cosmos.

It was a very simple solution offered by the ancients, who commonly supposed the earth to be a fixed body, while the sun, moon, and stars revolved about it.

But when accurate measurements were finally taken we had to change our ideas in a revolutionary manner, for the earth was found to revolve around the sun, the moon around the earth; and the stars, supposedly fixed, showed signs of a motion with reference to one another which, when verified, was called proper-motion.

It developed that our sun itself was only one of the many stars, that we were moving through space at the rate of twenty kilometers per second, and the question naturally proposed itself, where are we going, and what relation do we bear to the great mass of stars surrounding us? Are we all drifting toward some point in space, are we all revolving about some central spot or sun, or what is our destiny?

To solve such questions we really should have centuries of further study of the stars in order to accumulate more data, and more accurate data. But as a beginning, a few of the astronomers of to-day have been eagerly delving into the material at hand, to unravel some of the mysteries heretofore unsolved, or, at best, subject only to conjecture.

In the visible universe there are many interesting phenomena. Among them are the nebulae, vast tracts of gaseous matter, extended over millions of miles. In

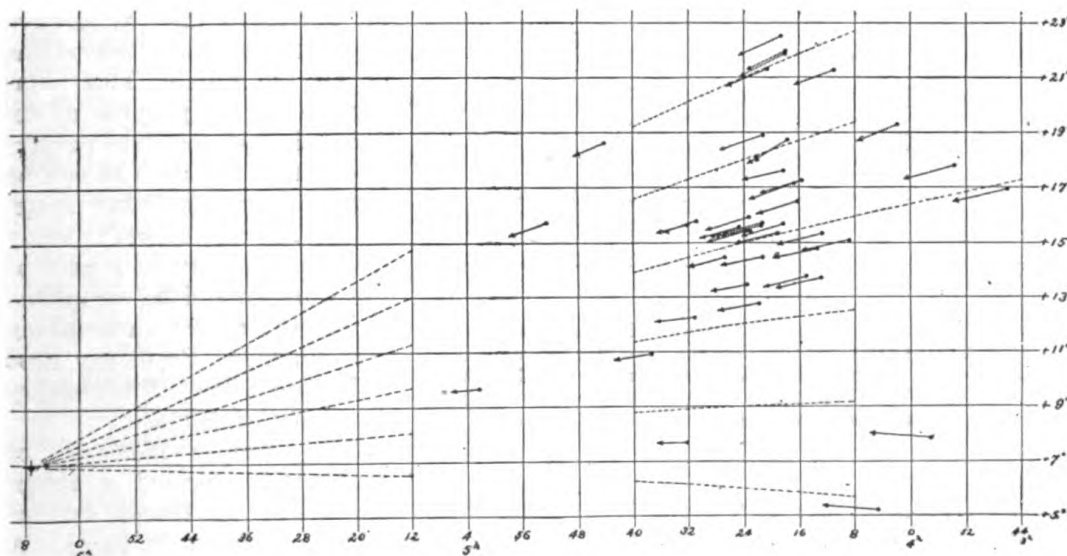


FIGURE 1.—STAR STREAM IN THE CONSTELLATION "TAURUS"

The stars are really moving in parallel lines through space at the rate of about thirty-three kilometers per second, but as seen from the earth they appear to be moving toward a common point, just as parallel railroad tracks seem to converge

these nebulae small areas seem to be forming into knots by the condensation of the surrounding gases, suggesting the birth of new stars.

Then there are systems composed of two or more stars revolving about one another in an orbit, just as the earth revolves about the sun.

Going a step further, we find groups of stars with a common motion in the same direction, moving through space in parallel lines, with the same speed. Illustrations of such groups are given in the stars of the Great Dipper, five of which, together with some other stars, have a common motion of nineteen kilometers per second. Then there is the *Taurus* group, a much larger group of stars, with a common motion of forty kilometers a second, and the writer has recently discovered a new group of stars moving at the rate of ninety-five kilometers per second. The paths of these

a study of the motions of the stars, came forward with a statement that the stars of the universe could be divided into two streams moving in opposite directions. Other astronomers then took up the study, and though their ideas as to the cause of the phenomenon differ, they agree that the stars evince a preference for motion in two directions opposite each other. This does not mean that every star in the sky seems to be moving in one of the two favored directions, but that, taken as a whole, the stars show a decided preference to move in the general direction of these two points. Unfortunately, the sun's own motion through space complicates matters, for the effect of the sun's motion upon the stars is to make them seem to be moving backward as the sun moves forward, just as from a train window the landscape seems to be moving backward as the train moves forward.

As the proper-motions of the stars, as seen on the sky, are very small, it is essential to use the very best determinations available in a study of their motions. For some years Professor Lewis Boss, Director of the Department of Meridian Astrometry of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, located at the Dudley Observatory, Albany, New York, has had in preparation an extensive and exhaustive treatment of the observations of all the reliable star catalogues, for the purpose of determining as accurate proper-motions of the stars as can be obtained with existing material. As there were many urgent reasons why a part of the work should be completed before the entire undertaking was finished, Professor Boss published his *Preliminary General Catalogue*.

The proper-motions of these stars formed a splendid basis on which to found an investigation of the problem in hand. A line of investigation that seemed very promising to yield results was the study of the motions of the stars arranged according to their spectra.

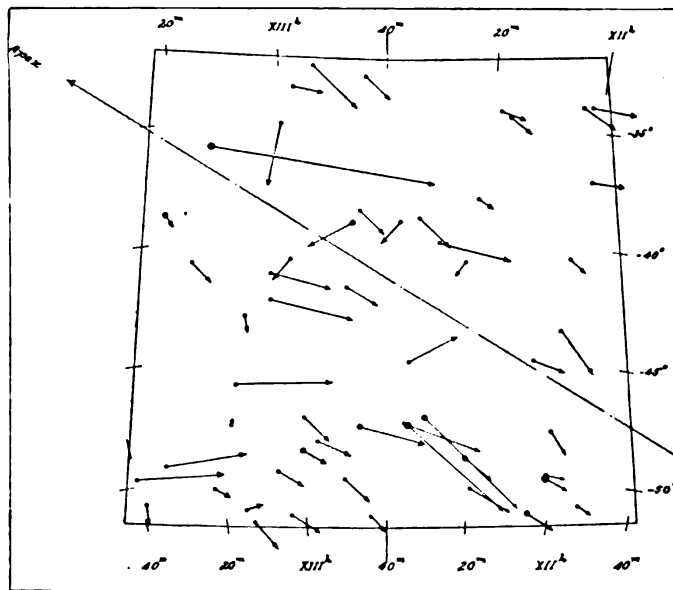


FIGURE 2

Illustrating the proper-motions of the stars of a small portion of the heavens, in the constellation *Centaurus*. The long arrow cutting diagonally across the figure indicates the direction in which the Sun is moving. As will be noticed, this makes the stars for the most part appear to move in the opposite direction

stars, as traced on the sky, seem to be coming together at some definite point, just as parallel railroad tracks seem, as you look along them, to converge.

The well-known Dutch astronomer Professor J. C. Kapteyn, as the result of

In the rainbow, and in sunlight passing through a triangular piece of glass, we are all accustomed to see the spectrum of the sun. By means of a specially devised instrument the astronomer and physicist obtains the spectrum of a star, or of any given substance. Each substance has a distinctive spectrum. Thus by comparing the spectrum of a star with that of iron we can detect the presence of iron in that star, if there be any; and in the same way we can detect the presence of any other substance.

The study of the spectra of the stars showed that there apparently were distinctive types, under the heads of which all the stars in the heavens could be classified. For instance, some stars show strong evidence of helium, others of hydrogen, etc., depending upon the chemical structure of the star. It was only reasonable to suppose that the motions of the stars of different types might throw some light on the question of the structure of our stellar system, for according to our conceptions, the change of type indicates the change of age in a star. Therefore the study of the motions of the stars according to type corresponds to a study of the motions of the stars according to age. Consequently the 6,188 stars of the *Preliminary General Catalogue* were grouped according to type.

The youngest type of star, the *Orion* or helium type, showed marked peculiarities at once. To begin with, these stars seem to be almost at rest in space. Then their distribution is peculiar, the bulk of them lying in a belt very nearly that of the Milky Way. Again they seem to be at a greater average distance from us than the other types of stars, and are very bright. They show no appre-

ciable systematic motion such as is shown in the later types.

When we pass to the earlier types, we observe radical changes. There are decided changes of proper-motion in the star with change of spectral type. That is, the older the star, the greater its mo-

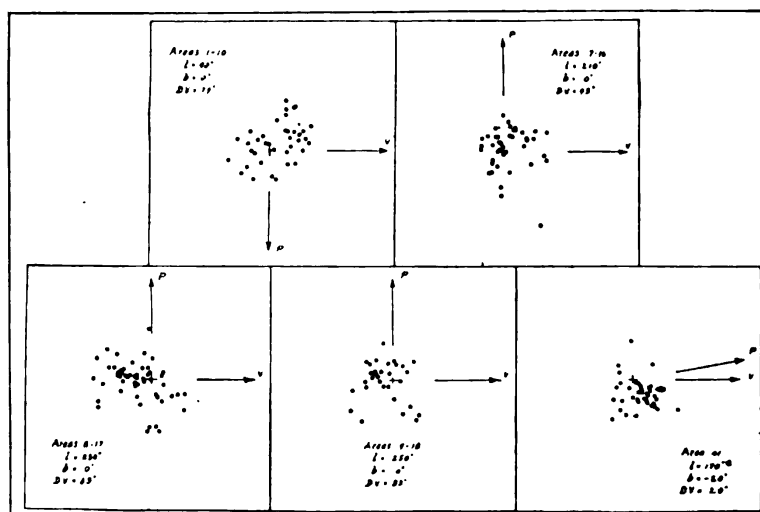


FIGURE 3

In each of these five charts, the Type B stars, or youngest stars, are supposed to have been gathered at a center, and then released. The center from which the motion starts is indicated by a cross. The figure shows the position which each star would assume at the end of a century. The arrow P indicates the direction of the Pole of the Milky Way, while V indicates the direction of the preferential motion exhibited among the older stars, which, it is readily seen, the Type B stars apparently do not share

tion seems to be, so that the older stars as a class seem to be moving almost three times as fast as the younger stars as a class. The acceleration in the motion of a star with change in type, or age, was confirmed by Professor Campbell, of Lick Observatory, and Professor Frost, of Yerkes Observatory, from motion in the line of sight. By motion in the line of sight is meant that portion of the motion of the star which is directed straight toward or away from the observer—proper-motion being the portion of the star's motion directed across the vision of the observer.

The classification of stars by type also showed that, whereas the younger stars seem to be closely packed in and near the Milky Way, the stars of later types, or the older stars, are more evenly distributed over the whole sky.

This, combined with the discovery of

increase of velocity with change in type, would seem to indicate that the stars originate in the Milky Way, starting from the Milky Way at low velocities. Then as the star passes into another type—that is, increases in age—its velocity increases. Apparently the velocity of a young star is not great enough to carry it far from the Milky Way before the star changes into another type, whereas the stars of later types are moving with sufficient velocity to distribute them pretty thoroughly over the whole sky. The fact that the stars in general show a tendency to move in one of two opposite directions has already been mentioned.

Professor Boss, working upon this problem, came to the conclusion that if all the stars in the sky could be brought to a single point and then could be released so as to move with their present velocities in the same directions in which they are now moving, they would form into a football-shaped figure. This is

the confirmation of an idea advanced by Professor Schwarzschild. Now comes the problem of bringing into correlation the various phenomena observed.

To go back to the beginning of things, it is generally supposed that large tracts of sky, now dotted with stars, were occupied by immense gaseous bodies extending over millions upon millions of miles. These bodies are termed nebulae. It is also supposed that, under the action of the force of gravitation, these nebulae diminish in size, growing denser as they contract, until they finally form into one or more stars. An extended nebula would perhaps form into a group of stars.

The hypothesis advanced by the writer supposes that the friction caused by the collision of gas particles, or some other action resulting from the process of shrinkage of the nebula, generates electrical charges in the nebula. It does not require much imagination to grasp this idea, when on our own earth we are

accustomed to the phenomenon of lightning generated in the earth's atmosphere, which must be caused by some similar action.

These electrical charges within the nebula, when sufficiently strong, will disrupt it, throwing off portions of the nebula; and these portions drifting away from the parent nebula form into stars. Thus from a state of rest we have our new-born star started on its journey with a low speed.

As the direction in which the portion of the nebula discharged from the main body of the nebula moves is merely a matter of chance, the motions of the stars as a whole would be purely at random. Apparently this is the very state of affairs which observation shows to exist among the early stars.

But as the stars grow older they increase in speed, and they seem to be pulled out in two opposite directions. We can account for this if we suppose that an electro-

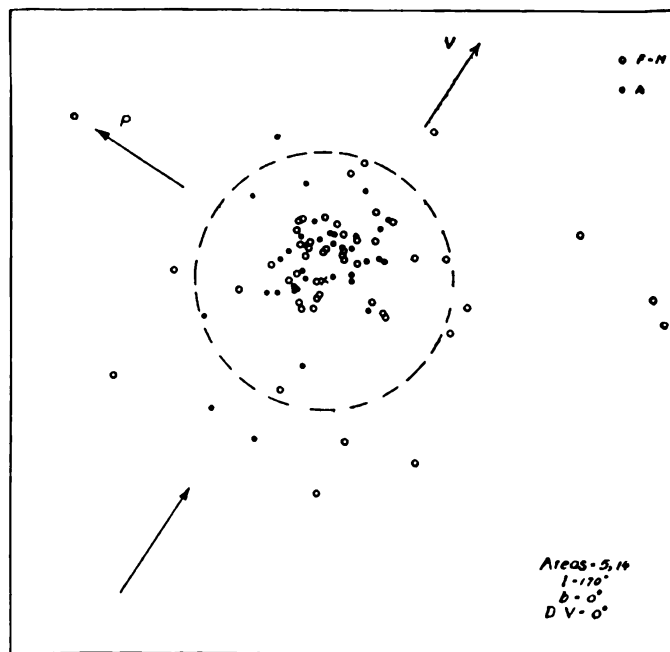


FIGURE 4

If all the stars in the sky could be brought to one point and then released, it would seem (according to their observed motions) that they would spread out into the shape of a football. One end of this football points toward the constellation *Monoceros*, near *Orion*, while the opposite end points toward *Serpens*. Looked at from one end, a football would appear round. In like manner the motions of the stars near *Orion* and *Serpens* should cause them to spread out in circular form. Fig. 4 shows how close this comes to being so. The motions of the stars in this case are represented in the same manner as in Fig. 3, the cross marking the center from which the motion starts

magnetic force, or some such similar force, exists throughout the universe, and that the stars are electrically charged bodies. Supposing this to be true, it can be easily seen that the two poles of the electromagnetic field will tend to pull the stars in the directions of those poles. The constant pull on the stars will increase their velocities with advancing age, just as is found to be the case according to observation.

Observation also shows us that the velocity increases rapidly with the age of a star up to a certain point, when the increase in velocity becomes very gradual. This could only be accounted for by the weakening of the electromagnetic action upon the star, due to the change in the chemical constitution with its advancing age. Again, the stars, which if left to themselves, with a purely random motion, would form into a sphere, under the influence of an electromagnetic field would be pulled out into a football shape, with the greatest motion in the direction of the poles. This is another phenomenon which observation shows to exist.

Then the hypothesis allows of an explanation of the star groups which have been found to exist—groups where the individual members are moving in parallel lines and with the same velocity. In order to account for them the force which generates the individual velocities of the stars must be nearly constant over large volumes of space.

A brief inspection of a few facts would seem to render these ideas more natural than startling. It has been a long-established fact that magnetic forces are at work upon our earth, and more lately it has become known that with the appearance of sun-spots on the sun's surface

we experience magnetic storms upon the earth, the more numerous the sun-spots the more numerous and the more violent do these magnetic storms become. As the electromagnetic nature of the sun-spot activity has been shown to exist, the

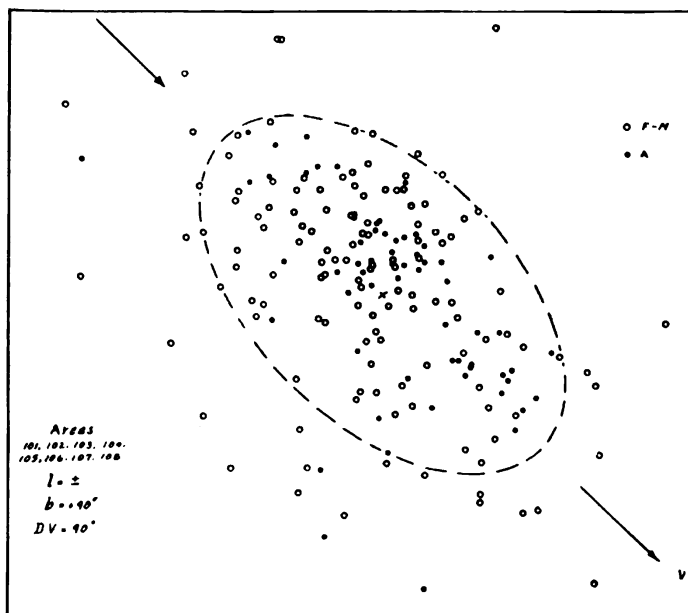


FIGURE 5

If a football-shaped figure does represent the distribution of the motions of the stars, with its ends pointing toward *Orion* and *Serpens*, then we should get the maximum effect of ellipticity at the poles of the Milky Way. There it would be as if you viewed the long axis of the football. Fig. 5 represents the agreement of the distribution of the observed motions of the stars at the Poles of the Milky Way with the shape which theory calls for

connection between the two should be obvious. Also a brilliant exhibition of the aurora borealis in many cases has been seen to follow immediately upon violent disturbances on the sun's surface. If electromagnetic influences then are seen to exist between earth and sun, and comet and sun, it is reasonable to suppose that they might exist between star and star.

And finally it is significant that the equation of the force between two electrified bodies is precisely analogous to that which expresses the law of gravitation between two particles of matter in space, and the formula for the attraction or repulsion between two magnetic poles, indicating that they may all be manifestations of one and the same law.

Without Introduction

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

COMING from opposite sides of Fifth Avenue, they were caught between the two lines of traffic. It was a showery April afternoon, and both of them suddenly moving their umbrellas, they found themselves gazing into each other's eyes. They were total strangers—that is, they had been an instant before, but sometimes a glance is really a meeting, and in that rather prolonged instant their eyes had been avenues to their spirits.

It was, perhaps, this obvious quality of a sort of inevitable, basic intimacy that led Miss Littel to say to herself that she must have met the man somewhere before. In her arrogant judgment it was impossible that any man should look at her with so frank and friendly a glance unless he had been properly introduced. Wasn't he, she wondered, that Philadelphia friend of her brother's?

Then the mounted policeman held up his hand, the carriages and motors stopped with clattering hoofs and squeaking brakes, and these two people pursued their ways to opposite sides of the avenue. Arrived at the curb, both turned; Miss Littel, of course, only to hail an omni-

bus, but he, no less obviously, only to observe Miss Littel. Again their eyes met; she saw him plunge forward into the maelstrom, and as he did so she realized that never in all her life had she set eyes on him before.

The 'bus drew up before her. "Up Riverside!" shouted the conductor. She neither spoke nor moved. "Up Riverside!" he said again. Still she was silent.

The conductor rang the bell, and the 'bus moved on.

Turning now in a sort of panic, Miss Littel hurried down the side street — Thirty-sixth Street, to be exact — but she had not gone far when she heard a pleasantly modulated voice beside her saying:

"If no one has ever spoken to you before without being introduced, you may be sure it was because they did not know how, and not because they did not want to. It is immensely difficult, isn't it, to give in that first moment the impression that I recognize all your standards—and that that is why I speak to

you, just as I should speak if we met in somebody's drawing-room."

"You seem to forget," said Miss Littel, "that in such a case we should at least have been properly introduced."



MOVING THEIR UMBRELLAS, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES—

"But what," he returned, "is an introduction? One's hostess often knows nothing but one's name, and sometimes not even that. It's no guarantee whatsoever, whereas it seems to me the fact that I have the courage, the perception, and the adroitness to speak to you like this ought in a way to count in my favor."

"My parents would not think so," said Miss Littel, grimly.

Now that the first moment was over, she was not in the least terrified. She was accustomed to find that most social situations were within her own control, and she had no fear that this was an exception. She intended immediately to dismiss him, but she could not help being entertained at his plausibility and ease.

"Oh, parents," he returned. "How can any one tell what they think? They have to pretend to think so many things they really don't, which must be a bore for them, and certainly is to us. Nothing is really entertaining in this world except honesty—realism, some people call it. Only it is so difficult to practise. I have made some progress in it. You, very little."

"Then," said Miss Littel, "let me initiate my education in that direction by telling you quite honestly that I wish you would leave me."

"Very well," he answered, "I will if you will answer me one question. Do you want me to go because I am, as a person, disagreeable to you, or because you regard our meeting as too irregular?"

Miss Littel was silent, inwardly a little amused at the dilemma he had put her in. Of course he was not disagreeable to her—quite the reverse. It was wholly the irregularity, not so much of his conduct as of her own, which was troubling her. Feeling that her instant of silence was weakening her position, she decided on a change of plan. As a girl she had been brought up in the country with a group of cousins. She had been an adept at all those outdoor games where strategy, speed, and quick decision are necessary. She now turned suddenly up the steps of a large, solemn, and, to her, utterly unknown house.

"I am going in here," she said.

"I am rather chary of offering advice," said the young man, "and yet I feel I must tell you that you had better not."

"Why not?"

"I see," he returned, "that you are ignorant that this house is the up-town branch of the Liquor Dealers' Fraternal Association—an organization which, however laudable in intention, is not the place for young and unprotected women."

Again Miss Littel found herself hesitating, and again she realized that every second of delay weakened her position. Nevertheless she withdrew the hand which she had stretched to ring the bell, and came down the steps.

"I don't know whether you are speaking the truth or not," she said, thoughtfully.

"Ah," he answered, "that is one of your greatest weaknesses. You evident-



—GAZING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES

ly have not taught yourself to recognize truth. Yet you should be able to tell it just as you tell salt or sugar—by the taste. I, you see, who have devoted some time and attention to the matter, was able to tell that you had no connection whatsoever with that house—of which, by the way, I know nothing at all. And as for the Liquor Dealers' Fraternity, I invented it on the spur of the moment."

"I see," said Miss Littel. "Now it seems to me that you have had a

a respectable old uncle of yours should suddenly come round this corner and turn out to have known me since I was a boy? Wouldn't that be delightful?"

Miss Littel could not help smiling. "Perhaps," she said; "but it seems so unlikely to happen that I must—"

"But why unlikely? Have you no respectable uncles? How about this gentleman approaching now? It is true his gloves are a thought too tight, but otherwise he strikes me as a perfectly possible uncle. I would adopt him myself on very little urging," and he waved his hand at the gentleman, who with a rather dazed look took off his hat as he passed.

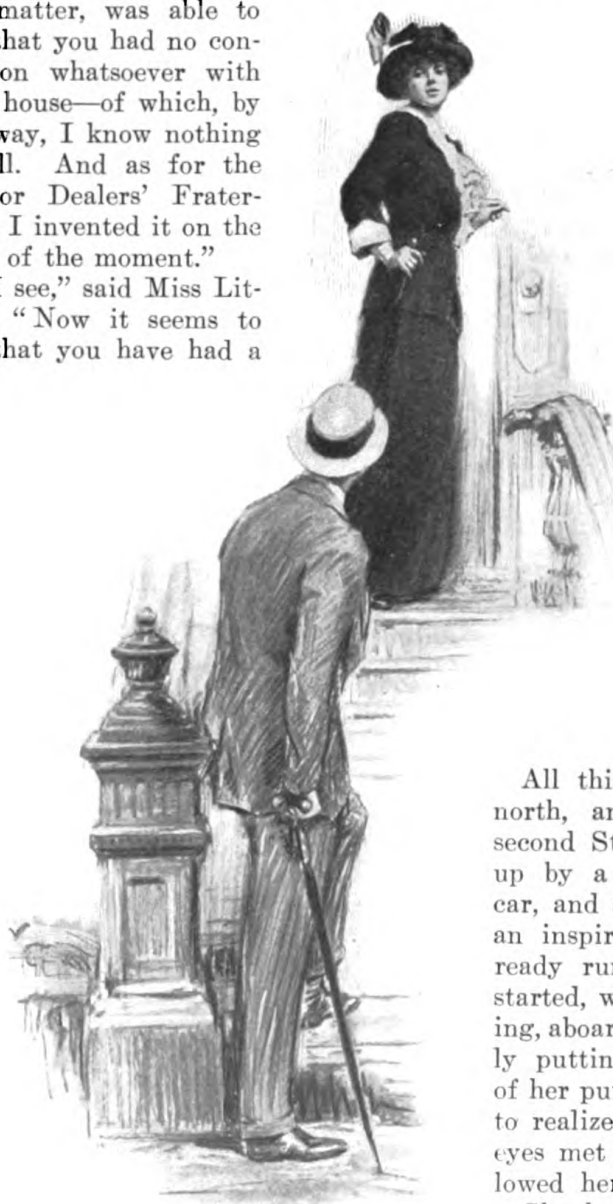
"See," cried Miss Littel's companion, "he evidently feels drawn to us. He would serve very well," and he turned and gazed after him wistfully.

All this time they had been walking north, and were now crossing Forty-second Street. Their progress was held up by a south-bound Madison Avenue car, and as they passed, Miss Littel had an inspiration. The conductor had already rung the bells and the car had started, when she stepped, without warning, aboard it, and the motorman suddenly putting on full speed, she was out of her pursuer's grasp before he had time to realize it. For the second time their eyes met squarely, and this time she allowed herself to smile.

She hardly heard the conductor, who was lecturing her on the danger of boarding moving cars; she paid her nickel, saw with pleasure that no one was waiting to get on at Forty-second Street and Park Avenue, and sat down with a sigh of triumph. But just as the car disappeared into the tunnel a disturbing sight flashed upon her vision. The young man was just stepping into a taxicab in front of the hotel, and she gathered from the quick gesture of the chauffeur that he had been urged to run fast.

very pleasant fifteen minutes at my expense. You have shown yourself infinitely the cleverer of the two, and I think that ought to content you for the present. You will oblige me very much by leaving me at the next corner."

"What we really need," he replied, "is a mutual acquaintance. Suppose



SHE REALIZED THAT EVERY SECOND OF DELAY WEAKENED HER POSITION

On emerging from the tunnel she found her fears justified. The taxicab was alongside, and as she looked out, he, too, leaned forward and raised his hat.

Two courses were open to her—to stay in or to get out. If she got out, he would of course immediately join her, but if she stayed in she would soon find herself in a district of town of which she was totally ignorant. She decided quickly. At Thirtieth Street she stopped the car and got out. They presently found themselves in Madison Avenue, very nearly where they had started.

"As I was saying," he began, as if nothing had intervened, "what we need is an acquaintance. Now what do you think of this old lady with the lap-dog? I will engage to make her remember me in petticoats if you will promise not to run away while I am doing it. I should say: 'Why, grandmother was speaking of you only this morning at breakfast, my dear Mrs.—'"

"Listen to me," said Miss Littel. "Do you really intend to refuse to leave me, when I tell you that I prefer that you should?"

"A little while ago you could have done anything with me by using that tone," he answered. "But since then you have attempted very high-handed measures. You have made me run down Forty-second Street and risk my life in a taxi, simply in order to finish my sentence."

Her only answer was to turn abruptly in at the door of an apartment-house which they were passing. She had remembered that a friend of hers lived on the eighth floor. She walked without a word to the elevator, and was relieved to see he did not follow. She had made up her mind that she would explain the situation to her friend and ask to be let out by the servants' entrance, which was on the side street.

But hardly was she within the door of her friend's apartment, and informed that her friend was out, when the elevator-man came panting up to say that her taxicab was waiting. Now Miss Littel had no taxicab, and even the young man had dismissed his many blocks away, but she had no doubt whence this message had come. If now she asked to be let out

the side door, it would certainly look as if she were trying to avoid paying her man. This would have required a sort of courage she did not possess. She felt herself coloring with vexation.

She came down thoroughly angry, and would not answer him at all as they again walked north, although he was obviously amusing himself by running on about friendship as modified by metropolitan life. This condition must have lasted for at least ten minutes, when in front of an old-fashioned brownstone house she stopped and faced him.

"In this house," she said, "lives a lady—a friend of my mother's. I do not know her very well, but I admire and respect her, and I am going in to tell her what has happened and to ask her advice as to what I ought to do."

"Let us go in by all means," was his answer.

Miss Littel had not been prepared for this, and the best reply she could think of was: "I should not do that if I were you. The house is full of men-servants."

"No house can be well run without," he replied.

Miss Littel rang the bell and asked if Mrs. Austin was at home. She was expected in at any moment, the butler said; and so Miss Littel, who had made up her mind to wait, entered the drawing-room, followed by the young man.

"Ah," he observed, looking about him. "A Monet, I see, in his earlier and, to my mind, his less interesting manner—"

"You understand, don't you," said Miss Littel, "that I don't intend to speak to you again?"

"In that case," said he, "suppose I read aloud?" and, drawing out a volume apparently at random, he opened it and began to read.

Having announced her intention to remain silent, Miss Littel made no protest. He read simply and well, and she listened for some time as if in a rather perturbed dream.

"I never thought before my death to see Youth's vision thus made perfect—"

Miss Littel came to with a start. This really wouldn't do at all.

"Don't read me Shelley," she said, crossly. He was nothing if not amenable to suggestion. His next selection showed a complete change, at least of manner.



W. Graham Cooke

SHE LISTENED AS IF IN A PERTURBED DREAM

"Except that heaven had come so near,
So seemed to choose my door,
The distance would not haunt me so:
I had not hoped before.

"But just to hear that grace depart
I never thought to see,
Afflicts me with a double loss;
'Tis lost and lost to me."

He raised his eyes and looked at her seriously over the volume, and at this moment Mrs. Austin entered. She was a woman about fifty, very slim, very vigorous, retaining everything of her great beauty except its bloom.

"My dear Cecilia," she said, "how

nice to see you! I didn't know who it was. You did not give Partridge your name. And who is this? My dear child," she added, as an obvious idea occurred to her, "what news have you come to tell me?"

At this suggestion the young man frankly laughed; but Cecilia, who was much too tense to be amused, said:

"Oh, Mrs. Austin, I don't know who he is! That's the trouble. I am dreadfully ashamed, but you must help me. He followed me this morning in Fifth Avenue. At least we met—our eyes met. I could not help that. But where I did make an unforgivable mistake was in not taking the omnibus. I stopped it, and did not get in. Then he joined me. He has not been rude, except that he would not go away. Twice I tried to get away and failed. And so I have come to you."

Mrs. Austin turned toward the young man, and she looked at him very slowly, from the top of his head down to his boots, which happened to be good. She studied his boots for some time from several points of view, moving

her head slightly from side to side. And then she looked up at his face again, and said politely:

"And what have you to say for yourself?"

The effect of that glance had been sobering. The young man had probably never felt anything exactly like it before, and he answered with a gravity which had hitherto been lacking in his tone.

"Madam," he said, "the true connoisseur in anything—pictures or precious stones—knows the perfect example at first sight. I was, unfortunately, born

with this same sense in regard to people. I know my own infallibility and at the first glance."

"I see," said Mrs. Austin; "and how many times, pray, has this happened to you within the last few months?"

"Once only," said the young man, "and then it was the old Scotch gardener of a friend of mine. He had this same quality of reality—of speaking to the essential part of one's nature. We still correspond, on the subject of predestination, in which, I am sorry to say, he believes. The same thing happened this morning when my eyes met the eyes of this young lady. I knew that great possibilities of some sort opened before us. It was, therefore, intolerably annoying to me to see that she kept allowing the poorer, timider, more conventional side of her nature to triumph—that she could get no further than behaving as if I were a beast of prey. For I need not point out to you, Mrs. Austin, that for the average American the beast-of-prey theory is entirely exploded. Most of us ask merely a little companionship from women, and not very much of that."

"Companionship," answered Mrs. Austin, "is a very general term."

"You, at least," said the young man, "are willing to discuss it. This young lady was not. She attempted, rather clumsily, to run away from me. I might have been willing to withdraw, but I was not willing to be eluded. Who with an atom of spirit would be, if a girl jumped on a car leaving you in the midst of a sentence and made a face at you from the back platform?"

"Oh, I did not make a face," cried Miss Littel.

"She taunted me with a smile, Mrs. Austin, a most provocative smile."

Mrs. Austin, leaning her cheek on her long, thin hand, studied him less hostilely. "You can have no objection to telling me your name," she said.

Miss Littel's eyes brightened with curiosity, but his answer was a surprise.

"I beg your pardon, I have every objection. Are we not able to judge of each other without a ticket? I did not demand this young lady's name before I recognized her value; why must you know mine? Suppose names had never been invented, would not you and I be just the same individuals? No; you must take or leave me as you judge of me. I won't tell you my name."

There was a silence. He and Mrs. Austin exchanged the longest look of all.



IT WAS A VISITING-CARD

"Well," she said, at last, "it's a pity, but I'm afraid you will have to go."

He bowed, took up his hat and umbrella, and left the room. The next instant the front door shut behind him.

Miss Littel ran to the window and watched him walk down the steps and finally disappear round the corner without one backward glance. She had hardly expected such prompt and decisive action. Dropping the curtain with slow hand, she turned to her hostess.

"I am very grateful to you, my dear Mrs. Austin," she said. "But, after all, was it necessary to turn him out of the house?"

"My dear child," answered the elder woman, "you have behaved as the American woman is so apt to behave in a situation of this nature; you had neither prudence enough to avoid it nor courage enough to see it through. You had the spirit to bring on the crisis, and none left to deal with it. Undoubtedly you ought to have taken your omnibus—any well-brought-up young woman would have done so; but having failed in this, you should then have had the insight to treat that young man as a human being—to have taken him home and introduced him to your parents, perhaps. But see what you actually did. You showed him, on the one hand, that you had the profoundest respect for the conventions; and, on the other, that you were willing to break through them for his sake—the most dangerous thing in the world to show to any man. Taking it all to-

gether, I think he behaved pretty well. You know, one can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. As it is, my dear, you have deprived us both of a pleasant acquaintance."

These words sank into Miss Littel's consciousness. "If I had to do it again—" she began.

"But you haven't," said her friend. "Unhappily such incidents happen but once in a lifetime."

Miss Littel moved again to the window, and after looking carefully up and down the empty street, she observed, "Of course, if he had seriously meant what he said, he would have been willing to tell us his name."

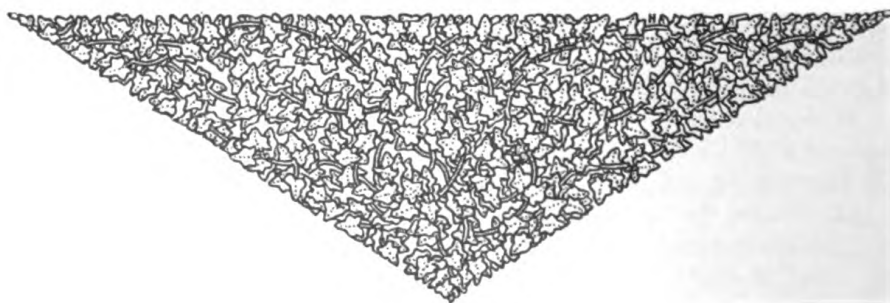
Mrs. Austin smiled. "He would have spoiled a very pretty exit," she said.

Miss Littel now definitely turned from the window. "You will think me very ungrateful," she remarked, with a sort of exasperation of candor, "but I really do wish that in sending him away you had not been quite so—"

"My dear Cecilia," returned the other, "you have submitted your case to arbitration, and must abide by the result. You will find, however, it is usually more satisfactory to settle such matters for yourself. Now come up-stairs with me while I put on my veil, and I will take you home in the motor. This incident is closed."

But as they passed through the hall a small piece of white cardboard on the table attracted their attention.

It was a visiting-card.



Clerks

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

THAT particular day began in the most ordinary way for Edward Ferguson—Young Ferg, as they called him at the office—a quite usual dark winter morning. Olson, who owned the two-family house and lived on the first floor, had not yet started the hot-water heater, and when, at 6.20, the alarm-clock went off and Eddy snatched it from the chair beside him and stuffed it under his pillow, Frances slipped out savagely on a floor that felt like ice and into air that was freezingly bitter.

"I'll light the stove," she gasped, inserting her naked feet into slippers and thrusting on a pink wrapper. "Now, Ed, don't fall asleep."

She dashed from the room which gave directly into the kitchen, and stood with teeth clicking as she lit the stove. She was not tall, but she was lissome, able-bodied, with a dark, thin face very expressive at the eyes and lips. Eddy came out, gray with fatigue.

"Brrr!" muttered Frances. "I think it's colder in here than outdoors."

He entered the bath-room and took out his shaving apparatus; the clear water was burning-cold. Frances appeared in the doorway.

"The milk's frozen—look."

She held up the bottle, from the neck of which the frozen cream protruded like a jack-in-the-box.

"I'll heat some water for you, Ed."

"Haven't time!" he muttered. "Get the breakfast."

Ten minutes later they drank hot coffee and ate hot oatmeal. The radiator began to thump.

"I suppose," said Frances, sarcastically, "the letter-carrier will get here around noon. Lord, I'm dying of the excitement."

They rose, and, while he muffled his throat and got his coat and hat, she strode to the window, shuddering.

"This place," she said, "is as lonesome as a toothache."

She breathed on the frosted pane, rubbed a spot clean, and peered through on the shabby hill-perched suburb, the mean, poverty-stricken frame houses, the narrow lamp-lit streets, the naked trees.

"Nothing but dogs here," she muttered, "human or the other kind. Say, Ed, supposin' you'd listen to me once in a while."

He stood ready, a sallow, lanky, silent fellow, stoop-shouldered by years of desk-work. His face was muscular in its leanness, his eyes a sad brown, his hair stiffly hung over his high, narrow forehead. Evidently he was too morose to listen to her complaints. Suddenly she turned, crossed the room in a strange, impulsive way, almost dancing savagely, flung her arms about his neck, kissed him—then drew back her head and exclaimed, fiercely:

"My God! why doesn't it thrill me any more when you put your arms around me?"

He was startled, smiled grimly. Gently he released himself.

"I've got to hurry, Fran!"

"I wish," she said, tearfully, "your old building would burn up!"

He went down the stairs, and cut across the empty lot, avoiding little patches of ice, in a wintry gray world still spotted with street lights. The suburb was beyond the city limits, and the trolley-line had here its lonely terminal. A lighted car was waiting on Jerome Avenue, and the motorman and conductor were inside, with shut doors, swinging their arms and dancing up and down. Eddy got in, but was likewise too cold to sit down.

He stood, moodily passing weather-words with the conductor, down a twenty-minute stretch of bleak Bronx bareness. Laborers got on, numbers brought the illusion of warmth, but at 166th Street Eddy had to change cars, waiting six long minutes at the open corner for a



"SUPPOSIN' YOU'D LISTEN TO ME ONCE IN A WHILE"

trolley that bore him crosstown, over High Bridge and on to Manhattan Island. Here he purchased a newspaper, and went down into the earth to the warmth of the Subway, and in the crowded, brilliant car he relaxed, and read news, and was hurled under thousands of people eating breakfast.

He was borne nearly the length of the

island, getting stiffly out at Wall Street, and emerging suddenly small in the bottom of that high region. The skyscraper cañon of Broadway was still gray and cruelly wind-swept, and a crowd of stenographers and clerks hurried along the pavements and into the doorways. Between two tall modern towers stood the express company's five-

story building—old, brownstone, faded, but brilliantly gas-lit. A throng of men tramped across the sawdust of the first floor and up the tall stairway; Eddy was one of them. Each landing absorbed a stream of these; Eddy climbed two flights.

He pushed open a dim glass door, and entered a middle office, with dark air-shaft window and gas-jets burning. Steam-heat bubbled joyously from a radiator, and the room smelt strongly of mop and the brown slop-water of the scrub-women. Eddy took off coat and hat, carefully placed them in a wooden wardrobe, pulled out a bunch of keys, unlocked a roll-top desk, rolled back the cover, and then stood in a dream.

One fierce thought was uppermost: he had gone through this whole morning process for exactly nine years, day after dull day, just as precise and unfailing as his alarm-clock, and he hated it with his heart and soul. He *hated it*.

For Eddy only lived two weeks out of the year. For fifty weeks he was a machine; for two fierce summer weeks he was that mystery, himself. That strange fellow who discarded linen collar, polished shoes, necktie, and all decency, and went, in corduroy and woolen, gun in hand, a free man in the Canadian wilderness; a silent man, with nostrils breathing balsam, with heart leaping, tracking the moose in trails beyond the Subway; where a newspaper's best use was to wrap up a cold lunch, where a clerk ceased to be an ink-stained cipher and became a careless god for whom the earth and the heavens were spread.

The anemic, smart-dressed young fellows could never have divined the wild streak in Young Ferg. They disliked his silence, being very voluble themselves. In fact, a group of these undersized and flabby young men now entered, quenching cigarettes against the desks, striking folded-arm and leg-crossed attitudes toward one another, and with nimble gaiety passing wit on the Big Three of Clerkdom—gambling, whiskey, and women.

"Gee! but she was a pippin!—how about it?"

"Did y' hear? Brant's got in bad on B. & F. margin. The loan-shark for him!"

"Here comes Bradsley; drunk again."

Bradsley was chief clerk of the tariff department; fifty men were dominated by his corner-desk in the rear room; but he was foggy and groggy with liquor, and his son Tom, a pale young fellow, was shamed for his father before them all.

"'Lo, Ferg," said Bradsley, groping past the dreaming clerk; "how's yer dad?"

"Not down yet," muttered Eddy.

But just then Eddy's father came in, in his light, tripping way, hopping almost like a bird, with head cocked to one side—a dry, dry little man, threadbare, with little grizzled beard and fluffy white hair, and pulpy, colorless face. His bright, small eyes were bloodshot; he had a nervous habit of rubbing his hands together, hands ineradicably stained with record ink.

Openly Eddy tolerated his father; secretly he despised him. "He has the soul of a slave, he's a cog. Nine years," he thought, darkly, "I've been like him; but he's been at it forty-four—"

And suddenly he saw himself clerking on and on for thirty-five more years, and gradually turning into this dry little thing, his skull stuffed with tariff schedules, his fingers black with ink, running his pen through his hair, whenever he was puzzled. Why, having squeezed all the humanness out of himself, had his father forced Eddy at fourteen to go clerking likewise? Poor automaton, thought Eddy, bitterly, so meagerly educated that he plopped at every stranger this revelation of genius in the family: "I have a daughter, sir, who can play things right off—by ear!"

They called him Old Ferg; he was a fixture in the business; he would be here to-day, to-morrow, and then again on Monday morning. Carefully reaching his coat over a nail, he turned to Eddy and spoke perfunctorily:

"How's Frances?"

"Oh, all right!"

"No more tricks lately? Eh? Eh?"

He rubbed his hands and loosed a thin cackle.

"Oh no."

They were silent a moment, both puzzled about women. Only a week ago Frances had done an amazing thing—no less than to have Olson lug the parlor furniture down into the empty lot,

where, against his terrified protests, she had set fire to the heap. Eddy, coming home, had been struck stock-still by the wild sight in the December evening, the leaping flames, and the sudden revealing of a woman strange to him; a wild creature, crouching, hair loosened in wind, flame-lit eyes dilated, lips parted; living as she hadn't lived for years.

"But that is our furniture," he had said to her, mechanically. It was too astounding to believe.

"I couldn't stand them any longer, Eddy," she had cried, fiercely, and yet with strange exultation; "I've seen them too long."

And he could not be angered. She was burning up the barren years. If only, as she had said, the express company building itself would burn up! If only she could set match to it! That night—after the bonfire—he had found her newly beautiful and alluring; a fresh passion went into their tamed love, a gust of joy, and Eddy had grown tender with pity. Dimly he realized what it meant to his wife to remain childless, to have an empty house and vacant heart—to brood all day over a discontented clerk who did not thrill her when he embraced her. But how could they maintain children on a salary of twenty dollars a week? Ought he to give up his two-weeks' hunting trip—that is, give up his real *life*?

He noticed his father opening his desk. That reminded him of family courtesies.

"How are the folks?" he asked.

Old Ferg spoke lightly: "Mother expects you and Frances over Sunday to dinner. She's ordered a two-rib roast. *She's* all right; but I guess I'm a bit upset."

"What's the matter?" asked Eddy, carelessly, sitting down and pulling out a bunch of printed tariff sheets.

"Pain in back of my head."

Had Eddy been listening, this statement would have seemed strange; but he was not. His father sat down, a large ledger open at his right, loose sheets at his left, and a blotter spread before him. This blotter was simply crusted with ink-spots. The old clerk set a pen between his teeth, then suddenly grabbed it, stuck it into the well, lifted it, slung off a flash of ink on the

blotter, leaned to the right, and wrote. Each dip in the ink-well repeated this process. The machine, which had run smoothly for years, and would doubtless run on for years more, had begun its day's work.

Now a gong sounded; idle clerks scurried to desks; hands arranged papers; and over all the five floors of the building an army of pen-points began the march of their measureless routine across the clock-paced hours. Inevitable this: a host of grown men submitting to child's work long drawn out, work that wore the nerves raw, so that at night they craved strong drink, the game of chance, and the dive-met woman.

Eddy knew why they did it, even as he knew why he did it. The public schools had made them too respectable for manual work, and unfit for anything else. That was it! Genteel! genteel! That was the word that directed their lives, that kept them from sinking into the "working class," down among the people who are honestly poor, who make no pretense of prosperity; that made them cling like a faded fringe to the dust-dragged skirt of the middle class—a faded fringe, with manicured nails, shaved and perfumed face, smart clothes, a "flat," not a "tenement," and a general veneer to hide their bitter poverty. What was the future for them? Look at Old Ferg at sixty, getting forty dollars a week!

An icy sleet smote the rear windows behind Bradsley's desk; wind howled down the air-shaft; but the steam bubbled through the radiator-valve, and Eddy and his father, side by side, worlds apart, toiled busily in the ever-increasing warmth. Illimitable time seemed to engulf them, broken only—at 10.30—by cheerful Howard, secretary to the Traffic Manager, a robust young Westerner. He tapped Old Ferg on the shoulder.

"What should the rate on fourth class be, Chitiwa to Greensdale?"

Old Ferg leaped up, still the automaton, thumbing off each phrase on his right-hand fingers.

"If," Eddy heard dimly, "the rate from Chitiwa to Paxley is forty-three cents, then Chitiwa to Greensdale ought to be forty-five. The Interstate Commerce Commission . . ."

It seemed endless, but at last Howard



THE MACHINE, WHICH HAD RUN SMOOTHLY FOR YEARS, HAD BEGUN ITS DAY'S WORK

went, and illimitable time engulfed them again.

The sleet smote, the radiator bubbled, the pens scratched. Then queerly, without warning, there came a hitch, as if an earthquake had swallowed the building. It was only Old Ferg uttering one syllable, but it held something so startlingly intimate and unbusinesslike that Eddy felt the blood leave his cheeks. His father had merely cried, low: "*Ed!*"

He wheeled, looked sharply. The pen dropped from his father's hand, and slowly the wizened clerk crumpled in his chair, face purple. The convulsed hands seized the chair-arms. Eddy felt his own feet fastened to the floor; he could not rise for a moment.

"What's happened?" he muttered. "Look—look out!"

He expected his father to go into convulsions, and tried to hold him back with words. The old clerk gasped:

"My head—fetch me home, Eddy."

The "Eddy" brought an unexpected, bitter sob to Eddy's throat. Clenching his fists, he leaped up, confused. And a thrill went subtly over the third floor, the human drama halted the army of pen-points, clerks began to rise here and there, there was a crowding in, a startled whispering, "It's Old Ferg! He's got a stroke!" Only half-drunken Bradsley acted, first forcing a pocket-flask between the clenched teeth, then sending some one to 'phone for a taxicab.



Drawn by John A. Williams

"YOU MEAN WE'LL—LEAVE HERE—GO WEST?"

The flabby faces suddenly became intensely human, tariffs and schedules were struck underfoot, and a lovely girdle of grief and exaltation was put about the old clerk. It was: "Eddy, get him home. . . . Eddy, get a specialist . . . Eddy," this and that.

The silent son had taken on new manhood in that place.

Old Ferg smiled back at their eager remarks—"How d'yer feel? Better, eh? You're all right! It 'll soon pass. See you Monday." But they did not fool him. As four lifted him up, "Good-by," he murmured, "good-by."

In a flash his meaning to the office became apparent: the fact that he was the future of these young men; that this was life—for them. Some of them cried strangely as he was borne away. The machine had run down after forty-four years of service. Old Ferg's clerkship was over.

As the taxi fled up the sky-scraper cañon and over Brooklyn Bridge, softly bumping, sleet streaking and dimming the windows and the icy wind breathing sharply through the door-cracks, Eddy held his father in his arms, and neither spoke. Pity and love for the poor thing swelled his heart. What a life! What an end to it all! This poor, worn-out drudge, whose grizzled beard tickled his fingers. What was it all for? Just that tariffs and schedules in intricate thousands might die in that head? Poor, worn-out clerk!

They were in Brooklyn: up the mean back street in the tiny frame house the stout mother, the unmarried sister who played tunes right off, were waiting. The wheels grated against the curb, the chauffeur, dripping ice, jerked the door open, and sleet fell with his words: "Want to come quick!"

Swiftly they bore him, slipping on icy pavement, and up ice-sheathed steps. The chauffeur rang the bell. They waited, and the stricken man groaned. And Eddy felt faint: for the door opened on a crack; it was his mother.

"Mother, dad . . ." he began.

"John!" she shrieked.

The dim, familiar bedroom, with center-jet burning low, double bed, and

threadbare furniture, had become strange and new to Eddy. He sat in a dark corner. The windows shook and rattled, wind whistled in the chimney, and spurts of smoke came through the open register. The doctor had been leaning over the bed. Eddy could only see the humped covers over his father's feet. The doctor rose, turned softly, and nodded. Eddy knew what it meant. He pulled out his watch, and saw the time clearly: it was seven minutes after six. He rose gently, and tiptoed across the room.

"Yes," whispered the doctor, "it's over."

"Tell my mother," said Eddy, quietly.

The doctor stepped out. Eddy was alone. He leaned over the bed. This was his father, and yet not his father. He was amazed that he had felt pity before. Suddenly his heart was lifted with awe and reverence. Whence came this majesty to the face? Was it possible that his wizened father had carried about with him, under schedules and ink-stains, something marvelous and benign? Had his son never known him? Was there not something great in an old clerk slipping away from his desk and the measured hours to go on this impossibly wild adventure?

He looked, he leaned, he touched dry lips to the cold forehead—and cried softly like a lonely child.

Yet even then an odd exultation began to rise in his heart. If this is the fate of man—to break loose from all things, and risk all on the tremendous peril of the Unknown, why wait till death to do it?

Through slanting sleet, over the black lot, and toward lonely street lamps and the lights of Olson's house, Eddy made his way; he was brimmed with the excitement of bearing great news.

"Oh, Fran," he thought, "you'll open your eyes at this!"

He tramped up the stoop, stamped on the mat, opened the lower door, climbed the steps. She heard him coming, flung wide the upper door, and cried:

"You're late, Ed!"

Her dark, pale face, in the half-light, was passionate with relief.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "but I've got something to tell you."

"What is it?" she snapped, sensing something tremendous in his tone.

"It's father. . . ."

"Father?" She had expected something else.

He almost smiled.

"Got a stroke. . . ."

"And now—now?" Her voice thrilled with a sort of tragic pleasure. After months of gray days, at last something red and bleeding. What though it was tragic?

Then to his amazement—and hers—he gave a lurch forward, buried his head on her shoulder, and sobbed hoarsely.

"Dead, Frances—he's dead."

She hugged him convulsively, then helped him into the warm dining-room.

Then he turned, seized her, whispering strangely:

"Frances."

"Yes?"

"I'm not going to wait till I die."

"Eddy," she cried, "what do you mean?"

They stared at each other, exultation in their eyes. Again he saw the woman who crouched over the flaming furniture.

"You mean"—she was breathless—"we'll—leave here—go *West*?"

"Yes; lumbering, anything—man's work."

And so nine years and a barren future were set on fire and sent blazing to the four winds. For they had learned from death to take risks.

Cendrillon

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I AM a dream,
A fairy gleam
Of rose and amethyst;
A creature of the moonlight and the mist,
Woven of stars that, meeting, silent kissed.
Think of me as a dream!

I am a note of melody that woke
Within your breast, and to your longing spoke:
A lonely strain
Of ecstasy and pain:
A hope that, glimpsed, must fade,
A form, illusion-made,
That, vanishing, shall come no more again.

Regret me not that I
Must, like to music, die!
The virgin rose,
In blossoming, hastes to its fragrant close;
And whatsoe'er this magic hour I seem,
I am enchantment only, and a dream,—
Love always is—a dream!

Editor's Easy Chair

A GROUP of Americans who sat at the same separate table in a foreign hotel were able, after meeting three times a day for a week, to reach some degree of neighborly intimacy. Some of them were veteran travelers, but most were still so new to travel that they found their greatest comfort in matching European things with ours, and proving them altogether unworthy of comparison. They were in Spain, where they could have the contrasts so flattering to the newer travelers. As everybody knows, or hears, that is the land of *mañana*, of to-morrow, as well as of yesterday, and ours is the land of to-day, of instant promptness.

One of the ladies, the younger ladies, affirmed the facts with a pretty assurance that would have carried conviction to any man under sixty, and possibly over. The man who took the word in answer to her was at least seventy, and perhaps this was the reason why he took it up in the spirit of inquiry rather than conviction.

"Can even *you* deny it?" she demanded. From the tone and the tenor of her question it would seem that this sage had already established the reputation of pessimist at the table.

The sage replied: "I am so glad you are wearing that dress. Do you mind my saying it's my favorite? Of course you got it in Paris?"

"Ah, you can't flatter me away from the case in point!" she said. "But if you *must* know, no, I didn't get it in Paris. I got it, of all places, in Boston. And I *barely* got it!" she added, with a laugh that gave everybody pleasure to hear. "It had been promised *weeks*; but it came at the last moment; in fact, my other trunks were all locked and strapped, and I had to squeeze it into my steamer trunk just anyhow."

"But you must have had a French—or some foreign—dressmaker?"

The pretty woman laughed in joyous

exultation. "Not in the least! It's a triumph of native art. It's the work of an elderly Yankee who came up from the wilds of the back country somewhere, and everybody's mad to get. She's wonderful, a perfect genius—with all the eccentricities, though. She no more thinks of keeping her word than if she were a poet."

"Or a plumber," a mature house-keeper of much experience put in.

"Yes, or a plumber."

"Or an expressman," an embittered old bachelor added.

"Yes, or an expressman. The trouble is, you see, her prosperity has gone to her head, in one way, and she's tempted to take ten times as much work as she can do. She does something on this one's dress and then on that; she's *never* up to time. She just *flings* it at you the last moment. But it's worth getting when you *do* get it."

The pessimist forbore to take the opening offered. He said, mildly: "I liked the way my baggage came with me here in Seville, on top of my own omnibus, and was put into my room as soon as I was. I suppose," he went on, "you gave your checks to the New York expressman in your train from Boston."

"Yes!" she said, with a pretty fierceness. "We got in at seven in the morning, and we were promised our baggage by eleven o'clock. We didn't get it till four, and then one piece was missing; and we were to sail next morning at nine. We telephoned and telephoned, till the express office closed at six; and there we were! I suppose we slept, but I had no consciousness of doing so."

"One seldom has, during sleep," the pessimist said, reflectively. "What is the consensus of experience as to the punctuality of the New York expresses?"

"It doesn't exist!" every one said, in one form or other.

A frequenter of New York asked if

the expresses were different anywhere. In his section they were trying to think of some new name for them; express seemed to do them injustice.

"It isn't the express companies alone," a New-Yorker said, with that strange pride people have in the depravity of their cities. "New York is not on time in anything. If you buy a thing, you may depend absolutely on its not being sent home at the time it's promised."

"We rather pride ourselves on our punctuality in Boston," the pretty Bostonian said. She was so sweetly oblivious of her experience with her gifted dress-maker that no wonder the pessimist had not the heart to bring her to book.

He only said, "I suppose punctuality increases from city to town, from town to village, from village to country."

"That isn't my experience," the mature housekeeper answered while the rest were taking the notion under advisement. "We had no roof over our heads for the summer. We bought a roof in the country with the walls and the adjacent grounds, and of course we began to make the place over, as people do when they buy roofs. We had in plumbers, painters and paperers and carpenters. The repairs were not structural, and our idea, which they encouraged, was that we should be under our roof in two weeks. It was two months before we began to despair; then we abandoned the place to them, and came abroad; and I suppose they are enjoying it. Not one of them kept his promise, or was ashamed of not keeping it."

"Oh, well," another lady, of perhaps less recent sense of injury, said, "you must expect them to lag on a new house."

"This wasn't a new house," the first lady retorted.

The second ignored her in continuing: "They always promise to have it ready at a certain time. They never do. The only way is to follow the carpenters round with a roll of carpeting, and put it down at their heels. They can't get back over it; and gradually you inch them out of doors."

"Does any tradesman, any mechanic ever keep his word?" the embittered bachelor demanded.

"Here in Spain?" the pessimist asked.

"I thought we were talking about

America. What is your own experience with shoemakers and tailors?"

"In Seville I sent out to have rubber heels put on a pair of shoes, and I got them back in an hour."

"Still, I'm not talking about Spain. In New York you wouldn't have got them back in a day."

"Perhaps not. They would expect you to come in your automobile and hurry them up."

"Ah, your automobile!" the fair Bostonian sighed. "It's never in order, and if you send it to be repaired you have to take taxis indefinitely."

"I'm talking about shoemakers and tailors and such," the bachelor declared. "Why do they prefer *not* to keep their word, even in America? For a long time I bought my clothes at the largest clothiers' in New York; my theory was that a tailor would make me try on, and the clothier could do no worse. The salesman would take me to the fitter, and the fitter would chalk cabalistic signs on the things where they misfitted. The shop would send them home, and I would find that by the simple device of rubbing out the chalk marks the clothes would be left just as they were when I tried them on. Then I would take them to a little Jew jobbing tailor on the avenue, and he would put on more chalk marks, and after I had come several times for the things, he would send them home with the marks rubbed out. At the time when all 'ready-to-wear' coats were made with big lumps of padding on the shoulders I would entreat the clothier's fitter to take all that padding out. He would promise seriously, and nothing would happen. When I took such a coat to my little Jew jobber, he might have kept his oath not to leave a shred of padding on the shoulders so far as to have taken half of it out; but he said you had to leave some to make the coat fit. Now I get *all* my clothes in London."

"Do you find the English tailors faithfuller?" the pessimist pursued.

"At least I don't have to blush for them as my fellow-countrymen. And the other day in Madrid I had some clothes made by an English tailor which were sent home as promised, to the hour."

"Ah, but that was in Spain, the land of *mañana*, the land of to-morrow! The

Englishman had been corrupted by the universal promptness of the Spaniards. Well," the pessimist continued to the pretty Bostonian, with grave irony, "I don't think we need allege any more instances of our superiority. A much more interesting inquiry is the one it leads to. It used to be thought that only persons of esthetic tastes and employments were uncertain in keeping a date. Artists, like our friend here," and he nodded at a young painter across the table, "and literary men, especially poets, were thought disqualified by their inspirations from fulfilling their promises."

"I can't brag much for painters," the young artist said, "but all the literary fellows I know, especially any that have a stated job, are right on the tick with their copy. They don't keep the printers waiting, but I've heard them say that the printers keep *them* waiting. They hold back their proof to the last minute, and then they want it the next, because they are just going to press, or something of that sort."

"Yes; and who ever heard of a minister being a day or a week behind with his sermon?"

"Or an actor not knowing his part till the morning after the play?"

The company laughed, but they all looked at the pessimistic sage for some deduction from the facts. Before he could formulate it, one of the company got in another instance.

"Or an orchestra performing an overture somewhere in the middle of the piece."

The pessimist smiled kindly, and produced his deduction. "It appears from what we all know, or what we say, that the dream has passed from the impractical to the practical with us. Perhaps we are a nation of genius, and cannot do any sort of work until the mood takes us; we are the prey of our creative impulses, which disable us from keeping our promises. But there is no *mañana* about us. We do not say to-morrow; we say to-day, and we mean next week if we mean anything. It's only merciful to suppose we don't know what we are saying."

"I should think," the pretty Bostonian said, eager to take the compassionate view, "that the poor things

would go distracted with the pressure on them. They can't turn away work, can they?"

"I can't imagine myself refusing an order for a portrait," the artist said. "I'm as bad as a plumber, when it comes to that."

"And my dressmaker," the pretty Bostonian said, "takes all the orders she can get, and she promises everybody alike. But of course she has her likes and dislikes, and your getting your things or not is purely temperamental with her."

"It seems to be so with the expresses; they can't turn custom away," the gentle old pessimist took his turn again, "and they probably have their favorites. I'm told that editors of magazines accept things—especially poems—which they keep indefinitely before they print them, although acceptance ought to imply publication within some reasonable time. It comes back to the conditions, as nearly as everything else does. In order to live, people are obliged to undertake more work than they can do at the time they promise it. Or has mankind degenerated so far that people don't care whether they keep faith with one another or not?"

"I don't think mankind has degenerated," the embittered bachelor answered. "Has human nature ever been different?"

"Probably not," the pessimist consented. "We can never hope to change the conditions as long as human nature remains unchanged, and until the conditions are changed human nature cannot change. In order to live, people will promise work that they cannot do, for they must not turn work away. They must promise it at a certain time, and when the time comes they must break their promise. The blame rests where the disappointment rests, with those who believe them. If these had not believed them there would be no disappointment; there could not be. Now, I fancy that in Spain when a man says he will do a thing at a given time nobody else dreams of his doing it; there is no vexation, no disappointment, even if he never does it at all. When we act in the same spirit we shall have the same results, and no one will have occasion to complain."

Editor's Study

FAITH, Imagination, and Reason are the creative factors in the evolution of humanity. We call them psychical because they are of the soul; in our analysis we separate them, just as we do what they connote—Religion, Art, and Science—but in reality they are not separate, being one activity of the creative soul, an activity which is indivisible and the real nature of which our conceptual division and recombination confuse rather than enable us to comprehend.

This activity, as purely creative, is itself invisible and is wholly in an invisible ground, deriving nothing of its essential nature from the world of sense. Yet its outward expression enters into that world where the completed action is subject to the laws of mortal existence, and, while still plastic to the creative spirit, through memory and habit tends to repetitions and thus to simulate that kind of mechanism which is so apparent to our observation of the motions of the external universe.

The soul's intimate association with the body is the means of its extensive association with other souls and with the world, constituting the phenomena of human consciousness and experience. But the ground of this consciousness and experience is invisible and not conceptually definable; the creative activity of the soul is presented only in intuitions, themselves pertinent to that ground, and, while they arise only in connection with our conscious observation, at critical points in the course of our rational development, they are native to the soul.

Such an intuition, at some remote point in the human past, was that of a psychical activity independent of physiological functioning. We have made a problem of what is really a mystery in our consideration of the relation of the soul to the body. The cell is itself a mystery, a field of miracles. We know of no soul apart from cell life; but it

is not of the cell life. If it were, it would be of two cells, and therefore not to be identified with either of them. In our modern intuition of nature we behold a biological wonder fit, in the creative procedure, to be associated with the psychical wonder, but not as one wonder originating another entirely new in the course of creative evolution, and so distinctive in its newness that it turns and reflectively faces the whole course of wonders, as if the soul, beyond these, might find recourse to the Father's house.

We need not suppose that, in the union of soul and body, the soul is in revolt, as one exiled or imprisoned, but rather that it is earnestly accordant to the terms of what must have been a most ancient agreement, one joyously renewed by every successive generation. The soul's proper destiny, sealed by an eternal allegiance to the Invisible, is not forsworn by its zestful acceptance of the earthly venture. The shyness of first-opened eyes argues no real estrangement; the appearance of disgust vanishes with acclimatization, and is followed by eager relish for the offered feast. There is no enchainment of the soul, in normal conditions, that does not become an enchantment. Necessity stimulates invention, and the inevitable conflict courage. Difficulty begets aspiration; failure and ruin lead to new beginnings; hardship becomes discipline.

The soul delights in effort, inspires and attends it, but withdraws from motions in lines of least resistance, refusing to lend even consciousness to the facile routine of habit, letting the dead bury its dead. It is as urgently present as the Homeric intuition feigned Athene to be in every heroic adventure, the deathless watcher over the field of mortal combat. In all the ways of a limited earthly life, it is the soul that makes every limit the fulcrum of leverage, every veil a transparency, every barrier an opening.

Thus it is that human experience is

built up, with ever-widening consciousness. Because of the indwelling soul in these its outer courts—the area of living experience—Faith, Imagination, and Reason has each its life therein, though in their eternal ground, in the creative soul itself, we should not give them these separate names. This life of Faith, of Imagination, and of Reason—the psychical life, ever changing, ever entering upon new planes of activity and vision—has been the exaltation of that experience with which it has blended, and which, in its eternal ground, it has transcended, making this experience distinctively human. Looking back, we see that this threefold life has been dominant in human history, gaining in light and power, determining ideals and every quest for excellency, beauty, and truth. Looking forward, we see that it must be the realization of human hope beyond, as well as within, the measure of mortal existence.

In social dynamics we behold the creative activity of the soul transforming human dispositions and formal institutions, and in these changes, which come almost without observation, it seems that social evolution is the realization, in visible human phenomena, of the soul's invisible kingdom, through the will to love and believe. The life of Imagination and that of Reason blend with that of Faith, in the successive renaissances of humanity, glorifying the fresh ascensions of spiritual fellowship with new beauty and light.

Regarding human experience as thus lifted and illumined, we not only respect its limitations, but are astonished by its possibilities, and are prepared to appreciate the uses and values of pragmatism and of an empirical philosophy as expounded by the late William James. It is a wide leap from Homer to James—from the acute sense of life in a heroic age to the highly and widely developed sense of life and the world in our modern consciousness. Experience, through the successive renaissances of the human spirit—a continuous psychical ascension—discloses triumphs which justify its fallibilities; discloses also the authority of its increasing purpose, and is so translucent to the spirit as to be psychically significant, especially in what men believe, in the embodiments of art, and in

the intuitions of philosophy, where the old ways were so errant and bewildering. Faith, genius, and philosophy, without sacrifice of their transcendency, easily and with utmost immediacy blend with a human experience itself so open to the currents of creative life. The soul lies next to a culture which becomes ever more and more directly its expression and more participant in its ascension. Empiricism promises to become a thin veil of the eternal life in humanity through the regeneration of the human will.

We never call the area of operations that are not human a "field of activity," because we do not associate with such operations the idea of effort, opportunity, freedom, control. Selection from choice rises in man far above the narrow range of the voluntary motions which he exercises in common with other species of animals, into a purely psychical field. It is the poise of the soul in the tension of its creative activity, before the action is completed, its contemplation of its own interests and dilections. Thus it puts its impress upon empiricism and gives character to experience—not a formed character, but one plastic to creative transformations.

Choice is purely arbitrary only in the case of indifference; the arbitrary element is less apparent in selection between relative values, as in the adaptation of fit means to desirable ends; still less when esthetic impulse and sensibility determines method, as in the work of the ingenious artificer; and it disappears altogether in the loftiest region of imaginative creation, where the will becomes a dilection. Here the poet discerns the mean of art which nature makes, but it is the nature of the soul that makes it; the grace, charm, and meaning are wholly psychical.

Regarding, then, this human experience, in the scope which it has attained and at the levels to which it has risen, it seems to have approached the realization of a harmony so glorifying our earthly existence that the union of soul and body, with all the limitations and correspondences thus entailed, may well have won the soul's consent from the beginning of human time.

Thus we are brought back again to the wonders of cell life and to this dis-

tinctive peculiarity of that life in the case of man—that its hidden psychical ascension constituted it a separate spiritual wonder, set over against all others which our observation confronts or which it is possible for us to conceive.

In all the higher orders of cell life earthly love, with more complex specialization of life, was a gift in exchange for death. We may suppose that the soul—since to it choice and inviolate freedom are distinctively essential—was a party to this agreement. This, of course, is allegory; it is difficult to express the choice involved in vital destination, the rhythmic consent implied in universal harmony; but it is at least a more consistent allegory than that which represents the soul as imprisoned, fettered by conditions imposed upon it, in its tenancy of the world. Perhaps it is but a continuation of our allegory if we go on to suppose that the soul comprehended death—saw it on the side hidden from us—and was supraconscious of its own ascendancy. Certainly, unless we have the intuition of the soul's ascendancy—somehow like the climbing of the dream out of supine sleep, only more of a flight than that and from a deeper ruin—death presents a monstrous incongruity in the shocking contrast between brute mortality and a deathless essence, ideally manifest as deathless in such transparency as a privileged vision affords us even through the meshes of our limited experience.

The simile of the dream, which escapes from the chrysalis of sleep, though not at all significant from the content of such dreams as ordinarily occur to us, is especially suggestive because generally in dreams actions are not completed in bodily motions, do not pass beyond ideation. We see what the suspense is in the paralysis of "nightmare," when the image arising in the mind is minatory enough to appeal to the sensori-motor system, but without effect, the shock of inert resistance awakening the sleeper. This exceptional *nisus* shows to what an extent we have pure ideation in sleep, independent of the nervous system, as free fancy and thought are when we are awake. This spontaneity or indeterminism becomes more evident when we con-

trast the ordinary dream with the hypnotic state, open and inevitably responsive to a suggestion *from without*. In the dream we are not usually open to outward suggestion, as we are in the free fancy and thought of our waking hours, and we are therefore the more distinctly convinced of a spontaneous activity; also of a higher kind of freedom than is indicated in arbitrary volition.

But our thoughts and fancies and the imagery of our dreams, while having free play, may be and often are of comparatively trivial import. It is in the life of Faith, Imagination, and Reason, as determined by purely creative activity and vision, that not only the transcendence of the soul but its highest concerns and interests are most manifest. This threefold life is, in consciousness, our living experience and, in its eternal ground, the source of light and power which in the evolution of a real humanity is forever lifting and transforming that experience.

At every stage of this ascent, Death, fixing so brief a term to so large a quest, puts its curt challenge, and the concordant answers of Faith, Imagination, and Reason register the height which human experience has attained. We can see how far the conception of the anemic condition of the dead entertained in the Heroic Age, as reflected in Homer's verse, was from any clear intuition of the soul's native ascendancy, as if the tensely vivid sense of the earthly drama accentuated the faintness of Hades. We catch an echo of this conception even in a so much more modern thing as Hamlet's exclamation, "Alas, poor ghost!" By contrast, we see what transformation of the life of Faith in human experience has been wrought in modern and even in medieval Christendom.

It is a psychical transformation, at its source deriving from the creative activity of the soul, but reaching forth and interpenetrating human conduct. It is manifest from age to age in the increase of a love which casts out fear and lifts the sense of brotherhood and fatherhood above hereditary ties; in the creation of new ideals of heroism and loyalty. It is the mighty and deathless human dream forever escaping from the chrysalis of human ignorances and fallibilities.

Editor's Drawer

An Important Discovery

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

THIS morning Amelia was late to breakfast. I am a most punctilious person. Not only have I inherited the trait from my ancestors, but I flatter myself that I have improved upon it, reduced it to a science. I have many faults, but this is one thing that I am proud of. I attribute to it much of my success.

"You are late, Amelia," I remarked, gently. The idea of being cross with her never entered my head. How could I be—with one whom I adored? "You are a *little* late," I repeated gentler than ever.

"Coffee!" said Amelia, impatiently, to the maid, ignoring my remark. "I must have my coffee at once. I cannot live without it."

The coffee was brought, and Amelia relaxed slightly.

"Was I late?" she asked, innocently, dilating her wonderful eyes. "I—I am sorry."

Here was my chance. I had thought it over deeply. I had tried to judge it fairly. Above all, I must not lose my head. There are occasions when one's wife must be treated like a child—like a very little child. Besides, it shows a large nature on my part to be able to recognize this. Above all things, I am a broad-minded man, magnanimous to a fault.

"Of course you didn't intend it," I went on, still more gently. "But, Amelia, you were late yesterday."

Amelia stirred her coffee. She had on a delightful-looking fluffy tea-gown of pink silk, that fitted, or I should say blended, with



"YOU MIGHT PUT DOWN THAT PAPER," SAID AMELIA

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her complexion admirably. I mention this to show that I am a broad-minded man, for although I am thoroughly acquainted with that tea-gown, having viewed it every morning of the two weeks since our marriage, yet I can still regard it with admiration. No fickle person am I!

"That rubber plant," said Amelia, looking over at a distant corner of the room—rather incontinently, I thought, considering the great principle we were discussing—"needs watering."

I regarded the rubber plant with interest. I also regarded the top of the piano, which has almost a layer of top soil upon it. I also noted the air of abandon of certain sofa-pillows and a disarranged rug. Of course one must make allowances for new servants, but then in my office—

"You were late yesterday morning," I ventured again very mildly. My whole idea was to concentrate. I am used to concentration. That is why I get through so much. I take up one thing at a time and dispose of it almost instantly. It was my thought now to dispose once and forever of this great question.

"And the day before," smiled back Amelia. "I shall *always* be late—to breakfast. I love it."

Who says that women cannot take things impersonally? Here was a marked case. Amelia had said it as if she herself were not concerned in it—as if it was something, a trait, belonging to some one else. It was as if she said, "It looks like rain." But I was not to be thwarted.

I leaned back easily in my chair.

"Amelia," I said, still very gently, "let us regard this matter on its merits. It is really quite important."

Amelia shut down her delightful eyebrows just a shade. She used her finger-glass with a touch of emphasis. Her coffee had sustained her. She was ready.

"You might water the rubber plant," she said.

I obeyed, coming back instantly.

"Are you always going to be late to breakfast?" I asked, flatly, coming to the point at once.

"Why not—if I want to?"

"Doesn't it," I ventured, "upset things?"

"You, for instance?"

"Well, yes."

"You must get over it."

"I cannot."

Amelia regarded me with genuine sympathy.

"I am so sorry—for you," she said.

I folded my napkin calmly. There must be a crisis. Now was as good a time as any.

"Not for me," I said, "but for yourself, for both of our lives, for the whole course of things. I do not expect," I continued, waving my arm slightly in the direction of the rubber plant, "that *everything* will be perfect. One learns routine little by little. But, Amelia, to be late to breakfast all

one's life is fatal—*fatal*! No discipline in the house. No order. A sure disintegration. Every day, then, starts wrong. Amelia, you must get over it—at once! Never do it again. My dear, I tell you this for your own good. It means just the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful life."

Amelia got up precipitately and came over and kissed me.

"Don't be cross with me," she said. "I know you are right—and I shall never, *never* be late again."

"Coffee!" said Amelia the next morning. I read the paper. Therefore I could not see her face—or the tea-gown.

The coffee came. A silence.

"You might put down that paper," said Amelia. "I thought you never allowed yourself to be irritable."

This was a challenge—and, above all, I am a broad-minded man.

I hurried it down, and forced a smile.

"I am not irritated, my dear; I am only—well, nonplussed, astonished—I don't understand. You promised faithfully—"

Amelia came over, with the finger-glass in her hand, to where I sat.

"I just wanted to see," she said. "if you would really lose your temper if I was late to breakfast again. It is just as important, don't you know, *not* to lose one's temper as to be late. Now, dear, will you *please* water that rubber plant."

The third morning.

Injustice is something that I cannot brook. It offends my experience, my orderly mind, my very existence. And could anything be more unjust than for Amelia to be late the third time, especially and particularly as she had promised not to be, and, while promising this, had really taken advantage of me to try me out? It was a trial. I shuddered inwardly when I thought of the future.

But above all things I must be firm. I must be true to myself.

"Coffee!" said Amelia.

I waited until it came. This was due to chivalry. I would not take an unfair advantage of her. There are some people, you know, who never can fight without their morning coffee. Amelia is so constituted.

I turned. I put down my paper conspicuously.

"My dear," I said, "this has *got* to stop."

"What?"

"This must stop. It concerns our whole existence. You are late again. You promised me that it would never happen. *You have broken your word.*"

Amelia regarded the rubber plant intently. The maid, just about to depart with the fruit, came back and watered it. She had caught her mistress's eye. Everybody is always anticipating Amelia. When she had withdrawn I said:

"We must understand each other. You must never be late again."

Amelia smiled. This time she regarded me with interest.

"I love it," she whispered. "I have always done it. I cannot help it."

"I will help you to overcome it, dear." My tenderness reasserted itself. Amelia regarded me with sudden alarm.

"Don't do that!" she cried. "I don't like you that way. I don't want you to help me."

She got up, regarding me calmly.

"*I am not going to stop it,*" she said. "I have just as much right to be late to breakfast as any one. I love to do it and I shall always do it. I don't care what happens."

"Does it exasperate you," she continued, "to have me say that? I cannot help it, you know. But—does it really put you out?"

"Terribly."

"I am so sorry!" Her voice rang with pity. There could be no doubt that she was deeply moved for me.

Nothing is so important as a well-ordered

married life. Everything depends upon it. Governments succeed one another. Financial systems totter, and so forth, and so forth. Now I am punctilious, but broad.

And I am nobody's fool. That day and the next I spent in rearranging certain details—reorganizing my life, as it were.

And the next morning when Amelia came down to breakfast a trifle earlier than usual, I greeted her with a smile.

She almost resented it.

"You are—pleasant?"

"I always intend to be."

"In spite of my always being late?"

"Yes." I smiled at her again. "My dear, I have made a discovery. I have discovered that one of the secrets of married life is to let one's wife always be late to breakfast—if she wants to be; in other words, I shall not attempt to regulate the life of the person whom I have vowed to protect—"

"From whom?" said Amelia.

"From myself," I answered, easily.

Professional

AN editor's little boy had picked up much of his father's professional vocabulary. After his father had explained the meaning of the word "heredity" he considered the matter thoughtfully for a moment. "I see," he said; "it's a kind of 'continued in our next.'"

Casual

WILLIE had a great habit of running away, and no amount of persuasion or punishment had any effect upon him. He seemed to enjoy the excitement of being pursued and brought back to a tearful family.

After trying everything she could think of his mother hit upon a new scheme. She decided, after many misgivings, that he should be allowed to stay away as long as he liked and to return when he pleased, and that no notice should be taken of his absence.

Willie disappeared, and great was his disappointment when no one came to search for him. He stayed away all day, but when night came his courage failed and he returned home. He sneaked in, but no one took the slightest notice of him. This was too much. When opportunity offered he said, casually:

"Well, I see you've got the same old cat."

The Kind She Wanted

A CHARMING young woman walked into the First National Bank a few days ago, and, stepping up to the window, she said:

"I should like to open an account at this bank, if you please."

The teller gazed at her admiringly and replied:

"We shall be very glad to accommodate you. What amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Oh," she said, smiling, "I mean a regular charge account. You know the kind I mean, such as I have at the department stores."



The Unbeloved



His Income Tax

A Question

WILLIE was writing his first letter to his father, who was away on a business trip. He worked away industriously until he reached the end. Then he paused.

"What is it, Willie?" asked his mother, who was watching him.

"Will I say, 'From your loving little Willie,' or just 'Amen,' as I do to God?"

Mother's

A MINISTER was talking on the subject of "baptismal regeneration." "Children," he said, "we are all born in sin, and before baptism we are the children of sin. Now baptism makes you the child of God. Who's child were you before baptism?"

A pause, then a little voice was heard. "Mamma's child."

Improvement

THE father, anxious to impress his offspring with a spirit of thankfulness, repeated at the supper table, as he had often done before:

"Remember, children, when I was a boy I often went to bed hungry and seldom had a square meal."

"Well, that shows how much better off you are since you have known us," replied little Willie, who was tired of hearing about it.

Bleached

MARGARET had a box of almonds, which she passed to the caller.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. West; "you are a generous little girl."

"Which kind do you want," asked Margaret, "white ones or pink ones."

"I think I prefer the white ones," replied the lady as she ate another one. "Which do you like best?"

"I don't care," said Margaret, with a smile. "You see, they were pink, too, once."

A Simple System

A NEW YORK artist, who spent a good part of his life in the Latin Quarter, tells of the frugality of a Frenchman there who lived on a pension of five francs a week, a proceeding that involved a curious system.

With appropriate gestures the Frenchman would explain this system as follows:

"Eet is simple, vaire simple," he would point out to incredulous ones. "Sunday I go to ze house of a good friend, and zere I dine so extraordinaire and eat so vaire much zat I need no more till Wednesday."

"On zat day I have at my restaurant one large, vaire large, dish of tripe and some onion. I abhor ze tripe; yes, and ze onion also, and togezzer zey make me so seek as I have no more any appetite till Sunday. Eet is vaire simple."

Didn't Speak the Language

MR. MILLS was a woman of few words. One afternoon she went into a music-store to buy the book of an opera for her daughter. A salesman walked up to her, and in her quiet way Mrs. Mills said:

"'Mikado' libretto."

The salesman frowned.

"What's that, ma'am?" he said.

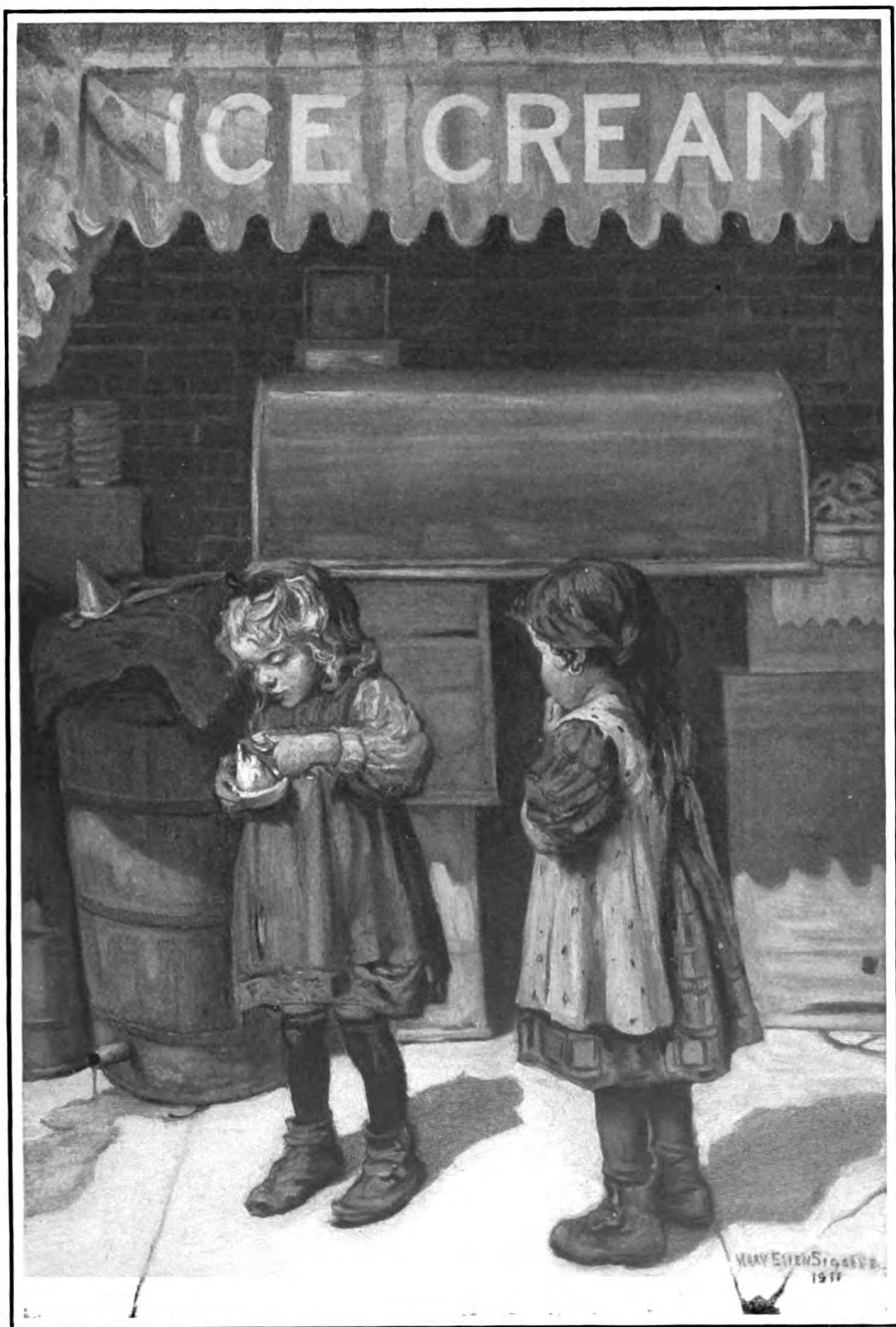
"'Mikado' libretto," repeated the woman.

"Me no speakee Italiano," he replied, shaking his head.

Untimely

A DARKY, coming around a corner in a Texas town last winter, was met square in the face with a blow of bitter cold north wind.

"Hub!" he said, indignantly, "whar wuz you lass July?"



The Spendthrift



Lest We Forget

He Knew

PASTOR (after telling the story of the Nativity): "And now, children, what dear little boy or girl can tell me what the Wise Men brought the baby Jesus?"

LITTLE BOY: "I know—rattles!"

A New Face

MRS. PLATT and her little son Tommy frequently went to St. John's Church, and the little boy had become familiar with the minister's face. One Sunday morning another minister was filling the pulpit. Tommy seemed rather troubled. Finally he leaned over to his mother and in a very audible whisper said:

"Mother, what's become of St. John?"

A Good Provider

MRS. BENNETT had a colored maid who had been with her for some time. The girl left her and got married. A few months later she came to see Mrs. Bennett.

"Well, Mandy," asked the former mistress, "how are you getting along?"

"Oh, fine, ma'am, thank you," the bride answered.

"Is your husband a good provider?"

"Yes, 'deed he am, ma'am," said Mandy, enthusiastically. "Why, jes' dis las' week, ma'am, he got me six new places to wash at."

Untrained

"CAN you walk on your hands or turn a somersault, Miss Ruth?" asked Freddie of his new nurse.

"Why, no, dear," answered the nurse; "I can't do anything like that. Why do you ask?"

"Well," said Freddie, with a long sigh, "I don't believe you'll do. They said you were a trained nurse."

Spoiled

IN the early days of Johannesburg, water was very scarce, and regular famines often happened.

A lady who was once staying at a hotel there, saw a tin bath-tub half full of water standing outside her door, and, thinking it was intended for her use, took possession of it.

By and by some one came to fetch the tin, and was extremely angry to find it gone. The lady heard, to her dismay, that it was the only water in the hotel and was meant for cooking.

"It would not have mattered so much," sputtered the angry landlord, "only you have used soap."

An Endless Chain

MAY (proudly). "My mamma gives me a penny every day for taking cod liver oil."

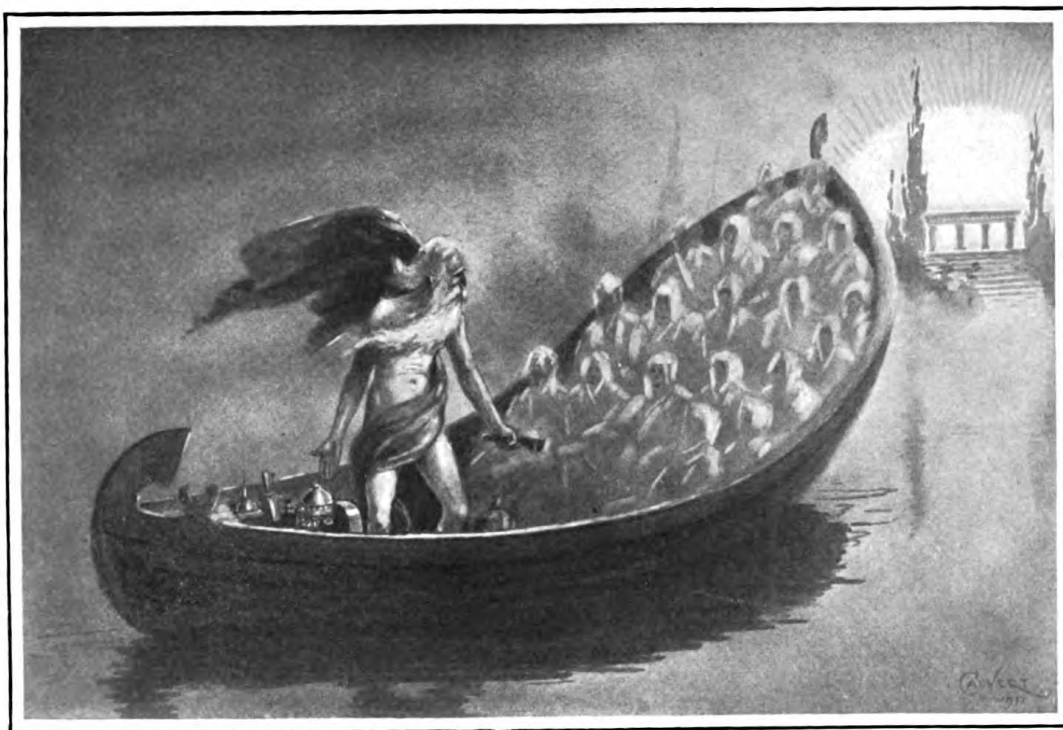
LITTLE JANE. "What do you do with your pennies?"

MAY. "My mamma saves them to buy more cod liver oil."



"Bobby, what are you doing?"

"Nothing, mother; I just want to see if it will make baby grow."



CHARON (who has just installed a gasoline engine). "If there are any of you shades who know how to run this engine you'll get your trip free!"

The Visitor

SOMEbody'S at our school las' week,
A Visitor—an' w'at he does
Is tell you things you won't forget
If you can 'member w'at they wuz.
An' we mus' stan' up in our seats
An' n'en we mus' set down again,
You dassent chew gum w'en he talks
Ner draw things with your pen.

Th' Visitor wants boys to be
Real brave—so's we can all get shot
Like sojer-mans he telled us 'bout,
N'en we'll be Hist'ry, like as not!
Th' Visitor, his glasses ain't
Swung fum a chain; they are th' kind
You hold an' 'xplain with w'en you talk
An' point at boys—but I don't mind.

W'en Maysie Smith, she got th' note,
Th' Teacher says, "Bring that to me!"
N'en all her curls went down an' hid
Behind th' big geography.
An' Johnnie Jones—he made th' sun
Shine in his piece of lookin'-glass,
An' n'en he hid it in his desk
Till Teacher got thro' goin' pas',

An' w'y we all laffed out was 'cause
He went an' made th' sunshine go
A-bobbin' on th' Vis'tor's head—
Wite where his hair forgot to grow!
Th' Visitor, he's drefle glad
If any word 'at he could say
Has wreathed a children's face with smiles—
An' "That's all, boys an' girls, to-day."
MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

Mathematical

"THERE isn't one man in a million who would be so mean to his wife and children as you are," remarked the wife, bitterly.

"Now that's what I admire in you, dear," ventured the husband, slowly—"you have such a head for figures."

The Trouble

"WHY were you absent from school yesterday, Grace?" asked the teacher.
"Please, teacher, muvver was sick."
The teacher, who is afraid of contagion, asked:

"What is the matter with her? What does the doctor say it is?"

"Please, teacher, he says it's a boy."

Logic

THE new minister in a little English town was on his way to church when he met a game-keeper.

"My good man," said the preacher, "tell me how it is that I never see you at church?"

"Well, sir, I don't wish to make your congregation smaller."

"I don't understand you," answered the minister, puzzled.

"Well, sir, you see if I went to church the rest of the parish would go poaching," answered the game-keeper.



A Declaration of Hostilities

A Conservative Estimate

MAISIE was a tactful child, even at the age of six, and careful of others' feelings. When she was taken to see Mrs. Brown's new baby—a weazened, pitiful mite, with the pathetic look of all thin babies—she gazed at it silently until the mother exclaimed, “Now, Maisie, what do you think of him?”

The little girl hesitated, then replied, trying to smile, “Well, Mrs. Brown, I think he's a very refined-looking baby!”

In Use

“I WANT a half-pound of water-crackers,” said Mrs. Jones. “I find I am all out of them.”

“I'm all-fired sorry, ma'am,” replied the country storekeeper, “but I ain't got but two dozen in the place.”

“Well, I'll take them.”

“Jest wait ten minutes. Hi Peters and John Smith has been usin' 'em fer checkers and they're playin' the deciding game now.”

Inexperienced

IN a boarding-house for bachelors, Amanda, a typical “Mammy,” looked after the guests' comfort in true Southern style so well that one of the men thought he would like to take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of housekeeper. Toward spring he waylaid her in the hall one day and said:

“Mandy, do you like the country?” Mandy reckoned she did.

“Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?”

Mandy was sure she would.

“Suppose I get just a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?”

Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes. “'Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don' know nothin' about taking care of any animals!”

A Sacrilege

THE inexperienced district school-teacher had exhausted

all other expedients for the maintenance of discipline. Going out into the school-yard, she broke off a good-sized switch that was growing there and administered primitive punishment to Jimmy Kelley.

There were strange expressions of horrified amazement on the faces of the children, and when school was dismissed at noon they gathered in excited groups and talked in whispers. Finally the teacher's curiosity could stand it no longer. Calling Henry Thomas to her she demanded the cause of the discussions. “Why—why—why, teacher,” he stammered, “that—that switch you licked Jimmy with—that was the tree we all set out last Arbor Day.”

Wanted Novelty

THE SON. “Mother, I'm going to have a little sister some day, ain't I?”

THE MOTHER. “Why do you want one?”

THE SON. “Well, it gits kind er tiresome teasing the cat.”



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

Illustration for "Beauty and the Jacobin"

"OTHER THINGS CAN HELP YOU, TOO. DON'T YOU NEED THEM?"

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Trouville—a Paris by the Sea

BY HARRISON RHODES

A REMINISCENCE of a first visit to Trouville will perhaps be admissible. Several years ago two young gentlemen started from London for a holiday in France. One of them has since become one of England's most famous novelists; the other, at least the author of such articles as the present. At that time funds were not too easily come by; still there was a modest sum in pocket for the trip. The two came to Havre by the night boat from Southampton, and during the morning crossed the blue-gray estuary of the Seine to the most famous of French seaside places, sitting between its sands and its green hillside. It was in our heroes' minds—will the reader permit them to be so named?—that to Trouville had already gone the two loveliest ladies in the world; it was their intention before taking the afternoon train to Caen to offer lunch at the Hôtel de Paris to these fair creatures in a style befitting the place, the time—it was race-week, the height of the Trouville season—and the depth of the hosts' admiration. All this was done, yet the story, at its climax, becomes a financial rather than a sentimental one. The impulse of hospitality resulted in a pretty accurate division of the fund for traveling into two equal parts. With half, our friends paid for lunch—a good lunch for four—with the other half they met the expenses of a pleasant ten days' trip through the Normandy towns and villages. Trouville is not, let it be frankly

admitted at the outset, a refuge for the economically minded.

After all, when you come to think of it, why should Trouville not be dear? That is its mission in the economy of the world, its contribution to the gaiety of nations. And it has the plausible excuse of the shortest season in the world in which to make its money. Of course the guide-books and the railway-folders will tell you that the season is from June to October, but that is just not so. Doubtless through all these months the opalescent sea is there, the yellow sands, and the lovely leafy country behind. The people who have villas live in them, the hotels languidly receive a few guests, toward the middle of July the Casino opens in a half-hearted kind of way, the *croupiers* rub a sleepy eye, the *petits chevaux* take a preliminary canter on their green baize field, and at the theater they perhaps give, with an indifferent company, "Les Cloches de Corneville." Till August the season has not come. By September it has gone. The season is all in August, but, of course, it is not all of August—that would be too absurdly long.

Some one has said that Trouville is not so much a watering-place as a race-meeting. And, indeed, the height of its season, the finest frenzy of its elegance, is packed into the *Grande Semaine*, the grand week of the races. Even then the ultimate *chic*, the final cry of fashion, is to miss the first day and the last.

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At its supreme moment Trouville is just a flash, the pyrotechnic climax of the French summer. For long, pleasant weeks one might almost call it quiet. Then for its short, butterfly period it becomes the camp of fashion; it is crowded, sparkling, exuberant—the prettiest, gayest, most frivolous, most worldly, most innocently simple, most wisely wicked place in the world. And it is all these things because the ladies of Trouville are pretty, frivolous, and worldly, and not because the air is sparkling and the sky blue and the villas that line the sands and dot the hillside fresh and gay. It is only because women are pretty that the air is sparkling and the sky blue. Because they are adorable, the villas are fresh and gay. Because they wear lovely frocks, the horses race on their green track. Because they like the tang of salt in the air during their morning walk, the breezes blow from the open reaches of the sea. Because they like the cool kiss of water, the waves come in and wash gently on the yellow sands. Because they are, Trouville is. And the town itself is feminine, alluring, coquettish, even sometimes a little wanton. To know, to love her, you should perhaps not know her too well nor too long, not take her too seriously. Your visit should be a mere flirtation with *la reine des plages*, the queen of sands.

The prettiest first glimpse of the famous *plage* is the one had by those who arrive by the little boat from Havre. They leave behind them the great port—they will see it and its white cliffs from Trouville, and by night watch the glitter of its lights and the flash of its *phare*. The small craft crosses the estuary of the Seine—apparently by choice in the very trough of the waves, when there are waves: this warning must be given sensitive sea-goers. To the left is the long reach that leads up the river to Rouen and Paris; in the distance is the ancient port, Honfleur.

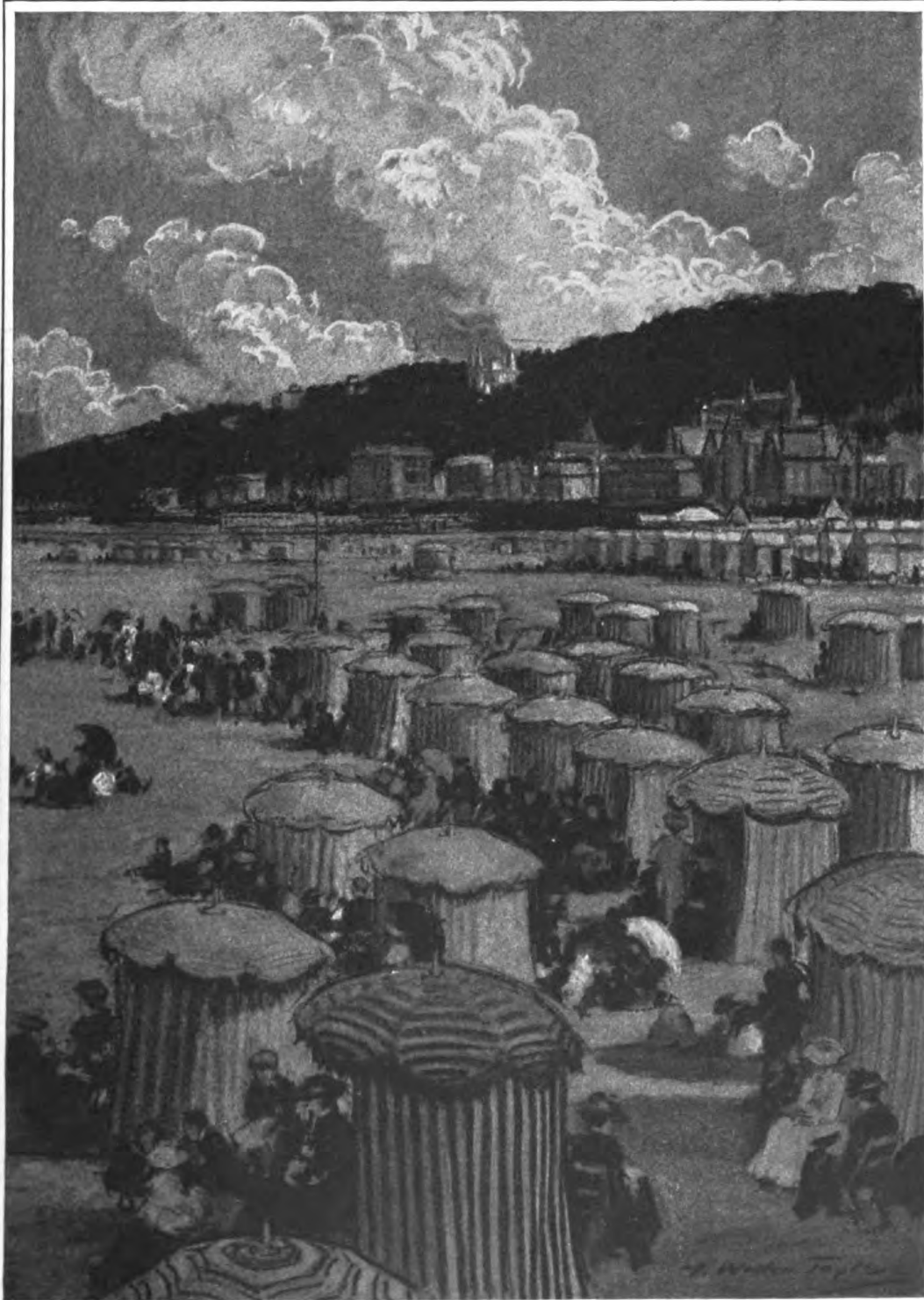
The coast from Honfleur on changes gradually from the woodland country that borders the Seine to barer sea-coast lands. But all along, in the dips of the hills, in the valleys where small streams come down, the trees grow to the very water's edge; leafy lanes as lush and green as those of Devonshire lead down

to the sands or up to the Forest of Touques, which stretches back of the hill-tops for many miles toward Pont l'Évêque—memorable for cream-cheese. As the coast dips to the mouth of the little river Touques, it suddenly, beyond a group of black rocks—the well-known Roches Noires—descends to the broad expanse of fine, yellow sands which lies before Trouville, and somehow the broad *plage* seems more wonderful and delightful for the green country that is behind it.

The Touques flows into the sea between two jetties, and divides Deauville on its left from Trouville on its right. If the tide is high, the Havre boat will follow the oddly contrasting yachts and fishing-boats into the river's mouth. Otherwise it disembarks its passengers at the east end of Trouville at a long, bare pier, called, perhaps with some subtle irony, the *Jetée des Anglais*. Whichever landing is made, the arriving visitor, if there has not been, as the French would say, too much “balancing” upon the waves, will enjoy the prettiest view he can have of the twin town of Trouville-Deauville.

Deauville, with its villas heavily embowered in their gardens, lies on a long stretch of flat country. Trouville clings on a hillside descending steeply to the *plage*. It is smaller, more concentrated. Beyond the sands, dotted here and there with little, striped white-and-red tents, past the low inclosures of the bathing establishments where the colors of France fly so gaily from dozens of little wooden cupolas, lie the crowded line of villas, the three hotels, and the Casino—the sea-front of Trouville. Beyond, the villas climb the hillside and add to its greenness their red, their blue, their white, and yellow.

It constantly happens to the English-writing admirer of things Continental that there is one wholly untranslatable word in the foreign language which completely embodies the description for which we struggle in dozens taken from our own inadequate tongue. For Trouville, for example, there is one which sounds with great vivacity in our Anglo-Saxon ears. The place is “all that there is of most *coquet*.” That says it; it says that it is brisk and gay, and pretty and fresh, and trim and trig, and piquant and adorable.



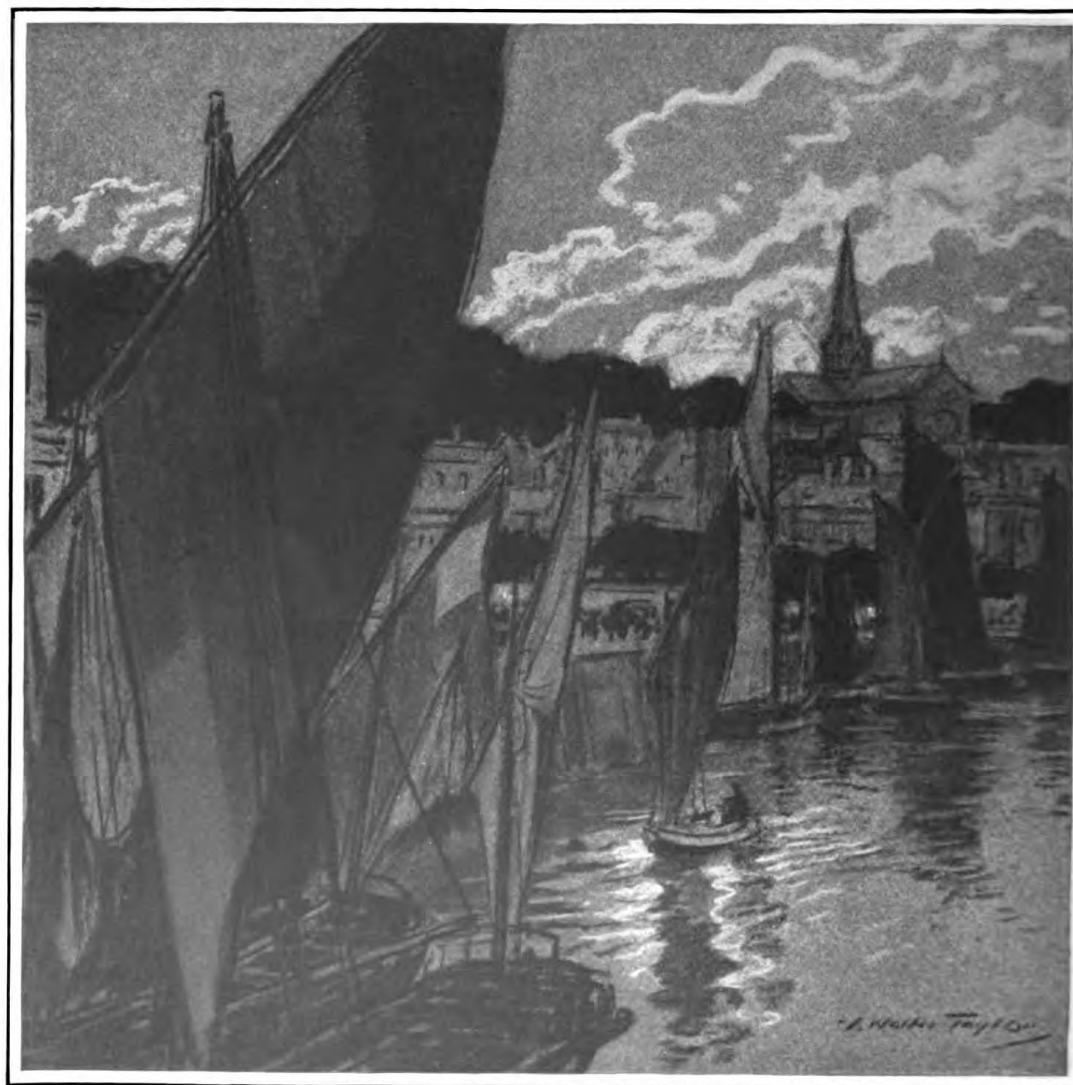
Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE SANDS ARE DOTTED WITH STRIPED RED-AND-WHITE TENTS

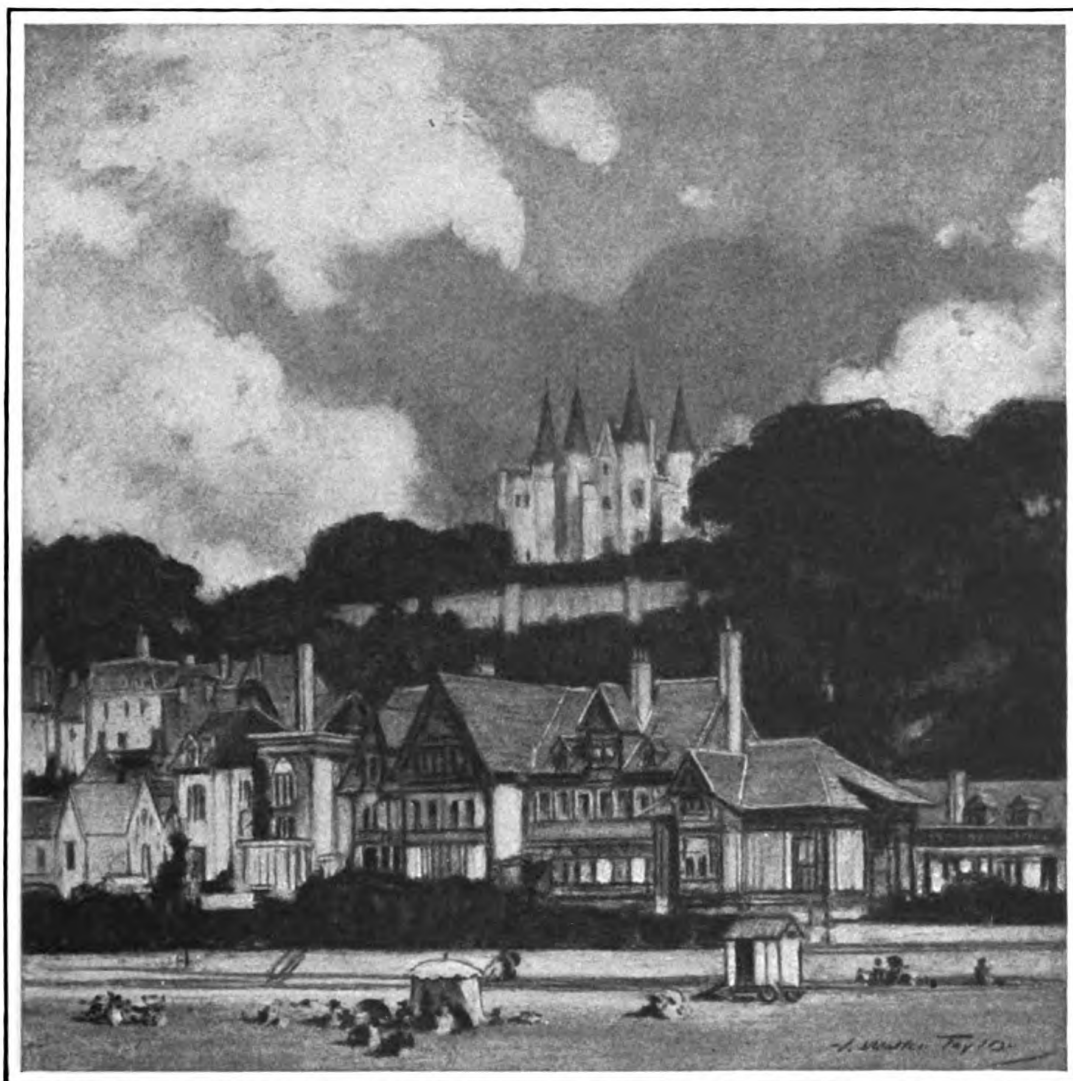
It tells about the flowers in the window-boxes, and the red-and-white curtains at the windows, and the bright, golden sands, and the fairest of their sex who bathe there—it tells, in short, that Trouville is *coquet*, and it almost convinces one that to be *coquet* is the whole duty of any watering-place on the ocean's edge.

A little fleet of yachts, with clean, white-painted hulls, spotless sails, shining brass-work, and well-scrubbed decks, is always in summer lying in the small harbor of Trouville. Where better could it be? Where could a sailing-master or an owner take on board better supplies—purer water, fresher fish, greener, crisper vegetables, tenderer chickens, or prettier women? And when breezes blow, in what safer, gayer haven could one lie? Where,

if one is forced to put up with them, are the diversions of land-lubbers more diverting? It is true that the harbor is inadequate and that geographically Trouville is not especially well situated for cruising. But what does that matter? The little port on the Touques may not be good for yachting; it is very good for yachts and yachtsmen. The pretty craft are always lying in the *bassin*. Some fly the tricolor and belong to France. Others are from England, and have crossed the Channel when "Cowes Week" was over. The Union Jack is a friendly flag in France now, and the Stars and Stripes have always floated easily in French breezes. Both flap luxuriously in these soft, fashionable airs. Easy wicker-chairs sit on soft rugs



A FISHING FLEET ASSEMBLED IN THE HARBOR



BEYOND THE SANDS THE VILLAS MOUNT THE HILLSIDE

beneath gay awnings. Dapper, wise servants move softly to and fro. And pretty women look almost prettier stepping along a deck—what more need be said in justification of a yacht at Trouville?

It is a pleasure when setting down a sentence in praise of the fair sex to think in what cordial agreement would have been one of the earliest famous figures in the town's history, the elder Dumas. The familiar story of his arrival of a May afternoon in the '30's is a cheerful anecdote. Laughing loudly, he crossed the Touques, carried on the shoulders of a sturdy Norman peasant, and entered the primitive little inn of those early days with all the clatter and excitement which usually distinguished his move-

ments. *La mère Oseraie*, the good woman who kept it, told him flatly that she received none but painters—the Trouville of those days was a tiny fishing-village which only a few artists had discovered. Dumas promptly alleged that he was a "painter in words," and even offered to paint—or write—her sign-board, which the other clients—ungrateful dogs—had promised but neglected to do. This handsome though confusing evidence of good faith mollified the good inn-keeper, and she consented to receive Dumas at the amazing price of two francs a day, *tout compris*. Trouville was indeed then what the French term *un petit trou pas chère*—"a little hole not dear." When the painters, friends whom Dumas had come to see in their remote

corner, returned toward evening from the green woods and glades along the little river's valley, they found the amiable giant filling the inn with his cries and laughter, and brandishing a great spoon in the kitchen, where he was presiding personally over the preparation of an evening meal which promised to run his bill for extras into figures hitherto unknown in Trouville.

There is nothing now at Trouville, as there is nothing at Etretat—another famous artistic foundation—to suggest these early days of bohemianism, of painters in blouses, of simple country living, of Dumas shouting in loud gaiety as he watched the plump chickens turning on the spit; nothing but the memories and the lovely country whose loveliness caught and held those first visitors to the fishing-village.

The memories of the past in Trouville, few and faint as they are, are worth cherishing. There is romance in the thought that that lovely, unhappy Empress Eugénie fled from France by way of France's gayest port of the sea. And there is a queer, pathetic note of the grotesque in the figure of the American dentist who made her flight possible. Also for those who would not consider an excursion partly pedestrian too plebeian to be attempted at Trouville, there are other memories of a still earlier day hidden in the green Forest of Touques.

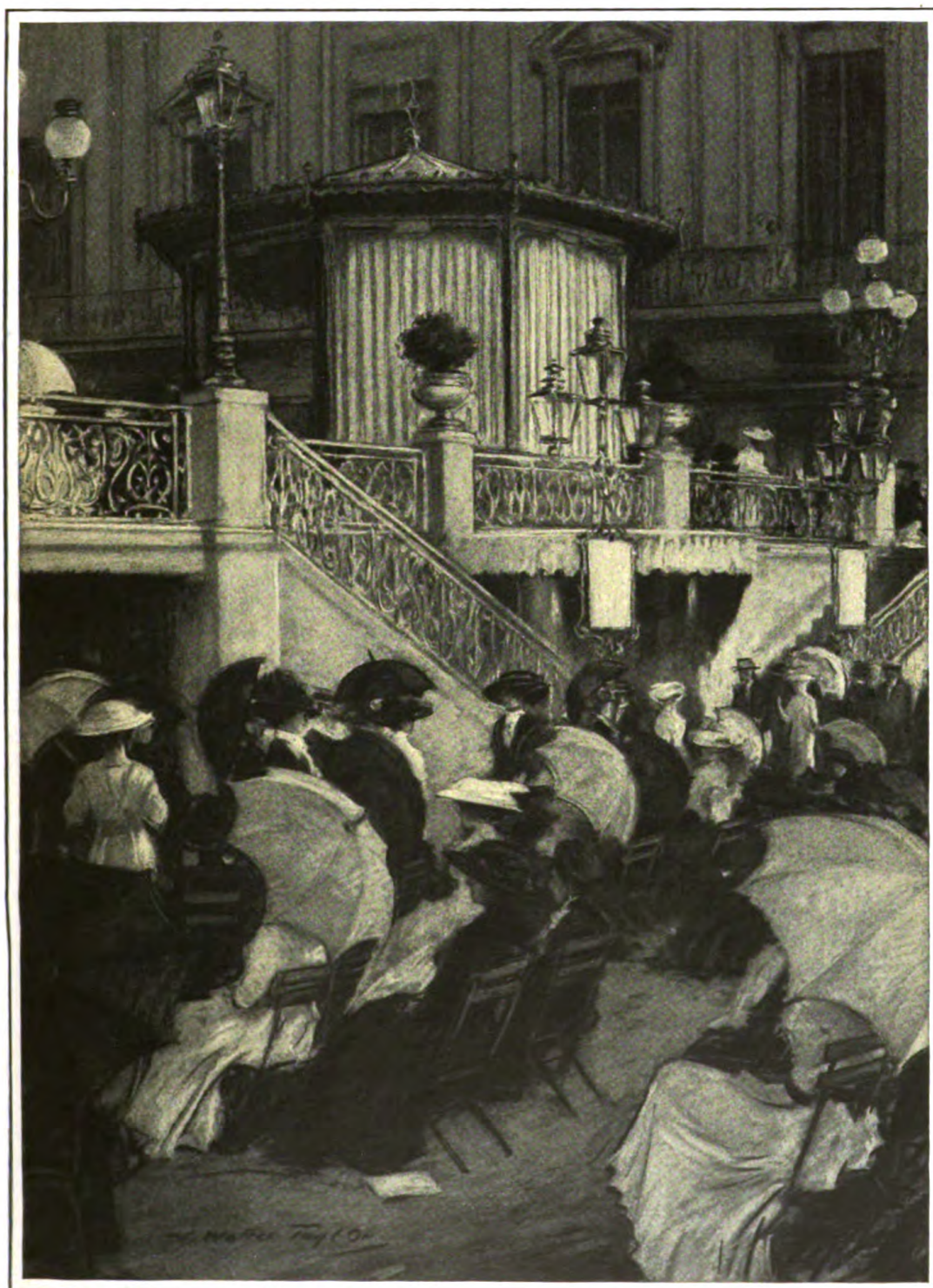
Beyond Villerville, clustered beneath its stark Calvaire; beyond Criquebœuf, with its tiny church hidden beneath an ivy centuries old, a little road to the right leads up a smiling valley of orchards to the deep woods where is the lovely spring they call the *Fontaine Virginie*. It lies in a crystal pool at the foot of a great tree, upon the trunk of which the young Alfred de Musset and the young Sainte-Beuve once carved their names. Near by in a remote, almost mysterious corner of the forest, behind a fortifying circle of thick rhododendron hedges, is "Le Châlet," one of the first villas to be built along this coast. It belonged to Ulric Guttinguer. In it De Musset often stayed, and he and his host must many times have gone down the hillside to that cool, clear well. Once it had been called *La Fontaine Rouge*, but they had renamed it Virginie in

memory of the adored creature who had been Guttinguer's wife. May not one imagine that when a young poet in those brave days of the Romantic Revival drank this limpid water from the hollow of his hand, it was as if he dipped a draught from the Pierian spring?

It is the fashion with the satirists to say that the one thing necessary to the real *chic* of Trouville is a successful ignoring of the sea, its uses, its very presence. You are told that when he sits to observe the crowd on *les planches* (the boards laid flat on the sands which make the chief Trouville promenade), the truly Parisian visitor always turns his back to that queer, ill-mannered sea which persists so impertinently at high tide in creeping up toward the town. He is oblivious, it is asserted, of the blue skies, the soft airs, even of the summer moon.

Yet, despite the satirists, Trouville is a bathing-place. Even in the Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours the chief ecclesiastical function of the summer is the *Grande Messe des Baigneurs*—the Bathers' Mass. And everywhere in France there is still a lingering note of the days when sea baths were definitely taken for the health. The resorts along the coast announce themselves primarily as bathing-places, and where, in America, one boy asks another on a fine morning if he is going to have a swim, in France he inquires, "*Allez-vous prendre un bain de mer?*" But if there is at Trouville a certain serious and business-like quality in the phrases concerning the bath, there is happily nothing of that sort in the operation itself.

The arrangements for the bathers are primitive and inadequate enough, but on a bright, warm day the little inclosures of bathing-houses fluttering their flags from their little cupolas look gay and inviting. There are a few odd canvas-sided *cabines de luxe* which can be wheeled down to the water's edge, but beyond the pleasure which the words *de luxe* always give, they have few advantages over the simpler accommodation. The short walk down the sands is pleasant enough, and in any case any outrage to modesty is prevented by the almost inflexible French rule of draping one-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THERE ARE BAND CONCERTS ON THE TERRACE OF THE CASINO

self in a flowing white *peignoir* for the brief transits to and from the water's edge. At the water's edge the rule ceases, and it depends somewhat upon your standards whether you consider that outrage then begins.

For many years, at least during the summer, the vogue of the Parisian illustrated papers outside of France has depended largely upon their pictures of the Parisienne disporting herself in the wave. There is something—at Trouville it cannot be denied—in the way of knotting a kerchief around the head, and of turning a sailor-collar low upon a white throat, and of doing other things. The would-be frequenter of Continental *plages* may expect his American eyes at first to be surprised, perhaps a little shocked. But dress is at best largely a convention, a matter of custom and habit, and the eye grows accustomed to any costume.

When the tide, either in the sea or in fashionable life, is a little low, there is other business of importance upon the yellow *plage*. Even the smartest people may have children, and wherever in France children look across the Channel toward that till lately so perfidious Albion, they build castles, moats, dig intrenchments in the sands, and stand ready to repel invasion. And French parents participate with much gravity in this work, supervising and actively aiding in the military operation. Statisticians and theorists always say there are not enough children in France; they could scarcely pretend there are not enough at the seaside. And those who feel that the light-hearted and wicked race of Parisians are incapable of the ordinary family affections and joys would do well to observe some not irreproachable father digging a moat, planning a glacis, and building up a bastion from the sands of Trouville for some absurdly small child in a red jersey suit. Sand castles are a very dignified and imposing thing as they are built by competent engineers upon the coasts of France. There is a competition yearly in this art at the Roches Noires end of the Trouville *plage*, and last summer the prize-winner flew the Stars and Stripes from its topmost escarpment—an international honor gained by American children which must not go uncelebrated.

The sands are naturally the resort, too, of such excursionists as come to Trouville for the day. These are mostly from Havre; the Parisians find the trip so long that they have time to do little more than address picture postcards in some café convenient to the station, lunch heavily, and hurriedly regain the train for the return, without as much as catching a glimpse of blue water. The Havrais have more time. They undoubtedly contribute to the picture a bourgeois note.

Perhaps the moment has come for a certain degree of frankness with the reader. Not every one, always, at Trouville is beautiful and of the highest fashion. It may as well be confessed that, for example, in early autumn a strange, inferior race, locally termed *les Septembreurs*, appears at Trouville, with the ignoble hope of enjoying the great natural advantages of the place at the reduced prices of the *arrière saison*. All this flecks perhaps the bright perfection of the *plage*, and yet—there are compensations. Any reader who is an amateur of the minor, more humorous joys of life is asked—what, for example, could be pleasanter to see upon any beach than three French widows, in bonnets and heavy crêpe veils, wading gravely with skirts well pulled up above stout, red ankles? If, as might well be, they were accompanied along the water's edge by a young priest and his cousin, a soldier—both sons of the waders—the picture would be even pleasanter and more French. Much, indeed, might be written of wading, which is even by adults in France considered so definitely contributory not only to pleasure but to health. It must suffice, however, to recall one picture caught soon after sunrise from a hotel window overlooking the sands—a gaunt, virginal figure, a lady perhaps afflicted by that delightfully vague French ill, *mal aux pieds*, who in the pursuance doubtless of some régime, stood solemnly a half-hour each morning in two inches of water like an ancient and withered crane; some estimable and overworked governess, perhaps, who presented this odd contrast to the frolicsome and idle of her sex who could later claim the *plage*.

If you do not bathe, or even if you



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

RACE WEEK AT DEAUVILLE IS THE WEEK OF BEAUTY AND FASHION

do, you pass a part of the morning in the rue de Paris. The rue de Paris is the drawing-room, the salon of Trouville. It is a preposterous, unworthy, short little street, lined with tiny shops which have nothing much to recommend them beyond their supreme expensiveness. Still, the jewels are at least fairly good, and it is only right that a gentleman who feels the impulse to make a present should not be forced to stifle it. Perhaps, upon reflection, the shops do serve their purpose. And occasionally they display quite worthy wares—there was last summer a lap-dog's kennel of brocade and satin and gold lace which was a very masterpiece of folly. However, any pretext of an errand is enough to bring people for a stroll in the rue de Paris of a morning. As a matter of fact, no pretext is nowadays needed, and the crowd is often so great that the stroll is not possible. The street is filled with cheerful, chattering groups. One talks the scandal of, and makes the arrangements for, the day. And even if you know no scandal, or have no arrangements, it is still possible to be content viewing this singularly animated, singularly French scene.

There are plenty of foreigners at Trouville, but the place is intensely French, more so in many ways than Paris itself. The capital is overrun constantly by barbaric hordes, by swiftly passing tourists, who have neither power nor wish to make themselves Parisian. Trouville's foreigners, especially the female barbarians, have purchased their clothes in the rue de la Paix, and have brought them to the rue de Paris because they believe they can wear them as well as Frenchwomen. And the male barbarians are attired in that *gout anglais* which is now the possession of all gentlemen in the west of Europe. The new cosmopolitanism of fashion and wealth has accomplished wonders in the way of uniformity which are nowhere better to be seen than in this small street—Englishwomen who look French, and Frenchmen who look English—the things once thought impossible. Yet the resultant flavor, its "smartness" at any rate, its charm, its *chic*, are strongly French.

Indeed, the final confession which is wrung from the foreign observer of Trou-

ville is that France invented "*chic*," and that the French, above all races, can give that indefinable note which we recognize at once as the authentic one of fashion. Probably last summer all over the world ladies at the sea-shore wore a certain kind of simple, soft hat of white felt. But nowhere, it may safely be asserted, was the brim bent just as it was at Trouville, with exactly that hint of feigned rusticity, that sophisticated curve, that shy, false droop over the charming face of the twentieth-century Parisienne playing at *villagiatu*ra, *avec ce chic, enfin!* *Chic* is *chic*; it is not dependent on anything but *chic*. The restaurant where you lunch—early, before going to the races—could not, for example, compare in size or in actual splendor with hundreds along the coasts on both sides of the Atlantic. But there is something in the way it looks out through a glass front upon the forecourt of the hotel, and past a pleasant terrace with wicker chairs and tables under red umbrellas and parterres of flowers, and the inevitable "*Bar Américain*," to the sands and the blue-green sea beyond. There is a special polish to the glasses on the tables, an extra whiteness to the linen, and a manner all its own to the head waiter's bow. There is a *chic* in the white canvas of the ceiling, with red designs *appliqués* thereon. There is something about the way waiters swiftly bear the best and most expensive food in the world to the loveliest ladies. There is something in the way that gallant sportsmen and clubmen *des plus chic* pay the bills and adore the ladies. There is something about it all so smart and so agreeable that it just cannot be described.

Nor can the races be described. There is the pretty, green course at Deauville, beyond the villas in their leafy gardens, and this side of the course where one plays "le golf-links." There is the crowd, the hullabaloo; there are the fiacres, the motors, the American millionaires, the visiting English *milords*, the stage celebrities, the princes of the blood of Spain, Portugal, and Bulgaria, the young rajahs and sultans of the East, there are the touts and tipsters and the gentlemen of the *pari-mutuel* and the *totalisateur* who take your bets, and, yes, there are the horses, and the excel-

lent, brisk races which these good equine creatures run. The racing is good. The secret of Trouville has been hinted at earlier; the reader already guesses that in the ultimate analysis the sport is good just because the ladies who frequent the races are lovely. The races—it was confessed earlier that it would be difficult to describe them, but it has possibly been hinted how agreeable they are, and in what a good mood one drives back to sip “le five-o’clock” on the terrace of the Casino while the band plays, and afterward to risk a few louis at the *petits chevaux* or *baccarat* before it is time to dress for dinner.

It is not time for dinner till well beyond eight. Yet even at a far more advanced hour the Trouville night is still young. Indeed, both by day and night the casinos of French watering-places hope to distract the visitor’s attention from the unsophisticated beauties of the landscape and the sea to an extent which will at least prevent his feeling himself too oppressively “in the country.” Operettas and plays succeed one another in the theater of the Casino, and the first artists of Paris are pleased to combine business with pleasure by a short Trouville season. Dancing goes on, and in the afternoons an occasional *bal d’enfants* shows how much more prettily even than French dolls French children may be dressed. A band is generally playing upon the *terrasse*, and its music gathers a crowd upon *les planches* and upon the free seats in minor, more ignoble little cafés below, a humbler crowd which is agreeable to gaze down upon from the smart, gay terrace above. And within, in spacious *salles de jeu*, there are always the little horses.

It would be pleasant to write about

the tea-shop, so smartly and so comically called *Le Thé Topsy*, and to meditate, chuckling, upon the French appreciation of our English and American customs and our language. It would be more delightful to talk of motor excursions, and tea at the fantastic inn of William the Conqueror at Dives, where the Middle Ages have been refurbished with all the coquetry of the rue de la Paix, and made into a kind of historical annex to the Trouville Casino. It would be agreeable to comment upon “le sport” in its various forms, “le lawn-tennis,” “le golf-links,” and “le yachting,” upon “le bridge” as well. But Trouville, after all, is the sands, the promenade, and the Casino. The exclusive villa life may be important, with its five-o’clocks, its garden parties, and its many gaieties. But the throng and bustle of the rue de Paris is more authentically the Trouville note. It is in this informal democratic elegance that the famous *plage* seems to extend its warmest welcome to the stranger.

Most nations of strangers avail themselves of the welcome. Even Germans, who so long have sighed for France, occasionally venture to the Normandy shore. And it is darkly hinted that their emperor’s darling wish is to combine that desired trip to the French capital with a visit to Trouville, to Paris by the sea. Surely the pretty town works in the interests of universal peace—and pleasure. Once at least every one in the world should see race-week at Trouville, should lounge along the front between the blue-green sea and the villas, should see the horses—big and little—and should at least have money in his pocket to buy dinner for a fair companion. Every one, after all, should have some pleasure in his life.



The Balking of Christopher

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE spring was early that year. It was only the last of March, but the trees were filmed with green and paling with promise of bloom; the front yards were showing new grass pricking through the old. It was high time to plow the south field and the garden, but Christopher sat in his rocking-chair beside the kitchen window and gazed out, and did absolutely nothing about it.

Myrtle Dodd, Christopher's wife, washed the breakfast dishes, and later kneaded the bread, all the time glancing furtively at her husband. She had a most old-fashioned deference with regard to Christopher. She was always a little afraid of him. Sometimes Christopher's mother, Mrs. Cyrus Dodd, and his sister Abby, who had never married, reproached her for this attitude of mind. "You are entirely too much cowed down by Christopher," Mrs. Dodd said.

"I would never be under the thumb of any man," Abby said.

"Have you ever seen Christopher in one of his spells?" Myrtle would ask.

Then Mrs. Cyrus Dodd and Abby would look at each other. "It is all your fault, mother," Abby would say. "You really ought not to have allowed your son to have his own head so much."

"You know perfectly well, Abby, what I had to contend against," replied Mrs. Dodd, and Abby became speechless. Cyrus Dodd, now deceased some twenty years, had never during his whole life yielded to anything but birth and death. Before those two primary facts even his terrible will was powerless. He had come into the world without his consent being obtained; he had passed in like manner from it. But during his life he had ruled, a petty monarch, but a most thorough one. He had spoiled Christopher, and his wife, although a woman of high spirit, knew of no appealing.

"I could never go against your father, you know that," said Mrs. Dodd, following up her advantage.

"Then," said Abby, "you ought to have warned poor Myrtle. It was a shame to let her marry a man as spoiled as Christopher."

"I would have married him, anyway," declared Myrtle, with sudden defiance; and her mother-in-law regarded her approvingly.

"There are worse men than Christopher, and Myrtle knows it," said she.

"Yes, I do, mother," agreed Myrtle. "Christopher hasn't one bad habit."

"I don't know what you call a bad habit," retorted Abby. "I call having your own way in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil rather a bad habit. Christopher tramples on everything in his path, and he always has. He tramples on poor Myrtle."

At that Myrtle laughed. "I don't think I look trampled on," said she; and she certainly did not. Pink and white and plump was Myrtle, although she had, to a discerning eye, an expression which denoted extreme nervousness.

This morning of spring, when her husband sat doing nothing, she wore this nervous expression. Her blue eyes looked dark and keen; her forehead was wrinkled; her rosy mouth was set. Myrtle and Christopher were not young people; they were a little past middle age, still far from old in look or ability.

Myrtle had kneaded the bread to rise for the last time before it was put into the oven, and had put on the meat to boil for dinner, before she dared address that silent figure which had about it something tragic. Then she spoke in a small voice. "Christopher," said she.

Christopher made no reply.

"It is a good morning to plow, ain't it?" said Myrtle.

Christopher was silent.

"Jim Mason got over real early; I suppose he thought you'd want to get at the south field. He's been sitting there at the barn door for most two hours."

Then Christopher rose. Myrtle's anx-

ious face lightened. But to her wonder her husband went into the front entry and got his best hat. "He ain't going to wear his best hat to plow," thought Myrtle. For an awful moment it occurred to her that something had suddenly gone wrong with her husband's mind. Christopher brushed the hat carefully, adjusted it at the little looking-glass in the kitchen, and went out.

"Be you going to plow the south field?" Myrtle said, faintly.

"No, I ain't."

"Will you be back to dinner?"

"I don't know—you needn't worry if I'm not." Suddenly Christopher did an unusual thing for him. He and Myrtle had lived together for years, and outward manifestations of affection were rare between them. He put his arm around her and kissed her.

After he had gone, Myrtle watched him out of sight down the road; then she sat down and wept. Jim Mason came slouching around from his station at the barn door. He surveyed Myrtle uneasily.

"Mr. Dodd sick?" said he, at length.

"Not that I know of," said Myrtle, in a weak quaver. She rose, and, keeping her tear-stained face aloof, lifted the lid off the kettle on the stove.

"D'ye know am he going to plow to-day?"

"He said he wasn't."

Jim grunted, shifted his quid, and slouched out of the yard.

Meantime Christopher Dodd went straight down the road to the minister's, the Rev. Stephen Wheaton. When he came to the south field, which he was neglecting, he glanced at it turning emerald upon the gentle slopes. He set his face harder. Christopher Dodd's face was in any case hard-set. Now it was tragic, to be pitied, but warily, lest it turn fiercely upon the one who pitied. Christopher was a handsome man, and his face had an almost classic turn of feature. His forehead was noble; his eyes full of keen light. He was only a farmer, but in spite of his rude clothing he had the face of a man who followed one of the professions. He was in sore trouble of spirit, and he was going to consult the minister and ask him for advice. Christopher had never done this before. He had a sort of incredulity now

that he was about to do it. He had always associated that sort of thing with womankind, and not with men like himself. And, moreover, Stephen Wheaton was a younger man than himself. He was unmarried, and had only been settled in the village for about a year. "He can't think I'm coming to set my cap at him, anyway," Christopher reflected, with a sort of grim humor, as he drew near the parsonage. The minister was haunted by marriageable ladies of the village.

"Guess you are glad to see a man coming instead of a woman who has doubts about some doctrine," was the first thing Christopher said to the minister, when he had been admitted to his study. The study was a small room, lined with books, and only one picture hung over the fireplace, the portrait of the minister's mother—Stephen was so like her that a question concerning it was futile.

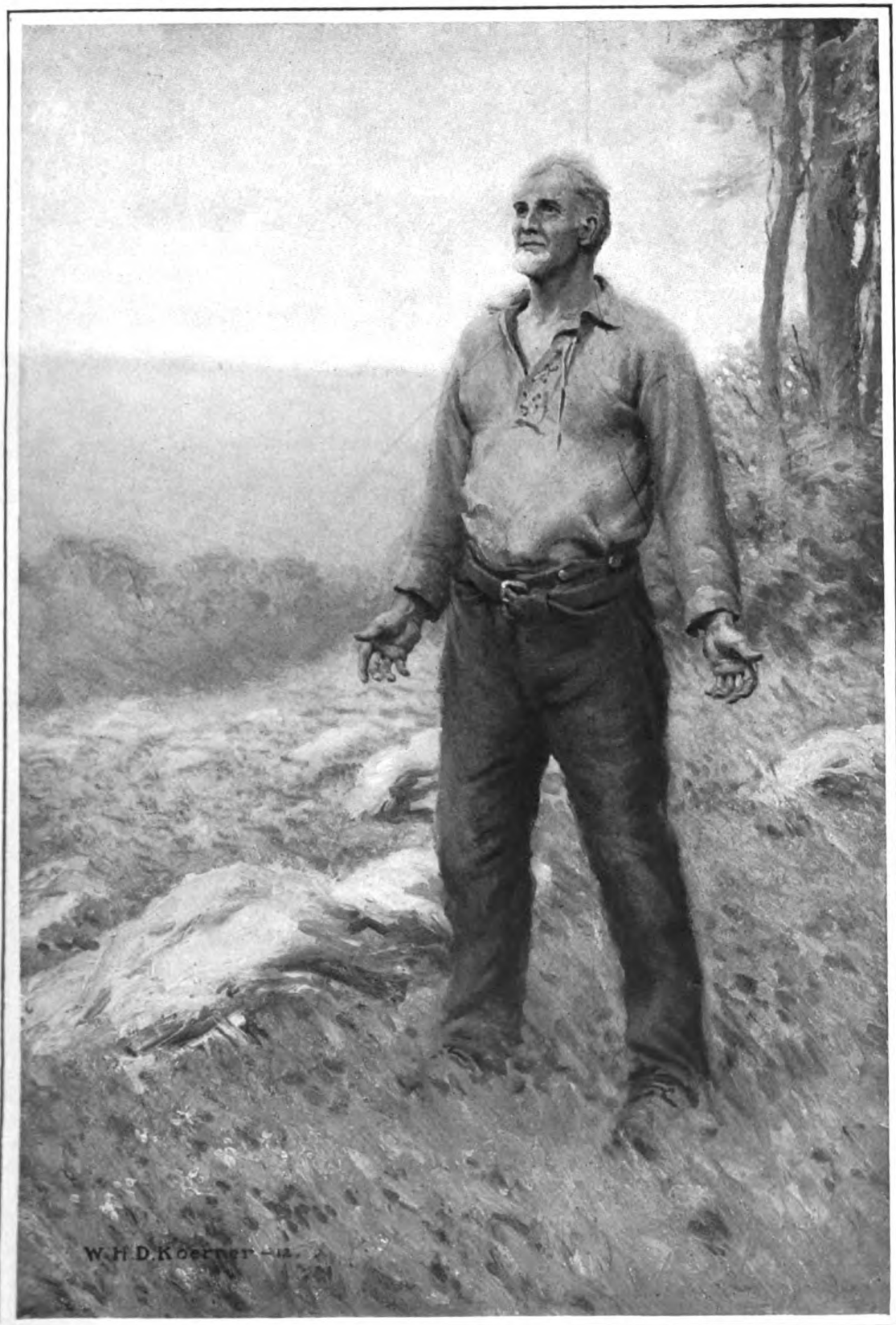
Stephen colored a little angrily at Christopher's remark—he was a hot-tempered man, although a clergyman; then he asked him to be seated.

Christopher sat down opposite the minister. "I oughtn't to have spoken so," he apologized, "but what I am doing ain't like me."

"That's all right," said Stephen. He was a short, athletic man, with an extraordinary width of shoulders and a strong-featured and ugly face, still indicative of goodness and a strange power of sympathy. Three little mongrel dogs were sprawled about the study. One, small and alert, came and rested his head on Christopher's knee. Animals all liked him. Christopher mechanically patted him. Patting an appealing animal was as unconscious with the man as drawing his breath. But he did not even look at the little dog while he stroked it after the fashion which pleased it best. He kept his large, keen, melancholy eyes fixed upon the minister; at length he spoke. He did not speak with as much eagerness as he did with force, bringing the whole power of his soul into his words, which were the words of a man in rebellion against the greatest odds on earth and in all creation—the odds of fate itself.

"I have come to say a good deal, Mr. Wheaton," he began.

"Then say it, Mr. Dodd," replied Stephen, without a smile.



Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner

"FIRST TIME I FULLY SENSED I WAS SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST A MAN"

Christopher spoke. "I am going back to the very beginning of things," said he, "and maybe you will think it blasphemy, but I don't mean it for that. I mean it for the truth, and the truth which is too much for my comprehension."

"I have heard men swear when it did not seem blasphemy to me," said Stephen.

"Thank the Lord, you ain't so deep in your rut you can't see the stars!" said Christopher. "But I guess you see them in a pretty black sky sometimes. In the beginning, why did I have to come into the world without any choice?"

"You must not ask a question of me which can only be answered by the Lord," said Stephen.

"I am asking the Lord," said Christopher, with his sad, forceful voice. "I am asking the Lord, and I ask why?"

"You have no right to expect your question to be answered in your time," said Stephen.

"But here am I," said Christopher, "and I was a question to the Lord from the first, and fifty years and more I have been on the earth."

"Fifty years and more are nothing for the answer to such a question," said Stephen.

Christopher looked at him with mournful dissent; there was no anger about him. "There was time before time," said he, "before the fifty years and more began. I don't mean to blaspheme, Mr. Wheaton, but it is the truth. I came into the world whether I would or not; I was forced, and then I was told I was a free agent. I am no free agent. For fifty years and more I have thought about it, and I have found out that, at least. I am a slave—a slave of life."

"For that matter," said Stephen, looking curiously at him, "so am I. So are we all."

"That makes it worse," agreed Christopher—"a whole world of slaves. I know I ain't talking in exactly what you might call an orthodox strain. I have got to a point when it seems to me I shall go mad if I don't talk to somebody. I know there is that awful why, and you can't answer it; and no man living can. I'm willing to admit that sometime, in another world, that why will get an answer, but meantime it's an awful thing to live in this world without it if a man has had

the kind of life I have. My life has been harder for me than a harder life might be for another man who was different. That much I know. There is one thing I've got to be thankful for. I haven't been the means of sending any more slaves into this world. I am glad my wife and I haven't any children to ask 'why?'

"Now, I've begun at the beginning; I'm going on. I have never had what men call luck. My folks were poor; father and mother were good, hard-working people, but they had nothing but trouble, sickness, and death, and losses by fire and flood. We lived near the river, and one spring our house went, and every stick we owned, and much as ever we all got out alive. Then lightning struck father's new house, and the insurance company had failed, and we never got a dollar of insurance. Then my oldest brother died, just when he was getting started in business, and his widow and two little children came on father to support. Then father got rheumatism, and was all twisted, and wasn't good for much afterward; and my sister Sarah, who had been expecting to get married, had to give it up and take in sewing and stay at home and take care of the rest. There was father and George's widow—she was never good for much at work—and mother and Abby. She was my youngest sister. As for me, I had a liking for books and wanted to get an education; might just as well have wanted to get a seat on a throne. I went to work in the grist-mill of the place where we used to live when I was only a boy. Then, before I was twenty, I saw that Sarah wasn't going to hold out. She had grieved a good deal, poor thing, and worked too hard, so we sold out and came here and bought my farm, with the mortgage hitching it, and I went to work for dear life. Then Sarah died, and then father. Along about then there was a girl I wanted to marry, but, Lord, how could I even ask her? My farm started in as a failure, and it has kept it up ever since. When there wasn't a drought there was so much rain everything mildewed. There was a hail-storm that cut everything to pieces, and there was the caterpillar year. I just managed to pay the interest on the mortgage; as for pay-

ing the principal, I might as well have tried to pay the national debt.

"Well, to go back to that girl. She is married and don't live here, and you ain't like ever to see her, but she was a beauty and something more. I don't suppose she ever looked twice at me, but losing what you've never had sometimes is worse than losing everything you've got. When she got married I guess I knew a little about what the martyrs went through.

"Just after that George's widow got married again, and went away to live. It took a burden off the rest of us, but I had got attached to the children. The little girl, Ellen, seemed most like my own. Then poor Myrtle came here to live. She did dressmaking and boarded with our folks, and I begun to see that she was one of the nervous sort of women who are pretty bad off alone in the world, and I told her about the other girl, and she said she didn't mind, and we got married. By that time mother's brother John—he had never got married—died and left her a little money, so she and my sister Abby could screw along. They bought the little house they live in and left the farm, for Abby was always hard to get along with, though she is a good woman. Mother, though she is a smart woman, is one of the sort who don't feel called upon to interfere much with men-folks. I guess she didn't interfere any too much for my good, or father's, either. Father was a set man. I guess if mother had been a little harsh with me I might not have asked that awful 'why?' I guess I might have taken my bitter pills and held my tongue, but I won't blame myself on poor mother.

"Myrtle and I get on well enough. She seems contented—she has never said a word to make me think she wasn't. She isn't one of the kind of women who want much besides decent treatment and a home. Myrtle is a good woman. I am sorry for her that she got married to me, for she deserved somebody who could make her a better husband. All the time, every waking minute, I've been growing more and more rebellious.

"You see, Mr. Wheaton, never in this world have I had what I wanted, and more than wanted—needed, and needed far more than happiness. I have never

been able to think of work as anything but a way to get money, and it wasn't right, not for a man like me, with the feelings I was born with. And everything has gone wrong even about the work for the money. I have been hampered and hindered, I don't know whether by Providence or the Evil One. I have saved just six hundred and forty dollars, and I have only paid the interest on the mortgage. I knew I ought to have a little ahead in case Myrtle or I got sick, so I haven't tried to pay the mortgage, but put a few dollars at a time in the savings-bank, which will come in handy now."

The minister regarded him uneasily. "What," he asked, "do you mean to do?"

"I mean," replied Christopher, "to stop trying to do what I am hindered in doing, and do just once in my life what I want to do. Myrtle asked me this morning if I wasn't going to plow the south field. Well, I ain't going to plow the south field. I ain't going to make a garden. I ain't going to try for hay in the ten-acre lot. I have stopped. I have worked for nothing except just enough to keep soul and body together. I have had bad luck. But that isn't the real reason why I have stopped. Look at here, Mr. Wheaton, spring is coming. I have never in my life had a chance at the spring nor the summer. This year I'm going to have the spring and the summer, and the fall, too, if I want it. My apples may fall and rot if they want to. I am going to get as much good of the season as they do."

"What are you going to do?" asked Stephen.

"Well, I will tell you. I ain't a man to make mystery if I am doing right, and I think I am. You know, I've got a little shack up on Silver Mountain in the little sugar orchard I own there; never got enough sugar to say so, but I put up the shack one year when I was fool enough to think I might get something. Well, I'm going up there, and I'm going to live there awhile, and I'm going to sense the things I have had to hustle by for the sake of a few dollars and cents."

"But what will your wife do?"

"She can have the money I've saved, all except enough to buy me a few provisions. I sha'n't need much. I want a

little corn-meal, and I will have a few chickens, and there is a barrel of winter apples left over that she can't use, and a few potatoes. There is a spring right near the shack, and there are trout-pools, and by and by there will be berries, and there's plenty of fire-wood, and there's an old bed and a stove and a few things in the shack. Now, I'm going to the store and buy what I want, and I'm going to fix it so Myrtle can draw the money when she wants it, and then I am going to the shack, and"—Christopher's voice took on a solemn tone—"I will tell you in just a few words the gist of what I am going for. I have never in my life had enough of the bread of life to keep my soul nourished. I have tried to do my duties, but I believe sometimes duties act on the soul like weeds on a flower. They crowd it out. I am going up on Silver Mountain to get once, on this earth, my fill of the bread of life."

Stephen Wheaton gasped. "But your wife, she will be alone, she will worry."

"I want you to go and tell her," said Christopher, "and I've got my bank-book here; I'm going to write some checks that she can get cashed when she needs money. I want you to tell her. Myrtle won't make a fuss. She ain't the kind. Maybe she will be a little lonely, but if she is, she can go and visit somewhere."

Christopher rose. "Can you let me have a pen and ink?" said he, "and I will write those checks. You can tell Myrtle how to use them. She won't know how."

Stephen Wheaton, an hour later, sat in his study, the checks in his hand, striving to rally his courage. Christopher had gone; he had seen him from his window, laden with parcels, starting upon the ascent of Silver Mountain. Christopher had made out many checks for small amounts, and Stephen held the sheaf in his hand, and gradually his courage to arise and go and tell Christopher's wife gained strength. At last he went.

Myrtle was looking out of the window, and she came quickly to the door. She looked at him, her round, pretty face gone pale, her plump hands twitching at her apron.

"What is it?" said she.

"Nothing to be alarmed about," replied Stephen.

Then the two entered the house. Stephen found his task unexpectedly easy. Myrtle Dodd was an unusual woman in a usual place.

"It is all right for my husband to do as he pleases," she said, with an odd dignity, as if she were defending him.

"Mr. Dodd is a strange man. He ought to have been educated and led a different life," Stephen said, lamely, for he reflected that the words might be hard for the woman to hear, since she seemed obviously quite fitted to her life, and her life to her.

But Myrtle did not take it hardly, seemingly rather with pride. "Yes," said she, "Christopher ought to have gone to college. He had the head for it. Instead of that he has just stayed round here and dogged round the farm, and everything has gone wrong lately. He hasn't had any luck even with that." Then poor Myrtle Dodd said an unexpectedly wise thing. "But maybe," said Myrtle, "his bad luck may turn out the best thing for him in the end."

Stephen was silent. Then he began explaining about the checks.

"I sha'n't use any more of his savings than I can help," said Myrtle, and for the first time her voice quavered. "He must have some clothes up there," said she. "There ain't bed-coverings, and it is cold nights, late as it is in the spring. I wonder how I can get the bed-clothes and other things to him. I can't drive, myself, and I don't like to hire anybody; aside from its being an expense, it would make talk. Mother Dodd and Abby won't make talk outside the family, but I suppose it will have to be known."

"Mr. Dodd didn't want any mystery made over it," Stephen Wheaton said.

"There ain't going to be any mystery. Christopher has got a right to live awhile on Silver Mountain if he wants to," returned Myrtle, with her odd defiant air.

"But I will take the things up there to him, if you will let me have a horse and wagon," said Stephen.

"I will, and be glad. When will you go?"

"To-morrow."

"I'll have them ready," said Myrtle.

After the minister had gone she went into her own bedroom and cried a little and made the moan of a loving woman

sadly bewildered by the ways of man, but loyal as a soldier. Then she dried her tears and began to pack a load for the wagon.

The next morning early, before the dew was off the young grass, Stephen Wheaton started with the wagon-load, driving the great gray farm-horse up the side of Silver Mountain. The road was fairly good, making many winds in order to avoid steep ascents, and Stephen drove slowly. The gray farm-horse was sagacious. He knew that an unaccustomed hand held the lines; he knew that of a right he should be treading the plowshares instead of climbing a mountain on a beautiful spring morning.

But as for the man driving, his face was radiant, his eyes of young manhood lit with the light of the morning. If he had owned it, he himself had sometimes chafed under the dull necessity of his life, but here was excitement, here was exhilaration. He drew the sweet air into his lungs, and the deeper meaning of the spring morning into his soul. Christopher Dodd interested him to the point of enthusiasm. Not even the uneasy consideration of the lonely, mystified woman in Dodd's deserted home could deprive him of admiration for the man's flight into the spiritual open. He felt that these rights of the man were of the highest, and that other rights, even human and pitiful ones, should give them the right of way.

It was not a long drive. When he reached the shack—merely a one-roomed hut, with a stove-pipe chimney, two windows, and a door—Christopher stood at the entrance and seemed to illuminate it. Stephen for a minute doubted his identity. Christopher had lost middle age in a day's time. He had the look of a triumphant youth. Blue smoke was curling from the chimney. Stephen smelled bacon frying, and coffee.

Christopher greeted him with the joyousness of a child. "Lord," said he, "did Myrtle send you up with all those things? Well, she is a good woman. Guess I would have been cold last night if I hadn't been so happy. How is Myrtle?"

"She seemed to take it very sensibly when I told her."

Christopher nodded happily and lovingly. "She would. She can under-

stand not understanding, and that is more than most women can. It was mighty good of you to bring the things. You are in time for breakfast. Lord, Mr. Wheaton, smell the trees, and there are blooms hidden somewhere that smell sweet. Think of having the common food of man sweetened this way! First time I fully sensed I was something more than just a man. Lord, I am paid already. It won't be so very long before I get my fill at this rate, and then I can go back. To think I needn't plow to-day! To think all I have to do is to have the spring! See the light under those trees!"

Christopher spoke like a man in ecstasy. He tied the gray horse to a tree and brought a pail of water for him from the spring near by.

Then he said to Stephen: "Come right in. The bacon's done, and the coffee and the corn-cake and the eggs won't take a minute."

The two men entered the shack. There was nothing there except the little cooking-stove, a few kitchen utensils hung on pegs on the walls, an old table with a few dishes, two chairs, and a lounge over which was spread an ancient buffalo-skin.

Stephen sat down, and Christopher fried the eggs. Then he bade the minister draw up, and the two men breakfasted.

"Ain't it great, Mr. Wheaton?" said Christopher.

"You are a famous cook, Mr. Dodd," laughed Stephen. He was thoroughly enjoying himself, and the breakfast was excellent.

"It ain't that," declared Christopher, in his exalted voice. "It ain't that, young man. It's because the food is blessed."

Stephen stayed all day on Silver Mountain. He and Christopher went fishing, and had fried trout for dinner. He took some of the trout home to Myrtle.

Myrtle received them with a sort of state which defied the imputation of sadness. "Did he seem to be comfortable?" she asked.

"Comfortable, Mrs. Dodd? I believe it will mean a new lease of life to your husband. He is an uncommon man."

"Yes, Christopher is uncommon; he always was," assented Myrtle.

"You have everything you want? You



Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

WATCHING FOR HIM AS SHE HAD WATCHED EVERY NIGHT

were not timid last night alone?" asked the minister.

"Yes, I was timid. I heard queer noises," said Myrtle, "but I sha'n't be alone any more. Christopher's niece wrote me she was coming to make a visit. She has been teaching school, and she lost her school. I rather guess Ellen is as uncommon for a girl as Christopher is for a man. Anyway, she's lost her school, and her brother's married, and she don't want to go there. Besides, they live in Boston, and Ellen, she says she can't bear the city in spring and summer. She wrote she'd saved a little, and she'd pay her board, but I sha'n't touch a dollar of her little savings, and neither would Christopher want me to. He's always thought a sight of Ellen, though he's never seen much of her. As for me, I was so glad when her letter came I didn't know what to do. Christopher will be glad. I suppose you'll be going up there to see him off and on." Myrtle spoke a bit wistfully, and Stephen did not tell her he had been urged to come often.

"Yes, off and on," he replied.

"If you will just let me know when you are going, I will see that you have something to take to him—some bread and pies."

"He has some chickens there," said Stephen.

"Has he got a coop for them?"

"Yes, he had one rigged up. He will have plenty of eggs, and he carried up bacon and corn-meal and tea and coffee."

"I am glad of that," said Myrtle. She spoke with a quiet dignity, but her face never lost its expression of bewilderment and resignation.

The next week Stephen Wheaton carried Myrtle's bread and pies to Christopher on his mountain-side. He drove Christopher's gray horse harnessed in his old buggy, and realized that he himself was getting much pleasure out of the other man's idiosyncrasy. The morning was beautiful, and Stephen carried in his mind a peculiar new beauty besides. Ellen, Christopher's niece, had arrived the night before, and, early as it was, she had been astir when he reached the Dodd house. She had opened the door for him, and she was a goodly sight: a tall girl, shaped like a boy, with a fearless face of great beauty, crowned with compact

gold braids and lit by unswerving blue eyes. Ellen had a square, determined chin and a brow of high resolve.

"Good morning," said she, and as she spoke she evidently rated Stephen and approved, for she smiled genially. "I am Mr. Dodd's niece," said she. "You are the minister?"

"Yes."

"And you have come for the things aunt is to send him?"

"Yes."

"Aunt said you were to drive uncle's horse and take the buggy," said Ellen. "It is very kind of you. While you are harnessing, aunt and I will pack the basket."

Stephen, harnessing the gray horse, had a sense of shock; whether pleasant or otherwise, he could not determine. He had never seen a girl in the least like Ellen. Girls had never impressed him. She did.

When he drove around to the kitchen door, she and Myrtle were both there, and he drank a cup of coffee before starting, and Myrtle introduced him. "Only think, Mr. Wheaton," said she, "Ellen says she knows a great deal about farming, and we are going to hire Jim Mason and go right ahead." Myrtle looked adoringly at Ellen.

Stephen spoke eagerly. "Don't hire anybody," he said. "I used to work on a farm to pay my way through college. I need the exercise. Let me help."

"You may do that," said Ellen, "on shares. Neither aunt nor I can think of letting you work without any recompense."

"Well, we will settle that," Stephen replied. When he drove away, his usually calm mind was in a tumult.

"Your niece has come," he told Christopher, when the two men were breakfasting together on Silver Mountain.

"I am glad of that," said Christopher. "All that troubled me about being here was that Myrtle might wake up in the night and hear noises."

Christopher had grown even more radiant. He was effulgent with pure happiness.

"You aren't going to tap your sugar-maples?" said Stephen, looking up at the great symmetrical efflorescence of rose and green which towered about them.

Christopher laughed. "No, bless 'em," said he, "the trees shall keep their sugar this season. This week is the first time I've had a chance to get acquainted with them and sort of enter into their feelings. Good Lord! I've seen how I can love those trees, Mr. Wheaton! See the pink on their young leaves! They know more than you and I. They know how to grow young every spring."

Stephen did not tell Christopher how Ellen and Myrtle were to work the farm with his aid. The two women had bade him not. Christopher seemed to have no care whatever about it. He was simply happy. When Stephen left, he looked at him and said, with the smile of a child: "Do you think I am crazy?"

"Crazy, no," replied Stephen.

"Well, I ain't. I'm just getting fed. I was starving to death. Glad you don't think I'm crazy, because I couldn't help matters by saying I wasn't. Myrtle don't think I am, I know. As for Ellen, I haven't seen her since she was a little girl. I don't believe she can be much like Myrtle; but I guess if she is what she promised to turn out she wouldn't think anybody ought to go just her way to have it the right way."

"I rather think she is like that, although I saw her for the first time this morning," said Stephen.

"I begin to feel that I may not need to stay here much longer," Christopher called after him. "I begin to feel that I am getting what I came for so fast that I can go back pretty soon."

But it was the last of July before he came. He chose the cool of the evening after a burning day, and descended the mountain in the full light of the moon. He had gone up the mountain like an old man; he came down like a young one.

When he came at last in sight of his own home, he paused and stared. Across the grass-land a heavily laden wagon was moving toward his barn. Upon this wagon heaped with hay, full of silver lights from the moon, sat a tall figure all in white, which seemed to shine above all things. Christopher did not see the man on the other side of the wagon leading the horses; he saw only this wonder-

ful white figure. He hurried forward, and Myrtle came down the road to meet him. She had been watching for him, as she had watched every night.

"Who is it on the load of hay?" asked Christopher.

"Ellen," replied Myrtle.

"Oh," said Christopher. "She looked like an angel of the Lord, come to take up the burden I had dropped while I went to learn of Him."

"Be you feeling pretty well, Christopher?" asked Myrtle. She thought that what her husband had said was odd, but he looked well, and he might have said it simply because he was a man.

Christopher put his arm around Myrtle. "I am better than I ever was in my whole life, Myrtle, and I've got more courage to work now than I had when I was young. I had to go away and get rested, but I've got rested for all my life. We shall get along all right as long as we live."

"Ellen and the minister are going to get married, come Christmas," said Myrtle.

"She is lucky. He is a man that can see with the eyes of other people," said Christopher.

It was after the hay had been unloaded and Christopher had been shown the garden full of lusty vegetables, and told of the great crop with no drawback, that he and the minister had a few minutes alone together at the gate.

"I want to tell you, Mr. Wheaton, that I am settled in my mind now. I shall never complain again, no matter what happens. I have found that all the good things and all the bad things that come to a man who tries to do right are just to prove to him that he is on the right path. They are just the flowers and sunbeams, and the rocks and snakes, too, that mark the way. And—I have found out more than that. I have found out the answer to my 'why?'"

"What is it?" asked Stephen, gazing at him curiously from the wonder-height of his own special happiness.

"I have found out that the only way to heaven for the children of men is through the earth," said Christopher.

Your United States

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

SIXTH PAPER

I REMEMBER thinking, long before I came to the United States, at the time when the anti-gambling bill was a leading topic of American correspondence in European newspapers, that a State whose public opinion would allow even the discussion of a regulation so drastic could not possibly regard "sport" as sport is regarded in Europe. It might be very fond of gambling, but it could not be afflicted with the particular mania which, in Europe, amounts to a passion, if not to a religion. And when the project became law, and horse-racing was most beneficially and admirably abolished in the northeastern portion of the Republic, I was astonished. No such law could be passed in any European country that I knew. The populace would not suffer it, the small intelligent minority would not care enough to support it, and the wealthy oligarchical priest-patrons of sport would be seriously convinced that it involved the ruin of true progress and the end of all things. Such is the sacredness of sport in Europe, where governments audacious enough to attack and overthrow the state-church have never dared to suggest the suppression of the vice by which alone the main form of sport lives. . . .

So that I did not expect to find the United States a very "sporting" country. And I did not so find it. I do not wish to suggest that, in my opinion, there is no "sport" in the United States, but only that there is somewhat less than in Western Europe; as I have already indicated, the differences between one civilization and another are always slight, though they are invariably exaggerated by rumor.

I know that the "sporting instinct"—a curious combination of the various instincts for fresh air, destruction, physical prowess, emulation, devotion, and betting—is tolerably strong in America. I could name a list of American sports as long as the list of dutiable articles in the customs tariff. I am aware that over a million golf balls are bought (and chiefly lost) in

the United States every year. I know that no residence there is complete without its lawn-tennis court. I accept the statement that its hunting is unequalled. I have admired the luxury and completeness of its country clubs. Its yachting is renowned. Its horse-shows, to which enthusiasts repair in automobiles, are wondrous displays of fashion. But none of these things is democratic; none enters into the life of the mass of the people. Nor can that fierce sport be called quite democratic which depends exclusively upon, and is limited to, the universities. A six-day cycling contest and a Presidential election are, of course, among the very greatest sporting events in the world, but they do not occur often enough to merit consideration as constant factors of national existence.

Baseball remains a formidable item, yet scarcely capable of balancing the scale against the sports—football, cricket, racing, pelota, bull-fighting—which, in Europe, impassion the common people, and draw most of their champions from the common people. In Europe the advertisement hoardings—especially in the provinces—proclaim sport throughout every month of the year; not so in America. In Europe the most important daily news is still the sporting news, as any editor will tell you; not so in America, despite the gigantic headings of the evening papers at certain seasons.

But how mighty, nevertheless, is baseball! Its fame floats through Europe as something prodigious, incomprehensible, romantic, and terrible. After being entertained at early lunch in the correct hotel for this kind of thing, I was taken, in a state of great excitement, by a group of excited business men, and flashed through Central Park in an express automobile to one of the great championship games. I noted the excellent arrangements for dealing with feverish multitudes. I noted the splendid and ornate spaciousness of the grand-stand crowned

with innumerable eagles, and the calm, matter-of-fact tone in which a friend informed me that the grand-stand had been burned down six months ago. I noted the dreadful prominence of advertise-

reckon to know something of ball games in Europe; we reckon to be connoisseurs; and the old footballer and cricketer in me came away from that immense inclosure convinced that baseball was a game of the

very first class, and that those players were the most finished exponents of it. I was informed that during the winter the players condescended to follow the law and other liberal professions. But, judging from their apparent importance in the public eye, I should not have been surprised to learn that during the winter they condescended to be Speakers of the House of Representatives or Governors of States. It was a relief to know that in the matter of expenses they were treated more liberally than the Ambassadors of the Republic.

They seemed to have carried the art of pitching a ball to a more wondrous degree of perfection than it has ever been carried in cricket. The absolute certitude of the fielding and accuracy of the throwing was profoundly impressive to a connoisseur. Only in a certain lack of elegance in gesture, and in the unshaven doddiness of the ground on which it was

played, could this game be said to be inferior to the noble spectacle of cricket. In broad dramatic quality I should place it above cricket, and on a level with Association football. . . .

In short, I at once became an enthusiast for baseball. For nine innings I watched it with interest unabated, until a vast purple shadow, creeping gradually eastwards, had obscurely veiled the sublime legend of the 3-dollar hat with the 5-dollar look. I began to acquire the proper cries and shouts and menaces, and to pass comments on the play which I was assured were not utterly foolish. In my honest yearning to feel myself a habitué, I did what everybody else did and



UNDER THE JUDGES' EYE

ments, and particularly of that one which announced "the 3-dollar hat with the 5-dollar look," all very European! It was pleasant to be convinced in such large letters that even shrewd America is not exempt from that universal human naïveté which is ready to believe that in some magic emporium a philanthropist is always waiting to give five dollars' worth of goods in exchange for three dollars of money.

Then I braced my intelligence to an understanding of the game, which, thanks to its classical simplicity, and to some training in the finesse of cricket and football, I did soon grasp in its main outlines. A beautiful game, superbly played. We



Drawn by Frank Craig

THE HORSE-SHOWS ARE WONDROUS DISPLAYS OF FASHION



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even attacked a morsel of chewing-gum; but all that a European can say of this singular substance is that it is, finally, eternal and unconquerable. One slip I did quite innocently make. I rose to stretch myself after the sixth inning instead of half-way through the seventh. Happily a friend with marked presence of mind pulled me down to my seat again, before I had had time fully to commit this horrible sacrilege. When the game was finished I surged on to the enormous ground, and was informed by inner-ring experts of a few of the thousand subtle tactical points which I had missed. And lastly, I was flung up on to the Elevated platform, littered with pieces of newspaper, and through a landscape of slovenly apartment-houses, punctuated by glimpses of tremendous quantities of drying linen, I was shot out of New York toward a calm week-end.

Yes, a grand game, a game entirely worthy of its reputation! If the professional matador and gladiator business is to be carried on at all, a better exemplification of it than baseball offers could hardly be found or invented. But the beholding crowd, and the behavior of the crowd, somewhat disappointed me. My friends said with intense pride that forty thousand persons were present. The estimate proved to be an exaggeration, but even had it not been, what is forty thousand to the similar crowds in Europe? In Europe forty thousand people will often assemble to watch an ordinary football match. And for a "Final," the record stands at something over a hundred thousand. It should be remembered, too, in forming the comparison, that many people in the Eastern States frequent the baseball grounds simply because they have been deprived of their horse-racing. Further, the New York crowd, though fairly excited, was not excited as sporting excitement is understood in, for instance, the Five Towns. The cheering was good, but it was not the cheering of frenzied passion. The anathemas, though hearty, lacked that religious sincerity which a truly sport-loving populace will always put into them. The prejudice in favor of the home team, the cruel frank unfairness toward the visiting team, were both insufficiently accentuated. The menaces were merely infantile. I

inquired whether the referee or umpire, or whatever the arbiter is called in America, ever went in danger of life or limb, or had to be protected from a homicidal public by the law in uniform. And I was shocked by a negative answer. Referees in Europe have been smuggled off the ground in the center of a cocoon of policemen, have even been known to spend a fortnight in bed, after giving a decision adverse to the home team! . . . More evidence that the United States is not in the full sense a sporting country!

Of the psychology of the great common multitude of baseball "bleachers," I learned almost nothing. But as regards the world of success and luxury (which, of course, held me a willing captive firmly in its soft and powerful influence throughout my stay), I should say that there was an appreciable amount of self-hypnotism in its attitude toward baseball. As if the thriving and preoccupied business man murmured to his soul, when the proper time came: "By the way, these baseball championships are approaching. It is right and good for me that I should be boyishly excited, and I will be excited. I must not let my interest in baseball die. Let's look at the sporting-page and see how things stand. And I'll have to get tickets, too!" Hence possibly what seemed to me a certain superficiality and factitiousness in the excitement of the more expensive seats, and a too-rapid effervescence and finish of the excitement when the game was over.

The high fever of inter-university football struck me as a more authentic phenomenon. Indeed, a university town in the throes of an important match offers a psychological panorama whose genuineness can scarcely be doubted. Here the young men communicate the sacred contagion to their elders, and they also communicate it to the young women, who, in turn, communicate it to the said elders,—and possibly the indirect method is the surer! I visited a university town in order to witness a match of the highest importance. Unfortunately, and yet perhaps fortunately, my whole view of it was affected by a mere nothing—a trifle which the newspapers dealt with in two lines.

When I reached the gates of the arena in the morning, to get a glimpse of a freshmen's match, an automobile was standing thereat. In the automobile was a pile of rugs, and sticking out of the pile of rugs in an odd, unnatural, horizontal way, was a pair of muddy football boots. These boots were still on the feet of a boy, but all the rest of his unconscious and smashed body was hidden beneath the rugs. The automobile vanished, and so did my peace of mind. It seemed to me tragic that that burly infant under the rugs should have been martyred at a poor little morning match in front of a few sparse hundreds of spectators and tens of thousands of unresponsive empty benches. He had not had even the glory and meed of a great multitude's applause. When I last inquired about him, at the end of the day, he was still unconscious, and that was all that could be definitely said of him; one heard that it was his features that had chiefly suffered in the havoc, that he had been defaced. If I had not happened to see those muddy football boots sticking out, I should have heard vaguely of the accident, and remarked philosophically that it was a pity, but that accidents would occur, and there would have been the end of my impression. Only I just did happen to see those muddy boots sticking out.

When we came away from the freshmen's match, the charming roads of the

town, bordered by trees and by the agreeable architecture of mysterious clubs, were beginning to be alive and dangerous with automobiles and carriages, and pretty girls and proud men, and flags and flowers, and colored favors and shoutings. Salutes were being exchanged at

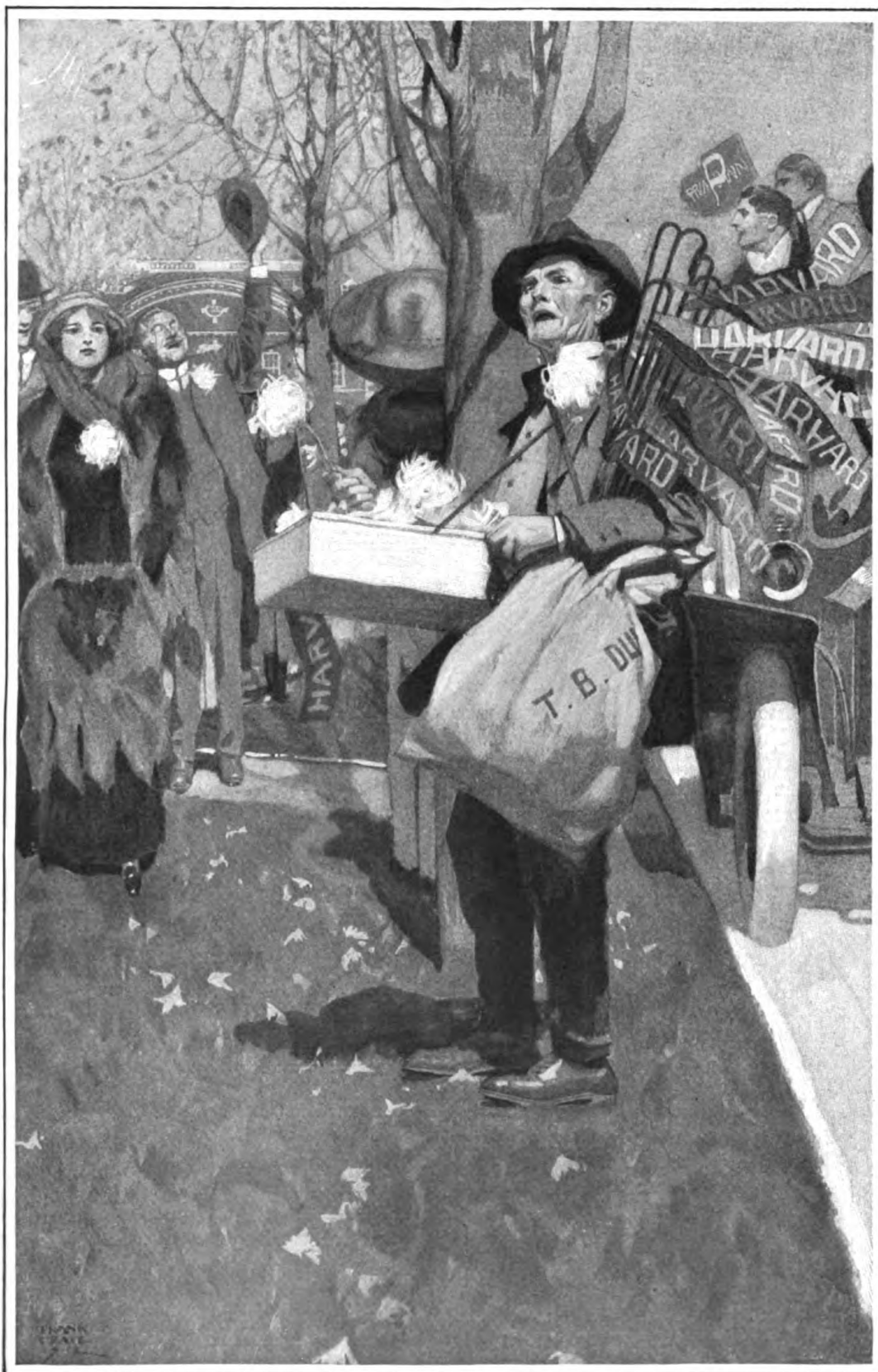
every yard. The sense of a mighty and culminating event sharpened the air. The great inn was full of jollity and excitement, and the reception - clerks thereof had the negligent mien of those who know that every bedroom is taken and every table booked. The club (not one of the mysterious ones, but an ingenuous plain club of patriarchs who had once been young in the university and were now defying time) was crammed with amiable confusion, and its rich carpets protected for the day against the feet of bald lads, who kept aimlessly walking up - stairs and down - stairs and from room to

room, out of mere friendly exuberance.

And after the inn and the club I was conducted into a true American home, where the largest and most free hospitality was being practised upon a footing of universal intimacy. You ate standing; you ate sitting; you ate walking the length of the long table; you ate at one small table, and then you ate at another. You talked at random to strangers behind and strangers before. And when you couldn't think of anything to say, you just smiled inclusively. You knew scarcely anybody's name, but the heart of everybody. Impossible to be



THE CHEER-LEADERS



Drawn by Frank Craig

THE SENSE OF A MIGHTY AND CULMINATING EVENT SHARPENED THE AIR

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ceremonious! When a young woman bluntly inquired the significance of that far-away look in your eye, impossible not to reply frankly that you were dreaming of a second helping of a marvelous pie up there at the end of the long table; and impossible not to eat all the three separate second helpings that were instantly thrust upon you! The chatter and the good-nature were enormous. This home was an expression of the democracy of the university at its best. Fraternity was abroad; kindness was abroad; and therefore joy. Whatever else was taught at the university, these were taught, and they were learnt. If a publicist asked me what American civilization had achieved, I would answer that among other things it had achieved this hour in this modest home.

Occasionally a face would darken and a voice grow serious, exposing the terrible secret apprehension, based on expert opinion, that the home side could not win. But the cloud would pass. And occasionally there would be a reference to the victim whose muddy boots I had seen. "Dreadful, isn't it?" and a twinge of compassion for the victim or for his mother! But the cloud would immediately pass.

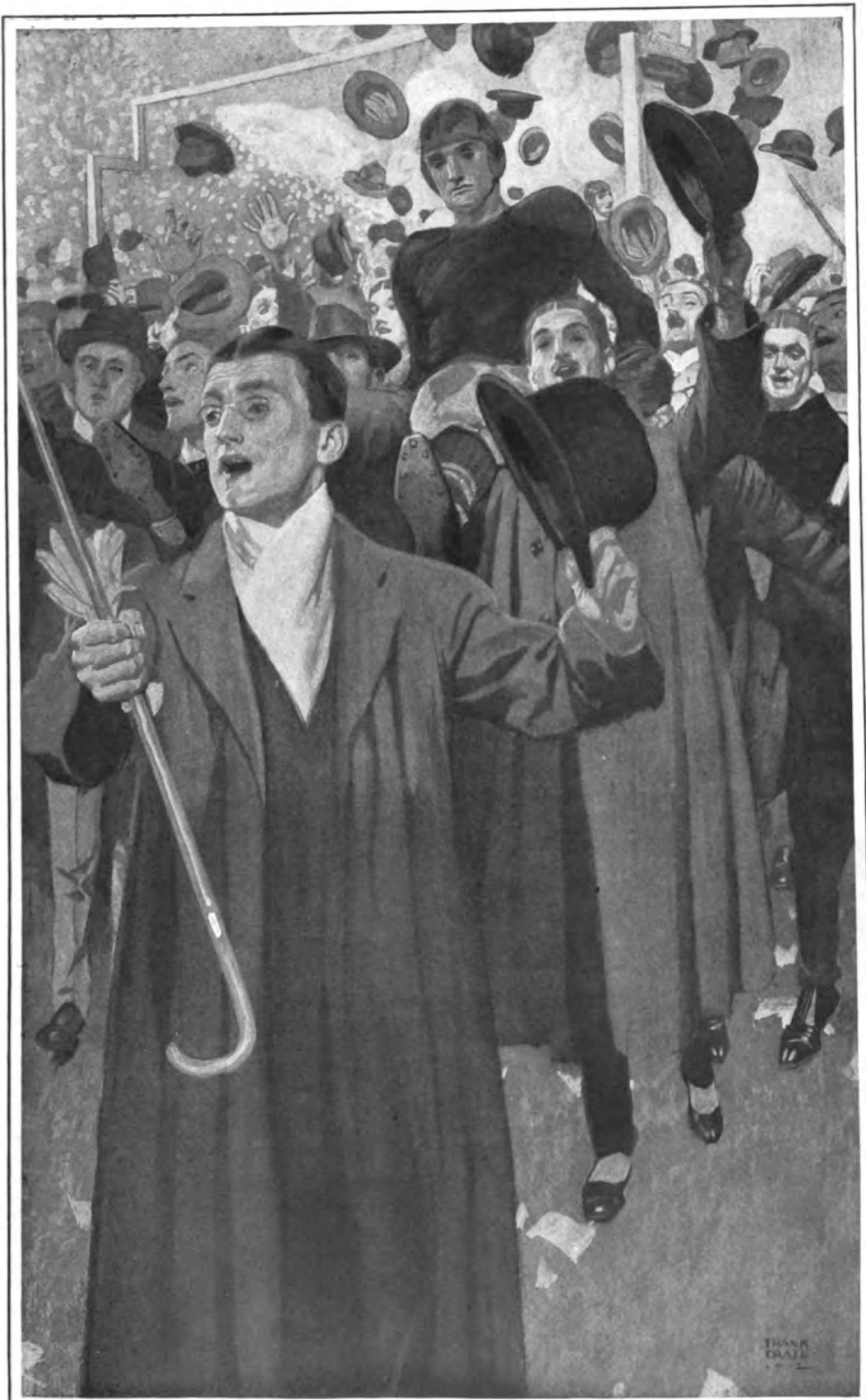
And then we all had to leave, for none must be late on this solemn and gay occasion. And now the roads were so many converging torrents of automobiles and carriages, and excitement had developed into fever. Life was at its highest, and the world held but one problem. . . . Sign that reaction was approaching!

A proud spectacle for the agitated vision, when the vast business of filling the stands had been accomplished, and the eye ranged over acres of black hats and variegated hats, hats flowered and feathered and plain male caps—a carpet intricately patterned with the rival colors! At a signal the mimic battle began. And in a moment occurred the first casualty—most grave of a series of casualties. A pale hero, with a useless limb, was led off the field amid loud cheers. Then it was that I became aware of some dozens of supplementary heroes shivering beneath brilliant blankets under the lee of the stands. In this species of football every casualty was foreseen, and the rules allowed it to be repaired. Not two teams,

but two regiments, were, in fact, fighting. And my European ideal of sport was offended.

Was it possible that a team could be permitted to replace a wounded man by another, and so on *ad infinitum*? Was it possible that a team need not abide by its misfortunes? Well, it was! I did not like this. It seemed to me that the organizers, forgetting that this was a mimic battle, had made it into a real battle; and that here was an imperfect appreciation of what strictly amateur sport is. The desire to win, laudable and essential in itself, may by excessive indulgence become a morbid obsession. Surely, I thought, and still think, the means ought to suit the end! An enthusiast for American organization, I was nevertheless forced to conclude that here organization is being carried too far, outraging the sense of proportion and of general fitness. For me, such organization disclosed even a misapprehension as to the principal aim and purpose of a university. If ever the fate of the Republic should depend on the result of football matches, then such organization would be justifiable, and courses of intellectual study might properly be suppressed. Until that dread hour, I would be inclined to dwell heavily on the admitted fact that a football match is not Waterloo, but simply a transient game in which two sets of youngsters bump up against one another in opposing endeavors to put a bouncing toy on two different spots of the earth's surface. The ultimate location of the inflated bauble will not affect the national destiny, and such moral value as the game has will not be increased but diminished by any enlargement of organization. After all, if the brains of the world gave themselves exclusively to football matches, the efficiency of football matches would be immensely improved,—but what then? . . . I seemed to behold on this field the American passion for "getting results."—which I admire very much; but it occurred to me that that passion, with its eyes fixed hungrily on the result it wants, may sometimes fail to see that it is getting a number of other results which it emphatically doesn't want.

Another example of excessive organization presented itself to me in the almost



Drawn by Frank Craig

THE VICTORS LEAVING THE FIELD

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military arrangements for shrieking the official yells. I felt sorry for the young men whose duty it was, by the aid of megaphones and of grotesque and undignified contortions, to encourage and even force the spectators to emit in unison the complex noises which constitute the yell. I have no doubt that my pity was misdirected, for these young men were obviously content with themselves; still, I felt sorry for them. Assuming for an instant that the official yell is not monstrously absurd and surpassingly ugly, admitting that it is a beautiful series of sounds, enheartening, noble, an utterance worthy of a great and ancient university at a crisis, even then one is bound to remember that its essential quality should be its spontaneity. Enthusiasm cannot be created at the word of command, nor can heroes be inspired by cheers artificially produced under megaphonic intimidation. Indeed, no moral phenomenon could be less helpful to heroes than a perfunctory response to a military order for enthusiasm. Perfunctory responses were frequent. Partly, no doubt, because the imperious young men with megaphones would not leave us alone. Just when we were nicely absorbed in the caprices of the ball, they would call us off and compel us to execute their preposterous chorus; and we—the spectators—did not always like it.

And the difficulty of following the game was already acute enough! Whenever the play quickened in interest we stood up. In fact, we were standing up and sitting down throughout the afternoon. And as we all stood up and we all sat down together, nobody gained any advantage from these muscular exercises. We saw no better and we saw no worse. Toward the end we stood on the seats, with the same result. We behaved in exactly the childlike manner of an Italian audience at a fashionable concert. And to crown all, an aviator had the ineffably bad taste and the culpable foolhardiness to circle round and round within a few dozen yards of our heads.

In spite of all this, the sum of one's sensations amounted to lively pleasure. The pleasure would have been livelier if university football were a better game than in candid truth it is. At this juncture I seem to hear a million voices of

students and ex-students roaring out at me with menaces that the game is perfect and the greatest of all games. A national game always was and is perfect. This particular game was perfect years ago. Nevertheless, I learned that it had recently been improved, in deference to criticisms. Therefore, it is now pluperfect. I was told on the field—and sharply—that experience of it was needed for the proper appreciation of its finesse. Admitted! But just as devotees of a favorite author will put sublime significances into his least phrase, so will devotees of a game put marvels of finesse into its clumsiest features. The process is psychological. I was new to this particular game, but I had been following various footballs with my feet or with my eyes for some thirty years, and I was not to be bullied out of my opinion that the American university game, though goodish, lacked certain virtues. Its characteristics tend ever to a too close formation, and inevitably favor tedium and monotony. In some aspects an unemotional critic might occasionally be tempted to call it naïve and barbaric. But I was not unemotional. I recognize, and in my own person I proved, that as a vehicle for emotion the American university game will serve. What else is such a game for? In the match I witnessed there were some really great moments, and one or two masterly exhibitions of skill and force. And as "my" side won, against all odds, I departed in a state of felicity.

If the great cities of the East and Middle West are not strikingly sportive, perhaps the reason is that they are impassioned theater-goers; they could not well be both, at any rate without neglecting the financial pursuits which are their chief real amusement and hobby. I mention the theaters in connection with sports, rather than in connection with the arts, because the American drama is more closely related to sporting diversions than to dramatic art. If this seems a hard saying, I will add that I am ready to apply it with similar force to the English and French drama, and, indeed, to almost all modern drama outside Germany. It was astonishing to me that America, unhampered by English tradi-

tions, should take seriously, for instance, the fashionable and utterly meretricious French dramatists, who receive nothing but a chilly ridicule from people of genuine discrimination in Paris. Whatever American dramatists have to learn, they will not learn it in Paris; and I was charmed once to hear a popular New York playwright, one who sincerely and frankly wrote for money alone, assert boldly that the notoriously successful French plays were bad, and clumsily bad. It was a proof of taste. As a rule, one finds the popular playwright taking off his hat to contemporaries who at best are no better than his equals.

A few minor cases apart, the drama is artistically negligible throughout the world; but if there is a large hope for it in any special country, that country is the United States. The extraordinary prevalence of big theaters, the quickly increasing number of native dramatists, the enormous profits of the successful ones—it is simply inconceivable in the face of the phenomena, and of the educational process so rapidly going on, that serious and first-class creative artists shall not arise in America. Nothing is more likely to foster the production of first-class artists than the existence of a vast machinery for winning money and glory. When I reflect that there are nearly twice as many first-class theaters in New York as in London, and that a very successful play in New York plays to \$18,000 a week, while in London \$10,000 a week is enormous, and that the American public has a preference for its own dramatists, I have little fear for the artistic importance of the drama of the future in America. And from the discrepancy between my own observations and the observations of a reliable European critic in New York only five years ago, I should imagine that appreciable progress had already been made, though I will not pretend that I was much impressed by the achievements up to date, either of playwrights, actors, or audiences. A huge popular institution, however, such as the American theatrical system, is always interesting to the amateur of human nature.

The first thing noted by the curious stranger in American theaters is that American theatrical architects have made

a great discovery: namely, that every member of the audience goes to the play with a desire to be able to see and hear what passes on the stage. This happy American discovery has not yet announced itself in Europe, where in almost every theater seats are impudently sold, and idiotically bought, from which it is impossible to see and hear what passes on the stage. (A remarkable continent, Europe!) Apart from this most important point, American theaters are not, either without or within, very attractive. The auditoriums, to a European, have a somewhat dingy air. Which air is no doubt partly due to the non-existence of a rule in favor of evening dress (never again shall I gird against the rule in Europe!), but it is due also to the oddly inefficient illumination during the entr'actes, and to the unsatisfactory schemes of decoration.

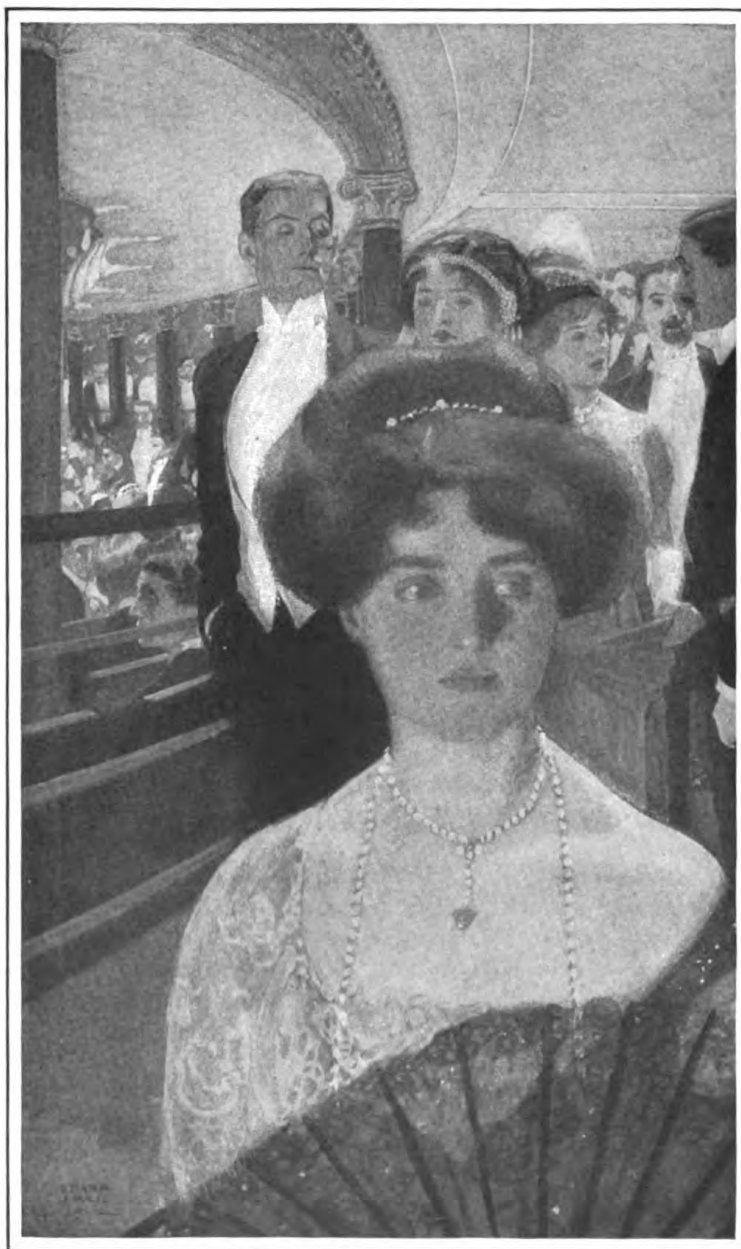
The interior of a theater ought to be magnificent, suggesting pleasure, luxury, and richness; it ought to create an illusion of rather riotous grandeur. The rare architects who have understood this seem to have lost their heads about it, with such wild and capricious results as the new opera-house in Philadelphia. I could not restrain my surprise that the inhabitants of the Quaker City had not arisen with pickaxes and razed this architectural extravaganza to the ground. But Philadelphia is a city startlingly unlike its European reputation. Throughout my too-brief sojourn in it, I did not cease to marvel at its liveliness. I heard more picturesque and pyrotechnic wit at one luncheon in Philadelphia than at any two repasts outside it. The spacious gaiety and lavishness of its marts enchanted me. It must have a pretty weakness for the most costly old books and manuscripts. I never was nearer breaking the Sixth Commandment than in one of its homes, where the Countess of Pembroke's own copy of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*—a unique and utterly un-Quakerish treasure—was laid trustfully in my hands by the regretted and charming Harry Widener.

To return. The Metropolitan Opera-House in New York is a much more satisfactory example of a theatrical interior. Indeed, it is very fine, especially when strung from end to end of its first tier with pearls, as I saw it. Impossible to

find fault with its mundane splendor. And let me urge that impeccable mundane splendor, despite facile arguments to the contrary, is a very real and worthy achievement. It is regrettable, by the way, that the entrances and foyers to these grandiose interiors should be so paltry, slatternly, and inadequate. If the entrances to the great financial establishments reminded me of opera-houses, the entrances to opera-houses did not!

Artistically, of course, the spectacle of a grand-opera season in an American city is just as humiliating as it is in the other Anglo-Saxon country. It was disconcerting to see Latin or German opera given exactly—with no difference at all; same Latin or German artists and conductors, same conventions, same tricks—in New York or Philadelphia as in Europe. And though the wealthy audiences behaved better than wealthy audiences at Covent Garden (perhaps because the boxes are less like inclosed pews than in London), it was mortifying to detect the secret disdain for art which was expressed in the listless late arrivings and the relieved early departures. The which disdain for art was, however, I am content to think, as naught in comparison with the withering artistic disdain felt, and sometimes revealed, by those Latin and German artists for Anglo-Saxon

Philistinism. I seem to be able to read the sarcastic souls of these accomplished and sensitive aliens, when they assure newspaper reporters that New York,



AN ENTR'ACTE AT THE OPERA

Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and London are really musical. The sole test of a musical public is that it should be capable of self-support,—I mean that it should produce a school of creative and executive artists of its own, whom it likes

well enough to idolize and to enrich, and whom the rest of the world will respect. This is a test which can be safely applied to Germany, Russia, Italy, and France. And in certain other arts it is a test which can be applied to Anglo-Saxondom,—but not in music. In America and England music is still mainly a sportive habit.

When I think of the exoticism of grand opera in New York, my mind at once turns, in contrast, to the natural raciness of such modest creations as those offered by Mr. George Cohan at his theater on Broadway. Here, in an extreme degree, you get a genuine instance of a public demand producing the desired artist on the spot. Here is something really and honestly and respectably American. And why it should be derided by even the most lofty pillars of American taste, I cannot imagine. (Or rather, I can imagine quite well.) For myself, I spent a very agreeable evening in witnessing "The Little Millionaire." I was perfectly conscious of the blatancy of the methods that achieved it. I saw in it no mark of genius. But I did see in it a very various talent and an all-round efficiency; and, beneath the blatancy, an admirable direct simplicity and winning unpretentiousness. I liked the ingenuity of the device by which, in the words of the programme, the action of Act II was "not interrupted by musical numbers." The dramatic construction of this act was so consistently clever and right and effective, that more ambitious dramatists might study it with advantage. Another point,—though the piece was artistically vulgar, it was not vulgar otherwise. It contained no slightest trace of the outrageous salacity and sottishness which disfigure the great majority of successful musical comedies. It was an honest entertainment. But to me its chief value and interest lay in the fact that while watching it I felt that I was really in New York, and not in Vienna, Paris, or London.

Of the regular theater I did not see nearly enough to be able to generalize, even for my own private satisfaction. I observed, and expected to observe, that the most reactionary quarters were the most respected. It is the same everywhere. When a manager, having discov-

ered that two real clocks in one real room never strike simultaneously, put two real clocks on the stage, and made one strike after the other; or when a manager mimicked, with extraordinary effects of restlessness, a life-sized telephone-exchange on the stage—then was I bound to hear of "artistic realism" and "a fine production"! But such feats of truthfulness do not consort well with chocolate sentimentalities and wilful falsities of action and dialogue. They caused me to doubt whether I was not in London.

The problem-plays which I saw were just as futile and exasperating as the commercial English and French varieties of the problem-play, though they had a trifling advantage over the English in that their most sentimental passages were lightened by humor, and the odiously insincere felicity of their conclusions was left to the imagination instead of being acted ruthlessly out on the boards. The themes of these plays showed the usual obsession, and were manipulated in the usual attempt to demonstrate that the way of transgressors is not so very hard after all. They threw, all unconsciously, strange side-lights on the American man's private estimate of the American woman, and the incidence of the applause was extremely instructive.

The most satisfactory play that I saw, "Bought and Paid For," by George Broadhurst, was not a problem-play, though Mr. Broadhurst is also a purveyor of problem-plays. It was just an unpretentious fairy-tale about the customary millionaire and the customary poor girl. The first act was maladroit, but the others made me think that "Bought and Paid For" was one of the best popular commercial Anglo-Saxon plays I had ever seen anywhere. There were touches of authentic realism at the very crisis at which experience had taught one to expect a crass sentimentality. The fairy-tale was well told, with some excellent characterization, and very well played. Indeed, Mr. Frank Craven's rendering of the incompetent clerk was a masterly and unforgettable piece of comedy. I enjoyed "Bought and Paid For," and it is on the faith of such plays, imperfect and timid as they are, that I establish my prophecy of a more glorious hereafter for the American drama.

The Beautiful Young Man

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

A KNIGHT in armor, mounted on a huge black charger, came riding down the Scarsett road. The knight's head was bare; for his helmet was set before him on his horse. He had a dark, strong, handsome face, cut to an olive rectangle by the heavy coal-black hair which ran straight across his forehead and fell to shoulder-length straight down over his ears. One glistening mailed hand held a lance, silver-tipped, the other a gonfalon, blood-red. The wind floated and twisted the white feathers which gushed from the helmet-tip; it fluttered and snapped the crimson oriflamme which flowed from the wooden staff. On he came. The sun pricked little sparkles and flashes of argent out of the leaden surface of his armor; it splashed ripples of light down the ebony sides of his charger. On he came. The horse moved with a stately motion which had a suggestion of curvet; his hoofs made an agreeable clatter on the hard, yellow road. But the knight sat motionless, silent, like the carved statue of a man—his chin sunken, his unfathomable, unappeasable, melancholy gaze fronting the sun. On, on he came.

"Elsa!" Mrs. Morgan's gentle voice called.

The knight vanished. Elsa was not surprised. The knight always disappeared when people spoke to her. It was her grievance that her mind could not simultaneously hold actual faces and her exorcised picture of him. She had been seeing the knight for a long time now. She loved to think of him. She turned to him whenever she had the leisure; and often she made the leisure. But, oh, at interruption, how easily, how quickly, how completely he went! A bubble could not have disappeared more irrevocably.

"Yes, mother," Elsa said, languidly. She arose and dragged across the piazza in the direction of Mrs. Morgan's voice.

"I don't know what's got into the child," Mrs. Morgan was saying.

Mrs. Morgan sat in her favorite rocking-chair with a big mending-basket on her lap. Everything about Mrs. Morgan shone. But perhaps her brown eyes, always a little anxious in expression, shone most of all.

"I'd give her a tonic," Grandma Morgan said. "It won't do her any harm, and it might do her some good. I must say the children of this generation are very different from the children of my young days. I never moped. Never had the time. I was too busy helping my mother."

Grandma Morgan sat in a little, straight, slat-backed chair; it was the lowest chair in the room, but even then a cricket supported her tiny feet. Grandma Morgan was no taller than thirteen-year-old Elsa. She had a high, eagle-nosed profile, dignified out of all proportion to the size of her face. She had a brisk, high-headed carriage, energetic out of all proportion to the strength of her body. She dressed always in curveless black, one narrow line of hemstitched white at her neck. Her eyes bored like gimlets, and her lips came together like knife-blades. She had the gift—or the curse—of caustic speech, which she exercised on everybody but her daughter-in-law. Except at weddings and funerals, nobody had ever seen her little, hard, capable hands idle. Now they seemed to peck at a lap foaming over with white wool with a pair of long, wooden knitting-needles. These knitting-needles were an exact barometer of her feelings.

Young Mrs. Morgan sighed. But she was not hurt. She knew that Grandma Morgan was only trying to conceal that Elsa was the apple of her eye. "And I'm very sure that was the right way, grandma," she agreed. "But it's almost impossible to let children help in the housework the way people live nowadays. Elsa takes care of her own room, of course. But if she goes into the kitchen she al-



SHE HAD BEEN SEEING THE KNIGHT FOR A LONG TIME

ways seems to get into difficulties with the maids. And I can't run that risk, for Kimball is so upset when the girls leave."

"Well," said Grandma Thayer, whom everybody called Deeda, "she is certainly a very different girl from what I was. Why, before I was fifteen, father and mother had all they could do keeping the young men in town from calling on me. When I married your father, Dora, I was engaged to two other young men. The reason I took him was that he asked me to elope. And I really could not resist that. It was too romantic." Deeda made this surprising confession with a *naïveté* most engaging.

Grandma Morgan's needles clicked vig-

orously for a moment. Deeda had refused to grow old. Her ample shapeliness gave more an effect of presence than of age; and this was heightened by her clear, young eyes and her little, young teeth. She wore a coffee-colored lace boudoir cap, garlanded with little bunches of satin roses. She, too, worked—at embroidery. She often wore her diamond rings in the morning. The language lacks words to describe the look in Grandma Morgan's eyes when they caught Deeda complacently contemplating the glitter of her white fingers.

Mrs. Morgan laughed. To her, the real sympathy which lay under her mother's temperamental unconvention shone through her frivolity. "Well, mother," she said, "I'm glad she doesn't take after you. If I had young

men to contend with now, I don't know what I'd do."

"Convents are very nice for little girls," Aunt Almira offered, vaguely.

Nobody paid any attention to Aunt Almira's remarks. Nobody ever did—not even Aunt Almira herself. Her thoughts were always so far away that her comments had nothing to do with the case. Aunt Almira sat at the center-table putting post-cards into an album. Her tall figure had a fundamental impressiveness, quite alien to her timid, trusting soul. Her long, pale, benign face was lighted by vague, pale, near-sighted eyes. She had the appearance always of peering at life as from another world.

"Well, I've found something that will wake her up," said Mr. Morgan, from the table where he worked. Mr. Morgan had an elaborate studio, but he accomplished much of his work in the midst of the patriarchal conditions which prevailed in the house. He always whistled while he painted. Sometimes he would jump up, hurry over to the piano, and burst into grand opera. His agreeable tenor was immediately joined by Deeda's rich contralto, no matter in what part of the house she happened to be. The noise then became deafening. For Toby, the parrot, screeched a constant remonstrance, and Dicky Diamonds, the canary, shrilled an unceasing volume of sympathetic delight. It was always a noisy household; even now the wail of Kim's violin floated down from up-stairs.

"I was talking with Stuart Ross last night about the Scarsett celebration," Mr. Morgan went on, making long, sweeping brush-strokes, "and he made a bully suggestion—a pageant. He's coming over here to-day to talk it over. His idea is some knights-of-the-round-table business. He said he'd be Launcelot. I'm going to cast Elsa for one of the ladies-in-waiting to Queen Guinevere. As it's mainly a matter of dressing-up, I guess you'll find she'll get over her moping."

"What is it, mother?" Elsa called at this moment from the doorway. As she stood there, everything about her sagged. Her extraordinary eyes—a pure, brilliant aquamarine, but now dulled by discontent—roved languidly about the room.

"Go over to Mrs. Blair's, please, dear," Mrs. Morgan said, "and ask how Mr. Warriner is this morning."

Elsa walked slowly down the long, curving drive of the Morgan house. She walked slowly up the long, curving drive of the Blair house. And all the time the knight galloped with her—with her, and yet in no real sense her companion. For ever his far-away, intent gaze raked the distance. Mrs. Blair's first words sent him flying into the invisible. Emerging into the sunlight, Elsa tried to exorcise him again. In the effort of concentra-

tion she shut her eyes. Suddenly there came from afar off in the distance the ghost of the echo of a gallop. Nearer it came and nearer. Louder it grew and louder. It struck the wooden causeway—turned to a hollow, reverberant tattoo. Why, this was not dreaming; this was real. She opened her eyes.

A young man on horseback was coming directly toward her. He wore a riding-costume. The sun glanced sideways at him and struck through what of the thick, dark curls his pith helmet left uncovered. It sifted through lashes as long as a girl's, and struck sparks from eyes the color of agate. He carried a tennis-racket.

He looked down at Elsa as he overtook her. And Elsa looked up at him. His gaze passed easily on; but Elsa's went down to the road like a shot. Why, he looked like somebody. Who was it? He passed her. Elsa's gaze came up from the road. She watched him. On he went, and then—was he going to do it? He



HE LOOKED LIKE SOMEBODY. WHO WAS IT?

was. He had. He turned into her own driveway and galloped up the driveway.

Elsa quickened her pace. She leaped up the piazza steps and tore the screen door open. Except that the strange young man held the center of the room, and that Kim, violin-bow in hand, stood at his side, drinking down his words, the family group had not changed.

"Mr. Warriner's much better this morning, mother," Elsa panted.

Everybody turned and looked at her. And everybody, except Grandma Morgan, looked an instant longer than was necessary. For invisible stars were distilling visible radiance in the depths of Elsa's aquamarine eyes. Invisible roses were unfolding visible petals of pink and white on her smooth cheeks. Every hair of her green-gold mop bristled and glittered with new life.

"And this is my daughter, Elsa, Mr. Ross. Mr. Ross, Elsa."

Elsa bowed, mute. She was trembling. She did not know why.

"And so I decided suddenly that I'd accept your invitation," Mr. Ross went on, "And it was such a fine day I thought I'd ride over from Colusset. My trunk's coming on the next train. But I brought over my racket, so there'd be no delay on that score. Hullo, young feller, are you as serious-minded as you look?"

This was addressed to Jerry Morgan, who, aged four, and consisting as yet mainly of fat cheeks and fat legs, had approached the guest, and was now staring him out of countenance. Mr. Ross's arm swept out, drew Jerry in, tucked him comfortably against his shoulder.

"Well, good Lord, how many children

have you?" he exclaimed. This query undoubtedly arose from the sudden appearance of six-year-old Polly Morgan from behind the portière. Fat little feet wide apart, owl-like gray eyes wide open between unbelievable eyelashes, she studied him, visibly fascinated. Mr. Ross held out his free hand, and she drifted to the other knee.

"Well, it depends on how you count the twins," Mr. Morgan answered. "They're rather inchoate at present. If you count them as one, we've got five children. If you count them as two, we've got six. They're the youngest, and Elsa's the oldest."

Mr. Ross's gaze went to Grandma Morgan, and something like apprehension wiped the smile out of his eyes. "Why do you use such long needles, Mrs. Morgan?" he asked, very respectfully.

"To do my knitting with," snapped Grandma Morgan, "and to make folks ask foolish questions."

Mr. Ross roared. "Well, you landed one that time, didn't you?" All the apprehension had gone out of his eyes. He moved his chair closer to Grandma Morgan and watched her for a while. "You do it because you want to be the center of attraction," he accused her. "And you really don't have to resort to any such expedient. You'll be the belle of the party, anyway."

Elsa's blood froze. What would Grandma say?

And yet—was there ever such a miracle?—when Grandma Morgan spoke, although she was a little severe, she was not the least bit cross.

"Young man," she said, "when I was twenty I never was afraid that my order



MR. ROSS



"WHY DO YOU USE SUCH LONG NEEDLES, MRS. MORGAN?"

wouldn't fill right up the moment I got to the ball."

"I have one or two foreign post-cards that came this morning," Mr. Ross said, stopping at Aunt Almira's table. "Would you like to add them to your collection?" He fumbled in an inner pocket and placed two cards on the table.

Aunt Almira pulled herself back to the present with a start. "Oh, thank you," she said. "Rome, too! My favorite city!"

"How about some tennis before lunch, Stuart?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"Great!" said Mr. Ross, rising with alacrity.

Tennis at the Morgan place partook of the patriarchal quality of the household. Rollo, the big St. Bernard, always ensconced himself under the net in the very center of the court. The two kit-

tens inevitably discovered what was going on, and played a mad game up and down the net-poles and in pursuit of rolling balls. This was so disconcerting to strangers that, at intervals, Mr. Morgan forbade the children to bring what he called "the live stock" with them. But as he usually proceeded to the next set with both kittens on his shoulders, it was a rule difficult to enforce. This morning, not only the animals, but Elsa, Polly, Kim, and Jerry, followed the contestants to the court. Often Elsa utilized the quiet of her position as spectator to think about the knight. But to-day she could not day-dream. She watched ever Mr. Ross's slender, agile, graceful figure. And as she watched, a feeling of perplexity developed in her, grew, filled her mind.

Before dinner, Elsa caught her mother alone. Mrs. Morgan's household cares trailed her even to her room. Now she sat, needle in hand. The table was piled with small garments that needed mending. Jerry's half-eaten cookie crumbled on the bureau, and one of Polly's dolls lay under the table. Mrs. Morgan had put on one of the little dimities which in summer constituted her most ambitious dressing-up. She shone more than ever. Elsa thought her the loveliest woman in Scarsett.

"Mother," she said, "who does Mr. Ross look like?"

"Lord Byron," her mother answered, immediately. "You know the picture of him that hangs in the music-room—the one I had when I was a girl. That's what you're thinking of."

Elsa knew the picture. But she shook her head.

"He's very handsome," Mrs. Morgan went on; "quite the handsomest young man I've seen for a long time."

"I don't think he's handsome exactly," Elsa said, "but—" She finished with a sigh. She slipped from her mother's room to Deeda's.

Elsa loved Deeda's room. The snowiness of it, the white paint, the many white fur rugs, the white furniture, spindle-legged and carved, and all against a paper covered with roses, gave it a frivolous air. And the glittering array of things on the dressing-table—bottles in cut-glass, toilet articles in silver, boxes of metal enameled in beautiful colors, trays laden with rings and brooches, earrings and pendants and chains—Elsa found all these details inexpressibly fascinating. Besides, a delicious odor of violets always hung over everything. To-night an evening-gown of lavender silk and white lace lay on the bed. Deeda was drawing on lavender silk slippers over lavender silk stockings. Deeda was always the most beautifully dressed person in the house. Elsa was inordinately proud of her.

Elsa herself wore her greatest sartorial glory—a little ribbon fillet of azure and gold. "Deeda," she asked, "would you lend me for to-night that little finger-ring—the one I like so—the one with the blue stone?"

"Of course," Deeda answered, absently. "Elsa, which do you like best—this silver in my hair or the lavender?"

Elsa surveyed Deeda seriously as she tried first one band, then the other. "The silver," she answered. "I love glittery things. Oh, it looks beautiful."

Deeda smiled, but she twisted about until over her shoulder she could study her reflection in the round mirror. "Do you really think so, Elsa?" she simpered. "What a darling child you are!"

"Deeda," Elsa asked, "do you think that Mr. Ross is handsome, and do you think he looks like Lord Byron?"

"Handsome! My dear, he's a young god! I never saw such eyes and hair in my life. But he doesn't look like Byron. Wait!" Deeda rummaged in one of the overflowing drawers of her dresser. She handed Elsa a photograph. It was much faded. "There's a picture of Edwin Booth, the most wonderful-looking man I ever saw; you can see for yourself that Mr. Ross is the image of him."



HE USUALLY PROCEEDED TO THE NEXT SET
WITH BOTH KITTENS ON HIS SHOULDERS



"I DON'T THINK HE'S HANDSOME EXACTLY," SAID ELSA

Elsa could not see that Mr. Ross resembled the photograph in the least. She knew, however, that he strangely resembled somebody else. And it bothered her that she could not think who.

From Deeda's room Elsa went to Grandma Morgan's. Grandma sat in another of her changeless black gowns, reading the *Life of Theodore Parker*. She looked up over her glasses with a "What is it, child?" She snapped this out. She had to snap it. Elsa looked too pretty to be encouraged.

This room was as different as it well could be from Deeda's. It was furnished in Grandma Morgan's wedding set—hair-cloth and black walnut. There was not a couch or chair in the room that Elsa did not consider either too slippery or too prickly to sit on. The pictures were all of people who had been long dead. Elsa thought them extremely ugly. The marble-topped dresser was uninteresting; it held a row of medicine-bottles, a little wooden-backed hair-brush with a black comb stuck sideways into it, a Bible. It was queer how different Elsa felt in the two rooms. In Deeda's she was received as an equal, sometimes shamelessly acclaimed as a beauty. In Grandma Morgan's room she became a little girl again the moment she crossed

the threshold—bereft at one fell stroke of the dignity of her nearly fourteen years. Elsa hated that feeling. And yet she loved Grandma Morgan passionately.

"Grandma," she said, "do you think Mr. Ross is handsome?"

"Oh, he's good-looking enough if you like curly hair," Grandma admitted. "But he knows it, I guess. Talks too much!" Her eyes fell on her book.

"Do you think he looks like Lord Byron or Edwin Booth?"

"Byron!" Grandma Morgan ejaculated. "Booth! Mercy no! Why, Byron had a dimple in his chin, and Booth's nose was fat at the end." She contemplated Elsa for a grim instant over her spectacles. "I'll tell you who he does look like if you want to know. He looks just exactly like your Grandfather Morgan when he was a young man. There's a daguerreotype of him over there."

Elsa tiptoed to the table. She always tiptoed here—and always talked low. But with Deeda she lounged; she could even whistle. She snapped the daguerreotype-case open. A young man, in strange, old-fashioned clothes, looked up at her with great eyes that shone earnestly under a fall of heavy hair. He did not look anything like Mr. Ross. Who was it Mr. Ross resembled? Who *was* it?

From Grandma Morgan's room Elsa climbed up-stairs. Aunt Almira's room—she had chosen one of the attics—was different from both the others. It was furnished entirely with the old things that were Aunt Almira's passion. There was even a spinning-wheel in one corner and a spinet in another. On the wall hung some silhouettes, many old steel-engravings, and a few dull, greenish mirrors. Elsa loved Aunt Almira so much that it hurt her to think of her.

Aunt Almira's gowns were very much alike. Always of thin silk, either black with fine, white stripes, or white with fine, black stripes; they were made in the style of ten years ago. She was reading *The Life and Letters of the Brownings*.

"Aunt Allie," Elsa said, "do you think that Mr. Ross is handsome?"

Aunt Almira drew her eyes from her book. "Handsome?" she repeated, vaguely. "Mr. Ross?" Then suddenly she came to life. "Indeed, yes," she said, with emphasis. "A Greek god! He looks very like the young Antinous." Aunt Almira gestured to the picture over the low-boy. That picture had hung on Aunt Almira's wall ever since she had taken her single, meager trip abroad, twenty years before. It was a photograph of a bust.

Elsa had always thought the young Antinous very beautiful; but she did not think he could compare with Mr. Ross. There was somebody who could, though. But she could not for the life of her think who it was.

During dinner, while Mr. Ross joked up and down the whole line of the family, Elsa stared at him. Stared and stared, but unavailing. All the long evening, when he held them spellbound with tales of adventure by land and sea, she continued to stare; and yet it would not come to her. Undressing slowly in her room, she still worked at her problem. But once in bed, she meant to put it out of her mind; for every evening—it was almost a religious ceremony with her—she always thought of the knight. She could see him more clearly then; the dark and the quiet helped. She drew the clothes comfortably up to her chin, closed her eyes, and—

A young man on horseback was coming

directly toward her. He wore a riding-costume. The sun glanced sideways at him and struck through what of the thick, dark curls his pith helmet left uncovered. It sifted through lashes as long as a girl's, and struck sparks from eyes the color of agate. He carried a tennis-racket.

What a goose she had been! It was all plain now. He looked like the knight.

She slipped without any more thinking into a peaceful sleep.

The next day preparations for the pageant began. By eleven o'clock the house looked, as Grandma Morgan said, "ready to ride out." An auction might have been in progress in the studio, a rummage sale in the garret. Books of costumes littered the tables. The walls were covered with sketches. Mr. Morgan gave up all pretense of other work. Mr. Ross toiled like a galley-slave. Elsa hung at their heels all day long, serving as model for numerous experiments in draping, fighting with Kim and Polly for the privilege of running errands. It was such fun being with Mr. Ross. Mr. Ross laughed and joked with one. Mr. Ross called one "Daylight" and "Goldilocks" and "Star-Eyes" and "Buttercup-top." Mr. Ross said that he liked one's best gown—a white mull—even though it was unfashionably full in the skirt. Mr. Ross "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" at sight of one's proudest possession—a fillet of blue-and-gold ribbon. Mr. Ross gave one a delicious sensation of having tumbled straight over into that enchanted chasm of young-ladyhood on whose verge one had trembled so long. It was wonderful!

At twilight, when Mr. Ross and Mr. Morgan went off for a tramp, Elsa retired to the piazza to think of the knight. But somehow she could not focus her mind on him. Pictures of Mr. Ross danced in and out among her thoughts—visions of the pageant in which she, a hand-maid of Queen Guinevere, should follow the armored figure of Sir Launcelot. She gave it up after a while—abandoned herself to her fancy.

"I've called Mrs. Carroll and Mrs. Dodd up," Mrs. Morgan announced to the two men on their return, "and they're coming over to-morrow. As soon

as we've cast the pageant we can really get to work." Later she added to her husband: "You are quite right, Kimball, about Elsa. All she needed was something to do. She hasn't moped all day long."

Mrs. Carroll and Mrs. Dodd spent all of the next day at the Morgan house. The talk was entirely of the business of the pageant from a grown-up point of view. All the morning and all the afternoon Elsa hung on the outskirts of the discussion. She felt that she must stay about. She did not know when Mr. Ross might ask for her. He did not need her, as it happened; but now and then he bothered to throw her a caressing word.

At twilight she slipped out into the hammock. She told herself that she was going to think of the knight. She was not sorry, however, when the figure of Mr. Ross came sliding into her mind, not sorry even when he took the knight's very place in the knight's own saddle.

"I've called the principals up," Mrs. Morgan said at dinner, "and they'll be over to-morrow for all day."

The "principals" were Mae Morris, an actress who was visiting the Dodds; Birdinette Lee, a Southern girl, who was staying with the Carrolls; Gordon True, a college girl who was boarding at the Scarsett Arms. They came immediately after breakfast, and they stayed until long past Elsa's bed-hour. Again Elsa did not do a single errand for Mr. Ross. Again she did not pose for a single draping. Instead, whenever he was ready for sartorial experiment, Mae or Birdinette or Gordon would rush forward with,

"Let me do this, Mr. Ross. I'm not the least bit tired." Mr. Ross would say, "Thank you, Guinevere!" or, "How charming of you, Vivian!" or, "You'll be wonderful in it, Elaine!" How Elsa wished he would call them by their real names! But that was not all. She sat about during the whole morning—a little, alert, quivering, tingling figure of expectancy. She sat about during the whole afternoon, frozen into the attitude of the unnoticed observer. Apparently Mr. Ross did not see her all that long day; he did not speak to her once.

Elsa waked in the morning with the hope that things would be different. But they were not different that day, nor the next, nor the next. There were so many now with whom one had to share Mr. Ross. There was, for instance, always father. Then there was mother, with whom he gardened in the morning. There was Grandma Morgan, with whom he was always falling into deferential little chats. There was Deeda, with whom by the hour he sang Scotch songs. There was Aunt Al-

mira, with whom he talked old furniture and Italy. And as if that were not enough, the Morgan place began suddenly to blossom with girls. Pairs and trios of them were always stopping on their way to the beach. And the same pairs and trios dropped in to tea to see how things had progressed since the morning. As for Mae, Birdinette, and Gordon, they were underfoot all day long.

Elsa wandered through this preoccupation, an encumberer of the earth. She listened to this or that general discussion, veered off from this or that tête-à-tête, offered a timid suggestion which no-



ALL THAT LONG DAY HE DID NOT SPEAK TO HER

body heard, asked a low-voiced question which nobody answered. Three days went by. Elsa could not remember when Mr. Ross had spoken to her. She trembled all the time now with an emotion that she had never known before—part anger, part hurt pride, part something else.

At twilight one day she leaped suddenly to her feet and ran out to the hammock.

She had remembered in a flash what she had altogether forgotten. There was one creature—and only one—in the universe who could help her. And she could depend upon him absolutely, even though he was a being of faery. She closed her eyes and—why, he would not come. She had actually forgotten how he looked. She racked and scraped and tore her memory. Details came—black charger, leaden armor, feathered helmet, silver-pointed spear, blood-red gonfalon—she could get everything but the man himself. For weeks his face had been as familiar as her mother's. Now it was as if she had never seen it. She knew whose fault it was.

She could never forgive herself. But she would remember him. She *would*! She clenched her hands. She set her teeth. She held her breath. She stabbed again and again into the past. It was useless.

The knight was gone.

At intervals all the next day she ran to her room, threw herself face down on the bed, and beat back in memory over the last few months. It was useless. She had lost the knight forever.

The day of the pageant came. In the early morning the whole crowd picked flowers. In the early afternoon they

decorated the floats. Promptly at three o'clock the procession started from Poole's Field and wended its slow, picturesque way down the main street of Scarsett. That street was crowded; strangers had come from everywhere. The pageant was a great success. Every woman commended the magnificent Sir Launcelot who rode at its head in full

armor. Many men spoke of the stately beauty of Queen Guinevere, the seductive charm of Vivian, the pathetic loveliness of the dead Elaine. A few noticed one of the Queen's maids—a tall, slender girl in blue, a blonde shot with shadows, whose eyes, fixed on the distant sky, seemed to bore through it.

Elsa was glad that the pageant was over. For now there was no excuse for crowds to come thronging to the house. To-morrow, perhaps—

The next day, when she came down-stairs, her mother was arranging breakfast on a tray. "Mr. Ross was taken ill in the night, Elsa," she said. "He must have run into some poison-ivy yesterday while we were getting the flowers. Your father says

it's the worst case he ever saw. Mr. Ross has asked especially that none of us women shall come near him—he's very sensitive about the way he looks. I want you to take this up to him. I'm going to do some telephoning. He wants an automobile to take him right home."

Elsa lifted the tray as she might have lifted the Holy Grail. She walked carefully up the stairs. She knocked gently at Mr. Ross's door.

"Come!" a voice called. Elsa went in.

Dressed in a bath-robe, Mr. Ross was sitting in a chair. His face . . .



SHE KNOCKED GENTLY AT MR. ROSS'S DOOR



A KNIGHT IN ARMOR CAME RIDING DOWN THE SCARSETT ROAD

A few minutes later Elsa dropped into the hammock, her head in the pillows. After a little while she heard an auto chug-chug up the drive and stop at the piazza steps. She heard a murmur of sympathetic good-bys. The auto chug-chugged away. She tried with all her might to recall how Mr. Ross used to look. She could not. All she could see was the swollen, purple-crimson face—the tomato nose—the slits of eyes. She would remember him. She *would*. She burrowed her face into the pillows. Suddenly to her mental ears came the ghost of an echo of a gallop. She sat up and gazed off into the soft August landscape.

A knight in armor, mounted on a huge black charger, came riding down the Scarsett road. The knight's head was bare; for his helmet was set before him

on his horse. He had a strong, dark, handsome face, cut to an olive rectangle by his long, dense, jet-black hair and his strong chin. One glittering mailed hand held a lance, silver-tipped. The sun cut in little diamonds the surface of his armor; it washed like liquid silver down the inflexible sides of his charger. The horse moved with a stately motion which had a suggestion of curvet. His hoofs made an agreeable clatter on the hard, yellow road. But the knight sat moveless, silent, like the carved statue of a man, his unfathomable, unappeasable, melancholy gaze fronting the sun.

On he came and on, and—

"Elsa!" Mrs. Morgan's gentle voice called.

The knight vanished.

Circumstance

BY SAMUEL McCOY

O LITTLE naked room wherein
My workday life is spent,
When wilt thou cease to hem me in,
And leave the sky my tent?

Adventuring Along the Upper Orinoco

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

EVEN if not the gateway of El Dorado, that phantom land which lured the Conquistadores to those marvelous voyages that gave the world its first slight knowledge of the northern interior of South America, fable and mystery still enshroud the head-water country of the Orinoco which begins at a rock barrier and formidable cataract, about six days' voyaging by canoe, and some one hundred and twenty miles or thereabouts southeast of Esmeralda. To this point no insurmountable difficulty to travel offers—at least not in May; beyond, however, is the *terra incognita*. One hears appalling tales of this region from Brazilian to Venezuelan end of the flowing road, and no Indian will enter it because of the vengefulness these interior people are said to have nourished against everybody since an eighteenth-century brutal onslaught endured at the hands of an invading Spanish commander. The subsequent killing from ambush of venturesome native rubber-explorers on two widely separate occasions strengthened the general impression and terror. To get beyond this barrier and have a look at the savages was the sole object of my trip to the upper waters of the Orinoco.

Esmeralda, once the prospering end of the Spaniards' known world in South America, we found to be a dismal place, now practically abandoned to the transient occupation of wayfarers like ourselves. It is situated on the least attractive site to be found under Duida, which, because of a report that it contained gold, is really responsible for the original establishment of the mission. Heaven only knows why the founders did not locate upon the plain reaching back from the river, where the air is fresher and the insects fewer. But even at its worst it was a delight after our recent experience, and we made a quite comfortable camp near three Maqui-

ritare Indians, whom we found already lodged on our arrival, while I fell to speculating on the chances of inducing my crew to continue up-river.

Of my cherished intention to go beyond the Geheta I had said nothing in parleying with them at Maroa and Javita—for two excellent reasons: first, because I could not voice enough lingo to be understood, and, second, I knew full well they would not start at all if aware of my ambition. I had, therefore, named Esmeralda as my destination, with which all Indians are acquainted, for it, too, at one time was a center of canoe-building. I was jubilant in securing men to go so far—it was more than I had been able to do on a previous endeavor—and well satisfied to let the question and means of going farther rest for the time being. Nor did I hurry to the subject, now we had arrived.

After an afternoon of loafing, eating, and smoking, I made a casual approach, saying I was going up-river on the morrow. The patron, to whom I addressed myself, did not at once comprehend, but when he did understand he lost no time or emphasis in declaring he would not go—which, of course, included crew and canoe. Nothing I could say, nothing I could offer from the equipment so much admired by them, made the smallest impression; argument, gifts, were equally futile. They were not in the slightest degree swerved from their intention at any period of the discussion. I say "discussion" for lack of a more descriptive word. Really of discussion there was none. The seance might better be likened to a mute sign-show, with detached Spanish words uttered earnestly and frequently on my part, while on the part of the patron a disheartening and monotonous "No" or shaking of the head, accompanied by a subdued and concerted hum of approval on the part of

the Indians about us. There was no mistaking their feeling about the up-river district; yet I did not relax my efforts to change their decision until we put up in our hammocks for the night.

In the morning my late crew and the canoe were missing. They had unslung their hammocks during the night and set off for home, as the quickest and surest method of disposing of the issue between us. Yet all they took away with them of mine were the sack of mandioca and the bundle of dried fish, which, together with some presents already given, constituted the agreed wage for taking me to Esmeralda. Notwithstanding my plight, I could not resist acclaiming their simple honesty.

My predicament was no more than I had half expected, though the first shock of it was somewhat disconcerting. Not that desertion much worried so old a hand in wilderness travel, but the thought of being thus put near to a possible second failure gave me a chill or two, I confess, for at the moment there seemed no other people left on earth with me but my camp neighbors. The Maquiritares, I felt certain, would not listen to any suggested exploration beyond their ken; for, though members of this tribe oftener than any other are encountered on this bit of the Orinoco, yet they do not go far above the Padamo, up which to some extent they are in residence. Very few Indians of any tribe get more than a couple of days beyond Esmeralda, and then for only a fleeting visit; I did not see a permanent habitation on the upper waters after I had separated from the Maquiritares. My neighbors seemed unsurprised at the disappearance of my Indians—not unlikely they knew of it before my discovery. When I sought to communicate with them they received me as though being left high and dry without a canoe on the bank of the river one thousand miles from nowhere were an every-day happening.

A meal being the first aid to reciprocity with an Indian, I spread the best of my larder, and invited their attention. As we ate in silence, my brain worked overtime devising ways and means, for I knew if I failed to interest them in some proposal they would as likely as not move off without me,

in which event I should be marooned for a certainty. My best course—indeed, the only course open except sitting down to await other stray Indians—seemed that of attaching myself to these Maquiritares, wherever their up-river journey took them, abiding my time and developing my plan according to opportunity. It was most important of all that I get a canoe, for without one I was as a waif in a land where none has to spare and every home is roofless. I decided, therefore, to dissemble, to say nothing about going beyond the barrier, to let them think that with loss of my crew I had dismissed such adventuring, and was now just a traveler like themselves, who wanted a canoe and was willing to pay well for one. I gave them tobacco for cigarettes, filled my pipe, and we smoked, exchanging with difficulty a few comments on the meal or the insects. Not a hint did they get that loss of my means of travel was of any more concern to me than it appeared to be to them. Before we slept in our hammocks, however, I learned they were going one sleep up-river at sun-up, as they expressed it, and would take me with them. I had won the first redoubt, and you can picture my happiness and relief; luckily for my assumed indifference, the night concealed the elation which must have shown in my countenance, try as I might to suppress it.

At the close of the next day, near the mouth of a little river coming in from the north, called Gaupo, and the end, by the way, of Humboldt's up-Orinoco journey, we camped with five other Indians, two of whom had ears pierced near the top. By their complexion and ready converse with my companion I judged all the strangers to be Maquiritares, save a much darker, heavier-featured one, who looked like a Zambo, as they call the Indian-negro mixture in Venezuela. And at the night meal I was cheered as though by the unexpected appearance of an old friend when he addressed me in Spanish. For the first time in weeks I was able to abandon the manual wig-wagging which had been my chief means of communication, and to embark upon an entire sentence in jungle Spanish; to understand and to make myself understood—almost to chatter. It was great joy. From him

I learned that my Indians were going up several of the near-by small rivers rubber-hunting, while the others were seeking herbs; that all the upper Orinoco is "muy malo" (very bad), where it rains most of the time, and nobody lives, and the insects feast upon the few who now and then voyage above San Fernando de Atabapo, the end of habitation on the river; and, finally, that no one ever goes far up the Orinoco because the "Indios bravos" (savage Indians) will kill them. A lot more to the discredit of the up-country the Zambo told me to unmistakably prove that he shared the common aversion to the upper Orinoco.

As for myself, I, too, was an Indian by nature, I told him, a genuine "Indio blanco" kept from his native spirit heath by force of circumstance, and who made hunting the excuse for returning now and again to his own. I did not, however, say anything of my immediate desires, except that I wished to buy a small canoe, which he forthwith gratified, by arranging with his companions to sell me the small one of their fleet of two.

In the morning, as things seemed to be coming my way, I determined to venture upon the next step, evolved as I lay in my hammock after the evening talk with the Venezuelan. This, in a word, was to engage his services for a short trip, and trust to the irresistible lure of the gold sovereigns I carried to hold him when finally we got as far up-river as normally he would go. The intention of the Indians to tarry on this little river gave me excellent reason for planning to go on, and my scheme worked very nicely, especially as the Venezuelan appeared not much in sympathy with their purpose—whatever it may have been. In fact, he did not dissemble so to say; it was my notice of that which first gave birth to my scheme.

We got our stuff together without comment and set out upon our journey upstream, with the Venezuelan at the bow and me in the stern of my newly acquired canoe, which was about fifteen feet long and unusually deep for its length—an excellent quality for my purpose.

On the second day after starting we passed the Padamo, and in another day and a half came to the Ocamo, the river

on which live, so the Zambo said, the reputed white Indians, about whom so much fanciful is uttered—none more ridiculous than that their lighter complexion is due to the visitations of Dutch traders from Guiana a century or two ago.

Their complexion is certainly the lightest on the road—a bleached copper, I should call it. Those I saw were taller and better-looking than the average Indian of the country, and friendly and honest so far as my experience goes. In small collections of palm-thatched houses they live up tributaries within a day or two's travel east of Esmeralda, but I found only a straggling few individuals on the Orinoco itself. They are famous brewers of the curare poison, for which, it is maintained, no antidote is known, and with which arrows and darts are charged.

It was still a big river, this Orinoco, but after another two days its breadth diminished considerably; meanwhile, as anything interesting offered, I made it the opportunity for a stop and a smoke. We loafed along a good bit, and you may be sure I treated that Venezuelan well. Among my slender supplies nothing was too good for him. No word of destination was spoken, my thought being that the nearer we got to the barrier before the disclosure, the easier it would be to win him; therefore I talked only of the birds, was constantly on the outlook for new ones or for the jaguar, of which he appeared fairly well informed and less afraid than most natives I had taken with me. But neither bird nor animal life was plentiful. Truth is, the upper Orinoco birds made slight impression upon me. At this stage I was entirely absorbed with thought of my plan, which was soon to be put to test; later I was working too hard to pay heed to any life save the omnipresent insect life, which can never be disregarded.

But two phenomena demanded recognition of the most thoroughly occupied mind. The first was the rain—Jupiter Pluvius, how it did rain, and yet rain, day and night! The oppressive humidity, the enormous plant life, the tree trunks on the north bank larger than any I saw elsewhere along the flowing road; it seemed as if we were passing through the

hothouse of South America. I could actually smell the rank vegetation. And the insects were a good second in numbers and aggression to those of the Casiquiare. The other compelling feature of these days was the storms. Thunder, which came peal after peal down from the mountains at the north to reverberate along our track, almost to shake our canoe, it seemed; lightning that flashed at the forest edge like a meteor in dazzling, bewildering zigzags; and momentary gusts of wind, which were refreshing indeed and a foe to the insects, but that roughed the water to a point of upset for our low craft.

Thus we journeyed east with no word of my objective.

At last the challenge came. It was on the night of the fifth day, and the Venezuelan had said we must turn back on the morrow, as the "Indios bravos" were near. The showdown was due, and I was frank. I told him I intended going a few days beyond the barrier to see what there was to be seen; that I wished him to go with me and would pay him handsomely—five libras—i.e., twenty-five dollars—in addition to the peso (one native dollar) a day wage. I scoffed at the danger, declared the bad Indians a fairy-tale, and assured him we should escape them, anyway, as I proposed to travel only in the night. But he was a stiffer proposition than I expected. He declined emphatically, putting aside the five libras as though his pockets already overflowed with gold. Then I offered him ten, and again he put temptation aside, more slowly, but with open decision, much to my growing dismay. In a situation less fateful his second refusal would, no doubt, have terminated my overtures; but I was not to be deterred, just at the door of my land of mystery. To get behind that barrier was the purpose of the hardest trip of my life. A buckskin bag in my pocket held my entire capital—forty English sovereigns (two hundred dollars). Emptying its contents into my hand, I divided the shiny gold coins into two equal, glittering piles, and told him one would be his if he went with me. The display appeared to fascinate him; an avaricious expression distorted his usually good-humored countenance, and with the feeling that I had won came also a

strangely repellent sensation not unmixed with anxiety because of what his face revealed.

Even after he had agreed to go I was not sure of him until we were actually on the way. For half the night he raved, alternately declaring he would and he wouldn't; that he'd be killed by the savages if he did, and a lot more which I did not understand. Likewise, he revealed why he so much wanted money. He was a deserter, he said, from the Venezuelan army, his name Cristobal; he had worked his way up the Orinoco, finally joining the Maquiritaes, hoping to get a little rubber or herbs or seeds or something he could turn into trade, and so make his way down the Casiquiare into the Negro and on to Brazil, where a Zambo is in good favor, and where he would be safe from the wrath of Castro.

After Cristobal had quieted into slumber, I stole into the canoe at the bank and, dropping down-stream about one hundred yards, remoored and slept. I determined that another canoe and crew should not leave me in the night.

Apparently now reconciled to his lot, Cristobal, in the morning, remonstrated no longer, though his reswung hammock had proved an eloquent telltale on my daylight return, suggesting, if it did not actually reveal, frustrated desire, and at least indorsing the wisdom of my precaution in putting the canoe safely out of reach. It began to look as if both of my eyes were to be kept busy—one on my crew and the other for "Indios bravos."

As we were, according to my closest figuring, about a day or two at most from the barrier, I decided upon making his camp our home base for the dash into the unknown, and here to *cache* everything not absolutely necessary. It was not a long list, for my belongings were few, comprising all clothing except what I wore, note-book, pipe, tobacco, medicine-kit, camera (which had been of little use to me at any time in the almost continuous rain), the dried fish, and coffee. In fact, everything except my revolver, rifle—with ammunition—sheath-knife, field-glasses, watch, match-box, enough mandioca to last for about ten days, hammock, tooth-brush, a thong of buckskin with which I am always equipped in the

wilderness, and, of course, the little buckskin bag containing the gold sovereigns.

Having put my note-book, together with the camera, in a water-proof canvas bag, and bundled the remaining mandioca in a rubber poncho—heavy, hot thing, useless for the real tropical rainy season—I rolled the lot into a small tarpaulin which had cost nearly its weight in gold at Para (as exorbitant a shopping-town as Manaus), and fastened it up in the tree to which Cristobal had tied his hammock the night before. Then we moved on, lighter as to bulk, and with the cheeriness gone out of the Zambo's face.

We had several false alarms before finally, on the next afternoon, a short way beyond a small stream from the south which I decided to be the Geheta, we came to a series of cataracts and rock benches and boulders extending across the river as a boundary—a barrier, *the* barrier, at last, the long sought!

It surely looked a formidable obstruction, and at low water must present in one place practically a rock wall, the stream cascading down its center and over one edge with force enough to turn a mill. Our first view gave a vista of boulders of all sizes, with rapid water everywhere. It didn't look good to me for navigation, so we went as far as we could without risking an upset, and then landed at the bank.

I wished very much to make a reconnaissance that I might the more intelligently choose the best way of crossing, but I did not dare leave Cristobal, lest, overwhelmed with fear at thought of being at the very entrance to the dreaded land, he might stampede with the canoe; nor, in the circumstances, did I want to take him and leave the canoe. So I decided to haul and pack around overland, and to do so at once instead of awaiting nightfall, for I did not believe savages awaiting and a-thirsting for the next victim had been sitting on these boulders ever since they had killed rubber-seeking natives many years before.

The honest fact is, I found myself perplexed as to just how much of common report and fear to respect. I could not help feeling that the "Indios bravos" tales were overdrawn, although the death of the two natives referred to seemed well established. At the same time I could not

ignore the common report of the country. The spirit of adventure ruling strong within me, I was ready and eager to take a chance, yet the idea of being potted from the densely covered bank by some one I could neither see nor get at did not commend itself as a sporting proposition, particularly as no antidote is yet known for the poison with which the darts and arrows used thereabouts are anointed.

Thus debating with myself again here at the barrier as I had done night after night since arriving on the hobgoblin threshold, I resolved to play the spy entering enemies' country—to travel by night and lay up by day. Meantime the first business in hand was to get to the other side of the barrier with as little delay as possible.

I did not at all fear our being heard, as the noise of the river drowned any we might make, and the friendly rain veiled our movements against long-range discovery. But when we had drawn the canoe well up on the bank I attentively scanned our surroundings in every direction with my glasses, finding neither signs of human life nor evidence of a bridge of vines which the Indians are said to have constructed in the eighteenth century. Then we marched forward, mostly carrying the canoe with our dunnage inside or hauling it where possible, as walking over the rocks was at risk of stumbling and perhaps damaging our craft. Thus alternately carrying and surveying, at dusk we floated the canoe on the other side the magic line, and immediately went forward, paddling noiselessly, every sense alert, astonished to find that from first to last we had been only a little over three hours.

Once well under way, tension relaxed and gave opportunity to look around. I was surprised that at this mid-season between high and low water the width of the river above the barrier should be over one hundred feet. Within two days, however, it contracted, becoming as narrow as seventy-five to even fifty feet for a stretch, while the shoals multiplied. Going became both slow and hazardous, for, though the rain confined its fury chiefly to the morning and afternoon, easing up at noon and during the night, the river remained dark and rock-ridden. Sometimes for a space we covered dis-

tance at a fair rate, but for a great deal of the time we almost literally felt our way. We kept close to the south bank, except on a few occasions when obliged by shoals to swing out, starting as soon as it grew dark and stopping before daylight.

These were long "days," full of wearying exertion, yet I but half slept, waking at the slightest sound. Our usual laying-up place during the day was under concealing bushes at the river edge or in the dense growth back from the water; once, when a rocky bank compelled it, I drew the canoe under the earth and sprawling root cover of an upturned tree. Needless to say I never rested so far away from the canoe as not to be able to reach out and touch it with my hand. Cristobal always swung his hammock, as I insisted he should, a little distance off—from fifty to one hundred feet, according to the character of the bank. I avoided arousing his suspicion by commending the separation on the ground that our divided camp was safer and more vigilant—which explanation had also the advantage of being truthful. But I was keeping an eye on my Zambo, because, since crossing the barrier, he had labored so well and so sympathetically and endured the hard work and the discomforts so uncomplainingly that I mistrusted his zeal; I could not down the doubt, though I believe that at this time he was really actuated by no other motive than to make the best and the quickest of a bad job. Until we got beyond where we could in a single dash escape to the barrier, however, I kept one hand on the canoe and rested where I could command his position.

So for five days we rested and for six nights we paddled, with no indication of man or of any of his works. But the works of the Almighty enveloped us. From across the opposite bank, the north bank, the mountains, now nearer, frowned upon us; big-bodied trees raised themselves on high to accentuate the thick jungle beneath; great, smooth boulders bespoke a relationship with those of the Negro; and the river took on more the nature of a mountain stream in current and shoals, though maintaining a breadth never less, as I saw it, than approximately fifty feet. The air was heated, the in-

sects plentiful, and the rain less frequent, though when it came it was in such a downpour as if the heavens had opened—a picture further strengthened by the outburst of thunder and lightning which often accompanied the flood. These storms were of short duration, perhaps an hour at a time, but the fury of them while they lasted was terrific.

We had completed our sixth long night's paddling, had made fast, and were eating our mandioca breakfast before composing ourselves for the day—when out of the near distance came an unmistakable human shout. Need I say it startled us? No castaway on a desert isle could have been more so. We turned amazed, inquiring faces to each other—at least Cristobal's bore amazement, and I suspect mine did also, for though hourly we had been looking, listening for just such a sound, the coming of it on a sudden without warning, where only the river made itself heard, was strongly agitating—no less. It was a great moment, for it meant we had at least come up with some of the inhabitants of this land; but it was also an anxious moment until we had our bearings. And then we sat breathlessly awaiting a repetition that we might locate the voice, for so suddenly had it broken upon us I could not be sure whether the owner was on our side or the other side of the river. Not another shout came to relieve our suspense; though we waited minutes upon minutes, no sound reached our ears from any quarter save the singing of the river directly below us. Somebody, however, was certainly within call, and it was for us to find him.

Making the canoe ready for instant action and signing Cristobal to follow me, I crawled along the bank, seeking vantage-ground from which I might examine our whereabouts more closely than I could from the secluded spot we had purposely selected for our day's retirement. But we had chosen our retreat too well for our present need, the bush growth on the bank being so dense that getting through it without noise was an unbelievably slow and worrisome task. Finally we reached a point where the jungle opened so as to offer a fair view of the river and its north side. The eager first glance was unrewarded; only

a jungle-covered bank such as I had been daily looking upon greeted my eyes. Deliberate scrutiny, however, uncovered a small bay-like recess where, close under the upper bank, seemingly standing on the water and not over seventy-five feet from us, was a nude Indian evidently fishing. Cristobal and I drew back on the discovery to further insure our concealment, and then securing as advantageous a view-point as possible, I studied the Indian and his environment long and minutely with my glasses.

He was fishing with bow and arrow, after the manner common to all the flowing-road country, standing on what appeared to be a log maneuvered along the recessed bank by a boy squatting astern. Thrice he shot, each time securing a fish and recovering his arrow—the only one he appeared to have—and not once did he shift his position. Indeed, the two resembled bronze images graven against the darker forest background. The man held his bow in readiness at thigh, with eyes riveted upon the water, and the boy manipulated his crude paddle so gently you could scarce detect its movement. Small wonder we had not seen them at the first hurried glance. He was thin and tall and darker than the Maquiritaes, who are rather lighter than the Indians of the lower river; and, contrary to custom prevailing on both the Orinoco and the Negro rivers, his hair was long. I had not before in South America seen Indians thus wearing their hair, although told that such is the habit of the savages. So far as hair evidence went, we seemed to have fallen among the "Indios bravos," sure enough.

Save for a narrow ribbon of vine or fiber of some kind tightly circling his waist just above his hips, he was without ornament or covering. As long as the fisherman remained in sight, which was perhaps for half an hour or less, I kept my glasses on him, giving little heed to exploration of the bank behind; but when he had gone, quietly disappearing at the lower and inside end of the recess, I gave all my attention to the bank where he had vanished. So suddenly had the picture come and gone, so quietly, it scarce seemed of the realities—yet Cristobal there at my side, wide-eyed and serious, gave it tangibility.

The jungle opposite, which had swallowed our Indian, appeared to differ not at all from that of the usual heavily forested and densely bushed bank I had learned to know so well. No opening relieved the shadow except where he had disappeared. Here showed a pleasing break extending as far back as I could see, where individual trees appeared to stand out from the jumble of undergrowth and swaying vines; while at the water's edge the brush thinned, so a low bank was visible. Cristobal ascended a near-by tree in an attempt to learn more, but he could add nothing to my meager knowledge. Thus I spent the entire morning, learning as much as could be learned through first-class field-glasses, detailing in undertone to Cristobal such information as would help him the more intelligently to co-operate with me. We each carried a mental photograph of that opposite bank when, toward mid-afternoon, we returned to the interrupted and still unfinished breakfast.

There was no sleep in camp that day, neither for me nor for Cristobal, who seemed to have become less affrighted and more interested; twice he went up a tree, once taking my glasses—which he said were not so good as his own eyes—but saw nothing, and not again did we hear a sound from across the river. As night drew on I slowly and carefully laid my plans before the Zambo, picking the simplest Spanish at my command, and reiterating such parts as depended upon his co-operation.

Only one way of seeing these Guaharibos people at short range was possible in the circumstance—*viz.*, to sneak among them. Of course, there was the open way of approaching with beads in hand, but I had no beads, nor a crew that would thus convey me, nor, in such handicapped condition, the wish to test either the verity of common report as to their bloodthirstiness or the potency of their curare poison. I told Cristobal that as soon as night fell we would paddle upstream half a mile, cross to the other bank, and drop down half the distance, where I would land and endeavor to make my way thence to some point of observation from which I could get a near view of the savages; that my course on shore would be governed by conditions as I

found them; that he was to immediately return to camp over the same course we had come, and follow it again at dark next night to where he left me.

He did not like the idea of being left, and wanted to go with me on shore, protesting vigorously against returning with the canoe. I pointed out the greater safety for us both in my outlined scheme; that one was much the less likely of discovery than two, and that loss of the canoe would be as serious as loss of life. Notwithstanding my logic, the scheme was obviously not to his liking, and he sulked. Whereupon I told him very plainly and with much emphasis that if he wished to reach Brazil instead of the Venezuelan prison his one way was to earn the money I had promised him, and that was possible only by obeying my instructions promptly and without deviation.

With all preparations made and plans decided, we launched our canoe for my first attempt to reach the family circles, so to say, of the "Indios bravos."

Fortune prospered my enterprise by providing a clear night to help us pick our way silently. For a half-mile or a little more we paddled up-stream, keeping under cover of the bank as much as was possible, and crossing to the other side quietly with some difficulty on account of the current and the rocks. When we had dropped down about a quarter of a mile, following every turn of the shore, the better to secure protection of its bushes, we halted at a small opening, where I landed for the preliminary survey which decided me to make this my base of operations. Cristobal again begged to be allowed to accompany me, but I promptly made him understand the discussion of that subject was closed. Taking the mandioca-sack out of the canoe and handing him a half-day's ration, I repeated my instructions for him to go back over our route, following it again when he came to this spot the next night—and bade him start.

For a full half-hour after the Zambo had gone I studied the shadows of the forest, over which the starlight twinkled with slight effect; and when my eyes saw independent of my imagination in the weird light I began my furtive approach upon the recessed bank where the Indian

had fished in the morning, and which I intended to make the pivot of my explorations inland. Ready now for action, I adjusted my equipment according to habit. To facilitate noiseless, unhampered movement I slipped my rifle-strap over the left and under the right shoulder, so it carried firmly on my back, butt upmost; my glasses were slung so as to seat securely under the left arm-pit; my revolver and knife I slipped to the front of my belt, one on either side, right and left. Thus I knew by experience I had everything under body control in worming through brush, with nothing at my sides to need watching or to catch, and my hands free.

The section I entered was more open than it appeared to be from the river, often the case when concealing bushes of the bank give no hint of comparative openings behind. Yet one unaccustomed to jungle would hardly have called it open going, for of plant and bush life there was abundance, and too many bore thorns for careless or painless walking.

I came to the little bay much sooner than I expected—the current had been swifter than our calculations—but no one was there or any evidence of habitation or canoe. Circling, I found what in such setting might be described as a path, which showed no great usage and was barely discernible. Following this with utmost caution, I passed through the denser jungle edging of the river into more open forest, and in less than a mile into a small savanna with a group of the familiar, smooth-looking boulders at the near side. Turning my steps toward these, with a view of using them for a lookout point, I was of a sudden halted with a rising pulse, by voices—several voices!

Stealing a dozen paces nearer and to one side, I crouched in my tracks, listening. Evidently it was a camp, for the voices came always from the same place—not over fifty to sixty feet away; I could hear them distinctly. Even more distinctly I could hear my heart thumping, which calmed as it recovered from the abrupt arrival of the novel situation. The talking continued—now desultory, now flaring up in a sustained flow, always modulated, but never tuneless.

There seemed to be three or four men

and a woman, and I concluded that they were fixed for the night, as they gave no signs of movement. It was not late—I guessed not over nine, though I could not read my watch-dial, and, of course, would not strike a match. I remained where I had crouched long after the last voice had subsided, and then retreating as I had come—there being no fear of leaving tracks in such going—I reached the edge of the savanna again.

Recalling Cristobal's tree-lookout of the day before, I determined to try the same method in an attempt to see something of these people. But the idea came more easily than its execution. Trees were not wanting, but either they were festooned with innumerable vines, making climbing next to impossible, or they presented sixty feet of smooth, clear trunk of too great circumference, or one so covered with parasitic growth, as to effectually block ascent.

At last, after being stopped midway up one tree by the hanging-garden parasite, I finally ascended about forty feet of a gray, slim, unencumbered trunk after the hardest bit of shinning I had ever experienced. Being just back of the first trees at the savanna's edge, it commanded an entire view of the boulders, which showed distinctly about one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet off. I made myself as comfortable as I could, which, because of the frequency of the limbs, was more comfortable than I had expected. Straddling two close-growing ones, to which I secured the rifle, with one arm over another, and my back against the trunk, I passed the buckskin thong around the tree and my body under the arms, fastening it at my breast. Thus I awaited daylight, getting several quite respectable cat-naps, as the conditions for dozing, although somewhat unconventional, were but little less comfortable than in the canoe.

Three men, a woman, and some children made up the party camped among the boulders, and it did not take long to record their points of interest. Like the fisherman, who was not among them, they were taller and slimmer and darker than the average of Indians I had met on the river, having no negro blood. Yet there were no negroid characteristics; their noses were neither broad nor flat—less inclined that way, indeed, than many of

lighter hue along the road; their hair was long and coarse; they were nude save for girdles of fiber, or something like it, which afforded no concealment except partially in the case of the woman, and were probably not worn for such purpose. Of ornaments they bore very few; the woman had a necklace of either beans or small teeth—like monkey teeth; and one of the men wore a neck-ring which appeared to be of vine. None had ear-pendants or nose-rings, and there was less of the pot-belly conformation so common to interior people of South America because of the coarse and innutritious food they consume in great quantities.

Not until I had been watching them all morning did it suddenly dawn upon me that they had no fire, or had made one at any time. Yet they had eaten—were eating, indeed, when I awoke to the absence of any cooking agency. The men busied themselves, one making a bow, another scraping a bit of wood with something seemingly stone, as near as I could judge, while the third made a jaunt into the forest beyond the savanna, bringing back a bird, which the woman threw behind her into what looked like a hole in the ground or the rocks. They ate fish and something else which they picked up and bit into as one might into an apple. But at no time was there suggestion of fire, and of utensils I saw only gourds and one larger vessel resembling a shallow earthen bowl. Fingers were the only forks and spoons, and either a sliver of hard wood or bone was the material of what they used as a knife.

It rained in the afternoon, and they disappeared among the rocks, but just where and how I could not see, which decided me to hunt another tree from which I could overlook that part of their camp: so until dark I busied myself locating such a one and speculating on these human things that appeared to live in the ground and eat without fire.

On descending, I found my way without accident or incident to the place of rendezvous. Cristobal greeted me as a dear returning friend, and lost no time preparing the mandioca I had fetched from the *cached* sack.

He was full of wonderment, but could throw no light on what I had seen; he had always heard these savages lived

como perro (like dogs), without fixed houses; as to whether they used fire—one had ever been with them to find out, he said.

The second tree lookout was almost opposite my first perch, a little farther from the boulders, and put me in position to solve the disappearance of the Indians. They were in caves; the boulder group appeared to have several, all that I could see being shallow.

This was rather a stupid day. The men went off; the woman and children evidently holed up, and there was nothing doing about the camp until late in the afternoon, when I heard a shouting across the savanna, inland way, followed shortly after by the coming of two men, who fraternized with the woman until the men of the house returned, and then all six sat around, eating the herb or root thing I could not descry. The strangers differed in no respect from the others, except that one, a young man, wore a necklace of small claws about ocelot size, with a long talon in the center quite as large as that of an eagle.

When the visitors departed, I followed them carefully with my glasses, and as soon as night had settled hastened to my meal with Cristobal, who didn't arrive until after I had eaten. He had been delayed in starting by a man and woman and a little boy at the recess who remained until dusk, the man fishing, the woman apparently digging into the bank at various places—getting nothing, so far as Cristobal could see.

It was easy now finding my way to the savanna, and I made the detour to where I had marked down the visitors with not much difficulty—but, arrived at this point, I was puzzled. Listening long, I could detect no sound. I felt sure the camps were not widely separated—that the new one, if not in a savanna, would be in the more open jungle. It had rained most of the afternoon, and was raining now, making the denser woods so black that to say I groped my way along would be to fairly describe my progress. I knew there would be no voices to either guide me or arrest me before I walked onto the strangers, but I also felt that unless I stumbled actually upon them, my movement, if detected, would be ascribed to some animal.

Passing through this close bit of forest, I came into comparative openness, and decided to find a tree here, for it was too dark to survey my surroundings and I felt I must be near the new camp. Daylight, however, revealed neither camp nor Indians. I was at the opening of a kind of pocket dotted with groups of trees, and beyond at the end a hill appeared to rise. I could sweep practically the entire place, but not a sound did I hear or a thing did I see indicating human life. All morning I used my glasses industriously—without reward. In disgust at my failure, I had just about made up my mind to descend when the crying of a child directly at my right renewed my interest in life. I couldn't see because of intervening trees, but as the sounds were, I reckoned, several hundred feet away, I hastened to earth and toward a tree much nearer the remembered locality and one that would command what I felt to be the sought-for camp. Yet I was again disappointed, for I could see nothing suggesting Indians.

It seemed as if my day was destined to be a blank, when shortly after four I discovered one of the two visitors of yesterday coming up the pocket, carrying, as I saw when he drew nearer, an agouti relative. He passed within one hundred feet of me and stopped at a small grove of large trees not another hundred feet away. Forthwith issued the sound of voices, then a shout or call, and soon whom should I see approaching from beyond but my lone fisherman. Evidently there was another camp at hand, and under cover of the early dark before joining Cristobal I located both with certainty, and a tree from which to observe them the day following.

My fourth attempt to view the home life of these homeless people began after a good half-night's dozing in a tree at the jungle edge and at about two hundred and fifty feet distance, overlooking both camps, which from this point of observation I saw were quite close and contained each a very simply constructed lean-to. I made out four men, three women, and several children, all similar in appearance and adornment to those seen first, the men having bows and the vessels around camp being apparently restricted to the gourds; there

was no fire, though I saw them eating in the early morning and at noon.

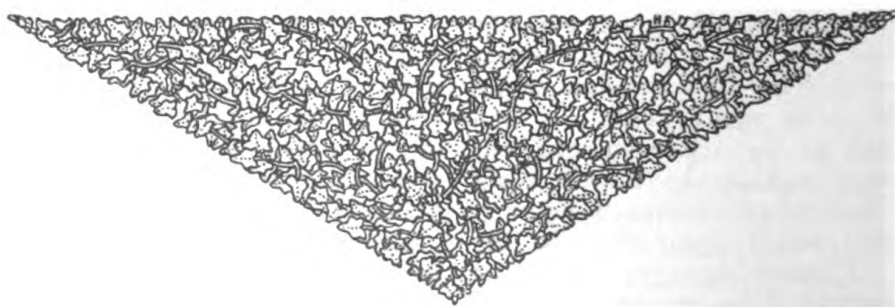
Having evidently exhausted what they had to show in the way of home life from this viewpoint, I determined on descending for some exploration on foot. Swinging to the far side of the camp and up the hill side of the pocket, and working up-wind, I fell upon another lean-to, quite open to view under a high-branched tree and with two more men, one oldish, the other young and wearing a neck-band strung with what looked like parrot-beaks. He was vigorously grinding or polishing something between stones, which now and again his companion examined. Finally, picking up his bow and slipping on an open-braided basket-like quiver, he started for the jungle, headed practically for where I stood. This was disconcerting—or good luck, as you incline. I thought it a providential opportunity to see the Indian at work, so I moved to one side and crouched behind a great plant; he passed within about twenty-five feet, and before another fifty feet I was on his trail. He was looking for game, otherwise I could not have kept within hailing distance, and as it was, the forest permitted me only occasional views of him.

Cristobal grinned for the first time in a couple of weeks when I told him on my return that night that the distinguished exploring expedition into the Mystic Land, under the auspices of the American with the wanderlust, had come to an end with harm to none and with mighty little information of any kind. I had seen the

savages of such ill repute, but had secured little of worth except the satisfaction of finally grasping what I had struggled to reach, and the joy of adventure; and such having been the sole impelling motive, I was well pleased with the result. Of course, I could easily have learned the real attitude of the Indians toward intruders and might have brought out some important information for the savants; or, on the other hand, I might have been compelled to defend myself, and frankly I did not relish the idea of waging such uneven battle as a magazine rifle against bows and arrows, or maybe blow-guns, suggested.

I believe these Indians as a whole are an inland people ranging over the mountains to the north and the plateau back of them, who, like the Indians bordering on the lower Orinoco, make periodic pilgrimages in groups to the river for the purpose of fishing or gathering the turtle eggs that are laid in the very early spring. That they had no canoes, as I satisfied myself after repeated search, is convincing evidence of their not being a river people. The groups I saw were, no doubt, belated parties rather than stragglers, for over all this north section of South America the Indians travel in such manner; there is no such thing as a tribe movement or tribal head.

At midnight of the third night we were back at the barrier, and the next noon drew up at the cache we had left two weeks before.



Beauty and the Jacobin

AN INTERLUDE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—PART II

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Last month we left our drama at a critical moment. Anne de Laseyne, her brother Louis, and their cousin, Eloise d'Anville, aristocrat refugees from Paris during the Reign of Terror, are at Boulogne-sur-Mer, endeavoring to escape out of France. Louis, attempting to forge an order which will permit them to go aboard a vessel now waiting for them, has been thinking even more of Eloise than of safety, and in one of his many efforts to forge a proper "permit" has written her real name (in a fit of lover's abstraction) with those assumed by the three as accessory to their plebeian disguise. Eloise, a magnificent beauty of violent Republican tendencies, accompanies her cousins under protest and has shrewishly repulsed the rather hopeless advances of Louis, a faithful suitor. At the moment planned by Louis for the escape of his small party, the house is surrounded and the locked door of their garret lodging assailed by soldiers of the National Guard. Madame de Laseyne forces Eloise and Louis into an inner room, where she has previously concealed some women's garments, possibly compromising on account of their richness. The outer door is broken down, and Valsin, Commissioner of the National Committee of Public Safety, a personage of distinguished but mischievous appearance, enters the apartment.

[The officer salutes, gives a word of command, and the soldiers shoulder their muskets, march off, and are heard clanking down the stairs. Valsin tosses his hat upon the desk, and turns smilingly to the trembling but determined Madame de Laseyne.]

ANNE [summoning her indignation]. How dare you break down my door! How dare you force your—

VALSIN [suavely]. My compliments on the celerity with which the citizeness has completed her toilet. Marvelous! An example to her sex.

ANNE. You intend robbery, I suppose.

VALSIN [with a curt laugh]. Not precisely.

ANNE. What then?

VALSIN. I have come, principally, for the returned Emigrant, Louis Valny-Cherault, formerly called Marquis de Valny-Cherault, formerly of the former regiment of Valny; also formerly—

ANNE [cutting him off sharply]. I do not know what you mean by all these names—and "formerlies"!

VALSIN. No? [Persuasively.] Citizeness, pray assert that I did not encounter you last week on your journey from Paris—

ANNE [hastily]. It is true I have been to Paris on business; you may have seen me—I do not know. Is it a crime to return from Paris?

VALSIN [in a tone of mock encouragement]. It will amuse me to hear you declare that I did not see you traveling in company with Louis Valny-Cherault. Come! Say it.

ANNE [stepping back defensively, closer to the inner door]. I am alone, I tell you! I do not know what you mean. If you saw me speaking with people in the diligence, or at some posting-house, they were only traveling acquaintances. I did not know them. I am a widow—

VALSIN. My condolences. Poor, of course?

ANNE. Yes.

VALSIN. And lonely, of course? [Apologetically.] Loneliness is in the formula: I suggest it for fear you might forget.

ANNE [doggedly]. I am alone.

VALSIN. Quite right.

ANNE [confusedly]. I am a widow, I tell you—a widow, living here quietly with—

VALSIN [taking her up quickly]. Ah—"with"! Living here alone, and also "with"—whom? Not your late husband?

ANNE [desperately]. With my niece.

VALSIN [affecting great surprise]. Ah! A niece! And the niece, I take it, is in your other room yonder?

ANNE [huskily]. Yes.

VALSIN [taking a step forward]. Is she pretty? [Anne places her back against the closed door, facing him grimly. He assumes a tone of indulgence.] Ah, one must not look: the niece, likewise, has not completed her toilet.

ANNE. She is—asleep.

VALSIN [glancing toward the dismantled doorway]. A sound napper! Why did you not say instead that she was—shaving?

[He advances, smiling.]

ANNE [between her teeth]. You shall not go in! You cannot see her! She is—

VALSIN [laughing]. Allow me to prompt you. She is not only asleep; she is ill. She is starving. Also, I cannot go in because she is an orphan. Surely, she is an orphan? A lonely widow and her lonely orphan niece. Ah, touching—and sweet!

ANNE [hotly]. What authority have you to force your way into my apartment and insult—

VALSIN [touching his scarf]. I had the honor to mention the French Republic.

ANNE. So! Does the French Republic persecute widows and orphans?

VALSIN [gravely]. No. It is the making of them!

ANNE [crying out]. Ah, horrible!

VALSIN. I regret that its just severity was the cause of your own bereavement, citizeness. When your unfortunate husband, André, formerly known as the Prince de Laseyne—

ANNE [defiantly, though tears have sprung to her eyes]. I tell you I do not know what you mean by these titles. My name is Balsage.

VALSIN. Bravo! The Widow Balsage, living here in calm obscurity with her niece. Widow Balsage, answer quickly, without stopping to think. [Sharply.] How long have you lived here?

ANNE. Two months. [Faltering.] A year!

VALSIN [laughing]. Good. Two months and a year! No visitors? No strangers?

ANNE. No.

VALSIN [wheeling quickly and picking up Louis's cap from the dressing-table]. This cap, then, belongs to your niece.

ANNE [flustered, advancing toward him

as if to take it]. It was—it was left here this afternoon by our landlord.

VALSIN [musingly]. That is very, very puzzling. [He leans against the dressing-table in a careless attitude, his back to her.]

ANNE [cavalierly]. Why “puzzling”?

VALSIN. Because I sent him on an errand to Paris this morning. [She flinches, but he does not turn to look at her, continuing in a tone of idle curiosity.] I suppose your own excursion to Paris was quite an event for you, Widow Balsage. You do not take many journeys?

ANNE. I am too poor.

VALSIN. And you have not been contemplating another departure from Boulogne?

ANNE. No.

VALSIN [still in the same careless attitude, his back toward her and the closed door.] Good. It is as I thought: the portmanteau is for ornament.

ANNE [choking]. It belongs to my niece. She came only an hour ago. She has not unpacked.

VALSIN. Naturally. Too ill.

ANNE. She had traveled all night; she was exhausted. She went to sleep at once.

VALSIN. Is she a somnambulist?

ANNE [taken aback]. Why?

VALSIN [indifferently]. She has just opened the door of her room in order to overhear our conversation. [Waving his hand to the dressing-table mirror in which he has been gazing.] Observe it, Citizeness Laseyne.

ANNE [demoralized]. I do not—I— [Stamping her foot.] How often shall I tell you my name is Balsage!

VALSIN [turning to her apologetically]. My wretched memory. Perhaps I might remember better if I saw it written: I beg a glance at your papers. Doubtless you have your certificate of citizenship—

ANNE [trembling]. I have papers, certainly.

VALSIN. The sight of them—

ANNE. I have my passport; you shall see. [With wildly shaking hands she takes from her blouse the passport and the “permit.”] It is in proper form—

[She is nervously replacing the two papers in her bosom, when with a sudden movement he takes them from her.

She cries out incoherently and attempts to recapture them.]

VALSIN [extending his left arm to hold her off]. Yes; here you have your passport, and there—[pointing to the littered floor under the desk]—you have others? Many of them!

ANNE [clutching at the papers in his grasp]. Old letters!

VALSIN [easily fending her off]. Doubtless! [He shakes the "permit" open.] Oh! A permission to embark—and signed by three names of the highest celebrity. Alas, these unfortunate statesmen—Billaud Varennes, Carnot, and Robespierre! Each has lately suffered an injury to his right hand. What a misfortune for France! And what a coincidence! One has not heard the like since we closed the theaters.

ANNE [furiously struggling to reach his hand]. Give me my papers! Give me—

VALSIN [holding them away from her]. You see, these unlucky great men all had to have their names signed for them by somebody else. And I should judge that this somebody else must have been writing quite recently—less than half an hour ago, from the freshness of the ink—and in considerable haste; perhaps suffering considerable anguish of mind, Widow Balsage!

[Madame de Laseyne, overwhelmed, sinks into a chair. He comes close to her, his manner changing startlingly.]

VALSIN [bending over her with sudden menace, his voice loud and harsh]. Widow Balsage, if you intend no journey, why have you this forged permission to embark on the *Jeune Pierette*? Widow Balsage, *who* is the Citizen Balsage?

ANNE [faintly]. My brother.

VALSIN [straightening up]. Your first truth. [Resuming his gaiety.] Of course he is not in that room yonder with your niece.

ANNE [brokenly]. No, no, no; he is not! He is not here.

VALSIN [commiseratingly]. Poor woman! You have not even the pleasure to perceive how droll you are.

ANNE. I perceive that I am a fool! [She dashes the tears from her eyes and springs to her feet.] I also perceive that you have denounced us before the authorities here—

VALSIN. Pardon. In Boulogne it happens that *I* am the authority. I introduce myself for the third time: Valsin, Commissioner of the National Committee of Public Safety. Tallien was sent to Bordeaux; Collot to Lyons; I to Boulogne. Citizeness, were all of the august names on your permit genuine you could no more leave this port without my counter-signature than you could take wing and fly over the Channel!

ANNE [with a shrill laugh of triumph]. You have overreached yourself! You're an ordinary spy; you followed us from Paris—

VALSIN [gaily]. Oh, I intended you to notice that!

ANNE [unheeding]. You have claimed to be Commissioner of the highest power in France. We can prove that you are a common spy. You may go to the guillotine for that. Take care, citizen! So! You have denounced us; we denounce you. I'll have you arrested by your own soldiers. I'll call to them—

[She makes a feint of running to the window. He watches her coolly, in silence; and she halts, chagrined.]

VALSIN [pleasantly]. I was sure you would not force me to be premature. Remark it, Citizeness Laseyne: I am enjoying all this. I have waited a long time for it.

ANNE [becoming hysterical]. I am the Widow Balsage, I tell you! You do not know us—you followed us from Paris. [Half sobbing.] You're a spy—a hanger-on of the police. We will prove—

VALSIN [stepping to the dismantled doorway]. I left my assistant within hearing—a species of animal of mine. I may claim that he belongs to me. A worthy patriot, but skilful, who has had the honor of a slight acquaintance with you, I believe. [Calling.] Dossonville!

[Dossonville, a large man, flabby of flesh, loose-mouthed, grizzled, carelessly dressed, makes his appearance in the doorway. He has a harsh and reckless eye; and, obviously a flamboyant bully by temperament, his abject, doggish deference to Valsin is instantly impressive, more than confirming the latter's remark that Dossonville "belongs" to him. Dossonville, apparently, is a chattel indeed, body and soul. At sight of him Madame de Laseyne catches at

the desk for support and stands speechless.]

VALSIN [easily]. Dossonville, you may inform the Citizeness Laseyne what office I have the fortune to hold.

DOSSONVILLE [coming in]. Bright heaven! All the world knows that you are the Representative of the Committee of Public Safety. Commissioner to Boulogne.

VALSIN. With what authority?

DOSSONVILLE. Absolute — unlimited! Naturally. What else would be useful?

VALSIN. You recall this woman, Dossonville?

DOSSONVILLE. She was present when I delivered the passport to the Emigrant Valny-Cherault, in Paris.

VALSIN. Did you forge that passport?

DOSSONVILLE. No. I told the Emigrant I had. Under orders. [Grinning.] It was genuine.

VALSIN. Where did you get it?

DOSSONVILLE. From you.

VALSIN [suavely]. Sit down, Dossonville. [The latter, who is standing by a chair, obeys with a promptness more than military. Valsin turns, smilingly, to Madame de Laseyne.] Dossonville's instructions, however, did not include a "permit" to sail on the *Jeune Pierette*. All of which, I confess, citizeness, has very much the appearance of a trap!

[He tosses the two papers upon the desk. Utterly dismayed, she makes no effort to secure them. He regards her with quizzical enjoyment.]

ANNE. Ah—you— [She fails to speak coherently.]

VALSIN. Dossonville has done very well. He procured your passport; bought your "disguises"; planned your journey; even gave you directions how to find these lodgings in Boulogne. Indeed, I instructed him to omit nothing for your comfort. [Pausing for a moment.] If I am a spy, Citizeness Laseyne, at least I trust your intelligence may not cling to the epithet "ordinary." My soul! but I appear to myself a most uncommon type of spy, a very intricate, complete, and unusual spy, in fact.

ANNE [to herself, weeping]. Ah, poor Louis!

VALSIN [cheerfully]. You are beginning to comprehend? That is well.

Your niece's door is still ajar by the discreet width of a finger, so I assume that the Emigrant also begins to comprehend. Therefore I take my ease! [He seats himself in the most comfortable chair in the room, crossing his legs in a leisurely attitude, and lightly drumming the tips of his fingers together, the while his peaceful gaze is fixed upon the ceiling. His tone, as he continues, is casual.] You understand, my Dossonville: having long ago occupied this very apartment myself, I am serenely aware that the Emigrant can leave the other room only by the window, and as this is the fourth floor, and a proper number of bayonets in the courtyard below are arranged to receive any person active enough to descend by a rope of bedclothes, one is confident that the said Emigrant will remain where he is. Let us make ourselves comfortable, for it is a delightful hour—an hour I have long promised myself. I am in a good humor. Let us all be happy. Citizeness Laseyne, enjoy yourself. Call me some bad names!

ANNE [between her teeth]. If I could find one evil enough!

VALSIN [slapping his knee delightedly]. There it is: the complete incompetence of your class. You poor aristocrats, you do not even know how to swear. Your ancestors knew how! They were fighters; they knew how to swear because they knew how to attack; you poor moderns have no profanity left in you, because, poisoned by idleness, you have forgotten even how to resist. And yet you thought yourselves on top, and so you were—but as foam is on top of the wave. You forgot that power, like genius, always comes from underneath, because it is produced only by turmoil. We have had to wring the neck of your feather-head court, because while the court was the Nation, the Nation had its pocket picked. You were at the mercy of anybody with a pinch of brains: adventurers like Mazarin, like Fouquet, like Law, or that little commoner the woman Fish, who called herself Pompadour and took France—France, merely!—from your king. and used it to her own pleasure. Then, at last, after the swindlers had well plucked you—at last, unfortunate creatures—the People got you! Citizeness, the People had starved: be assured they will eat you

to the bone—and then eat the bone! You are helpless because you have learned nothing and forgotten everything. You have forgotten everything in this world except how to be fat!

DOSSONVILLE [applauding with unction]. Beautiful! It is beautiful, all that! A beautiful speech!

VALSIN. Ass!

DOSSONVILLE [meekly]. Perfectly, perfectly.

VALSIN [crossly]. That wasn't a speech; it was the truth. Citizeness Laseyne, so far as you are concerned, I am the People. [He extends his hand negligently, with open palm.] And I have got you. [He clenches his fingers, like a cook's on the neck of a fowl.] Like that! And I'm going to take you back to Paris, you and the Emigrant. [She stands in an attitude eloquent of despair. His glance roves from her to the door of the other room, which is still slightly ajar; and, smiling at some fugitive thought, he continues, deliberately.] I take you—you and your brother—and that rather pretty little person who traveled with you.

[There is a breathless exclamation from the other side of the door, which is flung open violently, as Eloise—flushed, radiant with anger, and altogether magnificent—sweeps into the room to confront Valsin.]

ELOISE [slamming the door behind her]. Leave this Jack-in-Office to me, Anne!

DOSSONVILLE [dazed by the vision]. Lord! What glory! [He rises, bowing profoundly, muttering hoarsely.] Oh, eyes! Oh, hair! Look at her shape! Her chin! The divine—

VALSIN [getting up and patting him reassuringly on the back]. The lady perceives her effect, my Dossonville. It is no novelty. Sit down, my Dossonville. [The still murmurous Dossonville obeys. Valsin turns to Eloise, a brilliant light in his eyes.] Let me greet one of the nieces of Widow Balsage—evidently not the sleepy one, and certainly not ill. Health so transcendent—

ELOISE [placing her hand upon Madame de Laseyne's shoulder]. This is a clown, Anne. You need have no fear of him whatever. His petty authority does not extend to us.

VALSIN [deferentially]. Will the niece of Widow Balsage explain why it does not?

ELOISE [turning upon him fiercely]. Because the patriot Citizeness Eloise d'Anville is here!

VALSIN [assuming an air of thoughtfulness]. Yes, she is here. That "permit" yonder even mentions her by name. It is curious. I shall have to go into that. Continue, niece.

ELOISE [with supreme haughtiness]. This lady is under her protection.

VALSIN [growing red]. Pardon. Under whose protection?

ELOISE [sulphurously]. Under the protection of Eloise d'Anville!

[This has a frightful effect upon Valsin; his face becomes contorted; he clutches at his throat, apparently half strangled, staggers, and falls choking into the easy-chair he has formerly occupied.]

VALSIN [gasping, coughing, incoherent]. Under the pro—the protection—[He explodes into peal after peal of uproarious laughter.] The protection of—Aha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho! [He rocks himself back and forth unappeasably.]

ELOISE [with a slight lift of the eyebrows]. This man is an idiot.

VALSIN [during an abatement of his attack]. Oh, pardon! It is—too—much—too much for me! You say—these people are—

ELOISE [stamping her foot]. Under the protection of Eloise d'Anville, imbecile! You cannot touch them. She wills it!

[At this, Valsin shouts as if pleading for mercy, and beats the air with his hands. He struggles to his feet and, pounding himself upon the chest, walks to and fro in the effort to control his convulsion.]

ELOISE [to Anne, under cover of the noise he makes]. I was wrong: he is not an idiot.

ANNE [despairingly]. He laughs at you.

ELOISE [in a quick whisper]. Out of bluster; because he is afraid. He is badly frightened. I know just what to do. Go into the other room with Louis.

ANNE [protesting weakly]. I can't hope—

ELOISE [flashing from a cloud]. You failed, didn't you?

[Madame de Laseyne, after a tearful perusal of the stern resourcefulness now written in the younger woman's eyes, succumbs with a piteous gesture of assent, and goes out forlornly. Eloise closes the door and stands with her back to it.]

VALSIN [paying no attention to them]. Eloise d'Anville! [Still pacing the room in the struggle to subdue his hilarity.] This young citizeness speaks of the protection of Eloise d'Anville! [Leaning feebly upon Dossonville's shoulder.] Do you hear, my Dossonville? It is an ecstasy. Ecstasize, then. Scream, Dossonville!

DOSSONVILLE [puzzled, but evidently accustomed to being so, cackles instantly]. Perfectly. Ha, ha! The citizeness is not only stirringly beautiful, she is also—

VALSIN. She is also a wit. Susceptible henchman, concentrate your thoughts upon domesticity. In this presence remember your wife!

ELOISE [peremptorily]. Dismiss that person. I have something to say to you.

VALSIN [wiping his eyes]. Dossonville, you are not required. We are going to be sentimental, and Heaven knows you are not the moon. In fact, you are a fat old man. Away, obesity! Go somewhere and think about your children. Exit, whale!

DOSSONVILLE [rising]. Perfectly, my chieftain. [He goes to the broken door.]

ELOISE [tapping the floor with her shoe]. Out of hearing!

VALSIN. The floor below.

DOSSONVILLE. Well understood. Perfectly, perfectly!

[He goes out through the hallway; disappears, chuckling grossly. There are some moments of silence within the room, while he is heard clumping down a flight of stairs; then Valsin turns to Eloise with burlesque ardor.]

VALSIN. Alone at last!

ELOISE [maintaining her composure]. Rabbit!

VALSIN [dropping into the chair at the desk with mock dejection]. Repulsed at the outset! Ah, citizeness, there were moments on the journey from Paris when I thought I detected a certain kindness in your glances at the lonely stranger.

ELOISE [folding her arms]. You are to withdraw your soldiers, countersign the "permit," and allow my friends to embark at once.

VALSIN [with solemnity]. Do you give it as an order, citizeness?

ELOISE. I do. You will receive suitable political advancement.

VALSIN [in a choked voice]. You mean as a—a reward?

ELOISE [haughtily]. I guarantee that you shall receive it!

[He looks at her strangely; then with a low moan presses his hand to his side, seeming upon the point of a dangerous seizure.]

VALSIN [managing to speak]. I can only beg you to spare me. You have me at your mercy.

ELOISE [swelling]. It is well for you that you understand that!

VALSIN [shaking his hand ruefully]. Yes; you see I have a bad liver: it may become permanently enlarged. Laughter is my great danger.

ELOISE [crying out with rage]. Oh!

VALSIN [dolorously]. I have continually to remind myself that I am no longer in the first flush of youth.

ELOISE. Idiot! Do you not know who I am?

VALSIN. You? Oh yes— [He checks himself abruptly; looks at her with brief intensity; turns his eyes away, half closing them in quick meditation; smiles, as upon some secret pleasantry, and proceeds briskly.] Oh yes; yes, I know who you are.

ELOISE [haughtily]. Then you—

VALSIN [at once cutting her off]. As to your name, I do not say. Names at best are details; and your own is a detail that could hardly be thought to matter. *What* you are is obvious: you joined Louis and his sister in Paris at the barriers, and traveled with them as "Marie Balsage," a sister. You might save us a little trouble by giving us your real name; you will probably refuse, and the police will have to look it up when I take you back to Paris. Frankly, you are of no importance to us, though of course we'll send you to the Tribunal. No doubt you are a poor relative of the Valny-Cheraults, or, perhaps, you may have been a governess in the Laseyne family or—



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"LET US HEAR WHAT YOUR ELOISE D'ANVILLE HAS DONE"

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ELOISE [under her breath]. Idiot! Idiot!

VALSIN [with subterranean enjoyment, watching her sidelong]. Or the good-looking wife of some faithful retainer of the Emigrant's, perhaps.

ELOISE [with a shrill laugh]. Does the Committee of Public Safety betray the same intelligence in the appointment of *all* its agents? [Violently.] Imbecile, I—

VALSIN [quickly raising his voice to check her]. You are of no importance, I tell you! [Changing his tone.] Of course, I mean politically. [With broad gallantry.] Otherwise, I am the first to admit extreme susceptibility. I saw that you observed it on the way—at the taverns, in the diligence, at the posting-houses, at—

ELOISE [with serenity]. Yes. I am accustomed to ogles.

VALSIN. Alas, I believe you! My unfortunate sex is but too responsive.

ELOISE [gasping]. "Responsive"—Oh!

VALSIN [indulgently]. Let us return to the safer subject. Presently I shall arrest those people in the other room, and, regretfully, you too. But first I pamper myself; I chat; I have an attractive woman to listen. In the matter of the arrest, I delay my fire; I do not flash in the pan, but I lengthen my fuse. Why? For the same reason that when I was a little boy and had something good to eat, I always first paid it the compliments of an epicure. I looked at it a long while. I played with it. Then—I devoured it! I am still like that. And Louis, yonder, is good to eat, because I happen not to love him. However, I should mention that I doubt if he could recall either myself or the circumstance which annoyed me; some episodes are sometimes so little to certain people and so significant to certain other people. [He smiles, stretching himself luxuriously in his chair.] Behold me, citizeness. I am explained. I am indulging my humor: I play with my cake. Let us see into what curious little figures I can twist it.

ELOISE. Idiot!

VALSIN [pleasantly]. I have lost count, but I think that is the sixth idiot you have called me. Aha, it is only history, which one admires for repeating itself.

Good! Let us march. I shall play—[He picks up the "permit" from the desk, studies it absently, and looks whimsically at her over his shoulder, continuing]: I shall play with—with all four of you.

ELOISE [impulsively]. Four?

VALSIN. I am not so easy to deceive: there are four of you here.

ELOISE [staring]. So?

VALSIN. Louis brought you and his sister from Paris—a party of three. This "permit" which he forged is for four—the original three and the woman you mentioned a while ago, Eloise d'Anville. Hence she must have joined you here. The deduction is plain: there are three people in that room—the Emigrant, his sister, and this Eloise d'Anville. To the trained mind such reasoning is simple.

ELOISE [elated]. Perfectly!

VALSIN [with an air of cunning]. Nothing escapes me. You see that.

ELOISE. At first glance! I make you my most profound compliments. Sir, you are an eagle!

VALSIN [smugly]. Thanks. Now, then, pretty governess, you thought this d'Anville might be able to help you. What put that in your head?

ELOISE [with severity]. Do you pretend not to know what she is?

VALSIN. A heroine I have had the misfortune never to encounter. But I am informed of her character and history.

ELOISE [sternly]. Then you understand that even the Agent of the National Committee risks his head if he dares touch people she chooses to protect.

VALSIN [extending his hand in plaintive appeal]. Be generous to my opacity. How could *she* protect anybody?

ELOISE [with condescension]. She has earned the gratitude—

VALSIN. Of whom?

ELOISE [superbly]. Of the Nation!

VALSIN [breaking out again]. Ha, ha, ha! [Clutching at his side.] Pardon, oh, pardon, liver of mine! I must not die; my life is still useful.

ELOISE [persisting stormily]. Of the People, stupidity! Of the whole People, dolt! Of France, blockhead!

VALSIN [with a violent effort, conquering his hilarity]. There! I am saved. Let us be solemn, my child; it is better for my malady. You are still so young

that one can instruct you that individuals are rarely grateful, "the People," never. What you call "the People" means folk who are not always sure of their next meal; therefore their great political and patriotic question is the cost of food. Their heroes are the champions who are going to make it cheaper; and when these champions fail them or cease to be useful to them, then they either forget these poor champions—or eat them. Let us hear what your Eloise d'Anville has done to earn the reward of being forgotten instead of eaten.

ELOISE [her lips quivering]. She surrendered her property voluntarily. She gave up all she owned to the Nation.

VALSIN [genially]. And immediately went to live with her relatives in great luxury.

ELOISE [choking]. The Republic will protect her. She gave her whole estate—

VALSIN. And the order for its confiscation was already written when she did it.

ELOISE [passionately]. Ah—*liar!*

VALSIN [smiling]. I have seen the order. [She leans against the wall, breathing heavily. He goes on, smoothly]: Yes, this martyr "gave" us her property; but one hears that she went to the opera just the same and wore more jewels than ever, and lived richly upon the Laseynes and Valny-Cheraults, until *they* were confiscated. Why, all the world knows about this woman; and let me tell you, to your own credit, my governess, I think you have a charitable heart: you are the only person I ever heard speak kindly of her.

ELOISE [setting her teeth]. Venom!

VALSIN [observing her slyly]. It is with difficulty I am restraining my curiosity to see her—also to hear her!—when she learns of her proscription by a grateful Republic.

ELOISE [with shrill mockery]. Proscribed? Eloise d'Anville proscribed? Your inventions should be more plausible, Goodman Spy! I *knew* you were lying—

VALSIN [smiling]. You do not believe—

ELOISE [proudly]. Eloise d'Anville is a known Girondist. The Gironde is the real power in France.

VALSIN [mildly]. That party has fallen.

ELOISE [with fire]. Not far! It will revive.

VALSIN. Pardon, citizeness, but you are behind the times, and they are very fast nowadays—the times. The Gironde is dead.

ELOISE [ominously]. It may survive *you*, my friend. Take care!

VALSIN [unimpressed]. The Gironde had a grand façade, and that was all. It was a party composed of amateurs and orators; and of course there were some noisy camp-followers and a few comic-opera vivandières, such as this d'Anville. In short, the Gironde looked enormous because it was hollow. It was like a pie that is all crust. We have tapped the crust—with a knife, citizeness. There is nothing left.

ELOISE [contemptuously]. You say so. Nevertheless, the Rolands—

VALSIN [gravely]. Roland was found in a field yesterday; he had killed himself. His wife was guillotined the day after you left Paris. Every one of their political friends is proscribed.

ELOISE [shaking as with bitter cold]. It is a lie! Not Eloise d'Anville!

VALSIN [rising]. Would you like to see the warrant for her arrest. [He takes a packet of documents from his breast-pocket, selects one, and spreads it open before her.] Let me read you her description: "Eloise d'Anville, aristocrat. Figure, comely. Complexion, blond. Eyes, dark blue. Nose, straight. Mouth, wide—"

ELOISE [in a burst of passion, striking the warrant a violent blow with her clenched fist.] Let them dare! [Beside herself, she strikes again, tearing the paper from his grasp. She stamps upon it.] Let them dare, I say!

VALSIN [picking up the warrant]. Dare to say her mouth is wide?

ELOISE [cyclonic]. Dare to arrest her!

VALSIN. It does seem a pity. [He folds the warrant slowly and replaces it in his pocket.] Yes, a great pity. She was the one amusing thing in all this somberness. She will be missed. The Revolution will lack its joke.

ELOISE [recoiling, her passion exhausted]. Ah, infamy! [She turns from him, covering her face with her hands.]

VALSIN [with a soothing gesture]. Being only her friend, you speak mildly. The d'Anville herself would call it blasphemy.

ELOISE [with difficulty]. She is—so vain—then?

VALSIN [lightly]. Oh, a type—an actress.

ELOISE [her back to him]. How do you know? You said—

VALSIN. That I had not encountered her. [Glibly.] One knows best the people one has never seen. Intimacy confuses judgment. I confess to that amount of hatred for the former Marquis de Valny-Cherault that I take as great an interest in all that concerns him as if I loved him. And the little d'Anville concerns him—yes, almost one would say, consumes him. The unfortunate man is said to be so blindly faithful that he can speak her name without laughing.

ELOISE [stunned]. Oh!

VALSIN [going on cheerily]. No one else can do that, citizeness. Jacobins, Cordeliers, Hébertists, even the shattered relics of the Gironde itself, all alike join in the colossal laughter at this Tricoteuse in Sèvres—this Jeanne d'Arc in rice-powder!

ELOISE [tragically]. They laugh—and proclaim her an outlaw!

VALSIN [waving his hand carelessly]. Oh, it is only that we are sweeping up the last remnants of aristocracy, and she goes with the rest—into the dust-heap. She should have remained a royalist; the final spectacle might have had dignity. As it is, she is not of her own class, not of ours: neither fish nor flesh nor—but yes, perhaps, after all, she is a fowl.

ELOISE [brokenly]. Alas! Homing—with wounded wing! [She sinks into a chair with pathetic grace, her face in her hands.]

VALSIN [surreptitiously grinning]. Not at all what I meant. [Brutally.] Peacocks don't fly.

ELOISE [regaining her feet at a bound]. You imitation dandy! You—

VALSIN [with benevolence]. My dear, your indignation for your friend is chivalrous. It is admirable; but she is not worth it. You do not understand her: you have probably seen her so much that you have never seen her as she is.

ELOISE [witheringly]. But you, august Zeus, having *never* seen her, will reveal her to me!

VALSIN [smoothly urbane]. If you have ears. You see, she is not altogether unique, but of a variety known to men who are wise enough to make a study of women.

ELOISE [snapping out a short, loud laugh in his face]. *Pouf!*

VALSIN [unruffled]. I profess myself an apprentice. The science itself is but in its infancy. Women themselves understand very well that they are to be classified, and they fear that we shall perceive it: they do not really wish to be known. Yet it is coming; some day our cyclopedists will have you sorted, classed, and defined with precision; but the d'Alembert of the future will not be a woman; because no woman so disloyal will ever be found. Men have to acquire loyalty to their sex: yours is an instinct. Citizen governess, I will give you a reading of the little d'Anville from this unwritten work. To begin—

ELOISE [feverishly interested, but affecting languor]. *Must* you?

VALSIN. To Eloise d'Anville the most interesting thing about a rose-bush has always been that Eloise d'Anville could smell it. Moonlight becomes important when it falls upon her face; sunset is worthy when she grows rosy in it. To her mind, the universe was set in motion to be the background for a decoration, and she is the decoration. She believes that the cathedral was built for the fresco. And when a dog interests her, it is because he would look well beside her in a painting. Such dogs have no minds. I refer you to all the dogs in the portraits of Beauties.

ELOISE [not at all displeased; pretending carelessness]. Ah, you have heard that she is beautiful?

VALSIN. Far worse: that she is a Beauty. Let nothing ever tempt *you*, my dear, into setting up in that line. For you are very well-appearing, I assure you; and if you have been surrounded with all the disadvantages of the d'Anville, who knows but that you might have become as famous a Beauty as she? What makes a Beauty is not the sumptuous sculpture alone, but a very peculiar arrogance—not in the least arrogance of

mind, my little governess. In this, your d'Anville emerged from childhood full-panoplied indeed; and the feather-head court fell headlong at her feet. It was the fated creature's ruin.

ELOISE [placidly]. And it is because of her beauty that you drag her to the guillotine?

VALSIN. Bless you, I merely convey her!

ELOISE. Tell me, logician, was it not her beauty that inspired her to give her property to the Nation?

VALSIN. It was.

ELOISE. What perception! I am faint with admiration. And no doubt it was her beauty that made her a Republican?

VALSIN. What else?

ELOISE. Hail, oracle! [She releases an arpeggio of satiric laughter.]

VALSIN. That laugh is diaphanous. I see you through it, already convinced. [She stops laughing immediately.] Ha! We may proceed. Remark this, governess: a Beauty is the living evidence of man's immortality; the one plain proof that he has a soul.

ELOISE. It is not so bad, then, after all?

VALSIN. It is utterly bad. But of all people a Beauty is most conscious of her duality. Her whole life is based upon her absolute knowledge that her Self and her body are two. She sacrifices all things to her beauty because her beauty feeds her Self with a dreadful food which it has made her unable to live without.

ELOISE. My little gentleman, you talk like a sentimental waiter. Your metaphors are all hot from the kitchen.

VALSIN [nettled]. It is natural; unlike your Eloise, I am *really* of "the People"—and starved much in my youth.

ELOISE. But, like her, you are still hungry.

VALSIN. A Beauty is a species of cannibal priestess, my dear. She will make burnt-offerings of her father and her mother, her sisters—her lovers—to her beauty that it may in turn bring her the food she must have or perish.

ELOISE. *Boum!* [She snaps her fingers.] And of course she bathes in the blood of little children?

VALSIN [grimly]. Often.

ELOISE [averting her gaze from his]. This mysterious food—

VALSIN. Not at all mysterious. Sensation. There you have it. And that is why Eloise d'Anville is a renegade. You understand perfectly.

ELOISE. You are too polite. No.

VALSIN [gaily]. Behold, then! Many women who are not Beauties are beautiful, but in such women you do not always discover beauty at your first glance: it is disclosed with a subtle tardiness. It does not dazzle; it is reluctant; but it grows as you look again and again. You get a little here, a little there, like glimpses of children hiding in a garden. It is shy, and sometimes closed in from you altogether, and then, unexpectedly, this belated loveliness springs into bloom before your very eyes. It retains the capacity to surprise, the vital element of charm. But the Beauty lays all waste before her at a stroke: it is soon over. Thus your Eloise, brought to court, startled Versailles; the sensation was overwhelming. Then Versailles got used to her, just as it had to its other prodigies: the fountains were there, the king was there, the d'Anville was there; and, naturally, one had seen them; saw them every day—one talked of matters less accepted. That was horrible to Eloise. She had tasted; the appetite once stirred was insatiable. At any cost she must henceforth have always the sensation of being a sensation. She must be the pivot of a reeling world. So she went into politics. Ah, citizeness, there was one man who understood Beauties—not Homer, who wrote of Helen! Romance is gallant by profession, and Homer lied like a poet. For the truth about the Trojan War is that the wise Ulysses made it, not because Paris stole Helen, but because the Trojans were threatening to bring her back.

ELOISE [unwarily]. Who was the one man that understood Beauties?

VALSIN. Bluebeard.

[He crosses the room to the dressing-table, leans his back against it in an easy attitude, his elbows resting upon the top.]

ELOISE [slowly, a little tremulously]. And so Eloise d'Anville should have her head cut off?

VALSIN. Well, she thought she was in politics, didn't she? [Suavely.] You may be sure she thoroughly enjoyed her

hallucination that she was a great figure in the Revolution—which was cutting off the heads of so many of her relatives and old friends! Don't waste your pity, my dear.

ELOISE [looking at him fixedly]. Citizen, you must have thought a great deal about my unhappy friend. She might be flattered by so searching an interest.

VALSIN [negligently]. Not interest in her, governess, but in the Emigrant who cools his heels on the other side of that door, greatly to my enjoyment, waiting my pleasure to arrest him. The poor wretch is the one remaining lover of this girl: faithful because he let his passion for her become a habit; and he will never get over it until he has had possession. She has made him suffer frightfully, but I shall never forgive her for not having dealt him the final stroke. It would have saved me all the bother I have been put to in avenging the injury he did me.

ELOISE [frowning]. What "final stroke" could she have "dealt" him?

VALSIN [with sudden vehement intensity]. She could have loved him! Ah, I see it! [He strikes the table with his fist.] I see it! I see it! Beauty's husband! [Pounding the table with each exclamation, his voice rising in excitement.] What a vision! This damned, proud, loving Louis becoming a pomade-bearer! A buttoner! An errand-boy to the perfumer's, to the chemist's, to the milliner's! A groom of the powder-closet—

ELOISE [snatching at the opportunity]. How noisy you are!

VALSIN [discomfited, apologetically]. You see, it is only so lately that we of "the People" have dared even to whisper. Of course, now that we are free to shout, we overdo it. We let our voices out, we let our throats out, we let our emotions out. We let everything out—except our prisoners! [He smiles winningly.]

ELOISE [slowly]. Do you guess what all this bluster—this tirade upon the wickedness of beauty—makes me think?

VALSIN. Certainly. Being a woman, you cannot imagine a bitterness which is not "personal."

ELOISE [laughing]. "Being a woman," I think that the person who has caused you the greatest suffering in your life must be very good-looking!

VALSIN [calmly]. Quite right. It was precisely this d'Anville. I will tell you. [He sits on the arm of a chair near her, and continues briskly]: I was not always a politician. Six years ago I was a soldier, in the Valny regiment of cavalry. That was the old army, that droll army, that royal army; so ridiculous that it was truly majestic. In the Valny regiment we had some rouge-pots for officers—and for a colonel, who but our Emigrant yonder! Aha! we suffered in the ranks, let me tell you, when Eloise had been coy, and one morning it was my turn. You may have heard that she was betrothed first to Louis and later to several others? My martyrdom occurred the day after she had announced to the court her betrothal to the young Duc de Creil, whose father afterward interfered. Louis put us on drill in a hard rain: he had the habit of relieving his chagrin like that. My horse fell and happened to shower our commander with mud. Louis let out all his rage upon me: it was an excuse, and, naturally, he disliked the mud. But I was rolling in it, with my horse: I also disliked it—and I was indiscreet enough to attempt some small reply. That finished my soldiering, citizenship. He had me tied to a post before the barracks for the rest of the day. I remember with remarkable distinctness that the valets of Heaven had neglected to warm the rain for that bath, that it was February, and that Louis's orders had left me nothing to wear upon my back except an unfulsome descriptive placard and my modesty. Altogether it was a disadvantageous position, particularly for the exchange of repartee with such of my comrades as my youthful amiability had not endeared; I have seldom seen more cheerful indifference to bad weather. Inclement skies failed to injure the spectacle: it was truly the great performance of my career; some people would not even go home to eat, and peddlers did a good trade in cakes and wine. In the evening they whipped me conscientiously—my tailor has never since made me an entirely comfortable coat. Then they gave me the place of honor at the head of a procession by torchlight, and drummed me out of camp with my placard upon my back. So I adopted another profession: I had a

friend who was a doctor in the stables of d'Artois; and I knew horses. He made me his assistant.

ELOISE [shuddering]. You are a veterinarian!

VALSIN [smiling]. No; a horse-doctor. It was thus I "retired" from the army and became a politician. My friend was only a horse-doctor himself, but his name happened to be Marat.

ELOISE. Ah, frightful! [For the first time she begins to feel genuine alarm.]

VALSIN. The sequence is simple. If Eloise d'Anville hadn't coquetted with young Creil I shouldn't be Commissioner here to-day, settling my account with Louis. I am in his debt for more than the beating: I should tell you there was a woman in my case, a slender lace-maker with dark eyes—very pretty eyes. She had furnished me with a rival, a corporal; and he brought her for a stroll in the rain past our barracks that day when I was attracting so much unsought attention. They waited for the after-piece, enjoyed a pasty and a bottle of Beaune, and went away laughing cozily together. I did not see my pretty lace-maker again, not for years—not until a month ago. Her corporal was still with her, and it was their turn to be undesirably conspicuous. They were part of a procession passing along the Rue St. Honoré on its way to the Place of the Revolution. They were standing up in the cart; the lace-maker had grown fat, and she was scolding her poor corporal bitterly. What a habit that must have been!—they were not five minutes from the guillotine. I own that a thrill of gratitude to Louis temporarily softened me toward him, though at the very moment I was following him through the crowd. At least, he saved me from the lace-maker!

ELOISE [shrinking from him]. You are horrible!

VALSIN. To my regret, you must find me more and more so.

ELOISE. You are going to take us back to Paris, then? To the Tribunal—and to the— [She covers her eyes with her hands.]

VALSIN [gravely]. I can give you no comfort, governess. You are involved with the Emigrant, and, to be frank, I am going to do as horrible things to

Louis as I can invent—and I am an ingenious man. [His manner becomes sinister.] I am near the top. The cinders of Marat are in the Pantheon, but Robespierre still flames; and he claims me as his friend. I can do what I will. And I have much in store for Louis before he shall be so fortunate as to die!

ELOISE [faintly]. And—and Eloise—d'Anville? [Her hands fall from her face: he sees large, beautiful tears upon her cheeks.]

VALSIN [coldly]. Yes.

[She is crushed for the moment; then, recovering herself with a violent effort, lifts her head defiantly and stands erect, facing him.]

ELOISE. You take her head because your officer punished you, six years ago, for a breach of military discipline!

VALSIN [in a lighter tone]. Oh no. I take it, just as she injured me—incidentally. In truth, citizeness, it isn't I who take it: I only arrest her because the government has proscribed her.

ELOISE. And you've just finished telling me you were preparing tortures for her! I thought you an intelligent man. Pah! You're only a gymnast. [She turns away from him haughtily and moves toward the inner door.]

VALSIN [touching his scarf of office]. True. I climb.

[She halts suddenly, as if startled by this; she stands as she is, her back to him, for several moments, and does not change her attitude when she speaks.]

ELOISE [slowly]. You climb alone.

VALSIN [with a suspicious glance at her]. Yes—alone.

ELOISE [in a low voice]. Why didn't you take the lace-maker with you? You might have been happier.

[Very slowly she turns and comes toward him, her eyes full upon his; she moves deliberately and with incomparable grace, and there is something magical in this portentous advance. He seems to be making an effort to look away, and failing: he cannot release his eyes from the glorious and starry glamour that holds them. She comes very close to him, so close that she almost touches him.]

ELOISE [in a half-whisper]. You might have been happier with—a friend—to climb with you.

VALSIN [demoralized]. Citizeness—I am—I—

ELOISE [in a voice of velvet]. Yes. Say it. You are—?

VALSIN [desperately]. I have told you that I am the most susceptible of men.

ELOISE [impulsively putting her hand on his shoulder]. Is it a crime? Come, my friend, you are a man who *does* climb: you will go over all. You believe in the Revolution because you have used it to lift you. But other things can help you, too. Don't you need them?

VALSIN [understanding perfectly, gasping]. Need what?

[She drops her hand from his shoulder, moves back from him slightly, and crosses her arms upon her bosom with a royal meekness.]

ELOISE [grandly]. Do I seem so useless?

VALSIN [in a distracted voice]. Heaven help me! What do you want?

ELOISE. Let these people go. [Hurriedly, leaning near him.] I have promised to save them. Give them their permit to embark, and I— [She pauses, flushing beautifully, but does not take her eyes from him.] I—I do not wish to leave France. My place is in Paris. You will go into the National Committee. You can be its ruler. You *will* rule it! I believe in you! [Glowing like a rose of fire.] I will go with you. I will help you! I will marry you!

VALSIN [in a fascinated whisper]. Good Lord! [He stumbles back from her, a strange light in his eyes.]

ELOISE. You are afraid—

VALSIN [with sudden loudness]. I am! Upon my soul, I am afraid!

ELOISE [smiling gloriously upon him]. Of what, my friend? Tell me of what?

VALSIN [explosively]. Of myself! I am afraid of myself because I am a prophet. This is precisely what I foretold to myself you would do! I knew it, yet I am aghast when it happens—aghast at my own cleverness!

ELOISE [bewildered]. What?

VALSIN [half hysterical with outrageous vanity]. I swear I knew it, and it fits so exactly that I am afraid of myself! *Aha*, Valsin, you rogue! I should hate to have you on *my* track! Citizen governor, you are a wonderful person, but not so wonderful as this devil of a Valsin!

ELOISE [vaguely, in a dead voice]. I cannot understand what you are talking about. Do you mean—

VALSIN. And what a spell was upon me! I was near calling Dossonville to preserve me.

ELOISE [speaking with a strange naturalness, like a child's]. You mean—you don't want me?

VALSIN. Ah, Heaven help me, I am going to laugh again! Oh, ho, ho! I am spent! [He drops into a chair and gives way to another attack of uproarious hilarity.] Oh, my liver, ha, ha! No, citizeness, I do not want you! Oh, ha, ha, ha!

ELOISE. Oh! [She utters a choked scream and rushes at him.] Swine!

VALSIN [warding her off with outstretched hands]. Spare me! Ha, ha, ha! I am helpless! Ho, ho, ho! Citizeness, it would not be worth your while to strangle a man who is already dying!

ELOISE [beside herself]. Do you dream that I *meant* it?

VALSIN [feebly]. Meant to strangle me?

ELOISE [frantic]. To give myself to you!

VALSIN. In short, to—to marry me! [He splutters.]

ELOISE [furiously]. It was a ruse—

VALSIN [soothingly]. Yes, yes, a trick. I saw that all along.

ELOISE [even more infuriated]. For *their* sake, beast! [She points to the other room.] To save *them*!

VALSIN [wiping his eyes]. Of course, of course. [He rises, stepping quickly to the side of the chair away from her, and watching her warily.] I knew it was to save them. We'll put it like that.

ELOISE [in an anguish of exasperation]. It *was* that!

VALSIN. Yes, yes. [Keeping his distance.] I saw it from the first. [Suppressing symptoms of returning mirth.] It was perfectly plain. You mustn't excite yourself—nothing could have been clearer! [A giggle escapes him, and he steps hastily backward as she advances upon him.]

ELOISE. Poodle! Valet! Scum of the alleys! Sheep of the prisons! Jailer! Hangman! Assassin! *Horse-doctor*!

[She hurls the final epithet at him in a climax of ferocity which wholly ex-

hausts her; and she sinks into the chair by the desk, with her arms upon the desk and her burning face hidden in her arms. Valsin, morbidly chuckling, in spite of himself, at each of her insults, has retreated farther and farther until he stands with his back against the door of the inner room, his right hand behind him, resting on the latch. As her furious eyes leave him, he silently opens the door, letting it remain a few inches ajar, and keeping his back to it. Then, satisfied that what he intends to say will be overheard by those within, he erases all expression from his face, and strides to the dismantled doorway.]

VALSIN [calling loudly]. Dossonville! [He returns, coming down briskly to Eloise. His tone is crisp and soldier-like.] Citizeness, I have had my great hour. I proceed with the arrests. I have given you four plenty of time to prepare yourselves. Time? Why, the Emigrant could have changed clothes with one of the women in there a dozen times if he had hoped to escape in that fashion—as historical prisoners *have* won clear, it is related. Fortunately, that is impossible now; and he will not dare to attempt it.

DOSSONVILLE [appearing in the hallway]. Present, my chieftain!

VALSIN [sharply]. Attend, Dossonville. The returned Emigrant, Valny-Cherault, is forfeited; but because I cherish a special grievance against him, I have decided upon a special punishment for him. It does not please me that he should enjoy the comfort and ministrations of loving women on his journey to the Tribunal. No, no; the presence of his old sweetheart would make even the scaffold sweet to him. Therefore I shall take him alone. I shall let these women go.

DOSSONVILLE. What refinement. Admirable!

[Eloise, lifting her head, slowly rises, staring incredulously at Valsin.]

VALSIN [picking up the "permit" from the desk]. "Permit the Citizen Balsage and his sister, the citizeness Virginie Balsage, and his second sister, Marie Balsage, and Eloise d'Anville—" Ha! You see, Dossonville, since one of these three women is here, there are two in the other room with the Emigrant. They are to come out, leaving him there.

First, however, we shall disarm him. You and I have had sufficient experience in arresting aristocrats to know that they are not always so sensible as to give themselves up peaceably, and I happened to see the outline of a pistol under the Emigrant's frock the other day in the diligence. We may as well save one of us from a detestable hole through the body. [He steps toward the door, speaking sharply.] Emigrant, you have heard. For your greater chagrin, these three devoted women are to desert you. Being an aristocrat, you will pretend to prefer this arrangement. They are to leave at once. Throw your pistol into this room and I will agree not to make the arrest until they are in safety. They can reach your vessel in five minutes. When they have gone, I give you my word not to open this door for ten.

[A pistol is immediately thrown out of the door and falls at Valsin's feet. He picks it up, his eyes alight with increasing excitement.]

VALSIN [tossing the pistol to Dossonville]. Call the lieutenant. [Dossonville goes to the window, leans out, and beckons. Valsin writes hastily at the desk, not sitting down.] "Permit the three women Balsage to embark without delay upon the *Jeune Pierette*. Signed: Valsin." There, citizeness, is a "permit" which permits. [He thrusts the paper into the hands of Eloise, swings toward the door of the inner room, and raps loudly upon it.] Come, my females! Your sailors await you—brave, but no judges of millinery. There's a fair wind for you; and a grand toilet is wasted at sea. Come, charmers; come!

[The door is half opened, and Madame de Laseyne, white and trembling violently, enters quickly, shielding as much as she can the inexpressibly awkward figure of her brother, behind whom she extends her hand, closing the door sharply. He wears the brocaded skirt which Madame de Laseyne has taken from the portmanteau, and Eloise's long mantle; the lifted hood and Madame de Laseyne's veil shrouding his head and face.]

VALSIN [in a stifled voice]. At last! At last one beholds the regal d'Anville! No Amazon—

DOSSONVILLE [aghast]. It looks like—

VALSIN [shouting]. It doesn't! [He

bows gallantly to Louis.] A cruel veil, but, oh, what queenly grace!

[Louis stumbles in the skirt. Valsin falls back, clutching at his side. But Eloise rushes to Louis and throws herself upon her knees at his feet. She pulls his head down to hers and kisses him through the veil.]

VALSIN [madly]. Oh, touching devotion! Oh, sisters! Oh, love! Oh, honey! Oh, petticoats—

DOSSONVILLE [interrupting humbly]. The lieutenant, Citizen Commissioner. [He points to the hallway, where the officer appears, standing at attention.]

VALSIN [wheeling]. Officer, conduct these three persons to the quay. Place them on board the *Jeune Pierette*. The captain will weigh anchor instantly. [The officer salutes.]

ANNE [hoarsely to Louis, who is lifting the weeping Eloise to her feet]. *Quick!* In the name of—

VALSIN. Off with you!

[Madame de Laseyne seizes the port-manteau and rushes to the broken doorway, half dragging the others with her. They go out in a tumultuous hurry, followed by the officer. Eloise sends one last glance over her shoulder at Valsin as she disappears, and one word of concentrated venom: "*Buffoon!*" In wild spirits, he blows a kiss to her. The fugitives are heard clattering madly down the stairs.]

DOSSONVILLE [excitedly]. We can take

the Emigrant now. [Going to the inner door.] Why wait—

VALSIN. That room is empty.

DOSSONVILLE. What!

VALSIN [shouting with laughter]. He's gone! Not barebacked, but in petticoats: that's worse! He's gone, I tell you! The other was the d'Anville.

DOSSONVILLE. Then you recog—

VALSIN. Imbecile, she's as well known as the Louvre! They're off on their honeymoon! She'll take him now! She will! She will, on the soul of a prophet! [He rushes to the window and leans far out, shouting at the top of his voice]: *Quits with you, Louis! Quits! Quits!*

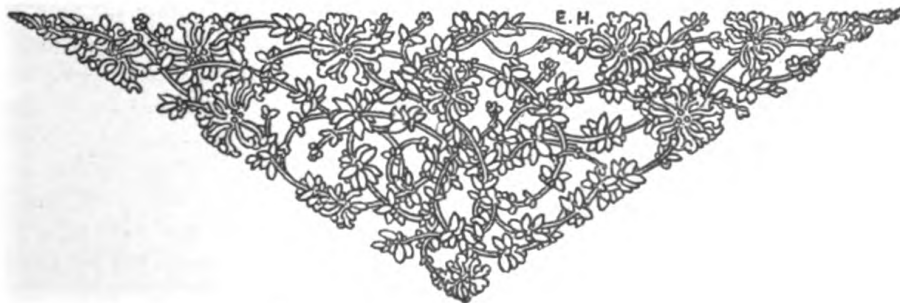
[He falls back from the window and relapses into a chair, cackling ecstatically.]

DOSSONVILLE [hoarse with astonishment]. You've let him go! You've let 'em *all* go!

VALSIN [weak with laughter]. Well, *you're* not going to inform. [With a sudden reversion to extreme seriousness, he levels a sinister forefinger at his companion.] And, also, take care of your health, friend; remember constantly that you have a weak throat, *and don't you ever mention this to my wife!* These are bad times, my Dossonville, and neither you nor I will see the end of them. Good Lord! Can't we have a little fun as we go along?

[A fresh convulsion of laughter seizes him, and he rocks himself in his chair.]

[THE END]



The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER V

A WOMAN TELLS HER STORY

"SOON he will speak you. Wait here, madame." Krool passed almost stealthily out.

Al'mah looked round the rather formal sitting-room, with its somewhat incongruous furnishing—leopard-skins from Bechuanaland; lion-skins from Matabeleland; silver-mounted tusks of elephants from Eastern Cape Colony and Portuguese East Africa; statues and statuettes of classical subjects; two or three Holbeins, a Rembrandt, and an El Griego on the walls; a piano, a banjo, and a cornet; and, in the corner, a little roulette-table. It was a strange medley, in keeping, perhaps, with the incongruously furnished mind of the master of it all, and expressive of tastes and habits not yet settled and consistent.

Al'mah's eyes had taken it all in rather wistfully, while she had waited for Krool's return from his master; but the wistfulness was due to personal trouble, for her eyes were clouded and her motions languid. But when she saw the banjo, the cornet, and the roulette-table, a deep little laugh rose to her full red lips.

"How like a subaltern, or a colonial civil servant!" she said to herself.

She reflected a moment, then pursued the thought further: "But there must be bigness in him, as well as presence of mind and depth of heart—yes, I'm sure his nature is deep."

She remembered the quick, protecting hands which had wrapped her round with Jasmine Grenfel's cloak, and the great arms in which she had rested, the danger over. "There can't be much wrong with a nature like his, though Adrian hates him so. But, of course, Adrian would! Besides, Adrian will never get over the drop in the mining-stock which ruined him—Rudyard Byng's mine. . . . It's natural for Adrian to

hate him, I suppose," she added with a heavy sigh.

Mentally she took to comparing this room with Adrian Fellowes' sitting-room overlooking the Thames Embankment, where everything was in perfect taste and order, where all was modulated, harmonious, *soigné* and artistic. Yet, somehow, the exquisite rooms which hung over the muddy river with its wonderful lights and shades, its mists and radiance, its ghostly softness and grayness, lacked in something which roused imagination, which stirred her senses here—the vital being in her.

It was power, force, experience, adventure. They were all here. She knew the signs: the varied interests, the primary emotions, music, art, hunting, prospecting, fighting, gambling. They were mixed with the solid achievement of talent and force in the business of life. Here was a model of a new mining-drill, with a picture of the stamps working in the Work-and-Wonder mine, together with a model of the Kaffir compound at Kimberley, with the busy, teeming life behind the wire boundaries.

Thus near was Byng to the ways of a child, she thought, thus near to the everlasting intelligence and the busy soul of a constructive and creative Deity—if there was a Deity. Despite the frequent laughter on her tongue and in her eyes, she doubted bitterly at times that there was a Deity. For how should happen the awful tragedies which encompassed men and peoples, if there was a Deity? No benign Deity could allow His own created humanity to be crushed in bleeding masses, like the grapes trampled in the vats of a vineyard. Whole cities swallowed up by earthquake; islands swept of their people by a tidal wave; a vast ship pierced by an iceberg and going down with its thousand souls; provinces spread with the vile elements of a plague which carpeted the land with dead; mines flooded by water or devastated by fire;

the little new-born babe left without the rightful breast to feed it; the mother and her large family suddenly deprived of the breadwinner; old men who had lived like saints, giving their all to their own and to the world, driven to the degradation of the poorhouse in the end—ah, if one did not smile, one would die of weeping, she thought!

Al'mah had smiled her way through the world; with a quick word of sympathy for any who were hurt by the blows of life or time; with an open hand for the poor and miserable,—now that she could afford it—and hiding her own troubles behind mirth and bonhomie; for her humor, as her voice, was deep and strong like that of a man. It was sometimes too pronounced, however, Adrian Fellowes had said; and Adrian was an acute observer, who took great pride in her. Was it not to Adrian she had looked first for approval the night of her triumph at Covent Garden—why, that was only a few days ago, and it seemed a hundred days, so much had happened since. It was Adrian's handsome face which had told her then of the completeness of her triumph.

The Boer valet entered again. "Here come, madame," he said with something very near a smile; for he liked this woman, and his dark, sensual soul would have approved of his master liking her.

"Soon the Baas, madame," he said as he placed a chair for her, and with the gliding footstep of a native left the room.

"Sunny creature!" she said aloud, with a little laugh, and looked round. Instantly her face lighted with interest. Here was nothing of that admired disorder, that medley of incongruous things which marked the room she had just left; but perfect order, precision, and balance of arrangement, the most peaceful equipoise. There was a great carved oak table near to sun-lit windows, and on it were little regiments of things, carefully arranged—baskets with papers in elastic bands; classified and inscribed reference-books, scales, clips, pencils; and in one clear space, with a bunch of violets before it, the photograph of a woman in a splendid silver frame—a woman of seventy or so, obviously Rudyard Byng's mother.

Al'mah's eyes softened. Here was insight into a nature of which the world knew so little. She looked further. Everywhere signs of disciplined hours and careful hands.

Cabinets with initialed drawers, shelves filled with books. There is no more impressive and eloquent and revealing moment with man or woman than when you stand in a room empty of their actual presence, but having, in every inch of it, the pervasive influences of the absent personality. A strange, almost sacred quietness stole over Al'mah's senses. She had been admitted to the inner court, not of the man's house, but of his life. Her eyes traveled on with the gratified reflection that she had been admitted here. Above the books were rows of sketches—rows of sketches!

Suddenly, as her eyes rested on them, she turned pale and got to her feet. They were all sketches of the veldt, high and low; of natives; of bits of Dutch architecture; of the stoep with its Boer farmer and his *vrouw*; of a kopje with a dozen horses or a herd of cattle grazing; of a spruit, or a Kaffir's kraal; of oxen leaning against the dusselboom of a Cape wagon; of a herd of steinboks, or a little colony of mere-cats in the karoo.

Her hand went to her heart with a gesture of pain, and a little cry of misery escaped her lips.

Now there was a quick footstep, and Byng entered with a cordial smile and an outstretched hand.

"Well, this is a friendly way to begin the New Year," he said, cheerily, taking her hands. "You certainly are none the worse for our little unrehearsed drama the other night. I see by the papers that you have been repeating your triumph. Please sit down. Do you mind my having a little toast while we talk? I always have my *petit déjeuner* here; and I'm late this morning."

"You look very tired," she said as she sat.

Now Krool entered with a tray, placing it on a small table by the big desk. He was about to pour out the tea, but Byng waved him away.

"Send this note at once by hand," he said, handing him an envelope. It was addressed to Jasmine Grenfel.

"Yes, I'm tired—rather," he added to his guest with a sudden weariness of manner. "I've had no sleep for three nights—working all the time, every hour; and in this air of London, which doesn't feed you, one needs plenty of sleep. You can't play with yourself here as you can on the high veldt, where an hour or two of sleep a day will do.

On-saddle and off-saddle, in-span and out-span, plenty to eat and a little sleep; and the air does the rest. It has been a worrying time."

"The Jameson Raid—and all the rest?"

"Particularly all the rest. I feel easier in my mind about Dr. Jim and the others. England will demand—so I understand," he added with a careful look at her, as though he had said too much—"the right to try Jameson and his filibusters from Matabeleland here in England; but it's different with the Jo'burg fellows. They will be arrested—"

"They have been arrested," she intervened.

"Oh, is it announced?" he asked, without surprise.

"It was placarded an hour ago," she replied, heavily.

"Well, I fancied it would be," he remarked. "They'll have a close squeak. The sympathy of the world is with Kruger—so far."

"That is what I have come about," she said, with an involuntary and shrinking glance at the sketches on the walls.

"What you have come about?" he said, putting down his cup of tea and looking at her intently. "How are you concerned? Where do you come in?"

"There is a man—he has been arrested with the others; with Farrar, Phillips, Hammond, and the rest—"

"Oh, that's bad! A relative, or—"

"Not a relative, exactly," she replied in a tone of irony. Rising, she went over to the wall and touched one of the water-color sketches.

"How did you come by these?" she asked.

"Blantyre's sketches? Oh, it's all I ever got for all Blantyre owed me, and they're not bad! They're lifted out of the life. That's why I bought them. Also because I liked to think I got *something* out of Blantyre; and that he would wish I hadn't. He could paint a bit—don't you think so?"

"He could paint a bit—always," she replied.

A silence followed. Her back was turned to him, her face was toward the pictures.

Presently he spoke, with a little deferential anxiety in the tone, "Are you interested in Blantyre?" he asked, cautiously. Getting up, he came over to her.

"He has been arrested—as I said—with the others."

"No, you did not say so. So they let

Blantyre into the game, did they?" he asked almost musingly; then, as if recalling what she had said, he added: "Do you mind telling me exactly what is your interest in Blantyre?"

She looked at him straight in the eyes. For a face naturally so full of humor, hers was strangely dark with stormy feeling now.

"Yes, I will tell you as much as I can—enough for you to understand," she answered.

He drew up a chair to the fire and she sat down. He nodded at her encouragingly. Presently she spoke.

"Well, at twenty-one I was studying hard, and he was painting—"

"Blantyre?"

She inclined her head. "He was full of dreams—beautiful, I thought them; and he was ambitious. Also he could talk quite marvelously."

"Yes, Blantyre could talk—once," Byng intervened, gently.

"We were married secretly."

Byng made a gesture of amazement, and his face became shocked and grave. "Married! Married! You were married to Blantyre?"

"At a registry office in Chelsea. One month, only one month it was, and then he went away to Madeira to paint—a big commission," he said; and he would send for me as soon as he could get money in hand—certainly in a couple of months. He had taken most of my half-year's income—I had been left four hundred a year by my mother."

Byng muttered a malediction under his breath and leaned toward her sympathetically.

With an effort she continued. "From Madeira he wrote to tell me he was going on to South Africa, and would not be home for a year. From South Africa he wrote saying he was not coming back; that I could divorce him if I liked. The proof, he said, would be easy; or I needn't divorce him unless I liked, since no one knew we were married."

For an instant there was absolute silence, and she sat with her fingers pressed tight to her eyes. At last she went on, her face turned away from the great kindly blue eyes bent upon her, from the face flushed with honorable human sympathy.

"I went into the country, where I stayed for nearly three years, till—till I could bear



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"HE WAS FULL OF DREAMS—BEAUTIFUL, I THOUGHT THEM"

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it no longer; and then I began to study and sing again."

"What were you doing in the country?" he asked in a low voice.

"There was my baby," she replied, her hands clasping and unclasping in pain. "My little Norinne!"

"A child—she is living?" he asked gently.

"No, she died two years ago," was the answer in a voice that tried to be firm.

"Does Blantyre know?"

"He knew she was born, nothing more."

"And after all he has done, and left undone, you want to try and save him now?"

He was thinking that she still loved the man. "That offscouring!" he said to himself. "Well, women beat all! He treats her like a Patagonian; leaves her to drift with his child not yet born; rakes the hutches of the towns and the kraals of the veldt for women—always women, black or white, it didn't matter; and yet, by Gad! she wants him back."

She seemed to understand what was passing in his mind. Rising, with a bitter laugh that he long remembered, she looked at him for a moment in silence, then she spoke, her voice shaking with scorn.

"You think it is love for him that prompts me now?" Her eyes blazed, but there was a contemptuous laugh at her lips, and she nervously pulled at the tails of her sable muff. "You are wrong—absolutely. I would rather bury myself in the mud of the Thames than let him touch me. Oh, I know what his life must have been—the life of him that you know! With him it would either be the sewer or the sycamore-tree of Zaccheus; either the little upper chamber among the saints or eating husks with the swine. I realize him now. He was easily susceptible to good and evil, to the clean and the unclean; and he might have been kept in order by some one who would give a life to building up his character; but his nature was rickety, and he has gone down and not up."

"Then why try to save him? Let Oom Paul have him. He'll do no more harm, if—"

"Wait a minute," she urged. "You are a great man"—she came close to him—"and you ought to understand what I mean, without my saying it. I want to save him for his own sake, not for mine—to give him a chance. While there's life there's hope. To go as he is, with the mud up to his lips

—oh, can't you see! He is the father of my dead child. I like to feel that he may make something of his life and of himself yet. That's why I haven't tried to divorce him, and—"

"If you ever want to do so—" he interrupted, meaningly.

"Yes, I know. I have always been sure that nothing could be quite so easy; but I waited, on the chance of something getting hold of him which would lift him out of himself, give him something to think of so much greater than himself, some cause, perhaps—"

"He had you and your unborn child," he intervened.

"Me—!" She laughed bitterly. "I don't think men would ever be better because of me. I've never seen that. I've seen them show the worst of human nature because of me. And it wasn't inspiring! I've not met many men who weren't on the low levels."

"He hasn't stood his trial for the Jo'burg Conspiracy yet. How do you propose to help him? He is in real danger of his life."

She laughed coldly, and looked at him with keen, searching eyes. "You ask that, you who know that in the armory of life there's one all-powerful weapon?"

He nodded his head whimsically. "Money? Well, whatever other weapons you have, you must have that, I admit. And in the Transvaal—"

"Then here," she said, handing him an envelope—"here is what may help."

He took it hesitatingly. "I warn you," he remarked, "that if money is to be used at all, it must be a great deal. Kruger will put up the price to the full capacity of the victim."

"I suppose this victim has nothing," she ventured, quietly.

"Nothing but what the others give him, I should think. It may be a very costly business, even if it is possible, and you—"

"I have twenty thousand pounds," she said.

"Earned by your voice?" he asked, kindly.

"Every penny of it."

"Well, I wouldn't waste it on Blantyre, if I were you. No, by Jingo! you shall not do it, even if it can be done. It is too horrible."

"I owe it to myself to do it. After all, he is still my husband. I have let it be so; and while it is so, and while"—her eyes

looked away, her face suffused slightly, her lips tightened—"while things are as they are, I am bound—oh, bound by something, I don't know what it is, but it is not love, and it is not friendship, to come to his rescue! There will be legal expenses—"

Byng frowned. "Yes, but the others wouldn't see him in a hole—yet I'm not sure, either, Blantyre being Blantyre. In any case, I'm ready to do anything you wish."

"Did you ever know any one to do a favor who wasn't asked to repeat it—paying one debt by contracting another, finding a creditor who will trust, and trading on his trust? Yet I'd rather owe you two debts than most men one." She held out her hand to him. "Well, it doesn't do to mope. *'The merry heart goes all the day, the sad one tires in a mile-a.'* And I'm out for all day. Please wish me a happy new year."

He took her hand in both of his. "I wish you to go through this year as you ended the last—in a blaze of glory."

"Yes, really a blaze—if not of glory," she said, with bright tears, yet laughing, too, a big warm humor shining in her strong face with the gray-blue eyes and the thick, heavy eyebrows under a low, broad forehead like his own. They were indeed strangely alike in many ways both of mind and body.

"They say we end the year as we begin it," he said, cheerily. "You proved to Destiny that you were entitled to all she could give in the old year, and you shall have the best that's to be had in 1897. You are a woman in a million, and—"

"May I come and breakfast with you some morning?" she asked, gaily.

"Oh, if ever I'm thought worthy of that honor, don't hesitate! As the Spanish say, It is all yours." He waved a hand to the surroundings.

"No, it is all *yours*," she said, reflectively, her eyes slowly roaming about her. "It is all you. I'm glad to have been here, to be as near as this to your real life. Real life is so comforting after the mock kind so many of us live; which singers and actors live anyhow."

She looked round the room again. "I feel—I don't know why it is, but I feel that when I'm in trouble I shall always want to come to this room. Yes, and I will surely come; for I know there's a lot of trouble in store for me. You must let me come.

You are the only man I would go to like this, and you can't think what it means to me—to feel that I'm not misunderstood, and that it seems absolutely right to come. That's because any woman could trust you—as I do. Good-by."

In another moment she had gone, and he stood beside the table with the envelope she had left with him. Presently he opened it, and unfolded the check which was in it. Then he gave an exclamation of astonishment.

"Five thousand pounds!" he said aloud. "That's a better estimate of Krugerism than I thought she had. It'll take much more than that, though, if it's done at all; but she certainly has sense. It's five thousand times too much for Blantyre," he added, with an exclamation of disgust. "Blantyre—that swine!" Then he fell to thinking of all she had told him. "Poor girl—poor girl!" he said aloud. "But she must not come here, just the same. She doesn't see that it's not the thing, just because she thinks I'm a Sir Galahad—me!" He glanced at the picture of his mother, and nodded toward it tenderly. "So did she—always. I might have turned Kurd and robbed caravans, or become a Turk and kept concubines, and she'd never have seen that it was so. . . . But Al'mah mustn't come here any more, for her own sake. . . . I'd find it hard to explain if ever, by any chance—"

He fell to thinking of Jasmine, and looked at the clock. It was only ten, and he would not see Jasmine till six; but if he had gone to South Africa he would not have seen her at all! Fate and Wallstein had been kind.

Presently, as he went to the hall to put on his coat and hat to go out, he met Barry Whalen. Barry looked at him curiously; then, as though satisfied, he said: "Early morning visitor, eh? I just met her coming away. Card of thanks for kind services *au théâtre*, eh?"

"Well, it isn't any business of yours what it is, Barry," came the reply in tones which congealed.

"No, perhaps not," answered his visitor, testily, for he had had a night of much excitement, and, after all, this was no way to speak to a pal, to a partner who had followed his lead always. Friendship should be allowed some latitude, and he had said hundreds of things less carefully to Byng in the past. The past—he was

suddenly conscious that Byng had changed within the past few days, and that he seemed to have put restraint on himself. Well, he would get back at him just the same for the snub.

"It's none of my business," he retorted, "but it's a good deal of Adrian Fellowes' business—"

"What's a good deal of Adrian Fellowes' business?"

"Al'mah coming to your rooms. Fellowes is her man. Going to marry her, I suppose," he added, cynically.

Byng's jaw set and his eyes became cold. "Still, I'd suggest your minding your own business, Barry. Your tongue will get you into trouble some day. . . . You've seen Wallstein this morning—and Fleming?"

Barry replied sullenly, and the day's pressing work began, with the wires busy under the seas.

CHAPTER VI

WITHIN THE POWER-HOUSE

AT a few moments before six o'clock Byng was shown into Jasmine's sitting-room. As he entered, the man who had sat at the end of the front row of stalls the first night of "Manassa" rose to his feet. It was Adrian Fellowes, slim, well groomed, with the color of an apple in his cheeks, and his gold-brown hair waving harmoniously over his unintellectual head.

"But, Adrian, you are the most selfish man I've ever known," Jasmine was saying as Byng entered.

Either Jasmine did not hear the servant announce Byng, or she pretended not to do so, and the words were said so distinctly that Byng heard them as he came forward.

"Well, he is selfish," she added to Byng, as she shook hands. "I've known him since I was a child, and he has always had the best of everything and given nothing for it." Turning again to Fellowes, she continued: "Oh, it's true! The golden apples fall into your hands."

"Well, I wish I had the apples, since you give me the reputation," Fellowes replied, and, shaking hands with Byng, who gave him an enveloping look and a friendly greeting, he left the room.

"Such a boy—Adrian!" Jasmine said, as they sat down.

"Boy—he looks thirty or more!" remarked Byng in a dry tone.

"He is just twenty-nine. I call him a boy because he is so young in most things that matter to people. He is the most sumptuous person—entirely a luxury. Did you ever see such coloring—like a woman's! But selfish, as I said, and useful, too, is Adrian. Yes, he really is very useful. He would be a private secretary beyond price to any one who needed such an article. He has tact—as you saw—and would make a wonderful master of ceremonies, a splendid comptroller of the household and equerry and lord chamberlain in one. There, if ever you want such a person, or if—"

She paused. As she did so she was sharply conscious of the contrast between her visitor and Ian Stafford in outward appearance. Byng's clothes were made by good hands, but they were made by tailors who knew their man, and knew that he was not particular, and that he would not "try on." The result was a looseness and carelessness of good things—giving him in a way the look of shambling power. Yet in spite of the tie a little crooked, and the trousers a little too large and too short, he had touches of that distinction which power gives. His big hands with the square-pointed fingers had big, obtrusive veins, but they were not common.

"Certainly," he intervened, smiling indulgently; "if ever I want a comptroller, or an equerry, or a lord chamberlain, I'll remember 'Adrian.' In these days one can never tell. There's the Sahara. It hasn't been exploited yet. It has no emperor."

"I like you in this mood," she said, eagerly. "You seem on the surface so tremendously practical and sensible. You frighten me a little, and I like to hear you touch things off with raillery. But, seriously, if you can ever put anything in that boy's way, please do so. He has had bad luck—in your own Rand mine. He lost nearly everything in that, speculating, and—"

Byng's face grew serious again. "But he shouldn't have speculated; he should have invested. It wants brains, good fortune, daring, and wealth to speculate. But I will remember him, if you say so. I don't like to think that he has been hurt in any enterprise of mine. I'll keep him in mind. Make him one of my secretaries perhaps."

Then Barry Whalen's gossip suddenly

came to his mind, and he added: "Fellowes will want to get married some day. That face and manner will lead him into ways from which there's only one outlet."

"Matrimony?" She laughed. "Oh dear, no! Adrian is much too selfish to marry."

"I thought that selfishness was one of the elements of successful marriages. I've been told so."

A curious look stole into her eyes. All at once she wondered if his words had any hidden meaning, and she felt angrily self-conscious; but she instantly put the reflection away, for if ever any man traveled by the straight Roman road of speech and thought, it was he. He had only been dealing in somewhat obvious worldly wisdom.

"You ought not to give encouragement to such ideas by repeating them," she rejoined with raillery. "This is an age of telepathy and suggestion, and the more silent we are the safer we are. Now, please, tell me everything—of the inside, I mean—about Cecil Rhodes and the Raiders. Is Rhodes overwhelmed? And Mr. Chamberlain—you have seen him? The papers say you have spent many hours at the Colonial Office with him. I suppose you were with him at six o'clock last evening, instead of being here with me, as you promised."

He shook his head. "Rhodes? The bigger a man is the greater the crash when he falls; and no big man falls alone."

She nodded. "There's the sense of power, too, which made everything vibrate with energy, which gave a sense of great empty places filled—of that power withdrawn and collapsed. Even the bad great man gone leaves a sense of desolation behind. Power—power, that is the thing of all," she said, her eyes shining and her small fingers interlacing with eager vitality. "Power to set waves of influence in motion that stir the waters on distant shores. That seems to me the most wonderful thing."

Her vitality, her own sense of power, seemed almost incongruous. She was so delicately made, so much the dresden-china shepherdess, that intensity seemed out of relation to her nature. Yet the tiny hands that played before her with natural gestures like those of a child had, too, a decision and a firmness in keeping with the perfectly modeled head and the courageous poise of the body. There was something

regnant in her, while, too, there was something sumptuous and sensuous and physically thrilling to the senses. To-day she was dressed in an exquisite blue gown, devoid of all decoration save a little chinchilla fur, which only added to its softness and richness. She wore no jewelry whatever except a sapphire brooch, and her hair shone and waved like gossamer in the sun.

"Well, I don't know," he rejoined, admiration unbounded in his eyes for the picture she was of maidenly charm and womanly beauty. "I should say that goodness was a more wonderful thing. But power is the most common ambition, and only a handful of the hundreds of millions get it in any large way. I used to feel it tremendously when I first heard the stamps pounding the quartz in the mills on the Rand. You never heard that sound? In the clear height of that plateau the air reverberates greatly; and there's nothing on earth which so much gives a sense of power—power that crushes—as the stamps of a great mine pounding away night and day. There they go, thundering on, till it seems to you that some unearthly power is hammering the world into shape. You get up and go to the window and look out into the night. There's the deep blue sky—blue like nothing you ever saw in any other sky, and the stars so bright and big, and so near, that you feel you could reach up and pluck one with your hand; and just over the little hill are the lights of the stamp-mills, the smoke and the mad red flare, the roar of great hammers as they crush, crush, crush; while the vibration of the earth makes you feel that you are living in a world of Titans."

"And when it all stops?" she asked. "When the stamps pound no more, and the power is withdrawn? It is empty and desolate—and frightening?"

"It is anything you like. If all the mills all at once, with the thousands of stamps on the Rand reef, were to stop suddenly, and the smoke and the red flare were to die, it would be frightening in more ways than one. But I see what you mean. There might be a sense of peace, but the minds and bodies which had been vibrating with the stir of power would feel that the soul had gone out of things, and they would dwindle too."

"If Rhodes should fall—if the stamps on the Rand should cease—"

He got to his feet. "Either is possible, maybe probable; and I don't want to think

of it. As you say, there'd be a ghastly sense of emptiness and a deadly kind of peace." He smiled bitterly.

She rose now also, and fingering some flowers in a vase, arranging them afresh, said: "Well, this Jameson Raid, if it is proved that Cecil Rhodes is mixed up in it, will it injure you greatly—I mean your practical interests?"

He stood musing for a moment. "It's difficult to say at this distance. One must be on the spot to make a proper estimate. Anything may happen."

She was evidently anxious to ask him a question, but hesitated. At last she ventured, and her breath came a little shorter as she spoke.

"I suppose you wish you were in South Africa now. You could do so much to straighten things out, to prevent the worst. The papers say you have a political mind—the statesman's intelligence, the *Times* said! That letter you wrote, that speech you made at the Chamber of Commerce dinner—"

She watched him, dreading what his answer might be.

There was silence for a moment, then he answered: "Fleming is going to South Africa, not me. I stay here to do Wallstein's work. I was going, but Wallstein was taken ill suddenly. So I stay—I stay."

She sank down in her chair, going a little pale from excitement. The whiteness of her skin gave a delicate beauty to the faint rose of her cheeks—that rose-pink which never was to fade entirely from her face while life was left to her.

"If it had been necessary, when would you have gone?" she asked.

"At once. Fleming goes to-morrow," he added.

She looked slowly up at him. "Wallstein is a new name for a special Providence," she said, and the color came back to her face. "We need you here. We—"

Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind and suffused his face. He was conscious of that perfume which clung to whatever she touched. It stole to his senses and intoxicated them. He looked at her with enamoured eyes. He had the heart of a boy, the impulsiveness of a nature which had been unschooled in women's ways. Weaknesses in other directions had taught him much, but experiences with women had been few. The designs of

other women had been patent to him, and he had been inviolable to all attack; but here was a girl who, with her friendly little fortune and her beauty, could marry with no difficulty; who, he had heard, could pick and choose, and had so far rejected all comers; and who, if she had shown preference at all, had shown it for a poor man like Ian Stafford. She had courage and simplicity and a downright mind, that was clear. She was independent, and had a mind and will of her own. And she was capable. Did she not come of a stock which had brains and power? She had a love for big things, for the things that mattered. Every word she had ever said to him had understanding, not of the world alone, and of life, but of himself—of himself, Rudyard Byng. She grasped exactly what he would say, and made him say things that he would never have thought of saying to any one else. She drew him out, made the most of him, made him think. Other women only tried to make him feel. If he had had a girl like this beside him during the last ten years, how many wasted hours would have been saved, how many bottles of champagne would not have been opened, how many wild nights would have been spent differently!

Too good, too fine for him—oh, a hundred times, but he would try to make it up to her, if such a girl as this could endure him! He was not handsome, he was not clever, so he said to himself, but he had a little power. That he had to some degree—rough power, of course, but power; and she loved power, force. Had she not said so, shown it, but a moment before? Was it possible that she was a little bit interested in him, perhaps because he was different from the average Englishman and not of a general pattern? She was a woman of brains, of great individuality, and his own individuality might influence her. It was too good to be true; but there had ever been something of the gambler in him, and he had always plunged. If he ever had a conviction he acted on it instantly, staked everything, when that conviction got into his inner being. It was not, perhaps, a good way, and it had failed often enough; but it was his way, and he had done according to the light and the impulse that were in him. He had no diplomacy, he had only purpose.

He came over to her. "If I had gone to South Africa, would you have remem-

bered my name for a month?" he asked with determination and meaning.

"Oh, my friends never suffer lunar eclipse!" she answered, gaily. "Dear sir, I am called Hold-Fast. My friends are century-flowers and are always blooming."

"You count me among your friends?"

"I hope so. You will let me make all England envious of me, won't you? I never did you any harm, and I do want to have a hero in my tiny circle."

"A hero—you mean me? Well, I begin to think I have some courage when I ask you to let me inside your 'tiny' circle. I suppose most people would think it audacity, not courage."

"You seem not to be aware what an important person you are—how almost sensationally important. Why, I am only a pebble on a shore like yours, a little unknown slip of a girl who babbles, and babbles in vain."

She got to her feet now. "Oh, but believe me, believe me," she said, with sweet and sudden earnestness, "I am prouder than I can say that you will let me be a friend of yours! I like men who have done things, who do things. My grandfather did big, world-wide things, and—"

"Yes, I know. I met your grandfather once. He was a big man, big as can be. He had the world by the ear always."

"He spoiled me for the commonplace," she replied. "If I had lived in Pizarro's time, I'd have gone to Peru with him, the splendid robber!"

He answered with the eager frankness and humor of a boy. "If you mean to be a friend of mine, there are those who will think that in one way you have fulfilled your ambition, for they say I've spoiled the Peruvians, too."

"I like you when you say things like that," she murmured. "If you said them often—"

She looked at him archly, and her eyes brimmed with amusement and excitement.

Suddenly he caught both her hands in his and his eyes burned. "Will you—"

He paused. His courage forsook him. Boldness had its limit. He feared a repulse which could never be overcome. "Will you, and all of you here, come down to my place in Wales next week?" he blundered out.

She was glad he had faltered. It was too bewildering. She dared not yet face the question she had seen he was about to

ask. Power—yes, he could give her that; but power was the craving of an ambitious soul. There were other things. There was the desire of the heart, the longing which came with music and the whispering trees and the bright stars, the girlish dreams of ardent love and the garlands of youth and joy—and Ian Stafford.

Suddenly she drew herself together. She was conscious that the servant was entering the room with a letter.

"The messenger is waiting," the servant said.

With an apology she opened the note slowly as Byng turned to the fire. She read the page with a strange, tense look, closing her eyes at last with a slight sense of dizziness. Then she said to the servant:

"Tell the messenger to wait. I will write an answer."

"I am sure we shall be glad to go to you in Wales next week," she added, turning to Byng again. "But won't you be far away from the center of things in Wales?"

"I've had the telegraph and a private telephone wire to London put in. I shall be as near the center as though I lived in Grosvenor Square; and there are always special trains."

"Special trains! Oh, but it's wonderful," she said, "to have power to do things like that! When do you go down?"

"To-morrow morning."

She smiled radiantly. She saw that he was angry with himself for his cowardice just now, and she tried to restore him. "Please, will you telephone me when you arrive at your castle? I should like the experience of telephoning by private wire to Wales."

He brightened. "Certainly, if you really wish it. I shall arrive at ten to-morrow night, and I'll telephone you at eleven."

"Splendid! splendid! I'll be alone in my room then. I've got a telephone instrument there, and so we could say good-night."

"So we can say good night," he repeated in a low voice, and he held out his hand in good-bye.

When he had gone, with a new, great hope in his heart, she sat down and tremblingly reopened the note she had received a moment before.

"I am going abroad"—it read—"to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. I think I've got my chance at last. I want to see

you before I go—this evening, Jasmine. May I?"

It was signed "Ian."

"Fate is stronger than we are," she murmured; "and Fate is not kind to you, Ian," she added, wearily, a wan look coming into her face.

"*Mio destino*," she said at last—" *mio destino*!" But who was her destiny—which of the two who loved her?

CHAPTER VII

THREE YEARS LATER

EXTRA speshul—extra speshul—all about Kruger an' his guns!"

The shrill, acrid cry rang down St. James's Street, and a newsboy with a bunch of pink papers under his arm shot hither and thither on the pavement, offering his sensational wares to all he met.

"Extra speshul—extra speshul—all about the war wot's comin'! All about Kruger's guns!"

From an open window on the second floor of a building in the street a man's head was thrust out, listening.

"The war wot's comin'!" he replied, with a bitter sort of smile. "And all about Kruger's guns. So it is coming, is it, Johnny Bull; and you do know all about his guns, do you? If it is, and you do know, then a shattering big thing is coming, and you know quite a lot, Johnny Bull."

He hummed to himself an impromptu refrain with an impromptu tune:

"Then you know quite a lot, Johnny Bull,
Johnny Bull,
Then you know quite a lot, Johnny Bull!"

Stepping out of the French window upon a balcony now, he looked down the street. The newsboy was almost below. He whistled, and the lad looked up. In response to a beckoning finger the gutter-snipe took the doorway and the staircase at a bound. Like all his kind, he was a good judge of character, and one glance had assured him that he was speeding upon a visit of profit. Half a postman's knock—a sharp, insistent stroke—and he entered, his thin weasel-like face thrust forward, his eyes glittering. The fire in such eyes is always cold, for hunger is poor fuel to the native flame of life.

"Extra speshul, m'lord—all about Kruger's guns."

He held out the paper to the figure that darkened the window, and he pronounced the *g* in Kruger soft, as in Scrooge.

The hand that took the paper deftly slipped a shilling into the cold, skinny palm. At its first touch the face of the paper-vender fell, for it was the same size as a halfpenny; but even before the swift fingers had had a chance to feel the coin, or the eyes looked down, the face regained its confidence, for the eyes looking at him were generous. He had looked at so many faces in his brief day that he was an expert observer.

"Thank y' kindly," he said; then, as the fingers made assurance of the fortune which had come to him, "Ow', thank ye werry much, y'r gryce!" he added.

Something alert and determined in the face of the boy struck the giver of the coin as he opened the paper to glance at its contents, and he paused to scan him more closely. He saw the hunger in the lad's eyes as they swept over the breakfast-table, still heavy with uneaten breakfast—bacon, nearly the whole of an omelette, and rolls, toast, marmalade, and honey.

"Wait a second," he said, as the boy turned toward the door.

"Yes, y'r gryce."

"Had your breakfast?"

"I has me brekfist w'en I sells me pypers." The lad hugged the papers that were left closer under his arms, and kept his face turned resolutely away from the inviting table. His host correctly interpreted the action.

"Poor little devil—grit, pure grit!" he said under his breath. "How many papers have you got left?" he asked.

The lad counted like lightning. "Ten," he answered. "I'll soon get 'em off now. Luck's wif me dis mornin'." The ghost of a smile lighted his face.

"I'll take them all," the other said, handing over a second shilling.

The lad fumbled for change and the fumbling was due to honest agitation. He was not used to this kind of treatment.

"No, that's all right," the other interposed.

"But they're only a h'ypenny," urged the lad, for his natural cupidity had given way to a certain fine faculty not too common in any grade of human society.

"Well, I'm buying them at a penny this

morning. I've got some friends who'll be glad to give a penny to know all about Kruger's guns." He too softened the *g* in Kruger in consideration of his visitor's idiosyncrasies.

"You won't be mykin' anythink on them, y'r gryce," said the lad with a humor which opened the doors of Ian Stafford's heart wide; for to him heaven itself would be insupportable, if it had no humorists.

"Oh, I'll get at them in other ways!" Stafford rejoined. "I'll get my profit, never fear. Now what about breakfast? You've sold all your papers, you know."

"I'm fair ready for it, y'r gryce," was the reply, and now his glance went eagerly toward the door, for the tension of labor was relaxed, and hunger was scraping hard at his vitals.

"Well, sit down—this breakfast isn't cold yet. . . . But, no, you'd better have a wash-up first, if you can wait," Stafford added, and rang a bell.

"Wot, 'ere—brekfist wif y'r gryce 'ere?"

"Well, I've had mine"—Stafford made a slight grimace—"and there's plenty left for you, if you don't mind eating after me."

"I dusted me clothes dis mornin'," said the boy, with an attempt to justify his decision to eat this noble breakfast. "An' I washed me 'ands—but pypers is muck," he added.

A moment later he was in the fingers of Gleg the valet in the bath-room, and Stafford set to work to make the breakfast piping hot again. It was an easy task, as heaters were inseparable from his bachelor meals, and, though this was only the second breakfast he had eaten since his return to England after three years' absence, everything was in order.

For Gleg was still more the child of habit—and decorous habit—than himself. It was not the first time that Gleg had had to deal with his master's philanthropic activities. Much as he disapproved of them, he could discriminate; and there was that about the newsboy which somehow disarmed him. He went so far as to heap the plate of the lad, and would have poured the coffee too, but that his master took the pot from his hand and with a nod and a smile dismissed him; and his master's smile was worth a good deal to Gleg. It was an exacting if well-paid service, for Ian Stafford was the most particular man in Europe, and he had grown excessively so during the past three years, which, as Gleg observed, had brought

great, if quiet, changes in him. He had grown more studious, more watchful, more exclusive in his daily life, and ladies of all kinds he had banished from direct personal share in his life. There were no more little tea-parties and *déjeuners chez lui*, duly chaperoned by some gracious cousin or aunt—for there was no embassy in Europe where he had not relatives.

"'Ipped—a bit 'ipped. 'E 'as found 'em out, the 'uzzies," Gleg had observed; for he had decided that the general cause of the change in his master was Woman, though he did not know the particular woman who had "'ipped" him.

As the lad ate his wonderful breakfast, in which nearly half a pot of marmalade and enough butter for three ordinary people figured, Stafford read the papers attentively, to give his guest a fair chance at the food and to overcome his self-consciousness. He got an occasional glance at the trencherman, however, as he changed the sheets, stepped across the room to get a cigarette, or poked the small fire—for, late September as it was, a sudden cold week of rain had come and gone, leaving the air for the moment raw, and a fire was welcome.

At last, when he realized that the activities of the table were decreasing, he put down his paper. "Is it all right?" he asked. "Is the coffee hot?"

"I ain't never 'ad a meal like that, y'r gryce, not never any time," the boy answered, with a new sort of fire in his eyes.

"Was there enough?"

"I've left some," answered his guest, looking at the jar of marmalade and half a slice of toast. "I likes the coffee hot—tykes y'r longer to drink it," he added.

Ian Stafford chuckled. He was getting more than the worth of his money. He had sipped at his own breakfast, with the perturbations of a crossing from Flushing still in his system, and its equilibrium not fully restored; and yet, with the waste of his own meal and the neglect of his own appetite, he had given a great and happy half-hour to a waif of humanity.

As he looked at the boy he wondered how many thousands there were like him within the distance of a rifle-shot from where he sat, and he thought each of them would thank whatever gods they knew for such a neglected meal. The words from the scare-columns of the paper he held smote his sight:

"War Inevitable — Transvaal Bristling with Guns and Loaded to the Nozzle with War Stores—Milner and Kruger no nearer a Settlement—Sullen and Contemptuous Treatment of British Outlander." . . . And so on.

And if war came, if England must do this ugly thing, fulfil her bitter and terrible task, then what about such as this young outlander here, this outcast from home and goodly toil and civilized conditions, this sickly froth of the muddy and dolorous stream of lower England? So much withdrawn from the sources of their possible relief, so much less with which to deal with their miseries—perhaps hundreds of millions, mopped up by the parched and unproductive soil of battle and disease and loss.

He glanced at the paper again. *"Britons Hold Your Own!"* was the heading of the leading article. "Yes, we must hold our own," he said, aloud, with a sigh. "If it comes, we must see it through; but the breakfasts will be fewer. It works down one way or another—it all works down to this poor little devil and his kind."

"Now, what's your name?" he asked.

"Jigger," was the reply.

"What else?"

"Nothin', y'r gryce."

"Jigger—what?"

"It's the only nyme I got," was the reply.

"What's your father's or your mother's name?"

"I ain't got none. I only got a sister."

"What's her name?"

"Lou," he answered. "That's her real name. But she got a fancy name yistiddy. She was took on at the opera yistiddy, to sing with a hunderd uvver girls on the styge. She's Lulu Buckingham now."

"Oh, Buckingham!" said Stafford, with a smile, for this was a name of his own family, and of much account in circles he frequented. "And who gave her that name? Who were her godfathers and godmothers?"

"I dunno, y'r gryce. There wasn't no religion in it. They said she'd have to be called somefink, and so they called her that. Lou was always plenty for 'er till she went there yistiddy."

"What did she do before yesterday?"

"Sold flowers w'en she could get 'em to sell. 'Twas when she couldn't sell her flowers that she piped up sort of dead wild—for she 'adn't 'ed nothin' to eat, an'

she was fair crusty. It was then a gentleman, 'e 'eard 'er singin' hot, an' he says, 'That's good enough for a start,' 'e says, 'an' you come wif me,' he says. 'Not much,' Lou says, 'not if I knows it. I seed your kind frequent.' But 'e stuck to it, an' says, 'It's stryght, an' a lydy will come for you to-merrer, if you'll be 'ere on this spot, or tell me w'ere you can be found.' An' Lou says, says she, 'You buy my flowers, so's I kin git me bread-baskit full, an' then I'll think it over.' An' he bought 'er flowers, an' give' er five bob. An' Lou paid rent for both of us wiv that, an' 'ad brekfist; an' sure enough the lydy come next dy an' took her off. She's in the opera now, an' she'll 'ave 'er brekfist reg'lar. I seed the lydy meself. Her picture's on the 'oardings—"

Suddenly he stopped. "W'y that's 'er, that's 'er!" he said, pointing to the mantelpiece.

Stafford followed the finger and the glance. It was Al'mah's portrait in the costume she had worn over three years ago, the night when Rudyard Byng had rescued her from the flames. He had bought it then. It had been unpacked again by Gleg, and put in the place it had occupied for a day or two before he had gone out of England to do his country's work—and to face the bitterest disillusion of his life; to meet the heaviest blow his pride and his heart had ever known.

"So that's the lady, is it?" he said, musingly, to the boy, who nodded assent.

"Go and have a good look at it," urged Stafford.

The boy did so. "It's 'er—done up for the opera," he declared.

"Well, Lulu Buckingham is all right, then. That lady will be good to her."

"Right. As soon as I seed her, I whippers to Lou, 'You keep close to that there wall,' I sez. 'There's a chimbley in it, an' you'll never be cold,' I says to Lou."

Stafford laughed softly at the illustration. Many a time the lad had snuggled up to a wall which had a warm chimney, and he had got his figure of speech from real life.

"Well, what's to become of you?" Stafford asked.

"Oh, I'll be level wiv me rent to-dy," he answered, turning over the two shillings and some coppers in his pocket; "an' Lou and me's got a fair start."

Stafford got up, came over, and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder. "I'm going to

give you a sovereign," he said—"twenty shillings, for your fair start; and I want you to come to me here next Sunday-week to breakfast, and tell me what you've done with it."

"Me—y'r gryce!" A look of fright almost came into the lad's face. "Twenty bob—me!"

The sovereign was already in his hand, and now his face suffused. He seemed anxious to get away, and looked round for his cap. He couldn't do here what he wanted to do. He felt that he must burst.

"Now, off you go. And you be here at nine o'clock on Sunday week with the papers, and tell me what you've done."

"Gawd—my Gawd!" said the lad, huskily. The next minute he was out in the hall, and the door was shut behind him. A moment later, hearing a whoop, Stafford went to the window and, looking down, he saw his late visitor turning a cart-wheel under the nose of a policeman, and then, with another whoop, shooting down into the Mall, making Lambeth way.

With a smile he turned from the window. "Well, we shall see," he said. "Perhaps it will be my one lucky speculation. Who knows—who knows!"

His eye caught the portrait of Al'mah on the mantelpiece. He went over and stood looking at it musingly.

"You were a good girl," he said, aloud. "At any rate, you wouldn't pretend. You'd gamble with your immortal soul, but you wouldn't sell it—not for three millions, not for a hundred times three millions. Or is it that you are all alike, you women? Isn't there one of you that can be absolutely true? Isn't there one that won't smirch her soul and kill the faith of those that love her for some moment's excitement, for gold to gratify a vanity, or to have a wider sweep to her skirts? Vain, vain, vain—and dishonorable, essentially dishonorable. There might be tragedies, but there wouldn't be many intrigues if women weren't so dishonorable—the secret orchard rather than the open highway and robbery under arms.... Whew, what a world!"

He walked up and down the room for a moment, his eyes looking straight before him; then he stopped short. "I suppose it's natural that, coming back to England, I should begin to unpack a lot of old memories, empty out the box-room, and come across some useless and discarded things.

I'll settle down presently; but it's a thoroughly useless business turning over old stock. The wise man pitches it all into the junk-shop, and cuts his losses."

He picked up the *Morning Post* and glanced down the middle page—the social column first—with the half-amused reflection that he hadn't done it for years, and that here were the same old names re-appearing, with the same brief chronicles. Here, too, were new names, some of them, if not most of them, of a foreign turn to their syllables—New York, Melbourne, Buenos Ayres, Johannesburg. His lip curled a little with almost playful scorn. At St. Petersburg, Vienna, and elsewhere he had been vaguely conscious of these social changes; but they did not come within the ambit of his daily life, and so it had not mattered. And there was no reason why it should matter now. His England was a land the original elements of which would not change, had not changed; for the old small inner circle had not been invaded, was still impervious to the wash of wealth and snobbery and push. That refuge had its sequestered glades, if perchance it was unilluminating and rather heavily decorous; so that he could let the climbers, the toadies, the gold-spillers, and the bribers have the middle of the road.

It did not matter so much that London was changing fast. The old clock on the tower of St. James's would still give the time to his step as he went to and from the Foreign Office, and there were quiet places like Kensington Gardens where the bounding person would never think to stray. Indeed, they never strayed; they only rushed and pushed where their spreading tails could be seen by the multitude. They never got farther west than Rotten Row, which was in possession of three classes of people: those who sat in Parliament, those who had seats on the Stock Exchange, and those who could not sit their horses. Three years had not done it all, but it had done a good deal; and he was more keenly alive to the changes and developments, which had begun long before he left and had increased vastly since. Wealth was more and more the master of England—new-made wealth; and some of it was too ostentatious and too pretentious to condone, much less indulge.

All at once his eye, roaming down the columns, came upon the following announcement:

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Byng have returned to town from Scotland for a few days, before proceeding to Wales, where they are presently to receive at Glencader Castle the Duke and Duchess of Sheffield, the Prince and Princess of Cleaves, M. Santon, the French Foreign Minister, the Slavonian Ambassador, the Earl and Countess of Tyne-mouth, and Mr. Tudor Tempest."

"And Mr. Tudor Tempest," Ian repeated to himself. "Well, she would. She would pay that much tribute to her own genius. Four-fifths to the claims of the body and the social nervous system, and one-fifth to the desire of the soul. Tempest is a literary genius by what he has done, and she is a genius by nature, and with so much left undone. The Slavonian Ambassador—h'm, and the French Foreign Minister! That looks like a useful combination at this moment—at this moment. She has a gift for combinations, a wonderful skill, a still more wonderful perception—and a remarkable unscrupulousness. She's the naturally ablest woman I have ever known; but she wants to take short-cuts to a worldly Elysium, and it can't be done, not even with three times three millions—and three millions was her price."

Suddenly he got up and went over to a table where were several despatch-boxes. Opening one, he drew forth from the bottom, where he had placed it nearly three years ago, a letter. He looked at the long, sliding handwriting, so graceful and fine, he caught the perfume which had intoxicated Rudyard Byng, and, stooping down, he sniffed the despatch-box. He nodded.

"She's pervasive in everything," he murmured. He turned over several other packets of letters in the box. "I apologize," he said to these letters, ironically. "I ought to have banished her long ago, but, to tell you the truth, I didn't realize how much she'd influence everything—even in a box." He laughed cynically, and slowly opened the one letter which had meant so much to him.

There was no show of agitation. His eye was calm; only his mouth showed any feeling or made any comment. It was a little supercilious and scornful. Sitting down by the table, he spread the letter out, and read it with great deliberation. It was the first time he had looked at it since he received it in Vienna and had placed it in the despatch-box.

"Dear Ian," it ran, "our year of proba-

tion—that is the word, isn't it?—is up; and I have decided that our ways must lie apart. I am going to marry Rudyard Byng next month. He is very kind and very strong, and not too ragingly clever. You know I should chafe at being reminded daily of my own stupidity by a very clever man. You and I have had so many good hours together, there has been such confidence between us, that no other friendship can ever be the same; and I shall always want to go to you, and ask your advice, and learn to be wise. You will not turn a cold shoulder on me, will you? I think you yourself realized that my wish to wait a year before giving a final answer was proof that I really had not that in my heart which would justify me in saying what you wished me to say. Oh yes, you knew; and the last day when you bade me good-bye you almost said as much! I was so young, so unschooled, when you first asked me, and I did not know my own mind; but I know it now, and so I go to Rudyard Byng for better or for worse—"

He suddenly stopped reading, sat back in his chair, and laughed sardonically.

"*'For richer, for poorer'*—now to have launched out on the first phrase, and to have jibed at the second was distinctly stupid. The quotation could only have been carried off with audacity of the ripest kind. *'For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part. Amen.'* That was the way to have done it, if it was done at all. Her cleverness forsook her when she wrote that letter. 'Our year of probation'—she called it that. Dear, dear, what a poor prevaricator the best prevaricator is! She was sworn to me, bound to me, wanted a year in which to have her fling before she settled down, and she threw me over—like that!"

He did not read the rest of the letter, but got up, went over to the fire, threw it in, and watched it burn.

"I ought to have done so when I received it," he said, almost kindly now. "A thing like that ought never to be kept a minute. It's a terrible confession, damning evidence, a self-made exposure, and to keep it is too brutal, too hard on the woman. If anything had happened to me and it had been read, 'not all the King's horses nor all the King's men could put Humpty Dumpty together again.'"

Then he recalled the brief letter he had written her in reply. Unlike him, she had not kept his answer, when it came into her hands, but, tearing it up into fifty fragments, had thrown it into the waste-

basket, and paced her room in shame, anger, and humiliation. Finally, she had taken the waste-basket and emptied it into the flames. She had watched the tiny fragments burn in a fire not hotter than that in her own eyes, which presently were washed by a flood of bitter tears and passionate and un-availing protest. For hours she had sobbed, and when she went out into the world the next day, it was with his every word ringing in her ears, as they had rung ever since: the skeptic comment at every feast, the ironical laughter behind every door, the whispered detraction in every loud accent of praise.

"Dear Jasmine," his letter had run, "it is kind of you to tell me of your intended marriage before it occurs, for in these distant lands news either travels slowly or does not reach one at all. I am fortunate in having my information from the very fountain of first knowledge. You have seen and done much in the past year, and the end of it all is more fitting than the most meticulous artist could desire or conceive. You will adorn the new sphere into which you enter. You are of those who do not need training or experience: you are a genius, whose chief characteristic is adaptability. Some people, to whom nature and Providence have not been generous, live up to things; to you it is given to live down to them; and no one can do it so well. We have had good times together—happy conversations and some cheerful and entertaining dreams and purposes. We have made the most of opportunity, each in his and her own way. But, my dear Jasmine, don't ever think that you will need to come to me for advice and to learn to be wise. I know of no one from whom I could learn, from whom I have learned, so much. I am deeply your debtor for revelations which never could have come to me without your help. There is a wonderful future before you, whose variety let Time, not me, attempt to reveal. I shall watch your going on"—(he did not say *goings on*)—"your Alpine course, with clear memories of things and hours dearer to me than all the world, and with which I would not have parted for the mines of Golconda. I lose them now for nothing—and less than nothing. I shall be abroad for some years, and, meanwhile, a new planet will swim into the universe of matrimony. I shall see the light shining, but its heavenly orbit will not be within my calculations. Other astronomers will watch, and some no doubt will pray, and I shall read in the annals the bright story of the flower that was turned into a star!

"Always yours sincerely,

"IAN STAFFORD."

From the filmy ashes of her letter to him Stafford now turned away to his writing-table. There he sat for a while and answered several notes, among them one to Alice Mayhew, now the Countess of Tynemouth, whose red parasol still hung above the mantelpiece, a relic of the Zambesi—and of other things.

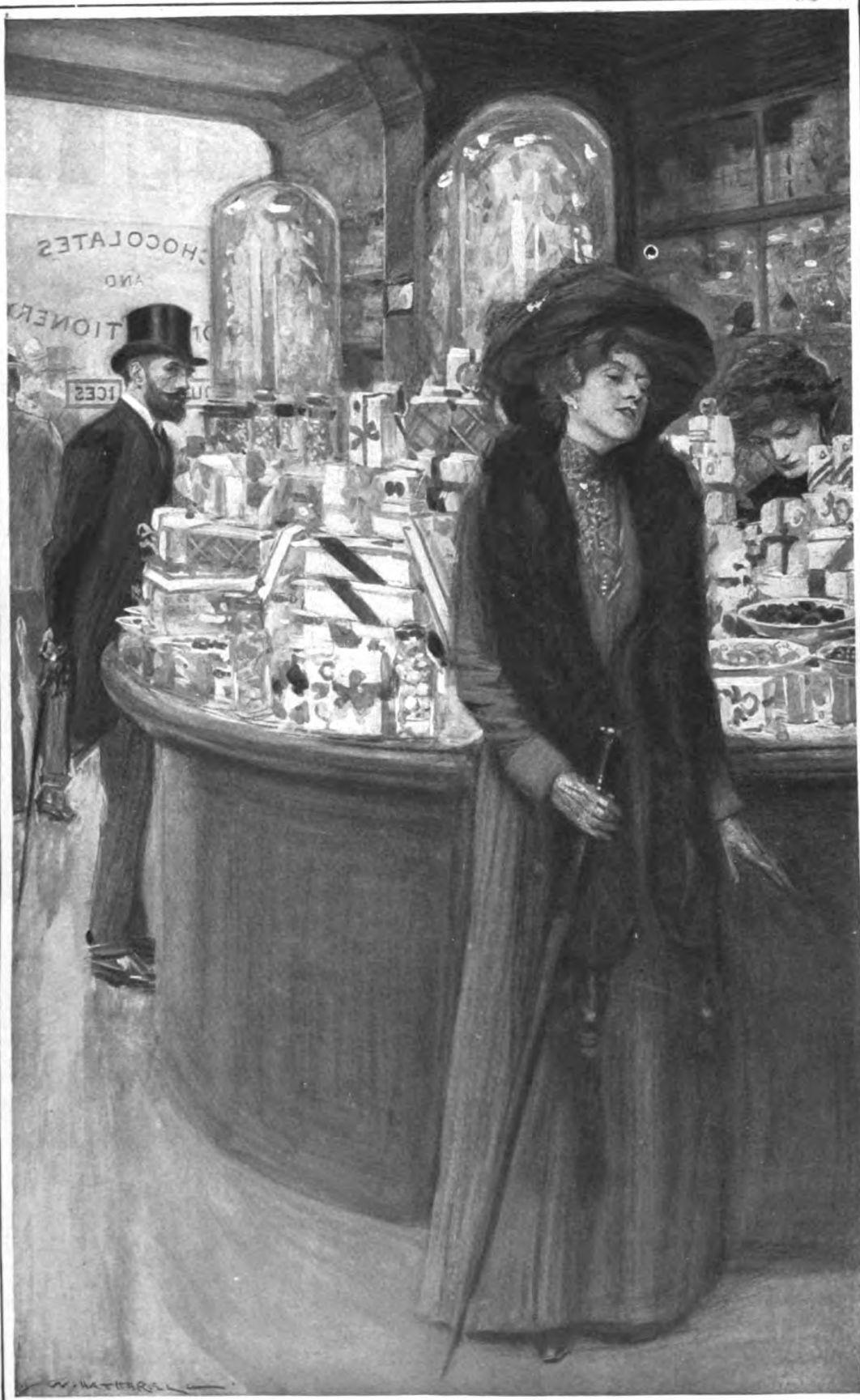
Periodically Lady Tynemouth's letters had come to him while he was abroad, and from her, in much detail, he had been informed of the rise of Mrs. Byng, of her great future, her "delicious" toilettes, her great entertainments for charity, her successful attempts to gather round her the great figures in the political and diplomatic world; and her partial rejection of Byng's old mining and financial confrères and their belongings. It had all culminated in a visit of royalty to their place in Suffolk, from which she had emerged radiantly and delicately aggressive, and sweeping a wider circle with her social scythe.

Ian had read it all unperturbed. It was just what he knew she could and would do; and he foresaw for Byng, if he wanted it, a peerage in the not distant future. Alice Tynemouth was no gossip, and she was not malicious. She had a good, if wayward, heart, was full of sentiment, and was a constant and helpful friend. He, therefore, accepted her invitation now to spend the next week-end with her and her husband; and then, with letters to two young nephews in his pocket, he prepared to sally forth to buy them presents, and to get some sweets for the children of a poor invalid cousin to whom for years he had been a generous friend. For children he had a profound love, and if he had married, he would not have been content with a childless home—with a childless home like that of Rudyard Byng. That news also had come to him from Alice Tynemouth, who honestly lamented that Jasmine Byng had no "balance-wheel," which was the safety and the anchor of women "like her and me," Alice's letter had said.

Three millions once—and how much more now?—and big houses, and no children. It was an empty business, or so it seemed to him, who had come of a large and agreeably quarrelsome and clever family, with whom life had been checkered but never dull.

He took up his hat and stick, and went toward the door. His eyes caught Al'mah's photograph as he passed.

"It was all done that night at the opera,"



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

Digitized by Google SHE FELT HERSELF GROW SUDDENLY WEAK

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he said. "Jasmine made up her mind then to marry him, . . . and I wonder what the end will be. . . . Sad little, bad little girl The mess of pottage at the last? *Quien sabe!*"

CHAPTER VIII

"HE SHALL NOT TREAT ME SO"

THE air of the late September morning smote Stafford's cheeks pleasantly, and his spirits rose as he walked up St. James's Street. His step quickened imperceptibly to himself, and he nodded to or shook hands with quite a dozen people before he reached Piccadilly. Here he completed the purchases for his school-boy nephews, and then he went to a sweet-shop in Regent Street to get chocolates for his young nieces. As he entered the place he was suddenly brought to a standstill, for not two dozen yards away at a counter was Jasmine Byng.

She did not see him enter, and he had time to note what matrimony, and the three years and the three million pounds, had done to her. She was radiant and exquisite, a little paler, a little more complete, but increasingly graceful and perfectly appointed. Her dress was of dark green, of a most delicate shade, and with the clinging softness and texture of velvet. She wore a jacket of the same material, and a single brilliant ornament at her throat relieved the simplicity. In the hat, too, one big solitary emerald shone against the lighter green.

She was talking now with animation and amusement to the shop-girl who was supplying her with sweets, and every attendant was watching her with interest and pleasure. Stafford reflected that this was always her way: wherever she went she attracted attention, drew interest, magnetized the onlooker. Nothing had changed in her, nothing of charm and beauty and eloquence,—how eloquent she had always been!—of *esprit*, had gone from her; nothing. Presently she turned her face full toward him, still not seeing him, half hidden as he was behind some piled-up tables in the center of the shop.

Nothing changed? Yes, instantly he was aware of a change, in the eyes, at the mouth. An elusive, vague, distant kind of disturbance—he could not say trouble—had stolen into her eyes, had taken possession of the corners of the mouth; and he was

conscious of something exotic, self-indulgent, and "emancipated." She had always been self-indulgent and selfish, and, in a wilful, innocent way, emancipated, in the old days; but here was a different, a fuller, a more daring expression of these qualities Ah, he had it now! That elusive something was a lurking recklessness, which, perhaps, was not bold enough yet to leap into full exercise, or even to recognize itself.

So this was she to whom he had given the best of which he had been capable—not a very noble or priceless best, he was willing to acknowledge, but a kind of guarantee of the future, the nucleus of fuller things. As he looked at her now his heart did not beat faster, his pulses did not quicken, his eye did not soften, he did not even wish himself away. Love was as dead as last year's leaves; so dead that no spirit of resentment, or humiliation, or pain of heart was in his breast at this sight of her again. On the contrary, he was conscious of a perfect mastery of himself, of being easily superior to the position.

Love was dead; youth was dead; the desire that beats in the veins of the young was dead; his disillusion and disappointment and contempt for one woman had not driven him, as it so often does, to other women—to that wild waste which leaves behind it a barren and ill-natured soil exhausted of its power, of its generous and native health. There was a strange apathy in his senses, an emotional stillness, as it were, the atrophy of all the passionate elements of his nature. But because of this he was the better poised, the more evenly balanced, the more perceptive. His eyes were not blurred or dimmed by any stress of emotion, his mind worked in a cool quiet, and his forward tread had leisurely decision and grace. He had sunk one part of himself far below the level of activity or sensation, while new resolves, new powers of mind, new designs were set in motion to make his career a real and striking success. He had the most friendly ear and the full confidence of the Prime Minister, who was also Foreign Secretary—he had got that far; and now, if one of his great international schemes could but be completed, an ambassadorship would be his reward, and one of first-class importance. The three years had done much for him in a worldly way, wonderfully much.

As he looked at the woman who had shaken his life to the center—not by her re-

jection of him, but by the fashion of it, the utter selfishness and cold-blooded calculation of it, he knew that love's fires were out, and that he could meet her without the agitation of a single nerve. He despised her, but he could make allowance for her. He knew the strain that was in her, got from her brilliant but unscrupulous and rather plangent grandfather. He knew the temptation of a vast fortune, the power that it would bring—and the notoriety, too, again an inheritance from her grandfather. He was not without magnanimity, and he could the more easily exercise it because his pulses of emotion were still.

She was by nature the most brilliantly endowed woman he had ever met, the most naturally perceptive and artistic, albeit there was a touch of gorgeousness to the inherent artistry which time, training, and experience would have chastened. *Would have chastened?* Was it not then, chastened? Looking at her now, he knew that it was not. It was still there, he felt; but how much else was also there—of charm, of elusiveness, of wit, of mental adroitness, of joyous eagerness to discover a new thought or a new thing. A creature of rare splendor, variety, and vanity.

Why should he deny himself the pleasure of her society? His intellectual side would always be stimulated by her, she would always "incite him to mental riot," as she had often said. Time had flown, love had flown, and passion was dead; but friendship stayed. Yes, friendship stayed—in spite of all. Her conduct had made him blush for her, had covered him with shame, but she was a woman, and therefore weak—he had come to that now. She was on a lower plateau of honor, and therefore she must be—not forgiven, that was too banal, but she must be accepted as she was. And, after all, there could be no more deception; for opportunity and occasion no longer existed. He would go and speak to her now.

At that moment he was aware that she had caught sight of him, and that she had been startled. She had not known of his return to England, and she was suddenly overwhelmed by confusion. The words of the letter he had written her when she had thrown him over rushed through her brain now, and hurt her as much as they did the first day they had been received. She became a little pale, and turned as though to find some other egress from the shop. There being none, there was but one course,

and that was to go out as though she had not seen him. He had not even been moved at all at seeing her; but with her it was different. She was disturbed—in her vanity? In her peace? In her pride? In her senses? In her heart? In any, or each, or all? But she was disturbed: her equilibrium was shaken. He had scorched her soul by that letter to her, so gently cold, so incisive, so subtly cruel, so deadly in its irony, so final—so final.

She was ashamed, and no one else in the world but Ian Stafford could so have shamed her. Power had been given to her, the power of great riches—the three millions had been really five!—and everything and everybody, almost, was deferential toward her. Had it brought her happiness, or content, or joy? It had brought her excitement—how much of that!—and elation, and opportunity to do a thousand things, and to fatigue herself in a thousand ways, but had it brought happiness?

If it had, the face of this man who was once so much to her, and whom she had flung into outer darkness, was sufficient to cast a cloud over it. She felt herself grow suddenly weak, but she determined to go out of the place without appearing to see him.

He was conscious of it all, saw it out of a corner of his eye, and as she started forward, he turned, deliberately walked toward her, and, with a cheerful smile, held out his hand.

"Now, what good fortune!" he said, spiritedly. "Life plays no tricks, practises no deception this time. In a book she'd have made us meet on a grand staircase or at a court ball."

As he said this, he shook her hand warmly, and again and again, as would be fitting with old friends. He had determined to be master of the situation, and to turn the moment to the credit of his account—not hers; and it was easy to do it, for love was dead, and the memory of love atrophied.

Color came back to her face. Confusion was dispelled, a quick and grateful animation took possession of her, to be replaced an instant after by the disconcerting reflection that there was in his face or manner not the faintest sign of emotion or embarrassment. From his attitude they might have been good friends—good, casual friends—who had not met for some time; nothing more.

"Yes, what a place to meet!" she said.

"It really ought to have been at a green-grocer's, and the apotheosis of the commonplace would have been celebrated. But when did you return? How long do you remain in England?"

Ah, the sense of relief to feel that he was not reproaching her for anything, not impeaching her by an injured tone and manner, which so many other men had assumed with infinitely less right or cause than he.

"I came back thirty-six hours ago, and I stay at the will of the master-mind," he answered.

The old whimsical look came into her face, the old sudden flash which always lighted her eyes when a daring phrase was born in her mind, and she instantly retorted:

"The master-mind! How self-centered you are!"

Whatever had happened, certainly the old touch of intellectual *diablerie* was still hers, and he laughed good-humoredly. Yes, she might be this or that, she might be false or true, she might be one who had sold herself for mammon, and had not paid tribute to the one great natural principle of being, to give life to the world, man and woman perpetuating man and woman; but she was stimulating and delightful without effort.

"And what are you doing these days?" he asked. "One never hears of you now."

This was cruel, but she knew that he was "inciting her to riot," and she replied: "Ah, that's because you are so secluded—in your kindergarten for misfit statesmen. Abandon knowledge, all ye who enter there!"

It was the old flint and steel, but the sparks were not bright enough to light the tinder of emotion. She knew it, for he was cool and buoyant and really unconcerned, and she was feverish—and determined.

"You still make life worth living," he rejoined, gaily.

"It is not an occupation I would choose,"

she rejoined. "It is sure to make one a host of enemies."

"So many of us make our careers by accident," he rejoined.

"Certainly I made mine not by design," she replied instantly; and there was an undercurrent of meaning in it which he was not slow to notice; but he disregarded her first attempt to justify, however vaguely, her murderous treatment of him.

"Ah, your career is not yet begun!" he remarked.

Her eyes flashed—was it anger, or pique, or hurt, or merely the fire of intellectual combat?

"I am married," she said, defiantly, in direct retort.

"That is not a career—it is exploration in a dark continent," he rejoined.

"Come and say that to my husband," she replied, boldly. Suddenly a thought lighted her eyes. "Are you by any chance free to-morrow night to dine with us—quite, quite *en famille*? Rudyard will be glad to see you—and hear you," she added, teasingly.

He was amused. He felt how much he had really piqued her, and provoked her, by showing her so plainly that she had lost every vestige of the ancient power over him; and he saw no reason why he should not spend an evening where she sparkled.

"I am free, and will come with pleasure," he replied.

"That is delightful," she rejoined, "and please bring a box of *bons mots* with you. But you will come, then—?" She was going to add, "Ian," but she paused.

"Yes, I'll come—Jasmine," he answered, coolly, having read her hesitation aright.

She flushed, was embarrassed and piqued, but with a smile and a nod she left him.

In her carriage, however, her breath came quick and fast, her tiny hand clenched, her face flushed, and there was a devastating fire in her eyes.

"He shall not treat me so. He shall show some feeling. He shall—he shall—he shall!" she gasped, angrily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The Pandemonium of Animals

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

MY nephew's parents constitute one of my problems. The father is a successful, well-intentioned, stodgy sort of man who hasn't had a new idea since we left college. Stereotyped. No one would ever take him for a brother of mine. As to the lady the fellow married, she was once a woman in a thousand: under the influence of her husband she is now turning mummy.

These two worthy people are bringing up my nephew the best they know how, I admit, but they are making him stupidly conventional, they are making him prosaic. To prevent this I stand ready to take—yes, and to get into—any amount of trouble. I don't object, mark you, to prosaic folk. I don't object to vegetables, either. I simply do not wish my only nephew to grow up a vegetable.

When I went to the house after lunch to-day, to take him out walking, I found his father preparing to take him out himself. "Don't you bother, Niblo," I urged; "let me have him." (That's my brother's name, Niblo. Niblo Sims. Mine is John Talbot Sims.)

He looked me over doubtfully. "Oh, thank you," he responded, "I may as well attend to it. I'm not sure I care about having you take Matthew out so much. You see, you are one of these erratic chaps, Talbot—nobody would suppose you were my brother—and I'm always afraid you will do something that will get us in a mess."

Poor Niblo calls anything erratic an inch from the rut. "It is no pleasure to me to take a child walking," I reminded him. "My only feeling is that Matthew needs the change from his home life. It's dull for him here. It depresses him. I do not wish my nephew to be as spiritless as a wet piece of toast."

When Matthew's father and I don't agree on some subject—home, for instance—he gets vexed. He got vexed on this occasion instantly, and we were soon exchanging cold truths, quite like broth-

ers, when a firm, mellow voice over the banisters interrupted us, saying: "Oh, tut-tut-tut, what a babel! Is that you again, Teapot?"

"It is," I owned. Teapot, by the way, is a name of my nephew's for me. Why his mother should feel entitled to use it—

"What is the matter this time?" went on Hattie. We started to tell her.

"I can't hear the words if you both harangue at once," she complained. "It is a pity you two are so alike." We scowled at each other. "One of you please tell me what's the matter, and one of you take Matthew for a walk."

Each of us seized a hat and looked for my nephew. He had disappeared. "Master Matthew went out by himself, sir," the maid whispered to Niblo. The next moment we had struggled, simultaneously but in silence, through the doorway, and bumped hotly down the steps. At the corner we parted. No Matthew was in sight, but we knew where to look. Just a little way from Niblo's is a park, with a lake to sail boats in, a menagerie, and other attractions. The only question was, which attraction?

The luck was with Niblo. After doing the lake and turning southward, I spied his thin figure by the camel's cage, holding my nephew by the hand and chatting with a blue-coated camel-guard or game-keeper—one of those park attendants. Observing that Matthew was wriggling, I hung back out of sight to wait developments. Before long he wriggled loose. He stood quietly near his father for a little—rather crafty of him, that was—then, as the conversation with the camel-guard continued, he slipped noiselessly off toward the lion house. I made for the place by a detour.

It was a close shave; for as I entered the building at the far side I saw Niblo making for the other.

"Hallo, you here, Matthew?" I called, carelessly; "don't let's stay in the park to-day. Let's go down to Biddulph's and

buy a toy. No, not that door—the other way.” And I hurried him out at the rear and cut across a lawn.

He had not seemed overpleased to have me join him, but at the word toy he grew more animated, and he was soon pointing out to me, approvingly, one of those imitation tree-stumps that serve as receptacles for rubbish, which I hate. “Do you consider it artistic, sir?” said I. He did. “You have devilish rum ideas of art, then,” I ejaculated. He grinned in my face. “And art aside,” I continued, “they poison my mind. This park is an artificial place at best; it’s improbable-looking; but I try to believe it is genuine—I try hard. I tell myself, ‘It’s all real. Those objects before me are God’s own trees and rocks, and yonder dingy little blotches are God’s own grass.’ Then I come upon a stump. My heart sinks. I mutter stoutly to myself, ‘This is God’s own stump.’ I strike it with my cane. It is tin. Poof! Presto! All my hard-won beliefs fly away—they evaporate. For all I know, every tree and rock in sight may be tin. See those flowers over there? They’re tin, too. And there’s a tin attendant with his back to us, standing by that theatric tin bush.”

“He isn’t tin, Teapot,” said my nephew.

“A difference of opinion?” I inquired. “Kindly take my cane and hit his legs with it. I predict that the fellow will sound as hollow as a kettle.”

My nephew demurred. “Buck up,” I said; “I dare you.” I didn’t really wish him to hit the man, of course—but just to have enough ginger to be ready to. I do like to see a boy show some dash.

Poor Matthew! There was small sign of dash in the way he shamled off with my cane, looking back each few steps. I made mettlesome gestures. I puffed out my chest and cocked my head at

him. With one last wan look at me he raised the cane and flapped it weakly against the blue-coated man’s legs.

The man turned in some surprise. We were all three surprised, for that matter. He was at first half inclined to smile at his tiny antagonist, but Matthew must needs go and pipe up, “Teapot said you were tin! He said you were tin!” and the smile slowly vanished. My smile vanished, too, as I realized that he was the very game-keeper, the camel-man, that my brother had been talking to.

“A mistake has been made,” I explained, giving Matthew a jerk. “Please accept my assurance that we regret it.”

His face was unresponsive. “Who said I was tin?” he asked, unpleasantly.

“I. It was I. I was misled by the tree-stump,” I replied. “We were speaking of the tin tree-stump—that tree-stump yonder.” I repressed a desire to take hold of his head and twist it toward it, and presently he turned and gazed, uncomprehendingly, at the rubbish receptacle.

“What about it?” he croaked.

“Oh, nothing, nothing, only when we found the



“TEAPOT SAID YOU WERE TIN”

stump was tin, we thought you were. We thought you were a statue," I continued, grandly; "the work of the same artist."

"That stump ain't tin," he stated.

I shrugged my shoulders. "He tells us that out of loyalty," I remarked to my nephew. "These artificial objects must stand by one another."

"There's not a tin stump in this park," he rumbled on. "All earthenware. They make 'em now in the works by the upper cross-cut." His glance wandered to Matthew. "That boy has the look of one that was lost here just now. By a party in a high hat, as it might be yourself, only lean where you're fat he was, and a hairier face on him."

I am not fat. A hundred and seventy or eighty pounds for a fellow of my height isn't fat. There was no point, however, in going into this with the keeper. "Very distressing, I am sure," I answered. "If I see a lost boy I'll let you know. Come, Matthew." We walked away.

"That lost boy's name was Matthew," I heard him call.

I looked back at him, nodding brightly. "All right," I promised, "I'll be sure to remember if I see him."

Had he not been the slow-witted kind, he'd have tried to detain us, I saw that. But we didn't give him time.

In less than ten minutes we were well out of the park, entering that narrow, dirty street that leads to the car-line; and in two minutes more we'd found the toy-shop.

Matthew said, unimaginatively, that he wanted a baseball. A young salesman limped forward. "I wish to buy a toy for a commonplace child," I told him; "the son of kind but jog-trot parents. What can you suggest?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, sir. Er—one of these little whips with whistles in 'em?"

"Certainly not. Bah!"

"Not a whip, sir? Yes, sir. Er—a nice rubber ball, perhaps?"

"No! not a ball. You get the wrong idea. I wish to counteract, not cater to, his failings. Take a look at him, please. I want something to wake up the little beast."

"Oh, very true," he rejoined. "Yes, sir." He rubbed the place where his chin would have been if he'd had one, and fixed his watery eyes on my feet, as though he were seeking to read their thoughts. "Yes indeed, sir. A—er—ah—" His voice trailed off into a cough. "A Noah's ark, sir?"

"A Noah's grandmother!" I said, exasperatedly. "Show me your stock. Show me any article you've

only one of; that's the best way."

He reflected further. "There's a—there's something in the back room we've only one of," he snuffled, rallying a little. "A Mad Zoo, I think they call it."



"A NOAH'S GRANDMOTHER!" I SAID, EXASPERATEDLY



ANGRILY PRESENTING THE TOY TO A STUPEFIED OLD WOMAN

"Ha!" I grunted. "That sounds sufficiently atrocious. Wrap it up. I'll take it."

The salesman said that of course I would like to see it first. He also remarked that I'd better let him send it home. Having taken a dislike to the man, I declined both suggestions. How I did wish I hadn't when he brought out the package! It was about the size of a chair, and looked very expensive. I ordered it charged to Niblo, who is better off than I am. He was sorry, they had no charge accounts. I then asked the price. Fifteen dollars. His tone was so fawning, so repulsive, that, although I hate haggling, I put on an appearance of indignation and walked out of the shop.

He reduced it to fourteen dollars. I walked out again. He ran after me, and made it thirteen-fifty.

"Do you think I am going to walk indignantly out of this shop for only fifty cents a time?" I asked, sarcastically. "Just to bring you ill luck, I'll give you thirteen, which is twelve dollars more than I had planned to spend." He accepted it—he would, I felt, have accepted less—and I left the shop for the third time, carrying the Mad Zoo in both arms.

It was a heavy toy, and awkward to carry. If I held it in front of me, I found myself running into people; if I swung it from one arm, people ran into

me; and either way the people lost their temper. I tried taking one end of it and letting Matthew take the other. That didn't work either. "The man said it would go on wheels," Matthew panted, "if we took it out of the box." It seemed a good idea. We were at the park entrance again. We sat down and unwrapped it.

It was built like a child's express wagon, only shorter and lower, more like a little platform than a wagon. On this platform, which was gold-and-blue in color, were twelve pink metal animals in distorted attitudes, holding drums and trumpets in their hoofs. "Le Pandémonium des Animaux," said the label, and the directions followed, in three languages, one of which was toy-shop English. "Imbed longue handell AX in riverse of Stage B, and propell attentively in the forward direction." As my nephew propelled attentively, music sounded from inside of it, a rudimentary type of music mixed with poundings and hoots, and the animals bobbed back and forth, brandishing their instruments. I began to feel pleased. It was a little barbaric perhaps, but just right for Matthew. "Wheel that around the park once a day," I advised him, "and you'll be a different boy altogether. There's a toy will bring some color into your life."

My nephew, who has a limited taste

for color and none for adventure, was looking solemn. People were staring at the toy, boys and idlers were following us. He asked me to hold it a minute while he got out his handkerchief. I took the handle. My nephew slipped behind me and ran off.

Not being able to see what he was up to, through the crowd, I waited, thinking at first he would return. Little by little it came to me that he was not going to return, that he had funk'd it, and that I should have to wheel that toy home alone. Hoping the spectators would disperse, I sat down on a bench. They did not disperse, they augmented, and so did their disrespectful questions. I marched off, propelling the Pandemonium.

Ahead of me capered half a dozen outcasts who should have been selling papers somewhere and giving the money to their old mothers. Behind me, nurses and children, bundly old women, yapping dogs; all most unpleasant. The situation was intolerable. Suddenly it occurred to me, why keep the imbecile toy? Why, indeed? I offered it immediately to the nearest outcast. Too abruptly, I suppose, for he shrank back. I took it to be his shyness; the crowd, his morals. "That's right, Denny," some one yelled; "don't yer touch it." Suspicious of me awakened. The beggars must have believed it was stolen goods. I was standing there, not taking this in, and angrily presenting the toy to a stupefied old woman, when that same keeper reappeared and clapped his hand on my shoulder.

I cannot remember the exchange of remarks that ensued. All I know is that the keeper began by saying I was creating a disturbance and must move on, and that I, like an ass, attempted to explain the situation. The crowd joined in; the explanation became a chorus; we were soon all shouting at him, he at us; and the feeling grew general that there was crime in the air, and that I was probably the criminal. I found myself sharing this feeling, in my disconcerted state, and when the man spoke of taking me and the Pandemonium to the station-house I was not unprepared for it. I flusteredly handed him a card.

"'Acme Toy Shop,'" he read. "'Imbed longue handell AX in riverse of Stage B.' What's this for? It's a

mighty queer feller you are, with your cards and your disturbances, and your telling an honest man he's made of tin. Where's that boy you had with you?"

I didn't know.

"Oh, you don't, don't yer? Don't tell that to me, and you a kidnapper."

"See here," I exclaimed, "you be careful what you say. You are not a policeman, remember; you're a common, ordinary citizen, like anybody else."

"I am not, then. I am no citizen at all, but a keeper, a regular keeper; it's a park official I am—"

"An official? You're a camel-nurse-maid, man—you herd apes, valet parrots—" It was loutish of me to bandy epithets, but that is what I did.

"And what are you?" he retorted, pointing to the toy. "Ain't it you who are the zoo-man of us all with a menagerie like that?"

Some one laughed. The situation grew less tense, the crowd less hostile. I had time to look about me. In the driveway stood a motor, chug-chugging, with a begoggled face in the tonneau surveying the scene we presented with quiet pleasure. A red beard—I knew that red beard! Kitteridge! "Here!" I cried, joyfully—"here's a friend of mine. He'll vouch for me. Ask *him* whether I'm a kidnapper." I shoved the keeper forward.

He began putting one or two questions. The red beard grew serious. "Who? I?" came the relentless answer. "Oh, no; he's made a mistake. Never saw him in my life." I tasted the bitterness of being a club joker's victim. My world grew dark again—darker than before.

The crowd had surged toward the car to hear this colloquy, leaving me on the edge of it, at the entrance of a winding arbor that opened on the drive. It spelled freedom! Escape! On the impulse of the moment, I suddenly dropped the toy and ran off through the arbor.

There was a momentary pause—cries of "Hey!"—then a tumult. What with the confusion and jostling, I must have had quite a lead before they started. But I am not the runner I was a few years ago: I knew they would overtake me. Rounding a turn that concealed me a moment from the mob, I saw a break in the railing, squeezed through, pushed between some rustling bushes, and sprinted



CRIS SOUNDED BEHIND ME

back to the drive. Kitteridge's car was just starting. I grabbed and knelt upon the step, and we were off.

A whistle blew faintly from the arbor, now a quarter-mile behind us. I raised myself a little and leaned forward. "Hurry up!" I called to the chauffeur.

"Stop!" bawled Kitteridge, seeing me for the first time apparently. "Stop the car!"

"Oh, don't be an ass, Ned," I remonstrated. "You carry it too far."

The car slowed down. "Put him off," commanded Kitteridge. I noticed that he said it without stuttering. Kitteridge always stutters. Inspecting him more closely, I realized that this wasn't Kitteridge at all, despite the red beard and glasses. My luck.

"We have made a mistake, I see, sir," I wearily began. He paid no attention.

"Now, William," he said to the chauffeur, who was undulating out of his seat.

"Yessir," answered William, laid his hands against my chest, and shot me off backward, sprawling flat in the roadway.

Aside from the sense of concussion, I really almost welcomed the experience. It felt restful, that roadway. I was tempted to lie where I had fallen, so slack and exhausted did I feel with my unusual exertions. It was with a merely conventional ferocity that I shook my fist at the car as it moved away. Then, in the distance, I heard again the keeper's whistle.

Instantly I struggled to my feet, sharp-eyed and taut. Other whistles sounded down the road the

motor had gone. My knees were trembling. "How ridiculous!" I told myself. "All this is nothing"; only I couldn't feel as though it were nothing. I made swiftly for the park gate nearest Niblo's, rehearsing what I meant to say—and do—to that nephew.

Cries sounded behind me. My pursuers! Through the gate and up the avenue I shot. The keeper was well to the rear, but two accursed ragamuffins he had with him were overhauling me fast. I flung silver on the sidewalk to delay them, turned my corner, and sprang dizzily at Niblo's front door. As luck would have it, my nephew was just coming out. As luck would also have it, being terrified at my appearance, he decided to jump back in and shut the door in my face.

I beat passionately upon the panels. "Obliteration!" I shouted, through the keyhole.

"B. F.? B. F.?" came his treble.

"Yes, yes, yes," I puffed, wildly, and the rascal let me in.

With my nephew and myself, I should

explain, emergency conversations are in code: "B. F.," of course, is "bona fides," and "obliteration" means "let bygones be bygones"; it meant in this case I was debarred from complaining about the toy.

I peered cautiously through the front window. There was the keeper, with one ragamuffin—apparently they had but just come around the corner. So! They would guess I was somewhere in the block, but they hadn't seen which house. I mopped my forehead.

"Are your father and mother in?" I asked. They were not. "Tell the maid I'm not, either," I directed, shoving him out in the hall. "On second thoughts," I added, dragging him back, "don't tell her anything. Take a chair."

"Shall we prep a lesson, Teapot?" he proposed, not daring to ask about the toy. There was a map of Australia, it seemed, and the two sums in arithmetic.

"A grocer who sold 19 apples at $2\frac{3}{4}$ cents an apple," I read. "I will do these. I'll do them while you're up-stairs. Don't interrupt, sir. You remember that keeper we saw in the park this afternoon? Well, he is waiting in the street, keeping an eye on all the houses. The man's dangerous. Hide up-stairs; watch him; don't let him see you. He'll get tired soon and go. When he does, come and tell me."

"Oh, jiminy! Would he 'rest you if he found you, Teapot?"

"Arrest me? Was it I who beat him?"

Matthew turned a sort of pasty color. "You told me to," he wailed.

"Hush! he will hear you," I said.

"Obliteration," remember. Run, run."

Matthew fled. I took up the telephone. It had occurred to me that even if the keeper didn't go, I had better decamp: Niblo might come home and get talking with him. In order to run the blockade, though, I needed a motor. A taxi wouldn't do—the driver might be stupid or get frightened. I called up the club. E. K. White? He was out. Mr. Levelier? Out, too. Mr. Goadby? Goadby was there, but, after being waked up and brought to the instrument, said no, he hadn't his motor with him. He further said, rather crossly, no, he could *not* go and get it, adding (and I think he lied) that it was being repaired. "I must find some one with a motor," I explained. Well, Kitteridge was there. And pres-

ently Kitteridge's voice was stammering, why yes, indeed, old m-man, he would be gug-gug-glad to call and g-get me; yes, he'd come at once.

Somewhat relieved in mind, I stole back to the library. There were cigarettes on the mantel. I lit one and sat down with Matthew's sums and a large sheet of blank paper that he had labeled Australia. Australia, I seemed to remember, was a chunky continent, with a solid, indigestible-looking outline. I began to sketch something indigestible.

The door-bell rang. Now what? I slid nervously behind the sofa and crouched on the rug. Was it the keeper? No, women were entering: my nephew's mother and some stranger. I started to rise but it was too late. However, they could hardly be meaning to stay long in the library. They sat down—Hattie on the sofa, the visitor in a chair opposite—continuing a conversation about somebody's children. The visitor's name was Angelica. Where had I heard—oh, yes, Niblo and Hattie had been speaking of her only a few days before, and when Hattie had said, "Do you think she and Teapot would enjoy each other?" my brother had rejoined, "Indeed, she wouldn't." She had an exquisite voice. I peered around the corner—by George, a dazzler! I ducked back. "Oh, Hattie," she gasped, "I think I saw something moving over there on the rug."

Hattie got up, replying, "I certainly smell something, my dear, and I'm afraid it's a cigarette. Oh! Oh, my heavens! There's a man here! Who—why, it's you again, Teapot. What *are* you doing behind the sofa?"

With the simple dignity of truth I replied I was doing two sums in arithmetic and a map of Australia.

"Behind the sofa?"

"It's as quiet a place as any."

"Well, do get up now, please." I rose. "Whom are you doing these things for?"

She knew perfectly well, naturally, and she meant to score me for it. She wants nobody but herself to help my nephew.

"I am doing the two sums for a Burmese geologist," I ventured. "A charming and intelligent man I met at the club who takes a great interest in"—(I consulted the paper)—"apples. And the map of Au—"

seeing that she didn't mean to introduce me to her guest, "I am doing for Angelica." I held it out to her with a bow.

The lovely stranger's smile of amusement stiffened for an instant, then returned. "Thank you so much," she replied, collectedly.

"Upon my word," began Hattie, becoming confused; "I didn't know you took an interest in Angelica,—Australia. I mean," she continued, getting back to the point, "I didn't know that you two ever knew each other."

"Don't be prosy, dear Hattie," I begged; "do rise to—"

"Why, Teapot! What is the matter with your coat?" she questioned. It hadn't been brushed, I reflected, since I'd lain in the roadway. I blamed the rug, thus unintentionally outraging Hattie's instincts as a housewife.

Seeing me in deep water, the Angelica person came to my rescue. "Hattie," she petitioned, "do tell me why you call the odd creature Teapot."

"I prefer to explain that," I said, hastily. "In early youth little Matthew could not quite catch my real name, owing doubtless to the hoarse and indistinct utterance of it by his parents, and consequently—"

"And consequently," broke in Hattie, "noting that your shape in those days was as round as—"

The door flew open with a bang and Matthew himself entered. "He's gone, Teapot!" he cried. "A man with a red beard came here in a motor, and the keeper, he looked at him and said, 'Oh, here you are, are you?' and then he 'rested him, and they fought and fought, and now they've gone."

"What is the boy talking about?" asked Hattie.

I perceived all too clearly he was talking about good old Kitteridge. Good old Kitteridge had come to get me, and the keeper had taken him to be the motorist

I had gone off with in the park. I had forgotten the resemblance.

"One of our little make-believes," I grimaced to Hattie, and, lifting Matthew in my arms, I ran out in the hall. "Tell me that again," I whispered; "you say they fought?"

"The man with the red beard, he couldn't seem to speak," explained my nephew. Naturally Kitteridge couldn't speak: he stutters badly enough when he's perfectly calm. "And he tried to ring our door-bell, and the keeper he seized him, and pretty soon they was pounding each other hard's they could. And finally the man with the beard said the keeper was a maniac and he would take him to the police-station, and the keeper he said, 'Come on, that's where I'm taking you'; and so they went, very fast, and I followed them for two blocks, and they were hanging on to each other tight as wax, and taking up all the street."

Ned Kitteridge arrested! That did make the situation difficult. Naturally I couldn't leave him in the lurch, yet if I went to the station to get him off I'd be arrested too. We'd have no great trouble being released, of course, only the whole thing might get into the papers, and that would prejudice Niblo more than



"I AM DOING TWO SUMS IN ARITHMETIC AND A MAP OF AUSTRALIA"



"HE KEEPS WRITING 'NOT GUILTY' ON A PAD AND STICKING IT UNDER PEOPLE'S NOSES"

ever. Perhaps I could telephone about it. In real perturbation of mind I went back to the library, took the dictionary, and, carefully looking up 'police-station,' I read the definition twice over before realizing that the dictionary was not the place to find a telephone number. Hattie and Angelica were watching me. "Hum--well, well, well," I muttered, vaguely, with the air of one who had unearthed weighty facts, and was about to ask for the directory when the telephone rang. I retired to answer it.

"Oh, is that you, Talbot?" said Niblo's voice. "I have some very bad news; you must break it to Hattie. You have brought serious trouble on us by interfering with me this afternoon, Talbot. Hallo? Do you hear me? I say I discovered Matthew in the park, soon after I left you, but he slipped away from me again, and now I can't find him. I can't find him anywhere. I fear he has been kidnapped."

"Nonsense," I began, "he—"

"Oh, of course, you take that attitude, knowing it is all your fault," he spluttered.

"My fault?"

"Don't let us quarrel over the telephone," he said, recovering himself. "Even if he hasn't been kidnapped, there's the devil to pay here. You see, after searching everywhere, and going to four of his friends' homes, I came here to report the case again, and—"

"Where's here?"

"Here to the police-station. And I find they have already made two arrests. One is Ned Kitteridge—he has just been brought in—all mussed up; the other man—hallo?—I say, the other man looks something like him, only more battered. They are each charged with what's-its-name—assault—and resisting arrest, and they're supposed to be accomplices of the kidnapper. I knew Kitteridge drank, but I little thought he could descend to this."

"But poor Ned's as innocent as a babe, Niblo. Let me speak, let me speak!"

"What do you say? I can't hear you very well. They are taking the man who looks like Ned to a cell and he is yelling about it quite a lot. And Ned is stuttering like everything to the lieutenant. He keeps writing the words 'Not guilty' on a pad he's got, and sticking it under people's noses."

"Of course he's not guilty," I expostulated.

"That remains to be seen, Talbot. He was very much upset to find me acting as the complainant—that looks suspicious, doesn't it? He's really a pitiful sight, he seems so dazed and sick. Just now they—hallo?—they are confronting him with a toy they've got here—a horrible thing on wheels—a regular monstrosity. Kitteridge seems to be getting pretty frantic about it."

"Niblo, will you listen to me?" I

roared. "Matthew's here, he's in the next room. Understand? Matthew's—here—in—the—sitting-room. R, double O, M, room, house, residence, domicile, home, your own home, can't you hear? I don't care what the maid told you! No, of course there's been no kidnapping. Yes, come on up. Only straighten things out down there first."

I rang off, and found Matthew at my elbow. "Your father is coming home," I said. "You ran away from him, you know. I shall say nothing to him about the toy; I sha'n't even say we met each other," I added, generously; "but I strongly advise you to be ill until he feels better." He hurried off to be ill.

Now for Hattie. She was waiting for me, alone, in the library. "Ah, dear me, dear me," I sighed; "poor Niblo. That call was from Niblo, Hattie. As a direct result of his interfering with me and trying to take Matthew out himself to-day he has thrown the whole park into confusion, and caused the arrest of two men. I hope this will be a lesson to you, Hattie. I am the only fit person to go out with my nephew."

"But, good gracious, why did he have two men arrested?"

"Because he lost Matthew—lost my nephew—mislaid him as he would an old umbrella—and, after losing Matthew, he lost his head. The men were innocent. One of them actually a friend of mine." My voice shook a little. I turned away.

"Oh, Teapot, I *am* so sorry! I know Niblo gets excited, sometimes—"

"Too much so, Hattie. He needs to be protected from himself. For his own sake," I added, darkly.

She grew alarmed. "Why, what do you mean? Where is he, Teapot?"

"I had hoped you wouldn't ask me that," I moaned, with relish. "I don't know what explanation he'll invent, my dear, but he's in the police-station."

"Teapot!"

"Now, now, now, don't be frightened. I have straightened things out. Never mind how, but everything's all right now, Hattie. He'll be home before long, safe and sound, and if you can keep him from talking I am sure there'll be no scandal."

"But I don't understand!" she cried, and began pouring out questions.

There was some one at the door. It was the lovely stranger again; she had forgotten her purse.

"Hattie, I really must go," I said; "and while I'm about it, I should like to see Angelica home."

The stranger reddened, but was game. "How nice of you, Mr. Teapot," I heard her flutter—and it gave me a flush of pleasure, that "Mr. Teapot."

Hattie was in rather a flutter, too. Flutters make her affectionate. "I am hoping this will draw you and Niblo closer together, dear," she whispered; "won't you stay and let him thank you?"

"Oh no, no," I protested. "I don't wish any thanks."

"You never do," she said, her eyes swimming; "but, at least, you must let *me* say how grateful I am. You dear old Teapot! I don't know what we should ever do without you."

I waved my hand to her, and walked off down the street with Angelica. "I don't know what they'd do, either," I told her, confidentially.



Sun-Storms and the Earth

BY E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

IN an old square tower, in Greenwich Observatory precincts, there stands a small telescope by which the changes in the solar surface are registered day by day, changes which seem to show that this comparatively little world of ours may, in its turn, have some effect upon the sun.

The base of the tower dates back to the earliest beginning of the Observatory, for it marks the place where Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, set up his mural arc. When the highest floor is reached, it is found to be covered by a shallow cylindrical dome, divided into two parts, of which the smaller is in the north and is permanently fixed, but the rest can be turned round in any direction, so that when the movable part has its opening toward the fixed point, the dome is closed. With the movable part in any other direction, the dome is open, and the telescope can command the desired region of the sky.

The telescope is four inches in aper-

ture, and has a focal length of five feet. The size of the image of the sun is always proportional to the focal length of the telescope, and as it requires a focal length of nine feet to give an image of the sun of one-inch diameter, the solar image produced by a small telescope would be only five-ninths of an inch. This is too small for any practical purpose, so behind the principal focus of the telescope a magnifying lens is introduced which enlarges the image fully fourteen times, and a picture of the sun nearly eight inches in diameter is produced on the photographic plate. If the steadiness of the atmosphere permit, the photographs taken with the photoheliograph, as this instrument is called, will show details on the sun as small as the pupil of the eye of a man standing at a mile distance. This, it will be readily admitted, is fine photography, but it may give us some understanding of the enormous distance separating us from the sun, and of the vastness of the sun's propor-



PHOTOHELIOGRAPH TOWER OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH

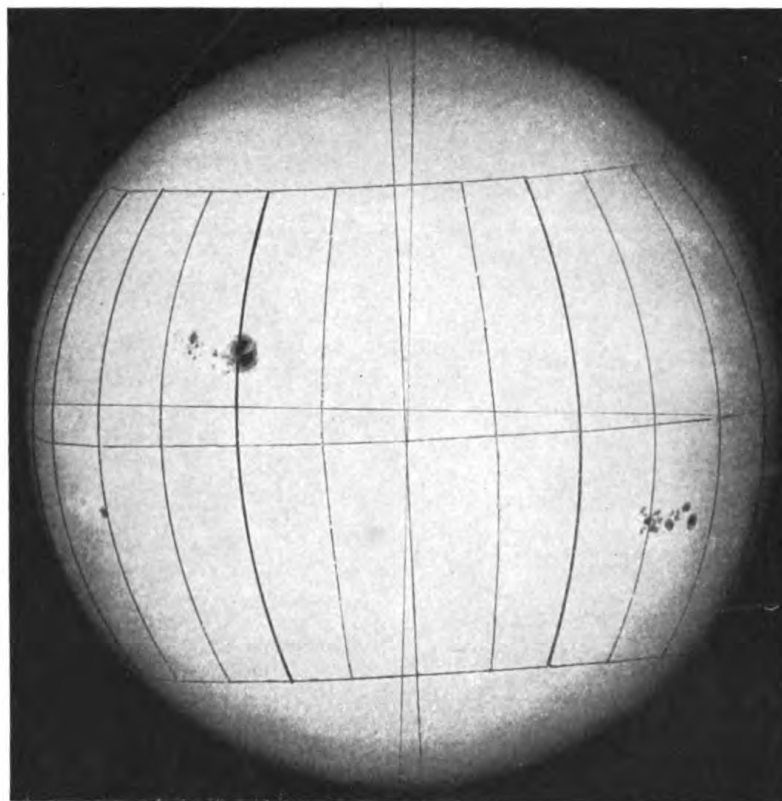
tions, to bear in mind that this would represent an object on the sun nearly four hundred miles in actual breadth.

The telescope and camera combined are just ten feet long, and they have barely room, so small is the tower, to swing clear of the walls and floor. The picture on the preceding page shows the tower from the outside with the dome open and the telescope directed toward the sun.

The work of photographing the sun daily began at Greenwich in 1874, and from 1878 to the present time the combined record as obtained by similar photoheliographs at Greenwich, in India, in Mauritius, and at the Cape, has been practically continuous.

What is the object of photographing the sun so often? Because it changes; and everything that changes is a challenge to scientific examination. Once a day is not, indeed, often enough to observe the sun, but time and money and men are lacking to carry out a fuller watchfulness. The weather also is not always kind, and it requires the co-operation of at least three widely separated observatories—at present those of the Cape, Kodaikānal, and Greenwich—to secure that no day shall be without its record.

It is especially to study the changes of the spots on the sun that these photographs are taken. The general appearance of a sun-spot is familiar to every one, from drawings or photographs, if not from actual observation in the telescope. The general surface of the sun



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN

Showing the disk divided by thirteen meridian lines into segments, or "lunes," corresponding to the average distance that a sun-spot will appear to travel in a day in consequence of solar rotation

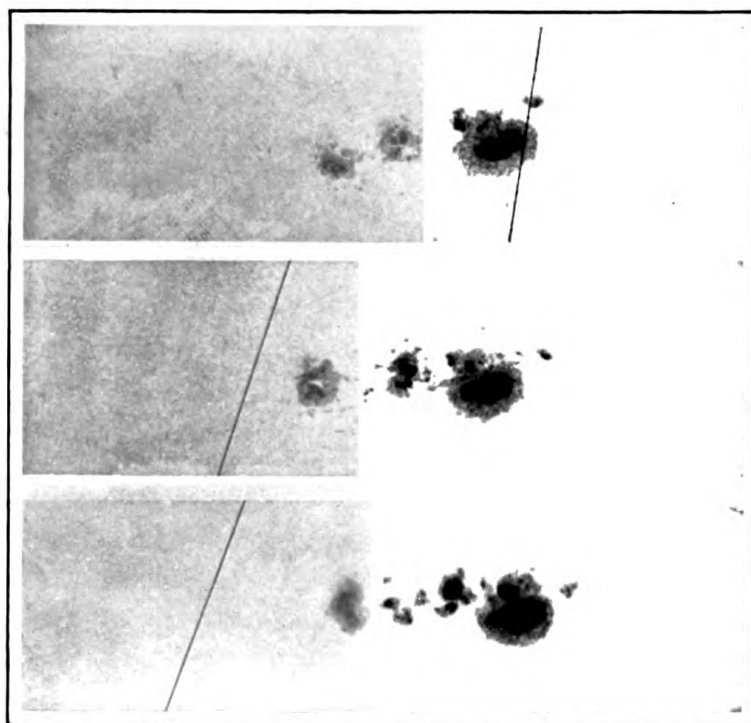
is so bright that the nucleus of a spot appears, by contrast, of inky blackness, giving the impression of a cavity through which we look into unknown depths of darkness. Round the nucleus there is generally a broad, gray, striated fringe—the penumbra—suggesting the sloping sides of a funnel; and round, across, and into this funnel are often driven bright clouds, brighter even than the "photosphere," as the general luminous surface is called.

The enormous size of the sun, combined with its low density, and the tremendous temperature of its surface, proves that it is essentially gaseous in its condition. Its outer surface, the photosphere, has the stippled, flocculent appearance that we should expect would be presented by a shell of glowing clouds, and such the photosphere is generally supposed to be. In this cloud-shell, spots appear as rents or vortices, and from their rapid movements and sudden changes they appear to be the solar analogies of the cyclones

and tempests that torture our own cold and sluggish atmosphere into fury. They seem, in fact, to be sun-storms; differing from earth-storms, not merely in their much greater violence and extent, but also in that we, from our stand-

teen days, when it appears again at the sun's eastern edge, if it has not died in the mean time.

For spot groups live for very different lengths of time. One out of every four has its birth, maturity, and death within twenty - four hours. Like the insect of a summer's day, it is a mere ephemera. Not that it is of insignificant size; for the average area of a one-day group is fourteen millions of square miles, or considerably larger than Africa. Other groups again have been known to return to the visible hemisphere a second time, or a third time, and so on even to a seventh; this last case involving a total duration of about six months. The largest group ever photographed at Greenwich attained, on February 2, 1905, the enormous dimensions of thirty - nine



A GROUP OF SUN-SPOTS PHOTOGRAPHED ON THREE SUCCESSIVE DAYS

point, look down upon them from above, not up into them from below.

These sun-spots, or solar storms, like the storms of our earth, begin in small disturbances, develop and grow, and then subside again into quiescence. And, again, just as terrestrial storms move upon the surface of the earth, so these solar storms move on the surface of the sun, and in much the same zigzag and erratic fashion. But the real movements of spots are less rapid than their apparent movements, for all of them, whether they live for many days or for few, are carried forward continually by the sun's rotation and appear to cross its disk from east to west, occupying from thirteen to fourteen days in the passage. At the most, therefore, we on the earth can only see a group of spots for about fourteen days at a time; then it turns away from the earth at the sun's western edge, and is invisible for another four-

hundred millions of square miles, and was thus capable of accommodating, if laid side by side in it, seventy worlds as large as our own. This great group lasted a little over three months. We cannot tell exactly how long it lasted, since, though it formed on the side of the sun that is turned toward us, and we were able to watch its rise, it was dissipated while in the remoter hemisphere. It was still a large group when it was last seen close to the western edge on April 5th; when the same region was brought by the rotation of the sun into view again on April 20th, the group had wholly vanished.

Spots therefore take their origin sometimes in the hemisphere that we see, sometimes in that which is hidden from us. Of some spots we know the beginning and the end; of others we see neither, though we can watch them in their middle life. The sun to us indeed

appears as if it were a round disk; we know it really to be a globe that is always turning, turning; every point on its vast equator flying forward, forward, at the speed of 4,500 miles an hour. We are accustomed to speak of its "east limb," of its "west limb," and of its "central meridian," and these to us bear a fixed relation to the visible disk; the sun knows nothing of them, for every part of its surface must pass through these three positions in succession. If, then, we notice any special particularity about the behavior of spots in relation to these three positions, that particularity must in some way be due to the earth, for these positions have no significance as relating to the sun itself, but only to the view-point from which we watch it.

The figure on page 583 represents the disk of the sun, divided by thirteen meridian lines into segments, or "lunes," each of which represents the part of the surface that a spot will seem to traverse in a day. The lines are only continued from the equator to forty degrees of latitude in either direction, as spots are hardly ever seen in higher latitudes. The areas included between the successive meridian lines, though apparently different, are in reality equal, and as these lines are purely imaginary, having no solar relations and depending only on our own point of view, we should expect that spots would form as freely in the hemisphere that we see as in that turned away from us, or in any one of these segments of the sun as in another. So with the attainment of their greatest development, or with their final extinction. If our earth has no effect on all or any of these phases of spot life, then there is no reason why any one particular phase should be found more frequently in one of these divisions of the sun's surface than in its complement; for these divisions have no real existence except that of appearance from the earth. With a few groups, observed during a short period, we should expect to find irregularities in distribution; but when in a period of many years thousands of spot-groups are observed, we should expect to find them distributed, on the whole, indifferently to any line that was defined simply by the direction in which the earth happened to be at the time.

But there is no such indifference. In 1907 Mrs. Walter Maunder, in a paper read before the Royal Astronomical Society, discussed from this point of view the thirteen years, 1889 to 1901, extending from one epoch when the sun was almost free from spots to the next epoch of similar quiescence; and she found that there was a distinct predominance for the half of the disk to the east of its central line over the half to the west of that line, both in the number of the groups seen and in the total area they presented. If we take any region of the sun that is placed symmetrically with respect to this central line, we find that more groups pass into it than out of it; and the same is true for the disk as a whole. During the thirteen years in question, 947 groups came into view at the eastern "limb" or edge of the disk, but only 777 passed out of sight at the western; so that 170 more groups died than were born on the side of the sun that is turned toward us. Irrespective of short-lived groups that are born and die on the visible hemisphere of the sun, 394 groups were observed to originate on this side of the sun, leaving 572 to arise on the remoter side; but 564 ended their life-history on the side turned toward us, leaving only 402 to disintegrate in the unseen hemisphere. The birth-rate of spots is therefore higher than the death-rate on the unseen side of the sun, but lower than the death-rate on this side.

This is an astonishing difference, and it is not accidental, for the same general relation is seen when we compare any given meridian on the east of the central line with any meridian at a corresponding distance to the west of it; or if we treat separately the northern and southern groups.

A similar relation is seen when we deal, not with the number of separate spot-groups, but with the total area covered by them. There is a steady predominance in spotted area for any meridian east of the center over that an equal distance to the west of it, though the difference is not large.

It would be wearying to mention in full the various ways in which this striking relationship comes out; it may be summarized by saying that to all appear-

ances spots tend to be fewer in number and slightly smaller in size after they have passed under the earth, as seen from the sun, than before.

How are we to explain this? The first obvious impulse is to say that the earth really has an effect upon the spots. But when we remember that the sun is ninety-three millions of miles away (nearly twelve thousand diameters of the earth); that the earth is not much bigger than the very smallest of the spots that we observe, and is far smaller than the majority; that it is a world radiating no light or heat of its own, while the sun is intensely hot and bright, we are inclined to reject this as impossible and absurd.

What explanation can we then find? The first that suggests itself arises from the fact that spots near the edge of the disk are seen very foreshortened; consequently they appear much smaller than they really are, and, if actually small, may be easily overlooked. This cause has an appreciable effect, for the number of spots and their total area are greatest in the regions near the center of the sun, and diminish as they approach its edge; slowly at first, but afterward more rapidly. But this fact does not help us to the explanation we want, for this effect of foreshortening is the same in every direction. The method of measurement has also been suggested, for observers readily fall into a habit of estimating positions or areas a little too much in one direction rather than another. This suggestion is also at fault. The photographs are measured in a circular micrometer in which they are placed so that the center of the image of the sun accords precisely with the center of rotation of the instrument, and the photograph is then turned round till the spot to be measured comes under a microscope which travels in a straight line between two metal bars lying exactly over the center of the photograph. A spot near the east edge of the photograph is measured in the same way and under the same conditions as one near the west edge; and each spot is measured twice; one set of measures being made by an observer with the microscope to the left of the center, and a second set by an observer with the microscope to the

right. The counting of the spots and the measurement of the areas depend simply on their distance from the center of the sun, and not at all upon their direction from that center. Indeed, whether they lie to the east or west, or what is their longitude, is not evident to the measurer, but is deduced in the course of computation afterward.

A third suggestion is based on the fact that most spots develop more quickly than they decline; a spot may be increasing in size for three days, but diminishing for eight or nine. During these nine days, it was argued, the area on any one day would be a little less than on the day before, and the spot would be farther west on the second day than on the first, and the western areas would therefore tend on the average to be a little less than the eastern. But this loses sight of two considerations: first, that the growth of a spot from nothing to its fullest size must be equal, neither more nor less, to its decline from fullest size to nothing; and next, unless the earth has a real effect on spots, the places where a spot is born, reaches its full growth and dies, must on the whole be scattered indifferently over all possible positions as seen from the earth. It is more plausible to suppose that there may be something in the shape of spots, or in the contour of the sun's surface near them, that renders them more easily visible when approaching us than when receding from us. If the surface were heaped up behind a spot, this would not hinder a spot being seen in its progress from the eastern edge toward the middle of the disk, but might hide it in whole or in part in its movement from the center toward the west. It must be confessed, however, that examination of the photographs does not lend support to this idea, and we are driven back to the suggestion, absurd and almost incredible as it seems, that the earth does really modify the birth and growth of spots: does hinder their birth; does hasten their decay.

For the surroundings of the sun are less substantial than they seem. The corona stretches its marvelous wings and petals, its plumes and streamers, hundreds of thousands of miles into space; but these, though so glorious to see in a

total eclipse, are almost of "such stuff as dreams are made of," and even the light, filmy structure of a comet will pass through them unretarded. Great uprushes of glowing hydrogen or calcium are seen from time to time in the prominences, rising it may be myriads of miles in a minute; but great as the apparent movement, the actual amount of material in motion must be slight. The chromosphere appears to surround the sun like a continuous atmosphere of glowing gases to a depth of some five thousand miles, but it can be no atmosphere like our own, wherein each layer supports the pressure of all those above; for the attraction of gravitation at the surface of the sun is twenty-nine times as great as at the surface of the earth, and a true solar atmosphere five thousand miles in depth would be inconceivably rare at its upper surface, inconceivably dense at its base.

The manner in which comets' tails are driven off in a direction away from the sun is proof that there is a repulsive as

well as an attractive action exercised by the sun, and the streamers and rays of the corona testify to a similar effect. So, too, the recurrence of magnetic storms on the earth at intervals corresponding to the solar rotation proves that the sun is able to drive particles in streams across the mighty gulf between it and the earth.

It may well be, then, that the pressure of the sun's radiation, which has a strong repellent action on minute particles, may, for the solar clouds, almost neutralize its gravitation. With the forces acting on these clouds almost in a state of balance, the feeble pull of the earth may be quite sufficient to alter their distribution, and thus to hide, to some degree, small spots in particular positions with regard to it. Nevertheless it is wonderful and unexpected that the earth should exercise any influence at all on the wide-spread convulsions of the solar surface; and yet more wonderful and unexpected that the evidence of such influence should be visible to us, ninety-three millions of miles away.

Once

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

TIME was when I heard the still voices
That summon to pain and to life;
Time was when my dreams were all broidered
With starshine and beauty and strife.

Now dull the days drip past each other,
Dead-calm and stagnant and set;
There's never a gleaming of sunlight,
There's never an hour of regret.

Sometimes with a shudder I question
If the wayfaring soul can be fled;
Sometimes I know it for certain—
The soul in my body lies dead!

Isaac

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

ISAAC was a person of dignity. No one ever thought of calling him Ike. There was nothing in his appearance or bearing to indicate that he would resent such familiarity. He was mildness personified. Some people must be handled gingerly, like set traps, which a jar might let loose. Isaac inspired respect rather than caution.

Yet he was not an educated man. He spoke the French of the Canadian border better than most university men speak the Boulevard variety, an accomplishment acquired, like all his accomplishments, without aid from books. But he was an omnivorous reader of all printed matter, from the torn fragment of a newspaper to the borrowed volume bound in tree-calf. He never appeared to apply any knowledge derived from books to practical ends. It is doubtful if he regarded books as a source of knowledge. They were amusement pure and simple, tales of another world than his.

No one knew where Isaac came from. He had no relatives and no sweetheart. He was not sullen or shy. He mingled with other people, but he did not mix. He was so even-tempered that he seemed to have no affections, no favorites. Perhaps this explains part of his fondness for novels. They were literally fiction for him, fairy tales of a world lying close at hand, but in which he had no more share than in the life of the dwellers of Mars.

Isaac always reminded me of a wild animal. If you wish to understand a wild animal you must catch it alone, when unconscious of being under observation. I never should have obtained the least clue to Isaac if I had not now and then caught him alone. When alone he soliloquized. That was one clue.

I remember once seeing him trying to unravel a tangle in a line. He did not know I was within hearing, and he swore audibly. I had never heard him swear.

"Isaac," I said, "I never knew you swore."

"I never swore at no man in my life," he replied.

It was true. He confined himself to things, and to these only when alone.

I subsequently discovered a peculiarity in his swearing. He personified things. He gave them souls. And when they misbehaved he consigned them to perdition without hesitation. Whether he restricted himself to this mild form of profanity—I never heard him refer to the Deity—under his breath, as it were, when he supposed he was not overheard, out of deference to a general sentiment against the use of strong language or because of scruples of his own, I cannot say. He certainly did not suggest the idea of a man who was holding himself in, who would some day break loose; but rather of a traveler on a road parallel to other roads, living his own life and going his own way—of a man looking over a fence at his neighbors, conversing with them when necessary, but making no excursions and encouraging no incursions.

Isaac always voted—no one knew how. This public act, like his private acts, possessed the same element of detachment that characterized all his contacts with the world—till Maggie Olliver appeared on the horizon.

Isaac never blamed Maggie. If he had ever heard that ungallant proverb *Cherchez la femme*, nothing in his conduct justified the supposition that he approved it. Till Maggie's appearance he had got along without any of the emotions associated with the myth of Eros. I never knew him to do a mean thing. His only criticism was the criticism of silence, and he never dealt in blame. If he did not blame Maggie, it was not so much because of chivalry as of philosophy—a rude natural philosophy which took things as they came—not

fatalistic, for he never neglected precautions, but submissive, letting it rain when it rained, and damning it softly when it rained too hard.

Isaac was the best guide in the region. He was so far above rivalry that he provoked no jealousy. But he knew where the fox would run and what broke the twig on the dead limb. His dogs loved him. It was strange, because he never caressed them. He cared for their sore feet. They came to him to have the quills of the porcupine taken from their noses and mouths. They laid their heads on his knee and followed his heel as a shadow does, but I never saw him stroke one with his hand, or strike one, either. But it was clear that he was their god—I say god, rather than friend. A dog, as every one knows, is the only creature that has seen its god.

My wife was responsible for Maggie's advent on the scene. We had had a strenuous winter, and when the time for my annual few weeks in the woods arrived she expressed the desire to go with me. I was delighted. She is a good fisherwoman, a fair shot, and a splendid companion. Now, however good a thing a woman in the woods may be, it's not the same thing as going in alone; and one of the first questions growing out of the difference was the question of a cook. I had always taken in a guide to act in that capacity, but I was doubtful whether a guide would measure up to my wife's standard. So we engaged Maggie from some one who "knew all about her." How does any one dare to say he knows all about any one else!

We had abandoned butlers in town. It was trying to give them up, for a manservant is unquestionably useful about a house, to say nothing of style. But it was less trying to give up the butler than to confront the problems constantly arising out of the propinquity of the sexes below-stairs. Why I should have thought it less dangerous to introduce a woman among men than a man among women I do not know.

So Maggie came to our camp on Far-away Lake.

She was a pretty girl, or rather woman, with eyes that looked straight into yours. Isaac's never did. They were not evasive or in the least shiftily. It was simply a

habit of his when talking to look at his boots or some distant point on the horizon. I did not mind that in the least, but Maggie did. You have seen two young dogs at play. They tumble over each other till they become exhausted. But did you ever see a small dog who wanted to have some fun with a big dog who wanted peace? Dignity then becomes a provocation. The little fellow cannot let the other alone. This was the case with Isaac and Maggie. Isaac simply went about his business. The coming of Maggie was no more to him than an earthquake on Jupiter.

Isaac was not only guide and cook—as cooks go in the woods—but also an expert with the needle. I once asked him why he did not marry. He replied, "A man what can cook and sew has no call to."

That was before Maggie "called."

He was sitting one evening on the floor extension of his lean-to, before his own log fire. The dogs were curled up as near the blaze as possible without being singed. Every now and then a snap from a log sent the sparks up toward their fellows in the sky and made the dogs rise, turn twice, and lie down again at a more respectful distance. This was the hour I loved most, when, tired but not weary, I sat in the glow of the fire with my pipe, listening to the noises of the night—the whispering of leaves, the creaking of rubbing limbs, the leap of a fish in the lake, the splash of a muskrat at the water's edge, the far cry of a loon, the soft note of the owl, and sometimes the querulous conversation of Bruin with her young. Doubtless Isaac heard all these voices of the night, and many more. But it was his repair hour, the hour for putting tackle in order, for cleaning guns and mending clothes. On this particular evening he was putting a patch on his corduroys. Nothing in the relative positions of his and Maggie's abodes explained her presence in his vicinity. But Isaac was a magnet to Maggie. Frequently, like Pippa, she passed by; and on this occasion naturally, merely to see his big fingers manipulating a needle was reason enough for pause—and scorn.

"What yer doin' with them pants?" she asked, one hand on hip.

He did not look up. If he had he

would have seen the glow of the fire on Maggie's cheek, and the red-brown of her neck circled by the yellow handkerchief which constituted her evening dress. "Here," she said, carrying out her own orders, "give 'em to me."

Maggie's grammar was excellent. But she made concessions to Isaac, as mothers do to babes.

It was the first time I had ever seen any one deliberately interfere with Isaac. In treading on dangerous ground Maggie proved her courage superior to that of the angels. She also escaped the fate of fools, for he made no protest and expressed no surprise. He simply took a gun from the rack and began to clean it. When, a little later, Maggie returned with the corduroys, he hung them up silently on a nail, precisely as he would have done if he had finished the patch himself. A less tactful person than Maggie would have asked for thanks, or loitered for general conversational purposes. But like a prudent sapper, having dug the first parallel, she retired to the main redoubt and bided her time.

On another occasion I heard this scrap of conversation:

"Do you like your flapjacks done brown?"

"I ain't partikeler as to that, ma'am."

"You likes 'em one way or the other, don't you?"

Silence.

With a natural solicitude for Isaac's comfort, I afterward asked him if Maggie's catering for the guides' table was all it should be. His reply was evasive—and unusual, because tinged with mild resentment.

"She's a meddlesome sort of critter," he said, turning away.

I have not attempted to describe Maggie. I would rather have her stand in the light of her own actions than in any artificial illumination of mine. It matters little whether her hair was black or brown. I suppose Isaac knew the color of her eyes—but only because nothing visible lay outside the range of his observation. She wasted no ammunition, as a coquette is apt to do, and her silences could contain more communication than speech. To see her about her work when Isaac brought the day's supply of fuel for the stove—an equipment

unknown to the camp before the advent of my wife—was a lesson in tactics. Her red woolen skirt tucked up about the waist-line, an absent-minded accompaniment of song hovering about her as a humming-bird hovers about a flower, she was the personification of contentment and indifference. Like herself, her "kitchen" was a marvel of neatness. A little stream running before the props of its bark roof was her water system. The spring from which it issued was her refrigerator. Numerous copper vessels dazzled the eyes when the low afternoon sun slanted through the trees to the places where they hung. I have seen Isaac, when she took her "afternoon out," stand at the entrance to her workshop with the contemplative air of one who receives a revelation. Was he thinking of Maggie? I thought not. He was only studying her domestic habits and methods as he studied those of other animals.

Every one who has lived in the woods knows how swiftly Nature's tragic forces gather at the rendezvous. A few minutes late in entering a carry, and a plain trail is changed to a hopeless maze of stumps, briers, and swamp, through which one flounders in Plutonian darkness. A puff of wind leaps from the top of the cliff, and the leach of the mainsail is under water. Who would have suspected that in Maggie, singing to herself as she kneaded the dough for the morrow's baking, the human forces which make for tragedy were slumbering as the forces slumber in the coils of the spring!

It was Mary who tampered with the spring. Mary was my wife's maid.

We had not been long in camp when my wife sprained her ankle. It was not a serious matter. Quiet, cold applications, and time were all that was needed. Meanwhile, to avoid all interference with my sport, in the goodness of her heart she insisted upon sending for Mary. With three women and a cooking-stove in camp, life was becoming somewhat complicated. But, of course, I acquiesced, and Isaac was sent out to meet Mary at the head of Ragged Lake, where the stage road ended; and about eleven o'clock in the evening he staggered into camp with Mary's one hundred and thirty pounds in his arms and Mary's limp hands clasped about his bronzed neck.

I had hitherto associated tragedy with brutal, sordid, cruel persons, like Bill Sykes, or with weak mortals devoid of moral sensibility. I had seen the gaudy rose-in-the-hair type in opera, but never in real life till I saw Maggie's face when Isaac stumbled from the darkness into the firelight with Mary's white face on his shoulder and Mary's arms around his neck. I was reminded of a day when from the lower vine-clad slopes of Etna I looked up and saw the smoke rising from the crater.

The stage had been delayed, and it was nightfall when Isaac started over the mile carry between Ragged and Clear lakes. To make matters worse, Mary had brought in so much impedimenta that two loads were necessary, and there was nothing for her to do but wait at the near end of the carry till Isaac returned with the second load. It was Mary's first experience with night in the woods. She was not familiar with its sounds or its silences—and she was alone. The wail of a wildcat, far more terrified at finding Mary sitting on a log at the head of the carry than Mary herself, completely unnerved her. In spite of my wife's instructions, she was not properly dressed for the woods. When Isaac returned he found her trembling with cold and terror. He wrapped her in a blanket and deposited her in the bottom of the canoe, with the injunction that she was not to move. He was a marvel with the paddle, and no packs were ever adjusted to a mule's back with a nicer balance than the loads in his canoe. It was a short distance from shore to shore, and only a quarter-mile carry separated Clear Lake from our camp on Far-away. All went well till they came to the landing, when Mary, in her eagerness and her ignorance of the statics of a canoe, lost her balance. A few swallows of lake water were nothing to Isaac. But it was different with Mary. She had reached the limit of her endurance. And when Isaac, with his usual conscientiousness, had rescued everything, even to the half-dozen oranges in the paper bag, the two loads had become three, the third nearly as inanimate as the other two.

It was not long before Mary was sitting by the camp-fire clothed in dry gar-

ments, but not altogether in her right mind. There is something fatal to sanity in being saved, and Mary was under the delusion that Isaac had saved her life. She accordingly invested him with all the qualities that go to make up the savior in romance, and thereafter never wearied in showing her gratitude, which, like pity, is next of kin to love. Her gratitude made no visible impression on Isaac, but it transformed Maggie. I have often wondered how innocent Mary really was. If innocent, she was not discreet. Her mission was to take care of my wife. She performed this mission with fidelity, but it did not so entirely absorb her time and energy as to prevent sundry little ministrations on behalf of Isaac. I was amused, but not disturbed, Isaac was so stolid, so unsuspecting, so immune.

Thoughtful as ever, my wife would not hear of any interference with the routine of my camp-life. I was to come and go as before. She had Mary and plenty of books.

These books were Maggie's undoing.

It was not long before Mary discovered Isaac's passion for literature. I became aware of her discovery one night on hearing a low, monotonous murmur, a sound new to the woods. It did not disturb me, for I am a sound sleeper, but it roused my curiosity, and I stole to the door of my tent—to see Mary, seated on the platform of Isaac's lean-to, reading aloud the latest novel from New York. It was a pretty picture. To begin with, Mary was a pretty girl, and gratitude heightened her prettiness. The dogs were lying about her in various attitudes. One had his head in her lap. Another was a cushion for her very inappropriate high-heeled slippers. Over all played the flickering lights and shadows of the fire. A stranger to the facts would have said it was a scene of pure domesticity. Isaac went on steadily and methodically with his work. If he prolonged it, I knew it would be for the sake of the story and not on account of Mary; and I crept back to bed devoutly thankful that he was not as other men are.

I think it was about a week after Mary came that Maggie stopped singing. This made no particular impression on me, because about the time Maggie stopped Mary began. I remember, too, that one

evening, when smoking my pipe on the seat just over the landing, I heard voices on the beach below.

It was Maggie who spoke first.

"Children! My sister Annie was the prettiest girl in the village. She had cheeks like pinks and eyes like those stars up there. She stepped like a deer. Just to hear her laugh made you light-hearted. She doesn't sing now. Her cheek's yellow and hollow, and her eyes have sunk back in her head. Two children hanging onto her skirts and the baby in her arms, she just drags one foot after the other. You pays for children, and you pays high."

"But it's sweet to bring life into the world," said Mary. "If your cheek grows flabby you have another soft one against your breast, and little hands a-clinging to you—and your man loves you just the same—perhaps more."

"Your man loves to suck the honey from your lips, and, when that's gone, I tell you love's gone, too."

"If I find my man, I'd be willing to try."

"Well, you won't find him here."

"I dunno," said Mary.

After that the end came quickly.

It came at night, when the dogs were asleep at Mary's feet. From time to time a low moan or a twitching of a limb told they were dreaming of the chase. And from time to time Mary's voice fell away, and her eyes wandered from the book to a rugged, listening face, as if she were dreaming too.

Afterward, when it was all over, I asked Maggie what possessed her, what she had really meant to do. She could not tell. The peacefulness of the scene before Isaac's fire, the thoughts it suggested, were beyond endurance. The light on Mary's face, the light of happiness, burned her. And that low, persistent voice, going on and on, like dripping water, bored drop by drop into her heart till something gave way. She did not know—she only remembered seeing the knife on the shelf, and then—

It was then Isaac looked up—his ear was keener than Mary's—and saw Maggie. She stood where the flare of the fire and the blackness of the wood met, the blood gone from her lips, a cruel light in her eyes—the light that comes when

reason goes and humanity drops to the level of the beast.

When I ask my wife whether Mary knew, she replies, "Of course she knew." She certainly knew now, seeing Maggie's face and the knife in her hand.

Isaac had risen slowly to his feet. There was a drawl in his voice.

"Give me yer knife. Ye might cut yerself."

The knife dropped from her hand, all the fire in her heart chilled by his quiet, even voice. "You'd better git back home—" He spoke to Mary, but he was looking at Maggie. His look held her fast. She met it with one half of pleading, half of terror. What was he going to do with her? "You go in there," he said, motioning with his head toward his lean-to. She obeyed, mastered. Then he took trembling Mary "home." "Being alone," he said, calling one of the dogs, "ye can have Spot for company."

Returning to his own fireside, he sat down on the platform and took out his pipe. It occurred to him after a while that it was not lighted. He stooped to the embers, took a live coal between his thumb and finger, and sat back again, deep in thought.

What was Maggie thinking of? She could see his back outlined against the firelight. He did not speak. Her silence matched his. Was she afraid? or wise! Was she a prisoner held for justice? or was the fact that she was sitting on Isaac's blankets in Isaac's lean-to suggestive of another kind of captivity?

Once he moved, to replenish the fire. The knife lay where it fell, untouched. The fire died down. The red fires of dawn came over the hills, marched across the lake, and filled the recesses of the lean-to before he knocked the ashes from his pipe for the last time. When the sun appeared he drew a long breath.

"Maggie"—he had always called her "marm"—"come here."

She came.

"Sit down."

She obeyed. He reached for a stick and began to stir the fire.

"Who told ye yer could twist me round yer little finger?"

"Nobody told me, Isaac."

He neither took her hand nor touched her lips. But Maggie seemed satisfied.

Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ELEVENTH PAPER

THE Army of the Potomac gave a dinner in Hartford on the 8th of June, 1881. But little memory remains of it now beyond Mark Twain's speech and a bill of fare containing original comments, ascribed to various revered authors, such as Johnson, Milton, and Carlyle. A pleasant incident followed, however, which Clemens himself used to relate. General Sherman attended the banquet, and Secretary of War Robert Lincoln. Next morning Clemens and Twichell were leaving for West Point, where they were to address the military students, guests on the same special train on which Lincoln and Sherman had their private car. This car was at the end of the train, and when the two passengers reached the station Sherman and Lincoln were out on the rear platform, addressing the multitude. Clemens and Twichell went in and, taking seats, waited for them.

As the speakers finished, the train started, but they still remained outside, bowing and waving to the assembled citizens, so that it was under good headway before they came in. Sherman came up to Clemens, who sat smoking unconcernedly.

"Well," he said, "who told you you could go in this car?"

"Nobody," said Clemens.

"Do you expect to pay extra fare?" asked Sherman.

"No," said Clemens, "I don't expect to pay *any* fare."

"Oh, you don't! Then you'll work your way."

Sherman took off his coat and military hat and made Clemens put them on.

"Now," said he, "whenever the train stops, you get out on the platform and represent me and make a speech."

It was not long before the train stopped, and Clemens, according to orders, stepped out on the rear platform and bowed to the crowd. There was a cheer at the sight of his military uniform. Then the cheer waned, became a murmur of uncertainty, followed by an undertone of discussion. Presently somebody said:

"Say, that ain't Sherman; that's Mark Twain," which brought another cheer.

Then Sherman had to come out, too, and the result was that both spoke. They kept this up at the different stations, and sometimes Robert Lincoln came out with them, and when there was time all three spoke, much to the satisfaction of their audiences.

President Garfield died September 19th, and Arthur came into power. There was a great feeling of uncertainty as to what he would do. He was regarded as "an excellent gentleman with a weakness for his friends." Incumbents holding appointive offices were in a state of dread.

Howells's father was consul at Toronto, and, believing his place to be in danger, appealed to his son. In his book Howells tells how in turn he appealed to Clemens, remembering his friendship with Grant and Grant's friendship with Arthur. He asked Clemens to write to Grant, but Clemens would hear of nothing less than a call on the General, during which the matter would be presented to him in person. Howells relates how the three of them lunched together in a little room just out of the office, on baked beans and coffee, brought in from some near-by restaurant.

Clemens also recalling the interview, once added some interesting details:

"I tried hard during that interview to

get General Grant to agree to write his personal memoirs for publication, but he wouldn't listen to the suggestion. His inborn diffidence made him shrink from voluntarily coming before the public and placing himself under criticism as an author. He had no confidence in his ability to write well, whereas we all know now that he possessed an admirable literary gift and style. He was also sure that the book would have no sale, and of course that would be a humiliation, too. I argued that the book would have an enormous sale, and that out of my experience I could save him from making unwise contracts with publishers; but he said he had no need of any addition to his income. Of course he could not foresee that he was camping on a volcano, that as Ward's partner he was a ruined man even then; and of course I had no suspicion that in four years from that time I would become his publisher. He would not agree to write his memoirs. He only said that some day he would make very full notes, and leave them behind him, and then, if his children chose to make them into a book, they could do so. We came away then. He fulfilled his promise entirely concerning Howells's father, who held his office until he resigned of his own accord."

To write a detailed biography of Mark Twain at this period would be to defy perusal. Even to set down all the interesting matters—interesting to the public at this time—would mean not only to exhaust the subject, but the reader. He lived at the top of his bent, and almost anything relating to him was regarded as news. Daily and hourly he had to do with important matters or spoke concerning them. A bare list of the interesting events of Mark Twain's life would fill a large volume.

He was interested in business affairs. Already, before the European trip, he had embarked in, and disembarked from, a number of pecuniary ventures. He had not been satisfied with a strictly literary income. The old tendency to speculative investment, acquired during those restless mining days, always possessed him. There were no silver-mines in the East, no holes in the ground into which to empty money and effort, but there were

plenty of equivalents—inventions, stock companies, and the like.

Mrs. Clemens did not share his enthusiasm in these various enterprises. She did not oppose them, at least not strenuously, but she did not encourage them. She did not see their need. Their home was beautiful; they were happy; he could do his work in deliberation and comfort. She knew the value of money better than he—cared more for it, in her own way—but she had not his desire to heap up vast and sudden sums, to revel in torrential golden showers. She was willing to let well enough alone. Clemens was not content to do this, and suffered accordingly.

By a statement made on the 1st of January, 1882, of Mark Twain's financial disbursements for the preceding year, it is shown that considerable more than one hundred thousand dollars had been expended during that twelve months. It is a large sum for an author to pay out in one year. It would cramp most authors to do it, and it was not the best financing, even for Mark Twain. It absorbed all that his books could earn, all the income from his various securities, and a sizable sum from their principal.

His natural taste was for a simple, inexpensive life, yet in his large hospitality and in a certain boyish love of grandeur he gloried in the splendor of his entertainment, the admiration and delight of his guests. There were *always* guests; they were coming and going constantly. Clemens used to say that he proposed to establish a 'bus line between their house and the station for the accommodation of his company. He had the Southern hospitality. Much company appealed to a very large element in his strangely compounded nature. For the better portion of the year he was willing to pay the price of it, whether in money or in endurance, and Mrs. Clemens heroically did her part. She also loved these things, in her way. She took a certain pride in them, no doubt, and realized that they were a part of his vast success—a part of the penalty which, in some form, could not be averted. But in her heart she cared more for the simpler life—above all, for the farm at Elmira. Her spirit often cried out for rest and comfort there.

When we reflect on the conditions, we

are inclined to say, how much better it would have been to have remained there among the hills in that quiet, inexpensive environment, to have let the world go. But that was not possible. The game was of far larger proportions than any that could be restricted to the limits of such retirement. Mark Twain's realm had become too large; his court had become too vast; his retainers had become too multitudinous for him to establish his court in a cottage. The time would come when even Hartford and his establishment there would be too narrow—not for his desires, but for his absolute requirements.

Meantime, Osgood, his new publisher, was doing no great things with *The Prince and the Pauper*, which he had brought out in December, 1881, but Clemens gave him another book presently, a collection of sketches, *The Stolen White Elephant*. It was not an especially pretentious volume, though some of the features, such as "Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning" and the "Carnival of Crime," are among the best of their sort.

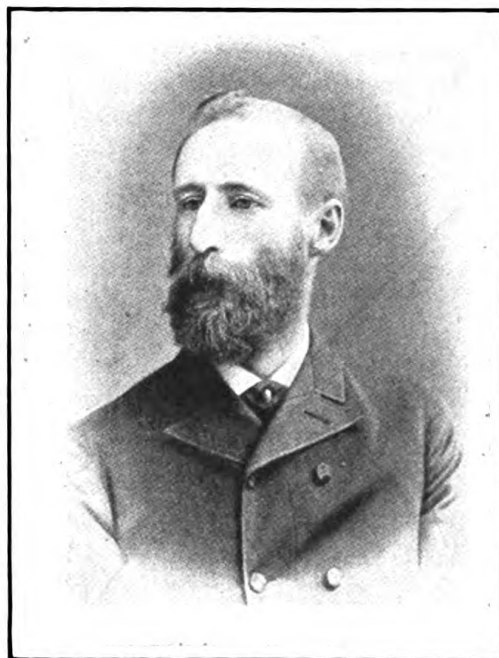
Clemens and Osgood had a still more important publishing enterprise on hand. The long-deferred completion of the Mississippi book was to be accomplished—the long-deferred trip down the river was to be taken. Howells was going abroad, but the charming Osgood was willing to make the excursion, and a young man named Roswell Phelps, of Hartford, was engaged as a stenographer to take notes.

Clemens made a farewell trip to Boston to see Howells before his departure, and together they went to Concord to call on Emerson—a fortunate visit, for he lived but a few weeks longer. They

went again in the evening, not to see him, but to stand reverently outside and look at his house. This was in April, 1882. Longfellow had died in March. The fact that Howells was going away indefinitely made them reminiscent and sad.

Next day Clemens was off with Osgood

and the stenographer for St. Louis, where they took the steamer *Gold Dust* down the river. He intended to travel under an assumed name, but was promptly recognized, both at the Southern Hotel and on the boat. In *Life on the Mississippi* he has given us the atmosphere of his trip, with his new impressions of old scenes; also, his first interview with the pilot, whom he did not remember, but who easily remembered him.



CHARLES L. WEBSTER

"I did not tell the story in the book quite as it happened," he reflected once, many years later. "We went on board at night. Next morning I was up bright and early, and out on deck to see if I could recognize any of the old landmarks. I could not remember any. I did not know where we were at all. It was a new river to me entirely. I climbed up in the pilot-house, and there was a fellow of about forty at the wheel. I said, 'Good morning.' He answered pleasantly enough. His face was entirely strange to me. Then I sat down on the high seat back of the wheel and looked out at the river and began to ask a few questions, such as a landsman would ask. He began in the old way to fill me up with the old lies, and I enjoyed letting him do it. Then he suddenly turned to me and said:

"'I want to get a cup of coffee; you hold her, will you, till I come back?'"

and before I could say a word he was out of the pilot-house door and down the steps. It all came so suddenly that I sprang to the wheel, of course, as I would have done twenty years before. Then in a moment I realized my position. Here I was with a great big steamboat in the middle of the Mississippi River, without any further knowledge than that fact, and the pilot was out of sight. I settled my mind on three conclusions. First, that the pilot might be a lunatic. Second, that he had recognized me and thought I knew the river. Third, that we were in a perfectly safe place where I could not possibly kill the steamboat. But that last conclusion, though the most comforting, was an extremely doubtful one. I knew perfectly well that no sane pilot would trust his steamboat for a single moment in the hands of a greenhorn, unless he were standing by the greenhorn's side. Of course, by force of habit, when I grabbed the wheel, I had taken the steering-marks ahead and astern, and I made up my mind to hold her on those marks to the hair, but I could feel myself getting old and gray. Then all at once I recognized where we were; we were in what is called the Grand Chain—a succession of hidden rocks, one of the most dangerous places on the river. There were two rocks there only about seventy feet apart, and you've got to go exactly between them or wreck the boat. There was a time when I could have done it without a tremor, but that time wasn't now. I would have given any reasonable sum to have been on the shore just at that moment. I think I was about ready to drop dead when I heard a step on the pilot-house stair; then the door opened and the pilot came in, quietly picking his teeth, and took the wheel, and I crawled weakly back to the seat. He said:

"You thought you were playing a nice joke on me, didn't you? You thought I didn't know who you were. Why, I recognized that drawl of yours as soon as you opened your mouth."

"I said: 'Who are you? I don't remember you.'"

"Well," he said, "perhaps you don't, but I was a cub pilot on the river before the war when you were a licensed pilot, and I couldn't get a license when I was qualified for one, because the Pilots' As-

sociation was so strong at that time that they could keep new pilots out if they wanted to, and the law was that I had to be examined by two licensed pilots, and for a good while I could not get any one to make that examination. But one day you and another pilot offered to do it, and you put me through a good, healthy examination and indorsed my application for license. I had never seen you before, and I have never seen you since until now, but I recognized you."

"All right," I said, "but if I had gone half a mile farther with that steamboat, we might have all been at the bottom of the river."

"We got to be good friends, of course, and I spent most of my time up there with him. When we got down below Cairo, and there was a big, full river, for it was high-water season and there was no danger of the boat hitting anything so long as she kept in the river, I had her most of the time on his watch. He would go and lie down and sleep, and leave me there to dream that the years had not slipped away, that there had been no war, no mining days, no literary adventures, that I was still a pilot, happy and care-free as I had been twenty years before."

He could not keep out of the pilot-house. He was likely to get up at any hour of the night to stand his watch, and truly enough the years had slipped away.

At one place two steamboats were in sight at once—an unusual spectacle. Once in the mouth of a river he noticed a small boat which he made out to be the *Mark Twain*. There had been varied changes in twenty-one years. Only the old fascination of piloting remained unchanged. To Bixby, who years before had taught him the trade of piloting, he wrote:

"I'd rather be a pilot than anything else I've ever done in my life. How do you run Plum Point?"

He met Bixby at New Orleans. Bixby was captain now on a splendid new Anchor Line steamboat, the *City of Baton Rouge*. The Anchor Line steamers were the acme of Mississippi River steamboat-building, and they were about the end of it. They were imposingly magnificent, but they were only as gorgeous clouds that marked the sunset of Mississippi steamboat travel. Mark Twain made his trip down the river just in time.

In New Orleans he met George W. Cable and Joel Chandler Harris, and they had a fraternizing good time together, mousing about the old French Quarter or mingling with the social life of the modern city.

Clemens arranged to make the trip up the river on the *Baton Rouge*. Bixby had one pretty inefficient pilot, and stood most of the watches himself, so that with "Sam Clemens" in the pilot-house with him it seemed like those old first days of learning the river, back in the fifties.

"Sam was even making notes in the memorandum-book just as he always did," Bixby afterward told me, recalling the time. "I was sorry I had to stay at the wheel so much. I wanted to have more time with Sam without thinking of the river at all. Sam was sorry, too, from what he wrote after he got home."

At St. Louis the travelers changed boats and proceeded up the Mississippi toward St. Paul. Clemens laid off three days at Hannibal—"delightful days," he wrote home, "loitering around all day long, examining the old localities and talking with the gray-heads who were boys and girls with me thirty or forty years ago. I spent my nights with John and Helen Garth, three miles from town, in their spacious and beautiful house. They were children with me, and afterward school-mates. That world which I knew in its blooming youth is old and bowed and melancholy now; its soft cheeks are leathery and withered, the fire has gone out of its eyes, the spring from its step. It will be dust and ashes when I come again."

Clemens soon took a further step toward becoming a publisher on his own account. Not only did he contract to supply funds for the Mississippi book, but he had his niece's husband, Charles L. Webster, installed as Osgood's New York subscription manager, with charge of the general agencies. There was no delay in this move. Webster must get well familiarized with the work before the Mississippi book's publication.

He had expected to have the manuscript finished pretty promptly, but the fact that he had promised it for a certain time paralyzed his effort. Even at the farm he worked without much headway.

He had sworn once, when he had finally finished the *Tramp Abroad*, that he would never limit himself as to time again. But he had forgotten that vow, and was suffering accordingly.

The Mississippi book was completed at last and placed in Osgood's hands for publication. Clemens was immensely fond of Osgood. Osgood would come down to Hartford and spend days discussing plans and playing billiards, which to Mark Twain's mind was the proper way to conduct business. Besides, there was Webster, who by this time, or a very little later, had the word "Publisher" printed in his letter-heads, and was truly that, so far as the new book was concerned. Osgood had become little more than its manufacturer, shipping-agent, and accountant. It should be added that he made the book well, though somewhat expensively. He was unaccustomed to getting out big subscription volumes. His taste ran to the artistic, expensive product.

"That book cost me fifty thousand dollars to make," Clemens once declared. "Bliss could have built a whole library for that sum. But Osgood was a lovely fellow."

Life on the Mississippi was issued about the middle of May. It was a handsome book of its kind and a successful one, but not immediately a profitable one, because of the manner of its issue. It was experimental, and experiments are likely to be costly, even when successful in the final result.

That summer at the farm Clemens had a fresh crop of ideas for stories of many lengths and varieties. His notebook of that time is full of *motifs* and plots—most of them of that improbable and extravagant kind which tended to defeat any literary purpose, whether humorous or otherwise.

He had one inspiration, however, which was not directly literary, but historical, due to his familiarity with English dates. He wrote Twichell:

Day before yesterday, feeling not in condition for writing, I left the study; but I couldn't hold in—had to do something; so I spent eight hours in the sun with a yardstick measuring off the reigns of the English kings on the roads in these grounds,

from William the Conqueror to 1883—calculating to invent an open-air game which shall fill the children's heads with dates without study. I give each king's reign one foot of space to the year and drive one stake in the ground to mark the beginning of each reign; and I make the children call the stake by the king's name. You can stand in the door and take a bird's-eye view of English monarchy from the Conqueror to Edward IV., then you can turn and follow the road up the hill to the study and beyond, with an opera-glass, and bird's-eye view the rest of it to 1883.

You can mark the sharp difference in the length of reigns by the varying distances of the stakes apart. You can see Richard II. two feet, Oliver Cromwell two feet, James II. three feet, and so on—and then big skips; pegs standing forty-five, forty-six, fifty, fifty-six, and sixty feet apart (Elizabeth, Victoria, Edward III., Henry III., and George III.—by the way, third's a lucky number for lengths of days, isn't it?). Yes, sir, by my scheme you get a realizing notion of the times occupied by reigns.

The reason it took me eight hours was because with little Jean's interrupting assistance I had to measure from the conquest to the end of Henry VI. three times over, and besides I had to whittle out all those pegs.

I did a full day's work and a third over yesterday, but was full of my game after I went to bed—trying to fit it for indoors. So I didn't get to sleep till pretty late, but when I did go off I had contrived a new way to play my history game with cards and a board.

We may be sure the idea of the game would possess him, once it got a fair start like that. He decided to save the human race that year with a history game. When he had got the children fairly going and interested in playing it, he adapted it to a cribbage-board, and spent his days and nights working it out and perfecting it to a degree where the world at large might learn all the dates of all the histories, not only without effort, but with an actual hunger for chronological facts. He would have a game not only of the English kings, but of the kings of every other nation, likewise of the great statesmen, of vice-chancellors, of judges, of celebrities in every line. He would have a religious game in which would be all the bishops and popes, the prelates of every order. He would prepare a book to accompany these games. Each game would contain

one thousand facts, while the book would contain eight thousand—it would be a veritable encyclopedia. He would organize clubs throughout the United States, a department in every newspaper devoted to the game and its problems, instead of to chess and whist and other useless diversions. He wrote to Orion and set him to work gathering facts and data by the bushel. He wrote to Webster, sent him a plan, and ordered him to apply for the patent without delay. Patents must also be applied for abroad. With all nations playing this great game, very likely it would produce millions in royalties; and so in the true Sellers fashion the iridescent bubble was blown larger and larger until finally it blew up. The game on paper had become so large, so elaborate, so intricate, that no one could play it.

It turned out an important literary year, after all. In the Mississippi book he had used a chapter from the story he had been working at from time to time for a number of years, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. Reading over the manuscript now, he found his interest in it sharp and fresh, his inspiration renewed. The trip down the river had revived it. The interest in the game became quiescent, and he set to work to finish the story at a dead heat. He did finish it in due time, but he seems to have been in no hurry to revise it for publication, either as a serial or as a book, which would indicate that the interest had subsided again. But the fact that he persevered until Huck Finn had found complete utterance at last was of itself a sufficient matter for congratulation.

The drain of many investments and the establishment of a publishing-house had told heavily on Clemens's finances. It became desirable to earn a large sum of money with as much expedition as possible. Authors' readings had become popular, and Clemens had read in Philadelphia and Boston with satisfactory results. He now conceived the idea of a grand tour of authors as a commercial enterprise. He proposed to Aldrich, Howells, and Cable that he would charter a private car for the purpose, and that with their own housekeeping arrangements, cooking, etc., they would go swing-

ing around the circuit, reaping a golden harvest. He offered to be general manager of the expedition—the impresario, as it were—and agreed to guarantee the others not less than seventy-five dollars a day apiece as their net return from the “circus,” as he called it.

Howells and Aldrich liked well enough to consider it, as an amusing prospect, but only Cable was willing to realize it. He had been scouring the country on his own account, and he was willing enough to join forces with Mark Twain.

Clemens saw little pleasure in the prospect of the regulation tour. He detested platforming, but the idea of reading from his books or manuscript for some reason seemed less objectionable, and, as already stated, the need of much money had become important.

He arranged with J. B. Pond for the business side of the expedition, though in reality he was its proprietor. The private-car idea was given up, but he employed Cable at a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars a week and expenses, and he paid Pond a commission. Perhaps without going any further we may say that the tour was a financial success, and yielded a large return of the needed funds.

A good many interesting and amusing things would happen on such a tour. Many of these are entirely forgotten, of course, but of others certain memoranda have been preserved. Grover Cleveland had been elected President when they set out on their travels, but was still holding his



THOMAS NAST'S CARTOON OF MARK TWAIN COLLECTING THE OFFENDING CLOCKS

position in Albany as Governor of New York. When they reached Albany, Cable and Clemens decided to call on him. They drove to the Capitol and were shown into the Governor's private office. Cleveland made them welcome, and after the greeting, said to Clemens:

“Mr. Clemens, I was a fellow-citizen of yours in Buffalo for a good many months, some years ago, but you never called on me then. How do you explain this kind of conduct?”

Clemens said: “Oh, that's very simple to answer, your Excellency. In Buffalo you were a sheriff. I kept away from the sheriff as much as possible; but you're Governor now, and on the way to the Presidency. It's worth while to come and see you.”

Clemens meantime had been resting—

half sitting on the corner of the executive desk. He leaned back a little, and suddenly about a dozen young men opened various doors, filed in, and stood at attention, as if waiting for orders. No one spoke for a moment; then the Governor said to this collection of attendants:

"You are dismissed, young gentlemen. Your services are not required. Mr. Clemens is sitting on the bells."

On Thanksgiving eve the readers were in Morristown, New Jersey, where they were entertained by Thomas Nast. The cartoonist prepared a quiet supper for them, and they remained overnight in the Nast home. They were to leave next morning by an early train, and Mrs. Nast had agreed to see that they were up in due season. When she woke next morning there seemed a strange silence in the house, and she grew suspicious. Going to the servants' room, she found them sleeping soundly. The alarm-clock in the back hall had stopped at about the hour the guests retired. The studio clock was also found stopped—in fact, every time-piece on the premises had retired from business. Clemens had found that the clocks interfered with his getting to sleep, and he had quieted them, regardless of early trains and reading engagements. On being accused of duplicity, he said:

"Well, those clocks were all over-worked, anyway. They will feel much better for a night's rest."

A few days later Nast sent him a caricature drawing—a picture which showed Mark Twain getting rid of the offending clocks, and Cable, with lighted candle, a witness to the performance. It is here reproduced for the first time.

At Christmas-time they took a fortnight's holiday, and Clemens went home to Hartford. A surprise was awaiting him there. Mrs. Clemens had made an adaptation of his "Prince and Pauper" play, and the children of the neighborhood had prepared a presentation of it for his special delectation. He knew on his arrival home that something mysterious was in progress, for certain rooms were forbidden him, but he had no inkling of their plan until just before the performance, when he was led across the grounds to George Warner's home, into the large room where it was to be given, and

placed in a seat directly in front of the stage.

Gerhardt, the sculptor, whom Clemens had sent abroad to study, had painted the drop-curtain and assisted in the general construction of scenery and effects. The result was really imposing, but presently, when the curtain rose and the guest of honor realized what it was all about and what they had undertaken for his pleasure, he was deeply moved and supremely gratified.

This was only the beginning of "Prince and Pauper" productions. The play was repeated, Clemens assisting, adding to the parts, and himself playing the character of Miles Hendon.

It was one night at Rochester, during the reading tour, that an incident happened which led to the writing of one of Mark Twain's important books, *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*. Clemens and Cable had wandered into a book-store for the purpose of finding something to read. Pulling over some volumes on one of the tables, Clemens happened to pick up a little, green, cloth-bound book, and after looking at the title turned the pages rather curiously and with increasing interest.

"Cable," he said, "do you know anything about this book, *The Arthurian Legend of Sir Thomas Malory, Morte Arthure?*"

Cable answered: "Mark, that is one of the most beautiful books in the world. Let me buy it for you. You will love it more than any book you ever read."

So Clemens came to know the old chronicler's version of the rare Round Table legends, and from that first acquaintance with them to the last days of his life seldom let the book go far from him. He read and re-read those quaint, stately tales and revered their beauty, while fairly reveling in their absurdities. Presently he conceived the idea of linking that day, with its customs, costumes, and abuses, with the progress of the present—of carrying back into that age of magicians and armor and superstition and cruelties a brisk American of progressive ideas who would institute reforms. His note-book began to be filled with memoranda of situations and possibilities for the tale he had in mind. These were vague, unformed



CLARA CLEMENS AND ONE OF THE WARNER CHILDREN IN THEIR PLAY FROM "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"

fancies as yet, and it would be a long time before the story would become a fact. Literature must wait for a time of fewer practical ventures.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was officially published in England and America in December, 1884, but the book was not in the canvassers' hands for delivery until February. By this time the orders were approximately for forty thousand copies—a number which had increased to fifty thousand a few weeks later. Webster's first publication venture was in the nature of a triumph. Clemens wrote to him March 16th:

"Your news is splendid. *Huck* certainly is a success."

Clemens felt that he had demonstrated his capacity as a general director, and Webster had proven his efficiency as an executive. He had no further need of an outside publisher.

The success of *Huck Finn*, though sufficiently important in itself, prepared the way for a publishing venture by the side of which it dwindled to small proportions. One night (early in November, 1884), when Cable and Clemens had finished a reading at Chickering Hall,

Clemens, coming out into the wet blackness, happened to hear R. W. Gilder say to some unseen companion:

"Do you know General Grant has actually determined to write his memoirs and publish them? He has said so today in so many words."

Of course, Clemens was immediately interested. It was the thing he had proposed to Grant some three years previously, during his call that day with Howells concerning the Toronto consulship.

With Mrs. Clemens, he promptly overtook Gilder and accompanied him to his house, where they discussed the matter in its various particulars. Gilder said that the *Century* editors had endeavored to get Grant to contribute to their war series, but that not until his financial disaster, as a member of the firm of Grant & Ward, had he been willing to consider the matter. He said that Grant now welcomed the idea of contributing three papers to the series, and that the promised payment of five hundred dollars each for these articles had gladdened his heart and relieved him of immediate anxiety.*

* Somewhat later the Century Company, voluntarily, added liberally to this sum.

Clemens was in the habit of calling on Grant now and then, to smoke a cigar with him, and he dropped in next morning to find out just how far the book idea had developed and what were the plans of publication. He found the General and his son, Colonel Fred Grant, dis-

pany at Hartford and see what they will do for you."

But Grant demurred. He said that, all things being equal, the book ought to go to the man who had first suggested it to him. Clemens spoke up:

"General, if that is so, it belongs to me."

Grant did not understand until Clemens recalled to him how he had urged him in that former time to write his memoirs — had plead with him, agreeing to superintend the book's publication. Then he said:

"General, I am publishing my own book, and by the time yours is ready it is quite possible that I shall have the best-equipped subscription establishment in the country. If you will place your book with my firm—and I feel that I have at least an equal right in the consideration—I will pay you twenty per cent. of the list price, or, if you prefer, I will give you seventy per cent. of the net returns, and I will pay all office expenses out of my thirty per cent."

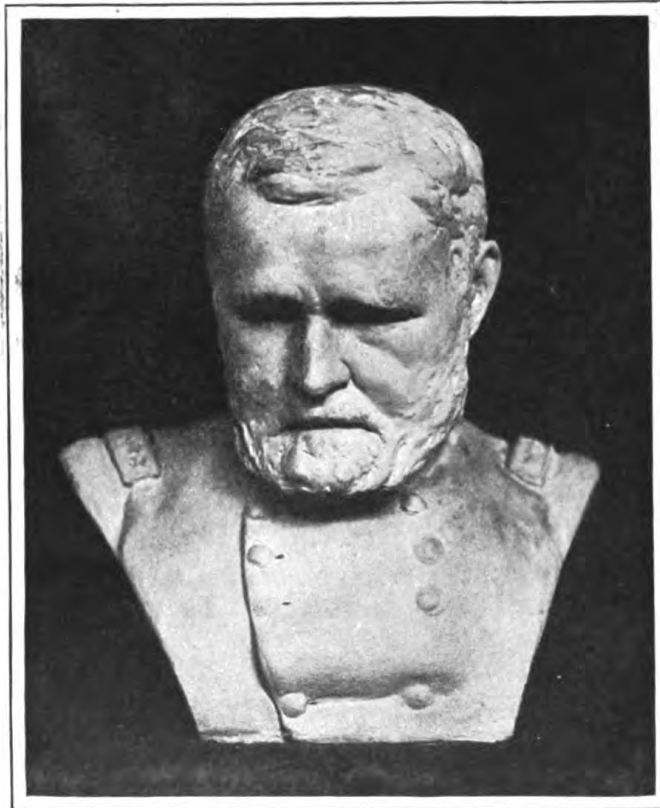
General Grant was really grieved at this proposal. It seemed to him that here was a man who was offering to bankrupt himself out of pure philanthropy.

Clemens said:

"General, I have my check-book with me. I will draw you a check now for twenty-five thousand dollars for the first volume of your memoirs, and will add a like amount for each volume you may write as an advance royalty payment, and your royalties will continue right along when this amount has been reached."

Colonel Fred Grant now joined in urging that matters be delayed, at least until more careful inquiry concerning the possibilities of publishing could be made.

Clemens had left, then, and set out on his trip with Cable, turning the whole matter over to Webster and Colonel Fred Grant for settlement. Meantime a note



GERHARDT'S BUST OF GENERAL GRANT

cussing some memoranda, which turned out to be a proposition for the book publication of his memoirs. Clemens asked to be allowed to look over the proposed terms, and when he had done so he said:

"General, the terms proposed in this contract indicate that the publishers expect to sell five, possibly ten thousand copies. A book from your hand, telling the story of your life and battles, should sell not less than a quarter of a million, perhaps twice that sum. It should be sold only by subscription, and you are entitled to double the royalty here proposed. I do not believe it is to your interest to conclude this contract without careful thought and investigation. Write to the American Publishing Com-

that General Grant was writing his memoirs got into the newspapers, and various publishing propositions came to him. In the end the General sent over to Philadelphia for his old friend George W. Childs and laid the whole matter before him and asked his advice. Childs said later that it was plain that General Grant, on the score of friendship if for no other reason, distinctly wished to give the book to Mark Twain. It seemed not to be a question of how much money he would make, but of his personal feeling entirely. Webster's complete success with *Huck Finn* being now demonstrated, Colonel Fred Grant said that he believed Clemens and Webster could handle the book as profitably as anybody, and, after investigation, Childs was of the same opinion.

The contract for the publication of the *Grant Life* was officially closed February 27, 1885; five days later, on the last day and at the last hour of President Arthur's administration and of the Congress then sitting, a bill was passed placing Grant as full General, with full pay, on the retired-army list. The bill providing for this somewhat tardy acknowledgment was rushed through at the last moment, and it is said that the Congressional clock was set back so that this enactment might become a law before the administration changed.

Clemens was with General Grant when the news of this action was read to him. Grant had greatly desired such recognition, and it meant more to him than to any one present, yet Clemens in his notes records:

Every face there betrayed strong excitement and emotion—except one, General Grant's. He read the telegram, but not a shade or suggestion of a change exhibited itself in his iron countenance. The volume of his emotion was greater than all the other emotions there present combined, but he was able to suppress all expression of it and make no sign.

Grant's calmness, endurance, and consideration during his final days astonished even those most familiar with his noble character. One night Gerhardt, the sculptor, came into the library at Hartford with a package and the announcement that he wished to show his patron a small bust he had been making

in clay of General Grant. Clemens did not show much interest in the prospect, but when the work was uncovered he became enthusiastic. He declared it was the first likeness of any sort of General Grant that approached reality. He agreed that the Grant family ought to see it, and that he would take Gerhardt with him next day in order that he might be within reach in case they had any suggestions. They went to New York next morning, and called at the Grant home during the afternoon.

In the note-book he writes:

Friday, March 20, 1885.—Gerhardt and I arrived at General Grant's about 2.30 p.m., and I asked if the family would look at a small clay bust of the General which Gerhardt had made from a photograph. Colonel Fred and Jesse were absent to receive their sister, Mrs. Sartoris, who would arrive from Europe about 4.30; but the three Mrs. Grants examined the work and expressed strong approval of it, and also great gratification that Mr. Gerhardt had undertaken it. Mrs. Jesse Grant had lately dreamed that she was inquiring where the maker of my bust could be found (she had seen a picture of it in *Huck Finn*, which was published four weeks ago), for she wanted the same artist to make one of General Grant. The ladies examined the bust critically and pointed out defects, while Gerhardt made the necessary corrections. Presently Mrs. General Grant suggested that Gerhardt step in and look at the General. I had been in there talking with the General, but had never thought of asking him to let a stranger come in. So Gerhardt went in with the ladies and me, and the inspection and cross-fire began—"There, I was sure his nose was so and so," and "I was sure his forehead was so and so," "and don't you think his head is so and so?" And so everybody walked around and about the old hero, who lay half reclining in his easy-chair, but well muffled up and submitting to all this as serenely as if he were used to being served so. One marked feature of General Grant's character is his exceeding gentleness, goodness, sweetness. Every time I have been in his presence—lately and formerly—my mind was drawn to that feature. I wonder it has not been more spoken of.

Presently he said, let Gerhardt bring in his clay and work here, if Gerhardt would not mind his reclining attitude. Of course we were glad. A table for the bust was moved up in front of him; the ladies left the room; I got a book; Gerhardt went to work, and for an hour there was perfect

stillness, and for the first time during the day the General got a good, sound, peaceful nap.

The little bust of Grant which Gerhardt worked on that day was widely reproduced in terra-cotta, and is still regarded by many as the most nearly correct likeness of Grant. The original is in possession of the family.

General Grant worked industriously on his book. He had a superb memory and worked rapidly. Webster & Co. offered to supply him with a stenographer, and this proved a great relief. Sometimes he dictated as many as ten thousand words at a sitting. It was reported at the time, and it has been stated since, that Grant did not write the *Memoirs* himself, but only made notes which were expanded by others. But this is not true. General Grant wrote or dictated every word of the story himself, then had the manuscript read aloud to him, and made his own revisions. He wrote against time, for he knew that the disease from which he suffered was fatal. Fortunately the lease of life granted him was longer than he had hoped for, though the last chap-

and renewed his task—feebly at first, but more perseveringly as each day seemed to bring a little added strength—or perhaps it was only resolution. Now and then he appeared depressed as to the quality of his product. Once Colonel Fred Grant suggested to Clemens that if he could encourage the General a little it might be worth while. Clemens had felt always such a reverence and awe for the great soldier that he had never dreamed of complimenting his literature.

"I was as much surprised as Columbus's cook could have been to learn that Columbus wanted his opinion as to how Columbus was doing his navigating."

He did not hesitate to give it, however, and with a clear conscience. Grant wrote as he had fought, with a simple, straightforward dignity, with a style that is not a style at all, but the very absence of it, and therefore the best of all literary methods.

Within two months after the agents had gone to work canvassing for the *Grant Memoirs*—which is to say by the 1st of May, 1885—orders for sixty thousand sets had been received, and on that day Mark Twain in his note-book made a memorandum estimate of the number of books that the country would require, figuring the grand total at three hundred thousand sets of two volumes each. Then he says:

If these chickens should really hatch according to my account General Grant's royalties will amount to \$420,000 and will make the largest single check

ever paid an author in the world's history. Up to the present time the largest one ever paid was to Macaulay on his *History of England*, £20,000. If I pay the General in silver coin at \$12 per pound, it will weigh seventeen tons.

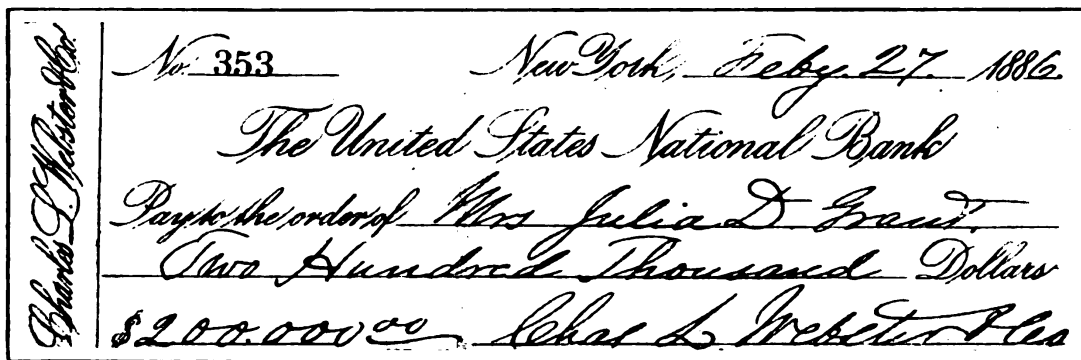
The Clemens household did not go to Elmira that year until the 27th of June. Meantime General Grant had been taken to Mount McGregor, near the Catskills, and the day after Clemens reached El-

*There is much more that I could do
if I was a well man. I do not write
quite as clearly as I could if well.
If I could read it over myself
many little matters of correction
and incident would suggest them-
selves to me.*

ONE OF GENERAL GRANT'S LAST PENCILED NOTES

ters were written when he could no longer speak, and when weakness and suffering made the labor a heavy one indeed; but he never flinched or faltered, never at any time suggested that the work be finished by another hand.

Early in April General Grant's condition became very alarming, and on the night of the 3d it was believed he could not survive until morning. But he was not yet ready to surrender. He rallied



THE \$200,000 ROYALTY CHECK PAID TO MRS. GRANT BY MARK TWAIN'S PUBLISHING COMPANY

mira there came a summons saying that the General had asked to see him. He went immediately, and remained several days. The resolute old commander was very feeble by this time. It was three months since he had been believed to be dying, yet he was still alive, still at work, though he could no longer speak. He was adding, here and there, a finishing-touch to his manuscript, writing with effort on small slips of paper containing but a few words each. His conversation was carried on in the same way. Mark Twain brought back a little package of those precious slips, and some of them are still preserved.

On one of these slips is written:

There is much more that I could do if I was a well man. I do not write quite so clearly as I could if well. If I could read it over myself many little matters of anecdote and incident would suggest themselves to me.

On another:

Have you seen any portion of the second volume? It is up to the end, or nearly so. As much more work as I have done to-day will finish it. I have worked faster than if I had been well. I have used my three boys and a stenographer.

And on still another:

If I could have two weeks of strength I could improve it very much. As I am, however, it will have to go about as it is with verifications by the boys and by suggestions which will enable me to make a point clear here and there.

Certainly no campaign was ever conducted with a braver heart. As long as his fingers could hold a pencil he continued at his task. Once he asked if any estimate could now be made of what portion would accrue to his family from the

publication. Clemens's prompt reply that more than one hundred thousand sets had been sold, and that already the amount of his share, secured by safe bonds, exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, seemed to give him deep comfort. Clemens told him that the country was as yet not one-third canvassed, and that without doubt the return would be twice as much more by the end of the year. Grant made no further inquiry, and probably never again mentioned the subject to any one.

When Clemens left, General Grant was sitting fully dressed, with a shawl about his shoulders, pencil and paper beside him. It was a picture that would never fade from the memory. In a later memorandum Mark Twain says:

I then believed he would live several months. He was still adding little perfecting details to his book and preface among other things. He was entirely through a few days later. Since then the lack of any strong interest to employ his mind has enabled the tedious weariness to kill him. I think his book kept him alive several months. He was a very great man—and superlatively good.

This note was made July 23, 1885, at 10 A.M., on receipt of the news that General Grant was dead.

In the end more than three hundred thousand sets of two volumes each were sold, and between four hundred and twenty and four hundred and fifty thousand dollars was paid to Mrs. Grant. The first check of two hundred thousand dollars, drawn February 27, 1886, remains the largest single royalty check in history. Mark Twain's prophecy had been almost exactly verified.

"How Poor an Instrument"

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

SARA HENDERSON, opening her front door to consider the temperature, found the door-mat occupied. "That Sharpless dog is here again," she remarked to her sister, who sat in the living-room crocheting.

The dog, roused from his day dream, looked up pleasantly. He was a rather large, blond dog with a magnanimous expression, yet Sara's first impulse was to say, "Go away, sir!" It was not that she disliked dogs or was unfavorably impressed by the appearance of her uninvited guest; her disapproval was entirely a matter of the dog's home associations.

Mr. Nicholas Sharpless, familiarly known as Nick and sometimes Old Nick, had been a most unwelcome addition to the well-bred, conservative neighborhood upon which he had intruded his ribaldry. Nicholas was frankly dissolute, a joyous outcast, a complacent black sheep. The mere sight of his jovially apoplectic countenance proclaimed the futility of hopes of regeneration or reformation. Old Nick was almost grossly hospitable. Automobiles were constantly disgorging parties of corpulently prosperous guests at his gate. It was rumored that casks whose contents gave forth liquid sounds were deposited at frequent intervals at his modern Colonial door which formerly had opened to admit the irreproachable friends of the respectable Bradford-Smiths.

And it was the disreputable name of Sharpless that was branded upon the blond dog's innocent collar. Nevertheless, Sara considered him relentingly. Sincere, dignified, friendly, he disarmed suspicion. It was difficult to connect him with the sinister Sharpless. The slow wave of the tail indicated a quiet confidence in his welcome. He was not apologetic or conciliatory, as his species often are, yet he obviously did not belong to any of the established families.

It would have been difficult to classify him socially. Various but not warring elements had gone into his making. For general convenience he might be described as a taffy-colored Newfoundland. His vest was white. A touch of roundness about the forehead, the arch of the neck, above the collar, seemed to indicate that his age was not so advanced as his dignity and composure might otherwise suggest.

As Sara looked at him, memories of her dead cocker-spaniel Lucy swept over her and moved her heart to softness. Harsh injunctions to depart died on her lips. Instead she bent and patted the dog's head, noting the noble name of "Duke" engraved upon his collar—counteracting to some extent the unfavorable effect produced by the surname of his owner—and called to her sister to bring out what was left of the tea-cake.

Sara's sister Annie, a gentle, indefinite-looking spinster with spectacles, came out bearing a plate of tea-cake, a gray sweater in the making thrown over her arm. An absent frown of concentration still lingered upon her smooth brow. She was struggling with the intricacies of a new stitch. Annie set the plate down upon the floor of the piazza. The dog's eye brightened and his tail-beat quickened, yet the act seemed partly courtesy. He ate with the self-restraint of a well-cared-for animal.

A dog with a pleasing personality. Sara reflected, watching him. Evidently the dog thought the same of Sara, as well he might. Not precisely young, yet comfortably this side of middle age, with clear skin, good teeth, abundant hair, firmly set mouth, and bright eyes, Sara gave the impression of decided character and perfect health. There was perhaps too definite an air of self-reliance about her; certainly she gave no suggestion of the clinging vine. Also something about her neat dress, her whole sensible,



A DOG WITH A PLEASING PERSONALITY, SARA REFLECTED

straightforward make-up, indicated disregard of her good looks almost to the point of not availing herself of the full advantage of them. It was true that Sara felt no feeble-minded dependence upon men's society, as excellent Miles

Haviland had discovered to his sorrow. Longer than Jacob languished for Rachel had Miles Haviland hopelessly wooed Sara Henderson.

When the dog had finished the teacake, he did not depart, as Sara had sup-

posed he would. Instead he sank lightly upon the mat again. His eye exhibited a sensitive consideration for her movements and more than a hint of willingness to fall in with her plans. Sara went indoors, however, and closed the door firmly. Duke did not look yearningly after her; he merely relaxed and waited. An occasional pricking of the ears revealed from time to time a tenser interest in some exciting object, but he did not rouse to personal examinations or explorations.

Miles Haviland passed by slowly, his eyes searching the windows without reward. Then he noted the taffy-colored dog at ease upon the porch, its paws lightly crossed, its dreaming eyes on space, with all the air of a dog completely at home, and a shade passed over his face. The villainous Sharpless actually calling on Sara! He was a neighbor, to be sure—he had called on some neighborhood matter of arbitration or adjustment. Nevertheless, the thought of Sharpless within Sara's doors was desecration.

Miles had barely moved out of sight when Sara came out, hatted and coated, bound for "the village," by which the correct dwellers on the outskirts meant the shopping district. The dog arose with punctilious recognition, and without waiting for her invitation walked at a pace adjusted to hers down the path and out the gate. Evidently it was his intention to accompany her.

Sara paid scant attention to him. She supposed he would drop off when he passed his own house, but instead he walked past it as if he had never seen it before. He did not have altogether the air of following her; his manner suggested rather that he was going her way. From time to time he deflected down by-paths on excursions of his own, but he always returned with a pleasant air of reunion. As they got farther from home he paused once or twice, looked back and seemed to consider, with the air of one consulting a watch, whether his engagements would permit him to go on; then, as if deciding that he would risk it for the pleasure of Sara's company, continued the whole distance.

Sara's first errand was at the butcher's. The dog remained delicately outside

during this visit. When her order had been duly recorded, Mr. Hawkins escorted Sara to the door, discoursing of the weather. His blandly wandering eye took note of her escort. "Ain't that Sharpless's dog?" he inquired; and Sara, admitting the damaging fact, murmured that he seemed to be a "very friendly animal."

She went next to Cox's, the grocer's. Here Duke entered with her, and was greeted by the grocer's boy by name. Mr. Cox, however, did not place Duke so quickly. "Got a new pet there, Miss Sara?" he inquired. Mr. Cox had known Sara since childhood.

"No, he isn't mine." Sara was more frugal of explanation this time, but Mr. Cox made tardy recognition of Duke's identity. "Oh, I see now; that's Sharpless's dog." Then he grinned and shook his head. "Talk about the joy o' living. I guess that's where you get it!" he said.

Sara did not respond to this delicate observation save by a vague smile. But by the time the plumber had identified Duke and had remarked, "I hear Sharpless is going to buy the house and make alterations—how is that?" as if she, Sara Henderson, could possibly be acquainted with Sharpless's horrid plans, she began to feel annoyed. This situation of acquaintanceship with the pariah Sharpless, thrust upon her by the dog, was really objectionable. She quickened her steps with the idea of eluding him, but the dog quickened his steps into a trot, barely glancing at objects he had formerly found worthy of inspection. Sara started to say, "Back, sir!" but meeting the frank *camaraderie* of his glance, felt the words die on her lips. Why try to convince Duke that she did not want him? He would not believe her.

At the corner by the bank she came suddenly face to face with Miles Haviland. She scarcely noted the light that came into his face, but to his eager question, "May I join you?" she replied unsentimentally, "Of course. Why not?" And he gladly turned about.

He gave a glance at the dog. "Isn't that Sharpless's dog?" he asked.

"Yes." Sara was apt to skimp her words with the inferior male, but her "yes" this time was a little shorter than usual.

All facts concerning Sara were of moment to Miles. He recorded with the air of one making an observation worthy of note, "I saw him lying on your doorstep early this afternoon when I went past. He seemed quite at home."

"Dogs usually are, don't you think?" was Sara's reply. "They tend to be socialists."

Sara's apparent willingness to indulge in flights of fancy encouraged Miles to continue. "I had thought they were rather apt to be snobs. Just see how they will bark at a tramp and fawn upon a well-dressed caller."

Sara was fond of dogs, and the turn the conversation had taken for the moment entertained her. "I don't know," she responded. "The other night the Browns' dog by an error of judgment welcomed a burglar into the house."

"I hope he never found it out," laughed Miles. "Poor old chap! He would have been so mortified and upset."

Then, fatuously exalted by Sara's unusual responsiveness, poor Miles fell into error. "This seems a very nice old chap"—he referred to the companionable Duke, now walking close at his side—"but do you really feel it necessary to receive calls from such a disreputable old party as his owner, just because he is a neighbor—"

Something then in Sara's silence or the look on her face warned Miles, but too late. Sara did not tell him that he was laboring under a misapprehension. She only said in her most freezing tones: "Don't you think, Miles, that it is rather a mistake to listen to gossip about people? Mr. Sharpless may be a very worthy man."

"He may be—" Miles could go no further than that. Had any one ever before attempted any defense of Sharpless? And that Sara— It was too monstrous. "Such a long call, Sara," he broke out uncontrollably. "Why, it was barely two o'clock when I went home from lunch, and at quarter to four he was still there—"

The look Sara bent upon Miles at that point was so terrible as she repeated "Mr. Sharpless!" that Miles, unable to explain or readjust his sentence, could only finish his original construction—"on your door-mat."

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The literal picture thus conjured up of Sharpless the rubicund reclining upon Sara's door-mat failed at the moment to present itself entertainingly either to Sara or Miles, so destructive to the sense of humor is wrath in most natures. There was a dreadful pause; then Sara remarked in arctic tones: "You must be suffering from some singular form of optical delusion. We are not in the habit of sitting on the veranda in December. You did not see either Annie or me or Mr. Sharpless."

"The dog," Miles urged, weakly. "He was there yesterday, too. I did not, I admit, *see* Sharpless, yet the presence of the dog there naturally implied—" The look on Sara's face must have unseated his reason for the moment or he never would have concluded as he did—"The dog, you see, *was* rather a give-away—"

"A *give-away*!" Words will not describe Sara's manner by this time. "Really, Miles, this is the first time I have known you to be actually *coarse*. It only shows how long one can know a person and be deceived as to his true nature." She broke off there, and in truth there was nothing she could have added to make Miles more wretched. It is doubtful if he plumbed further depths of despair when she concluded: "I would appreciate it if you would allow me to walk the rest of the way alone. I really prefer—"

Miles gave a wild laugh—"The society of Sharpless's dog," he concluded for her, and Sara accepted it with heart-breaking serenity.

"Precisely! Of Sharpless's dog."

Miles, not being of a haughty, high-handed type, lingered a moment miserably even after this. "Sara, do you realize the wretched creature this man is, this man that you in your innocence are willing to make a friend of—"

But Sara's answer was to turn upon him a blank face. "Will you leave me, please, to go home alone?"

Miles went, more miserable than he had been yet. Sara walked on, raging in spirit. That Miles should dare to speak to her like that! Miles to dare accuse her, to think for one moment that she would allow that odious creature to call! She frowned at the innocent cause can-

tering cheerfully by her side. Wrapped in dark thoughts, she passed, without recognition, a man coming from the opposite direction. He greeted her familiarly by name, and she glanced up to see Reginald Kip, a light-minded bachelor of the community, looking from Duke to her with an amused smile. "Keeping the commandments, I see—so intent on 'em you cut your friends in the street. What is it about loving your neighbor's dog—or is it ox?"

Sara responded without responsive display of jocosity, "He seems to have attached himself to me."

Reginald, being a professional wit, continued in his usual vein: "So long as his master doesn't follow suit. Wouldn't want it to be a case of love me, love my dog. Who *could* love Old Nick? I couldn't. Could you?"

It was all very easy to snub poor Miles, but Reginald was not snubable. Sara, realizing it, was at a disadvantage. Reginald bent a disrespectful consideration upon Duke, who, always the gentleman, had paused politely to meet the social exigency.

"What sort of a beast would you call him, anyway?"

"I suppose he is a kind of Newfoundland," Sara replied, with bored literalness.

"In any case," Reggie went on, "his color is unique. *Café au lait*, would you call it, or champagne?" Then he exploded loudly at his unexpected hit. "Champagne. That's it. I saw a case going in there yesterday."

The dog raised his eyes and gazed calmly up into Reggie's face. A more sensitive soul might have been abashed. Even Reggie showed some consciousness of rebuke. "Never mind, old chap. I don't believe he gave you any. You're as sober-minded a dog as I ever saw."

Duke escorted Sara to her gate, then went off on some tack of his own without lingering for sentimental farewells. In the evening, however, as Sara went to the window to arrange a refractory blind she discovered him dozing on the mat. She broke out then a little irritably, "I should like to know why that dog doesn't stay at home!"

Annie glanced up in some surprise at her tone, for Sara was usually amiable

except when dealing with Miles Haviland. "I suppose," Annie suggested, "he wants company. Dogs are dependent creatures."

Sara refused to be moved by any picture of Duke's lonely hearthstone. "I am going to drive him away so that he will stay, this time," she announced, almost vindictively, and gentle Annie looked disturbed.

Then Sara, determinedly opening the door to put her threat into practice, came face to face with a man who proved to be none other than the depraved Sharpless himself.

This gentleman, evidently quite unaware of his lack of social and moral qualifications, reverentially raised his hat, disclosing in the light that streamed from the hall a shining bald spot and a cheerful, rubicund countenance. His manner of apology was elaborate.

"So sorry to disturb you, Miss Henderson—only came for my dog. *Hope* he hasn't annoyed you." The tone of Mr. Sharpless's question was almost emotional. Sara found herself mechanically responding, "Oh no, not at all."

Sharpless slipped his hand under the dog's collar. Duke looked up, regarding his master with the same dignified confidence with which he met all the world. "Funny old beast, eh?" Sharpless gave the dog a clumsy pat. "A poor thing, but mine own, eh? That's the idea. Came to me, you know. Wouldn't take no for an answer—" Sharpless gave a fat laugh that certainly gave an impression of amiability. "Funny how dogs take fancies like that."

Sara reflected that Duke's taste was evidently poorer than one would have imagined. Certainly the value of his tribute to her was reduced to a minimum by Sharpless's statement.

Sharpless, finding his conversational efforts unencouraged, took his departure with nods and smiles. Evidently he was not easily chilled.

That night as Sara stood before her mirror, her dark hair in a long, neat braid, her hand raised to turn out the light, she had a thought which she instantly dismissed as too trifling to be dwelt upon. Nevertheless, she had the thought. Miles Haviland, after years of mawkish, unquestioning devotion, had

dared to misunderstand and even to criticize her. He had believed that she, Sara Henderson, would receive calls from the outcast Sharpless. He had believed this preposterous, idiotic thing because a flighty-headed, wanderlusting dog with the courage of his impulses had chosen to camp upon her door-mat and escort her to market. She had never thought much of Miles's intelligence, but really—*really* she had thought better of it than that. She turned out the gas with a vicious snap and expended what might have seemed an excessive amount of energy to dismissing the matter from her thoughts.

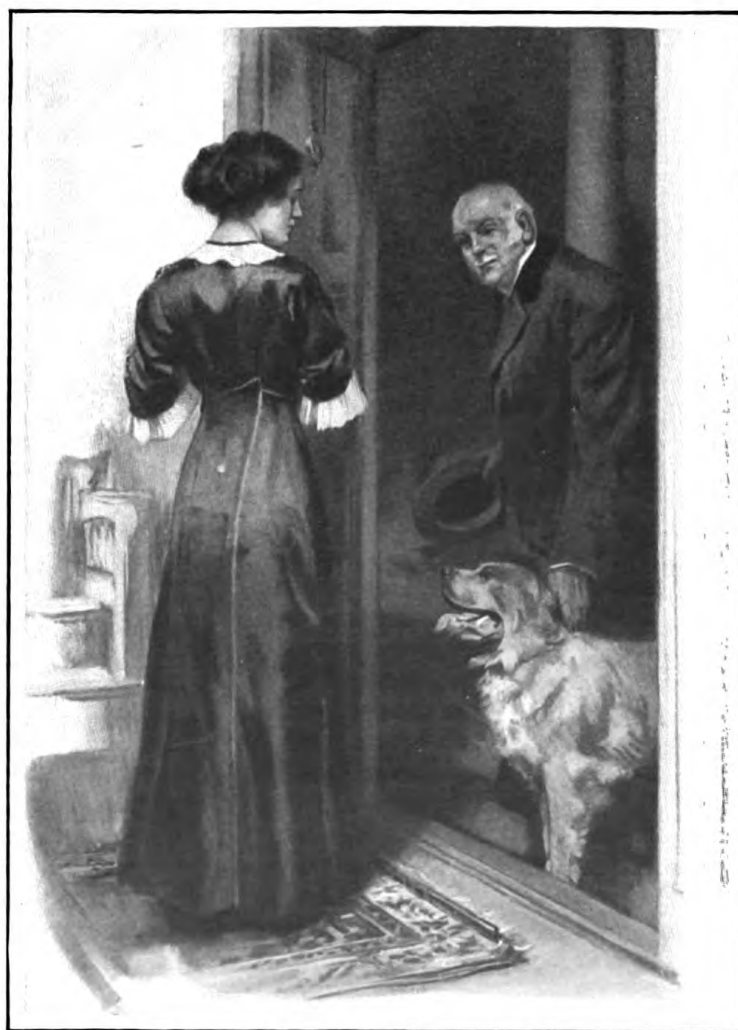
If Duke had actually changed his allegiance from Sharpless to the Hendersons, the situation would have better explained itself to the neighborhood. But the fact was that he was a dog of unmethodical habits, a natural rover, a citizen of the world, so to speak. Yet he was not in the habit of joining the chance passer-by, therefore his association with the Hendersons was conspicuous. He had clearly taken a fancy to them—especially to Sara—and seldom allowed many days to elapse without presenting himself at the door. Sara, who liked him in her heart, became accustomed to his visits and made him welcome. Miles Haviland, on the contrary, had not called for some time. Sara had not even seen him except in the distance since the day she met him in Duke's company. Three weeks of total social abstinence on Miles's part was noteworthy, for it was a custom of many years' standing that he should call Sunday afternoon and remain to tea.

The first Sunday after their unhappy difference that Miles did not appear, Sara laughed. She was in her own bedroom at the time, and the laugh resounded a little hollowly in the room.

"Miles didn't come," Annie had remarked, in surprise, evidently thinking her sister could offer some explanation, but Sara only replied in a bored tone, "So he didn't." When, however, the next Sunday passed ignored, Annie frankly wondered. "What can have happened to Miles? Do you suppose he is ill?"

Sara only replied frivolously—really almost heartlessly, Annie thought: "Oh, I guess he's still in the land of the living. I saw him on the street yesterday."

Annie gave her sister a steady stare over her glasses. "I dare say he's getting tired of being snubbed."



"ONLY CAME FOR MY DOG. HOPE HE HASN'T ANNOYED YOU"

Sara made a sound of scorn. "Then he has more spirit than we gave him credit for, hasn't he?" she responded, with glittering coldness.

Annie's gaze returned to the columns of her three-cent evening paper of the night before. "I have never supposed faithfulness and loyalty to be proof of lack of spirit," she remarked, with dignity. So Sara found herself rebuked again, but for a wonder she did not retort.

The next day, out walking with Duke, who had rushed out from his own grounds to join her, Sara met Reggie Kip. He did not stop this time, but contented himself with slyly shaking a finger at her in passing. "What did I say about 'Love me, love my dog,' eh-ah?" And Sara, carelessly smiling, thought how pointless Reggie's jokes were. A little farther along, as she was turning into her own gate, she met Miles face to face. He lifted his hat gravely and would have passed on. Strange to say, Sara condescended to address him; then, of course, he gladly responded, asking her how she had been, as if she had passed through untold dangers or was recovering from a serious illness.

"Very well," Sara responded, lightly, "in spite of your indifference to our welfare."

"Oh, Sara—" Miles looked at her with his too-revealing eyes. "I thought you wouldn't care to see me after what passed between us. You seemed terribly offended."

"What was it? Really I don't remember," Sara began, carelessly. Miles glanced at the light-brown, frisking object encircling him with his attentions. Duke seemed to like Miles despite the coldness with which that ordinarily kind gentleman was regarding him.

It was unfortunate that the dog chanced to be with her again, Sara reflected, when the worst thing that imagination could have conjured up happened. She saw the transformation on Miles's face—it was almost terrible; and, turning about to see what had occasioned it, met the jovial, deprecating smile of Sharpless, carelessly, familiarly, or so it seemed, crossing what in summer was her lawn.

"Forgive the Tired Business Man"—so Sharpless gracefully phrased it—"for

cutting across your grass. Late to trolley—important engagement. Time and trolleys wait for no man. Haviland understands—" Sharpless would have included Haviland in his expansive goodwill, but Haviland had left abruptly, without farewell or explanation. He had performed the act popularly known as turning on his heel and leaving. The sight of Sharpless, at ease and smiling, coming across Sara's lawn, was more than he could bear.

It was annoying, really, Sara reflected, to be put in such a position. Her first impulse was to blame Duke, and she did speak to him harshly; but meeting his earnest, affectionate, light-brown eyes, compunctions smote her. Whatever havoc he was to work in her life, she must acquit him of base design. The master might be a villain whose very presence in the neighborhood was contamination, but the dog had a heart of gold.

A few days after that, Annie went to consult her neighbor Mrs. Ray concerning a complication that had arisen in the construction of the gray sweater.

Mrs. Ray was a simple, tactless soul, long valued by the Hendersons as a "good neighbor." An adept with the crochet-needle, she soon set Annie's difficulties straight. Then she passed on to the interchange of harmless gossip, finally winding up with, "I hear interesting reports about your sister." Her tone was so roguish it left no doubt as to the tender nature of the news in question.

Annie had risen to take her departure; she smiled vaguely. "Yes, but that's rather an old story, isn't it?"

But Mrs. Ray would not be turned aside so lightly. "We hear that an interesting announcement is to be expected any day," she continued.

Annie laughed. "I'm sure I wish Sara *would* make up her mind. I am devoted to Miles Haviland."

Mrs. Ray fixed her pale eyes upon Annie with a glance almost piercing. "Miles Haviland? Oh, *that* isn't what I meant. Miles is what the boys call a 'back number,' isn't he? I hear they have quarreled. No! I was referring to her new beau." And Mrs. Ray unmissably nodded in the direction of Sharpless's house. Annie, however, presented

a face of amiable blandness. "Mr. Sharpless—" Mrs. Ray began, then fairly driven to be literal (so she felt), when she would fain have continued playful if Annie only *would* have understood her innuendoes—"I hear—that is, they are saying—Mr. Sharpless—" Then she faltered before the unwonted coldness in Annie's eyes.

"Mr.—*Sharpless!*" The gentleman in question would certainly not have been flattered at Annie's tone. "Certainly the village people have very little to talk about if they can make up stupid, vulgar stories like that."

"Mrs. Ray blushed and stammered. "Of course, I don't *know* anything about it. I always say that when any one speaks of it. People are always talking about something, and of course his dog is always on your steps—"

"His *dog!*" Annie's tone was absolutely indescribable. "Well, really—a *dog* as a foundation for gossip! What are people coming to?"

But Mrs. Ray interrupted. She was one of those who, by the inexorable law of their own beings, must make a bad thing worse. "Of course folks *will* talk. They don't mean any harm. All they say is that she is marrying him to reform him. Nothing disrespectful to Miss Sara, I assure you. But *I* always say, reform 'em *first* and marry 'em afterward. Now a man like Nick Sharpless—"

"Mrs. Ray!" No one would have believed Annie capable of speaking like that. "Really, this is *too* shocking. I cannot allow you to repeat any more of this—this *ignoble* gossip." And, drawing up her skirts, Annie literally swept from the room.

When this conversation was repeated to Sara a few hours later she was angrier than she had ever been in her life. "It is too stupid to listen to," she said, but her mouth was set and her eyes were dark and bright. *That*, then, was the meaning of ribald Reggie Kip's pleasantry. *That* was the reason Miles had such a dreadful look on his face. People were actually saying this preposterous—this farcical, outrageous thing! At that point her thoughts went off into chaotic wrath.

That evening Annie, looking very grave over her crocheting, alluded again to the subject. "I am afraid that dread-

ful story has quite a wide circulation, from what Mrs. Ray said. It seems almost as if something ought to be done about it. Yet I don't know just what we *can* do. Silence always seems the most dignified—"

"Yes," Sara replied at that point, "certainly something ought to be done about it." Her tone was peculiar. Annie considered her unhappily.

"It seems too ridiculous that a—a *dog* should have brought this odious thing upon us. And so innocently," she might have added. For any one who had ever known Duke must have acquitted him of traductory motives.

There was a white, set look on Sara's face, but she said nothing further. After a moment she rose, threw a wrap around her, and walked out into the frosty darkness. So absorbed in her unwelcome thoughts was she that she walked into a man entering the gate without hearing or seeing his approach. She started back abruptly with an instant fear that it might be the loathly Sharpless. It was a relief—yes, an extraordinary and overwhelming relief—to find that it was Miles Haviland. He did not retain Sara in his arms, being scarcely bold enough for so decisive a stroke, but he retained a gentle hold on her shoulders that he might the better scan her face in the dim light.

"Sara," he said, "I can't stand this any longer. I *must* speak again, I don't care how angry you are at me." And despair made his tones authoritative. "Every one is talking about it. They say you are actually engaged to that—"

But Sara did not give him a chance to finish. "I can't stand it any longer, either, Miles," she said, breathlessly, "not a minute. I wish you would marry me right away."

It took him a moment after that to get his breath. The trees, the houses even, looked strangely unsteady. "You mean it, Sara? But why? What— Can it be that that villain is actually persecuting you with his attentions?" Miles looked murderous.

"No, no, of course not." Sara's tone was hysterical. "It's just the foolish, unendurable, dreadful stories."

"Which you mind so much that you are willing to marry me." Miles's smile

was strange, and made up of various elements.

"So much that I am willing to do *anything*," Sara's words certainly had a ruthless sound. Miles's smile deepened. "I guess that's about the size of it,"

The beast"—so Sara reversed the labels of dog and man—"has never once been in the house."

As if in answer to a cue there came a rushing sound in the hedge, and Duke joined them with his air of glad reunion.

"Bless the dog, bless him; he has worked the miracle!" By this time Miles had unreluctant Sara in his arms.

And Sara, broken, transformed, ennobled, exclaimed softly, "Dear, foolish old Miles, I am not half good enough—"

Duke, finding his attentions unnoticed, relapsed into his old place on the mat, where he remained, a kind, oblivious, dignified chaperon. He did not, like some human go-betweens we know of, boast that he had made the match. He was only a dog, humble and sympathetic. So he remained, forgiving of their neglect, alert for their recognition when it should come. And no doubt, had he realized that very soon Miles and Sara would forget his part in the matter and come to believe that they had found happiness alone



"I WISH YOU WOULD MARRY ME RIGHT AWAY"

he said, quietly. "Poor Sara! You shouldn't have let him come in the first place."

Sara showed signs again of impending hysteria. "I *didn't*—he didn't. He has never been inside the house, not *once*. It was his dog, who would lie on the mat.

and unaided, he would not have resented their ingratitude any more than he would have blamed Sharpless for his lapses. The dog is no moralist. He takes human nature as he finds it, content if he is allowed to be an unobtrusive sharer of its joys and sorrows.



Some Continental Visits

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

Readers of the MAGAZINE will recall Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's delightful reminiscences, published a year ago, recounting her visits to the court of Napoleon III. and her experiences in Paris during the Commune. The following letters are selected from her later correspondence.

SOMMERBERG, July, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER:
I have just returned from a delightful visit to the Prince and Princess Metternich. It was very hot the day I left here; the sun poured down on the broad, white roads which lead from Sommerberg to the station. On my arrival at Johannisberg, Prince Metternich was waiting for me with a *calèche à la Daumont*.

Our jaunty postilion blew his little horn incessantly as we galloped through the village and up the long, steep hill which mounts to the château. The walls on both sides of the badly paved, narrow road were high and unpicturesque, not a tree to be seen, vineyards and vineyards everywhere, nothing but vineyards. The château is a very ugly building of no kind of architecture, looking more like a barn than a castle; it is an enormous square minus one side, without towers or ornamentation of any kind.

The Princess was at the door, and welcomed me most affectionately, and with her were the other guests—the handsome Duchesse d'Ossuna, Count Zichy, Count Kevenhüller, Count Fitz-James, and Commandant Duperré.

The immense hall, which takes the entire center of the house, with five windows on the courtyard and five on the terrace, is comfortably arranged with everything conceivable—easy arm-chairs, rugs, etc. A grand piano stood in one corner near the window; over this window was an awning (an original idea of the Princess, to put an awning inside instead of outside of the window). An unusually large table, covered with giant books, periodicals, and the latest novels, stood in the middle of the room, and there were plants, palms, and flowers everywhere.

The Princess showed me the different rooms; her boudoir was hung with embroidered satin. One room I liked particularly; the walls were covered with the coarsest kind of *écru* linen, on which were sewed pink pigeons cut out of cretonne; even the ceiling had its pigeons flying away in the distance. Another room was entirely furnished with cashmere shawls—a present from the Shah of Persia himself. There must have been a great many to have covered the walls and all the divans.

Nowhere could the Princess have had such a chance to show what she could do as here, in the transforming of this barrack into a livable place. I admired everything immensely. She told me that she thought she was very practical, because when they were not here all the hangings could be taken down and folded and put away, so that the next year they would be just as good as new.

They only stay here two months every year (July and August); the enormous display of flowers on the long terrace before the château is also *provisoire*. There are at least four to five hundred pots of flowers, mostly geraniums, which make a brilliant effect for the time being—as long as the family is here; then they go back to the greenhouse.

Tea was served in the hall; every one was in the gayest of spirits, and crowded around the piano to hear Prince Metternich's last waltz, which was very inspiring. After the music was finished and the tea-table removed I was shown to my rooms; I reached them by a tiny, winding staircase, the walls of which were hung with *adrianople* (Turkey red), and on them were miniatures and fine engravings.

Dinner was served in fine style; the servants were in plush breeches, and had

powdered hair. The ladies were *décolletées* and the gentlemen in evening dress. I sat on the left of Prince Metternich and next to Count Kevenhüller, who is a Knight of Malta. I said to the Prince:

"A Knight of Malta always suggests to my mind romance and the Middle Ages."

"It shows," the Prince replied, "how naïve you are; it is true that the Count is middle-aged, but he has not a ray of romance in him. Don't trust him! Maltese knights and Maltese cats do their killing on the sly."

During the dinner delicious Johannisberg was served alternately with ordinary beer. Conversation alternated with laughter, and after dinner albums and music alternated with flirtations. The Prince played some of his charming new songs. On the piano was a beautifully bound book containing them. He pointed to it, saying, "I have had this made for you," and showed me the title-page, where he had written, "*A l'Inspiratrice*." I was tremendously pleased, and sang many of the songs, one after the other. The Prince has had leisure to compose a great deal since he retired into private life. He is wonderfully talented: not only for music, but for painting. Everything he does he does better than any one else.

He said that during the war, when he was obliged to stay in Bordeaux, he would have died of ennui if he had not had his music and drawing to occupy him, especially as the Princess and the children were not with him, and he was dreadfully lonely.

It was a lovely night, and we walked till very late on the terrace, and gazed at the view across the Rhine, over the miles of vineyards and little villages sparkling with lights.

The Prince told me all about the Empress's flight from the Tuileries, after the catastrophe of Sedan. He said that when the news came to the Embassy that the mob was about to enter the Tuileries, he communicated with Count Nigra (the Italian ambassador), and they decided to go there instantly to offer their services to the Empress.

When they arrived, they saw the mob already before the gates. They left their carriages on the quay, entered by a door into the gallery of the Louvre, and hur-

ried to the apartment of the Empress. There they found her with Madame Le Breton. She was very calm and collected, already dressed in a black silk gown, and evidently prepared for flight. She had in her hand a small traveling-bag which contained some papers and a few jewels. Seeing them, she exclaimed, "Tell me, what shall I do?"

The Prince said, "What does Trochu advise your Majesty?"

"Trochu!" she repeated, naming the *Gouverneur de Paris*, to whose particular care the Empress had been intrusted by Napoleon. "I have sent for him twice, but he does not trouble himself to answer or to come to me."

The Prince replied, "Count Nigra and I are here to put ourselves entirely at your Majesty's service."

The Empress thanked them and said: "What do you think best for me to do? You see how helpless I am."

The Prince answered that according to their judgment the wisest thing for her Majesty to do would be to leave Paris at once, and added that his carriage was there and she could make use of it.

Putting on her hat and cloak, she said, "I am ready to follow you."

They went through the Pavillon de Flore, and through the Gallery du Louvre until they reached a small door leading out onto the quay where the two coupés were waiting. The Prince had already thought of one or two friends to whom the Empress could go **and remain** until they returned to help her devise some means for leaving Paris.

The Prince said that during the long walk through the gallery the Empress remained calm and self-possessed, though one could see that she was suffering intensely.

They reached the quay without hindrance and found the carriages. The Prince opened the door of his, and gave orders to the coachman, but the Empress suddenly refused, saying that she preferred to go in a cab, and begged them not to follow her.

There was a cab-stand directly opposite where they stood, and they hailed one, which she and Madame Le Breton were about to get in, when a little boy cried out, "*Voilà l'Impératrice!*" Count Nigra quick as thought turned on the

boy and said in a loud voice, "*Comment tu cries 'Vive la Prusse!'*" and boxed his ears, so that attention should be diverted from the Empress.

The Prince gave to the cabman the names of the streets and the numbers of the houses where he had proposed to the Empress that she should go, and the ladies drove away.

"Did you not follow her?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "In spite of the Empress's wishes, after allowing enough time for her to get well on her way, we drove to the two addresses given, but did not find her at either of them. We could not imagine what had happened to her."

"What *had* happened to her?" I asked.

"It was only after hours of the greatest anxiety that we ourselves knew. At about six o'clock I received a note from the Empress saying that she had gone to the two houses we had named, but no one was there, and then, not knowing what to do, had in despair thought of Dr. Evans (the dentist), and had driven to his house, where she was in safety for the moment."

"What a dreadful moment for the Empress! How did she dare to send the note to you?"

"It was imprudent," said the Prince. "But she intrusted it to Dr. Crane, who happened to be dining with Dr. Evans; he brought it to me and gave it into my own hands."

"Did you go to see her?"

"Yes, I went to see her, but there had been given strict orders not to let any one enter, not even me."

The Prince showed me this letter, which he kept locked up in a desk. Seeing the tears in my eyes, he said, giving me the envelope, "I know you will value this, and I beg you will keep it."

I told him that I would value it more than any one else possibly could, and I did not know how to thank him enough.

He told me a great deal more about the Empress, her hardships and trials, and how brave she had been through them all. She never uttered a word of reproach against any one except Trochu, whom she called an arch-traitor. He told me also of the last time he had seen her Majesty at Chiselhurst, and how sad this interview had been. The beautiful and

adored Empress of France, now a widow and a fugitive!

I was sorry that our conversation was interrupted; I could have listened for hours, but tea was announced, and we were obliged to leave the library.

The next day the Prince and his friends were deeply engaged in making a kite; they tried everything imaginable to coax it to fly, but it refused. The Prince even mounted a ladder, hoping to catch the wind by holding it higher, but all in vain; the moment he let go, down flopped the kite with almost human perversity.

After the Prince had said "*Saperlotte!*" twenty times, they gave up the kite and played tennis—a new game, over which he is as enthusiastic as he used to be over croquet—until the blast of a horn announced the arrival of the arch-ducal four-in-hand which they were expecting.

Then there was a hurried putting on of coats, wiping of perspiring brows, and they all went forward to receive the Archduke, Charles Ferdinand, who had driven over from Wiesbaden to spend the day, bringing with him some younger gentlemen.

Prince Metternich immediately proposed playing tennis. Some of the guests were happy to do so, but the Archduke, being fatigued from his long drive, begged to go to his room until luncheon.

While the gentlemen were playing tennis, the Princess took me to the kitchen-garden, to show me the American green-corn, planted from seeds which we had given to her at Petit Val four years before. She told me with great joy that we were to have some for dinner.

After luncheon we were invited to visit the famous wine-vaults. The intendant appeared with the keys, accompanied by a subordinate. We followed him down the stairs to the heavily bolted oak door, which he opened with a flourish. The first thing we saw on entering was "*Willkommen*" in transparencies in front of the entrance.

These cellars were of the same dimensions as the *Schloss*—one hundred feet each way. Rows and rows of large casks placed close together lined the walls; each cask had a lighted candle placed on it by means of plaster. Lamps hung at

intervals from the vaulted ceiling gave a weird look to the long alleys, which seemed to stretch out for miles through the dim vista.

We walked on. Every little while we came to what the Prince called a *cabaret*, and what the Princess called more poetically a *bosquet*, but which literally was a table and chairs surrounded by plants. The smell of the wine was overpowering. When we reached *bosquet* No. 1, the intendant handed each of us a full glass of Johannisberg, the same that was served at the table; at *bosquet* No. 2 we received only half a glass of a finer quality; at *bosquet* No. 3, on the walls of which were the initials of the Duchesse d'Ossuna (E. O., formed by candles), we got only a liqueur glassful. The farther we went, the older and therefore the more valuable the wine was and the less we were given. When we reached *bosquet* No. 6, the last stop, we were allowed a discreet sip from a sherry-glass, which was passed from one to the other like a loving-cup.

What was my surprise to see here "I know a Lillie fair to see" designed in candles against the walls. The Princess told me that the Prince had been a long time making this, and I hoped I showed due appreciation of the compliment. I was immensely flattered.

The wine is the color of amber or pale yellow, according to the year, and tastes deliciously; the aroma reminds one of sandal-wood. The wines of the best years are only sold in bottles, bearing the *cachet* of the Prince's arms and the autograph of the intendant; the color of the seal denotes the quality.

You will be interested to hear how they gather the grapes. It is very carefully done; each bunch is picked like a flower, and each grape is selected with the greatest care; any grape with the slightest imperfection is discarded. They remain longer on the vines here than anywhere else, so that the sweetness of the grape is doubly concentrated. A good year will produce from sixty to eighty thousand bottles, and bring in an income of one hundred and fifty thousand marks. The company which built the railroad through the grounds had to pay an enormous sum for the land, every inch of which is worth its weight in gold. You may imagine the despair of the intendant when he sees

so much of this valuable land taken for the croquet and tennis games, but the last straw is—the corn.

One of the guests here, Duchesse d'Ossuna, is a very striking and handsome lady, who has been a great beauty, and is still, though now about forty years old. Her husband is one of the richest men in Spain, but is of such wretched health that she has for many years expected hourly to be a widow.

Coming away from the insidious fumes of the wine into the hot air, and leaving the dark cellars for the glaring broad daylight, made us feel a little light-headed. I noticed that the Archduke had to be gently and with due discretion aided up the steps. He dropped into the first available bench, and said, solemnly and with conviction, "To see this wine makes one want to taste it; to taste it makes one want to drink it; to drink it makes one want to dream."

I hope that you appreciate this profound saying. It ought not to be lost to posterity.

We left him, thinking he would prefer the society of his adjutant to ours. I knew that I preferred mine to any one else's, and went to my room, mounting its winding staircase, which I thought wound more than was necessary. Taking guests into the wine-cellars is the great amusement here, and it never fails.

Every one was in exuberant spirits at dinner. I wish I could remember half of the clever things that were said. The corn came on in the midst of screams of delight. Our hostess ate thirteen ears, which if reduced to kernels would have made about one ordinary ear—there was so much cob and so little corn. The Princess enjoyed them hugely.

Coffee was served on the terrace, and later we had music in the hall, and before the departure of the Archduke there was a fine display of fireworks set off from the terrace, which must have looked splendidly from the distance.

September, 1874.

Dear Mother:

Last Tuesday we three, Count and Countess Westphalen and I, left Wiesbaden, slept at Frankfort, and, starting the next morning at two o'clock, arrived at our destination, Meresburg, at 5 P.M.

We found three carriages, one for us and two for the maids and luggage. Half-way to the castle we met, driving the lightest and prettiest of basket-wagons, our host and hostess, Count and Countess Grantheim. The latter got into the carriage with us, and one of us took her place by the side of the host. We passed through the village, which had but one street, irregular and narrow, and we were in constant danger of running over the shoals of little children, who stood stupidly in the middle of it, gazing at us with open eyes and mouths.

The château is a very large, square building, with rounded towers at the four corners, more Elizabethan than anything else. It has been remodeled, added to, and adorned so many times that it is difficult to tell to which style of architecture it belongs.

Our first evening was spent quietly making acquaintance with the other guests. The next day we lunched at two o'clock, the gentlemen in knickerbockers and shooting attire, the ladies in sensible gowns of light material over silk petticoats. Simplicity is the order of the day. Our lunch consisted of many courses, and we might have lingered for hours if the sight of the postman coming up the avenue had not given us the excuse to leave the table and devote ourselves to our correspondence, which had to be done in double-quick time, as the postman only waited a short fifteen minutes, long enough to imbibe the welcome cup of coffee or the glass of beer which he found awaiting him in the kitchen. The Countess, although the mother of a young man twenty-four years of age, has a pink-and-white complexion and a fine statuesque figure. She is a Russian lady by birth, and does a lot of kissing, as seems to be the custom in Russia. She told me that when a gentleman of a certain position kisses your hand you must kiss his forehead.

The young Count, when he returned from the races at Wiesbaden, brought with him a young American who had been presented to him by a friend of his, who had said that Mr. Brent, of Colorado (that was his name), was very "original" and *ausserordentlich charmant*. And he was both charming and original, but not the type one meets in society.

He was a big, tall, splendidly built fellow, with the sweetest face and the liquidest blue eyes one can imagine. He had a soft, melodious voice, and the most fascinating manner in spite of his far-Western language. Every one liked him; my American heart warmed to him instantly, and even the austere *grande dame*, our hostess, was visibly captivated, and the prim German governess drank in every word he said, intending, no doubt, to improve her English, which otherwise she never got a chance to speak; certainly not with me, because I wanted to improve my German.

The two young men arrived yesterday, just in time for tea. When the Countess asked him in her most velvety tones, "Do you take sugar, Mr. Brent?" "Yes, ma'am, I do, three lumps, and, if it's beety, I take four." (I trembled; what would he say next?) "I've got a real sweet tooth," he said, with an alluring smile, to which we all succumbed.

While dressing for dinner I shuddered at the thought of what his dinner toilet might be, but I cannot say how relieved I was when I saw him appear dressed in perfect evening dress in the latest fashion except his tie, which was of white satin and very badly tied.

The salon in which we met before dinner is a real museum of rare pictures, old furniture, and curiosities. The walls are hung with old Italian *faïences* and *porcelaines*. A huge buffet reaching to the ceiling is filled with Venetian goblets and Majolica vases. A vast chimney-piece under which one can stand with ease is ornamented with a fine iron bas-relief of the family arms and a ponderous pair of andirons, which support a heavy iron bar big enough to roast a wild boar on. Count Janisch called Mr. Brent's attention to it, and Mr. Brent said, pleasantly, "I suppose this is where the ancestors toasted their patriarchal toes."

At dinner he sat next to the governess, and I could see her trying to digest his "original" language, and I was near enough to overhear some of their conversation. For instance, she asked him what his occupation was in his native land.

"Oh," he said, "I do a little of everything, mostly farming. I've paddled my own canoe since I was a small kid."

"Is there much water in your country-place?" she inquired.

"Don't you mean country? Well, yes, we have quite a few pailfuls over there, and we don't have to pull a string to let our waterfalls down."

My neighbor must have thought me very inattentive, but I felt that I could not lose a word of Mr. Brent's conversation.

The vestibule (or *Halle*, as they called it), where we went after dinner, used to be the *Corps de Garde*. It had vaulted ceilings and great oak beams, and was filled with hunting implements of all ages arranged in groups on the walls. There were cross-bows, fencing-swords, masks, guns (old and new), pistols, etc. Mr. Brent was very much impressed by this collection, and gazed at the specimens with sparkling admiration, and remarked to the governess, who was always at his elbow, "I never saw such a lot of things [meaning the weapons] outside of a shindy."

"What is a shindy?" inquired the governess, always anxious to improve her knowledge of the language.

"Why, don't you know what a shindy is? No? Well, it's a free fight, where you kill promiscuous."

"*Gott im Himmel!*" almost screamed the terrified damsel. "Do you mean to say that you have killed any one otherwise than in a duel?"

"I can't deny that I have killed a few," Mr. Brent said, casually, "but never in cold blood."

"How dreadful!" his listener cried.

"But you see, over there," pointing with his cigar into the vague (toward Colorado), "if a man insults you, you must kill him then and there, and you must always be heeled."

"Healed?" she replied, puzzled. "Do they always get well?"

Neither understood. Probably she thinks to this day that a shindy is an exceptionally good hospital.

The Count said, "This room is a very good specimen of Renaissance style."

Mr. Brent replied: "I don't know what renny-saunse means, but this room is the style I like. It's bully, and to-morrow I'd like to take a snapshot of it and of all the company, to show mother, if [with his charming smile] you will let me."

"You shall take that and any other thing you like," said the Count. "How long do you intend staying in Europe?"

"That depends," answered Mr. Brent. "I came across the pond because the doctor said I needed rest and change."

"I hope that you have had them both," the Count said, kindly.

"I got the change all right, but the hotel-keepers got the rest, as the story goes."

Every one laughed, and voted the young and clever American perfectly delightful.

The Countess, when she bade him good night, extended her jeweled hand, the hand that always had been held with reverence and pressed gently to lips, and felt it seized in a grip which made her wince.

"Madame, you are just as sweet as you can be. I cottoned to you right off the minute I saw you, just as I did to Sonny over there," pointing to the noble scion of the house. The governess made a note of the word "cotton." The Countess was dumfounded, but our young friend seeming so unconscious of having said or done anything out of the way, she simply, instead of resenting what in another would have been most offensive, looked at him with a lovely, motherly smile, and I am sure she wanted to imprint a kiss on his forehead *à la russe*.

The next morning the Countess mentioned that she had a quantity of old tapestries somewhere about in the house.

"Where are they?" we all exclaimed. "Can we not see them?"

"Certainly, but I do not know where they are," answered the Countess. "They may be in the stables."

We went there, and, sure enough, we found, after rummaging about in the large attic, a quantity of old tapestries, three complete subjects (biblical and pastoral), all of them more or less spoiled by rats and indiscriminate cutting.

Mr. Tweed, the English trainer, says that the stables here are some of the finest in Germany, and that the Count owns the best racing-horses in the land, and is a thorough connoisseur of everything connected with horses. Our Colorado friend did not seem at all overwhelmed with the splendor of the stables, but, with a knowing eye examining the

horses—feet, fetlocks, and all—and without further preliminaries, said, "This one is not worth much, and that one I would not give two cents for; but this fellow"—pointing to the Count's best racer—"is a beauty."

Mr. Tweed's amazement at this amateur, as he supposed him to be, was turned into admiration when Mr. Brent walked into the paddock, asked for a rope, and proceeded to show us how they lasso horses in America. Every one was delighted at this exhibition.

Then Mr. Tweed brought out the most unruly horse he had, which none of the English or German grooms could mount. Mr. Brent advanced cautiously, and with a few coaxing words got the horse to stand quiet long enough for him to pass his hand caressingly over his neck. But putting the saddle on him was another matter. The horse absolutely refused to be saddled. So what did our American do but give one mighty spring and land on the horse's bare back. He dug his strong legs into the sides of the horse, and though the horse kicked and plunged for a while, it succumbed finally, and was brought in tame and meek. Nothing could have pleased the Count more than this, and the rest of us were lost in admiration.

Mr. Brent invited all the stable-boys *en bloc* to come over to America to see him. He "guessed he and the boys could teach them a trick or two."

After luncheon he wanted us all to come out on the lawn to be photographed, particularly the Countess, and said to the young Count, "You tackle the Missus [meaning the Countess], and I'll get the others."

Of course, no one refused. How could we resist such a charmer?

He said to the Countess while "fixing" her for the group, "I wanted you because you remind me so of my dear old mother." The Countess actually purred with ecstasy, but I don't think she would have liked to be compared to any "old" thing (mother or not) by anybody else. In this case she merely looked up at him and smiled sweetly; and as for the *blasé*, stately Count, he simply would not let him out of his sight. At last the group was arranged according to Mr. Brent's ideas, the host and hostess in the cen-

ter, while the others clustered around them.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, please look pleasant," said Mr. Brent, and we all took the attitude we remembered to have looked well in on some former occasion, and hoped we looked "pleasant," and that "mother," when contemplating us later, would approve of us.

The Count's birthday happened to fall on one of these days. Mr. Brent, who had intended to leave, was urged by both him and the Countess to stay.

The young Count said, "Papa would be really unhappy if you went away."

"That's real nice of him; you bet I'll stay, then."

On the day itself he was all-pervading. It was he who hung the heavy garlands and wreaths on the highest poles, agile as a cat, and draped the flags about the escutcheons placed everywhere. He helped the ladies arrange the flowers in the innumerable vases in the salons. He it was who led the applause when the deputation of young people from the village made their speech, and when the Count responded in his most dignified, courtly manner, Mr. Brent cried out in a most enthusiastic voice, "Good for you!"

In the evening there were visits from all the surrounding neighborhood; the ladies wore tiaras and all their jewels, and the gentlemen all their decorations. There was a grand supper in the state dining-room. Although I suppose it was the first time Mr. Brent had ever seen such a sight, he did not seem in the least astonished. He circulated about the distinguished company, made himself most agreeable indiscriminately to young and old. He was in full glory, and certainly was the life of the evening, which finished brilliantly with a grand display of fireworks set off from the tower, so that they could be seen from far and near.

The next day Mr. Brent left. When he bade me good-by he said: "Good-by, ma'am. If I have had a good time here, I owe it all to you."

"Oh no, you don't," I said; "you owe it all to yourself, and you may say to your mother from me that you won all hearts."

"Ah!" he sighed, turning away his head, giving my hand an extra squeeze, "if you ever come to Colorado, just ask

any one for Johnny Brent, and if I don't stand on my head for you it 'll be because I've lost it."

His leave-taking of the Countess was almost pathetic. He held her hand long and tenderly, and said, "I can't find any words, ma'am—I mean Countess—but . . . thank you; that's all I can say."

And the Countess—we thought we should faint!—put her hand on his shoulder; he bent his head, and she kissed him on his forehead. And he—were the heavens going to fall?—stooped down and kissed her cheek.

The Count said: "Good-by, my boy. Come again to see us"; and going to the walls where his collection of pistols hung, took one of them and handed it to him. "This will remind you of us, but don't kill any one with it."

"Never," said Mr. Brent. "I will hang it round my neck."

Thus departed our American hero; for who but a hero could have stormed such a fortress and broken down all the traditional barriers? But his departure left a blank which even the visit of royalty in the person of Prince Frederic-Charles of Prussia could not fill.

FURSTENBERG, December, 1874.

Dear Mother:

The Duke of Nassau had promised to come here to shoot wild boars, for which this forest is celebrated. Count Westphalen sent invitations far and wide to call his hunting friends to join. Before the arrival of the Duke, carriage after carriage entered the courtyard; oceans of fur coats, gun-cases, valises, bags, and fur-lined rugs were thrown about in the hall to be sorted out afterward. Then the Duke drove up in a sleigh with four horses, his aide-de-camp, two postilions, and a friend, both of them so wrapped up in *pelisses* and immense fur caps that you could only see the tips of their red noses, like signals of danger on railroads. No wonder! They had had three hours of this cold sleigh-ride!

The quiet old château was transformed. Each guest had his own servant and chasseur. The servants helped serve at dinner. The chasseurs cleaned the guns, lounged about smoking their pipes, and looked picturesque, attitudinizing in their Tyrolean hats, with their leather

gaiters, short green jackets, and leather belts, in which they carried their hunting-knives and cartridges.

His Highness (who is very short and thick-set) was accompanied by a secretary, a chasseur, a valet, two postilions, two grooms, and four horses. He had six guns, six trunks, and endless coats of different warmth. In the twinkling of an eye, cigar-cases, pipes, photographs, writing-paper (with his own monogram), and masses of etceteras were spread about in his salon, as if he could not even look in his looking-glass without having these familiar objects before his eyes.

At twelve o'clock high (very high) lunch was served. The servants brought in the eatables in monstrous quantities, and disappeared, the guests served themselves and one another, and, when out of occupation, fed the fire, where logs smoldered all day.

At a reasonable hour after cigars and cigarettes had been smoked, the sleighs were ordered to be in readiness in the courtyard. The thirty or forty trackers had been out since early morn. The Count has fourteen thousand acres to be tracked over, therefore such an early start was necessary.

The hunters swallowed a bitter pill when they asked us ladies to accompany them, but they knew their hostess would not let them go without her; so why not take the tame bores while shooting the wild ones?

They portioned off one lady and one gentleman to each sleigh. These sleighs are very small and contrived for the confusion of mankind. I cannot imagine what a man, if he has reasonably sized legs, does with them. You sit in a bag of sheep's wool, or perhaps the bag is simply two whole sheep skins sewed together. You stretch your legs, thus pinioned on the sides, out as far as they reach, then the driver puts a board over them on which he perches himself, nearly over the horse's tail, and off you go.

The poor horses are so dressed up that if they could see themselves they would not know whether they were toy rabbits or Chinese pagodas. On the horse's back is a huge net, which not only covers them from head to tail, but also protects them in the sleigh from the snow flying in

their faces. I should think that this net would be excellent in summer to keep the flies off; it does certainly suggest mosquito-netted beds and summer heat. Over the net is an arrangement which looks like a brass lyre adorned with innumerable brass bells, that jingle and tinkle as we trot along, and make noise enough to awake all the echoes in the forest. On each side of the horse's head hang long, white horse-hair tails.

Arrived on the spot, Count Westphalen placed his guests by different trees; the best place, of course, fell to the Duke, and I had the honor to stand behind him and his gun. I hoped that neither would go off! The Duke is very near-sighted and wears double-barreled spectacles, which have windows on the sides, so that he can look around the corner without turning his head.

Every one was begged to be perfectly quiet, otherwise there would be disaster all along the line. I could keep quiet very well for a time, but the back of a man crowned with a Tyrolean hat, having farther down a monstrous pair of overshoes lined with straw, lost its interest after a while, and I began to look at the scenery. It must be lovely here in summer! The valley, where a little brook meanders gracefully through the meadow (now ice and snow), bordered on both sides by high pine woods, must then be covered with flowers and fresh, green grass, and full of light and shadow.

His Highness and I were under a splendid oak, and there we stood waiting for something to happen. The Duke, I, and the oak were silence personified. A dead branch would crack, or the trunks of smaller and ignorant pines would knock together, and the Duke would look around the corner and say "Chut!" in a low voice, thinking I was playing a tattoo on the trees. "Now the trackers are on the scent!" he said, and after this I hardly dared to breathe. "They have to drive the boar with the wind," he whispered. "If they smell us they go away."

The trackers, or *Treibers*, go in couples, Count Westphalen leading them. It is not etiquette for the host to shoot; he must leave all the chances and glory to his guests. Among the trackers were various servants and chasseurs carrying

extra guns and short daggers for the final despatch (*le coup de grâce*). We heard them coming nearer and nearer, but we saw no boar. Many other animals came wonderingly forward; some foxes, trailing their long tails gracefully over the snow, looked about them and trotted off; a furtive deer cautiously peered around with ears erect and trotted off also; but it was not for such as these we stood ankle-deep in the snow, shivering with cold and half frozen. A shot now would spoil all the sport. One has a longing to talk when one is told to be quiet. I can't remember ever having thought of so many clever things I wanted to say as I did as I stood behind the ducal back. Things that would be forever lost! And I tried to enter them and fix them in my brain to be produced later, but alas!

The Duke, being, as I said, very near-sighted, came near shooting one of his own servants. The man who carried his extra gun had tied the two ends of a sack and put it over his head to keep his ears warm. Just as the Duke was raising his gun, thinking that if it was not a boar it was something else, I ventured a gentle whisper, "*C'est votre domestique, monseigneur,*" and he had the grace to whisper, "*Merci!*"

Finally we saw beneath us on the plains three wild boars leaping in the snow, followed by a great many more. They had the movements of a porpoise as he dives in and out of the water, and of an ungraceful and hideous pig when hopping along.

The Duke fired his two shots, and, let us hope, two boars fell. The others flew to right and left, except one ugly beast, who came straight toward our individual tree; I must say that in that moment my little heart was in my throat, and I realized that the tree was too high to climb and too small to hide behind. The Duke said in a husky voice, "Don't move, for God's sake, even if they come toward us!"

This was cheery! Abraham's blind obedience was nothing to mine. Here was I, a stranger in a foreign land, about to sacrifice my life on the shrine of a wild boar! Count Metternich, behind the next tree, fired and killed the brute, so I was *quitte pour la peur*. It was high time to kill him, for he had begun charg-

ROME, April, 1875.

ing at the beaters, and threatened to make it lively for us, and if Count Metternich had not in the nick of time sent a bullet into him, I don't know if I should be writing this little account to you at this moment.

There was a great deal of shouting, and the dogs were yelling at the top of their lungs, and every one was talking at the same time and explaining things which every one knew. Counting the guests, the servants, the trackers, the dilettantes, there were seventy people on the field, and I must say, though we were *transi de froid*, it was an exhilarating sight; the snow is such a beautiful *mise en scène*. However, we were glad to get back into the fur bags and draw the fur rugs up to our noses, and though I had had so many brilliant things to say under the tree, I could not think of one of them on our way home.

Fourteen big, ugly boars were brought and laid to rest in the large hall on branches of pine-trees, and a pine branch stuck artistically in each of their mouths. They weighed from one hundred to three hundred pounds each, and smelt like a cart-load of dead cats, but they were immensely admired by their killers, each of whom pretended to recognize his own booty and to claim it for his own. The hunters have the right to keep the jaws and teeth, which they have mounted and hang on their walls as trophies.

Count Westphalen has his smoking-room filled to overflowing with jaws and teeth and chamois heads, etc. They make a tremendous show, and add feathers to his already well-garnished cap.

Howard, who was with me, said to the Duke in his sweet, childish voice, looking up into his face, "I am so sorry for you."

"Why?" said the Duke.

"Because the Prussians have taken away your country from you."

We all trembled, not knowing how the Duke would take this; but he took it very kindly, patting Howard on the back, and said, "Thank you, my little friend, I am sorry, too, but there is nothing to be done," and his eyes filled with tears. The next day he gave Howard his portrait, with "*Pour mon petit ami, Howard Moulton—d'un pauvre chassé, Adolf, Duc de Nassau.*"

Very nice of him, wasn't it?

Dear Mother:

I came here to stay with my friends the Haseltines, who live in very fine style in the beautiful Palazzo Altieri on the second floor; Mr. Haseltine paints lovely landscapes, which every one admires and appreciates.

I have met so many old friends of whom you will be glad to hear, and I have also made the acquaintance of William Story, the sculptor of whom you have always talked so much. You will be pleased to know that I have at last seen him—Mrs. Story, Miss Story, and the third story where they live in the Palazzo Barberini; I have already counted many times the tiresome one hundred and twenty steps which mount to their apartment, and I have dined frequently with them in their chilly Roman dining-room. This is warmed only by the little apparatus which in Rome goes for a stove. It has a thin leg, which it sticks out of a hole made in the side of the house, and could warm a flea at a pinch.

My cold toes in my evening shoes welcomed the smelly hay under the thin carpet which covers the stone floor, and my poor bare neck and shoulders shivered in this "Greenland's-icy-mountain" temperature so common to Roman palaces. This was before I was an *habitué*, but after I had become an *habitué* I wore like the other jewel-bedecked dames woolen stockings and fur-lined overshoes. The contrast must be funny if one could see aboveboard and underboard at the same time.

The Storys generally have a lion for dinner and for their evening entertainments. My invitations to their dinners always read thus: "My dear Mrs. M—we are going to have"—(mentioning the lion)—"to dinner. Will you not join us? And if you would kindly bring a little music it would be such a . . ." etc., etc. No beating about the bush, is there? The other evening Miss Hosmer, a female rival of Mr. Story in the sculpturing line, was the lion of the occasion, and was three-quarters of an hour late, and her excuse was that she was studying out the problems of perpetual motion. Mr. Story, who is a joker, said that he wished the motion had been perpetuated in a *botte* (which is Italian for cab).

I have always wanted very much to see the famous Garibaldi, and as I knew that he was in Rome, I was determined to have a glance at him. But how could it be done? I had been told that he was quite *farouche* and quite unapproachable, and that he disliked, above all, strangers.

However, where there is a will there seems to come a way; at any rate, there did come a way, and this is the way it came. At dinner at the French Embassy I sat next to Prince Odelscalchi, and told him of my desire to see Garibaldi, and he said: "Perhaps I can manage it for you. I have a friend who knows a friend of Garibaldi, and it might be arranged through him."

"Then," I said, "your friend who knows a friend of Garibaldi's will let you know, and as you are a friend of my friend you will let *her* know, and she will let *me* know."

"It sounds very complicated," he answered, laughingly, "and is perhaps impossible, but we will do our best."

Two days later there came a message from the Prince, saying that if Mrs. Haseltine and I would drive out to Garibaldi's villa, the friend and the friend of the friend would be there to meet us and present us. This we did, and found the two gentlemen awaiting us at the gate of the villa. I felt my heart beat a little faster at the thought of seeing the great hero.

Garibaldi was sitting in his garden in a big, easy wicker chair, and looked rather grumpy, I thought—probably he was annoyed at being disturbed—but he apparently made up his mind to accept the inevitable, and, getting up, came toward us, and, on our being presented, stretched out a welcoming hand.

He had on a rather soiled cape and a *foulard*, the worse for wear, around his neck, where the historic red shirt was visible. His head with its long hair was covered with a velvet *calotte*. He looked more like an invalid basking in the sun

with a shawl over his legs than he did like the hero of my imagination, and the only time he did look at all military was when he turned sharply to his parrot, who kept up an incessant chattering, and said in a voice full of command, "*Taci!*" which the parrot did not in the least mind.

Garibaldi apologized for the parrot's bad manners by saying, "He is very unruly, but he talks well"; and then added, "Better than his master."

"I don't agree with you," I said. "I can understand you, whereas I can't even tell what language he is speaking."

"He comes from Brazil, and was given to me by a lady," he answered.

"Does he speak only Brazilian?" I asked.

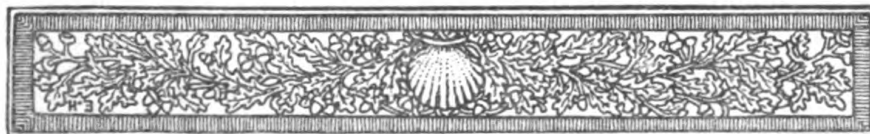
"Oh no; he can say '*Io t'amo*' and '*Caro mio*.'"

"That shows how well the lady educated him. Will he not say '*Io t'amo*' for me? I should so love to hear him."

But in spite of tender pleadings the parrot refused to do anything but scream in his native tongue.

Garibaldi talked Italian in a soft voice with his friend, and French to us. He asked a few questions as to our nationality, and made some other commonplace remarks. When I told him that I was an American he seemed to unbend a little, and said: "I like the Americans. They are an honorable, just, and intelligent people."

He must have read admiration in my eyes, for he laid himself out (so his friend said) to be amiable. Amiability toward strangers was evidently not his customary attitude. He went so far as to give me his photograph, and wrote "Miss Multon" on it with a hand far from clean, but it was the hand of a brave hero, and I liked it all the better for being dirty. It seemed somehow to belong to a hero. On our taking leave of him he conjured up a wan smile, and said very pleasantly, giving us his hand, "*A riverderci*."



Fuego

BY HORACE FISH

IT was in that part of the world which is neither France nor Spain, the part which is south of one and north of the other, west of Italy, and east of the sea. The inn stood, gray and weather-beaten, below acacia-trees. They grew persistently up the side of the low mountain, and June had brought their one week's holiday of long blossoms to hang, white and still, over the crumbling eaves.

The American woman sat on the steps, looking down the yellow, narrow road. She was more lonely than alone, for the keeper of the inn was near her, unpacking his new cases of wine and talking at random.

"Madame finds our mountains wearisome," he said, slipping the husk from a thin bottle. "Or perhaps madame finds it too difficult to paint—or," correcting himself, "not beautiful enough."

A fraction of a smile hardened one corner of the woman's mouth. It was not the innocent reference to her painting, it was the "madame" that made it hard. Gazing down the road to the open fields of valley stubble, she winced at the unmarried years that brought "madame" to the lips of the keeper of the inn. She had become selective in the matters of life. She chose her words. And inn-keepers never choose theirs. She called herself a painter now, not an artist. Success made artists.

She did not answer the keeper of the inn. She knew there was no need till the new case was empty. His intermittent voice went on, with the monotonous irregularity of an insect's. Gradually her mind heard it, and she listened again.

"But life, the travelers tell me, is dull everywhere. That applies, of course, only to gentlefolk and to artists. So you should be glad, madame, that you are simply rich, and have the qualities of neither."

A cylinder of straw fell near the woman's feet, and she leaned over and picked it up.

"How glad I am," she said, slowly. "that you do not speak humorously."

The host paused, a bottle in one hand, a wrapper in the other, and looked at her. "But, madame," he said, a little troubled, "how could I speak lightly upon so delicate a subject? It is only when ma-mademoiselle is gloomy that one tries to amuse her."

"Yes," said the woman, absently. She was gazing again at the distant stubble-fields. The thoughtful mademoiselle had been more troubling than the thoughtless madame.

The insect voice hummed on, but she scarcely heard it. She was enumerating four, six, seven weeks, one, two, five pictures; one mountain; one Spaniard; one French peddler; one-half peasant French, one-half peasant Spanish, total one peasant (the three of them had been different, but their pictures much alike); and, yesterday, one acacias. Plain bad, the acacias. Acacias are mostly white, with pink handles. So, of course, her white had given out, when she had enough pink for a Psyche.

"Perhaps the circus would amuse madame. It is here now, and there will be a performance to-night, and, if all do not come to-night, another to-morrow night. The preparations are in progress. Has not madame noticed? Or perhaps she would not interest herself. It is all there, directly before her eyes."

Far down in the yellow fields the black, moving objects took on meaning for her: the oxen lowering and lifting their heads in the shimmering glare, the ebony band that crossed their necks, the manikin human figures that moved fro and to against the gold of the sun; and that straight line, up and down, that came between her eyes, like a coarse woof in the canvas—that must be the tent-pole, dark and naked in the radiating heat.

"There have been stranger things than that madame should be amused by the circus. Except me, all in the town will be there."

"And will that be so many?" This time the smile touched her eyes.

"And from many miles as well—several in the mountains, and more than a league more through the valley. In all, above two hundred, either to-night or the sum of both nights."

In a flash of sunlight from the burnished field she saw a streak of black curve across the horizon. A man had lifted the yoke from the oxen, and thrown it on the ground. The dark line of the tent-pole had vanished, and around it was rising a drooping gray cone.

"Even there have been some who have gone the two nights—with the privilege, on the second night, of kissing the lady gymnast. Though that would not interest madame, unless to paint. But I cannot say if that would apply to this circus—whether there would be such doings. Yet I know that it is a fine circus, and if it were not for my profession, I myself would go.

"Their treasure is a girl who is not afraid of fire. Even madame, with her brave red hair, might be afraid of a thing so unnatural as that. But this girl is not afraid. She rides standing up upon a horse. The horse rides very fast, and she carries a wooden ring set on fire, and throws it in the air. It can be said with some reason that she is magic. For she catches the ring, all fire, again and again, and at last she jumps through it, holding it in her hands, upon the horse's back. In order that there be no cheating, she lights the hoop herself, madame, from a candle. Indeed, she would let you come from your own place and light it. . . . She is a Spanish girl."

A faint cloud had floated into the valley, and hung melting beyond the tent. An arm of the dying sun reached out and struck it, and lavender blood suffused it. One shaft of gold light struggled in the fields.

The woman rose.

"Perhaps madame would condescend to accompany my wife. My wife will always go to the circus. At least madame might find something there that she could paint."

The woman laughed. "Or something to fall in love with," she said.

"Ah," said the host, deprecatingly, "now it is madame that is humorous."

She looked at him abruptly.

"Please call me by my name," she said; "stop calling me 'madame.' Say 'miss,' and then my name."

Startled and abashed, the inn-keeper stared.

"As you see fit," he stammered—"madame—mademoiselle—"

Through the faintly star-lighted night the trio journeyed slowly down to the circus—the American woman and the inn-keeper's wife together in the little cart, the inn-keeper leading the donkey. The American woman spoke to him.

"Why do you not see it with us?"

"But my wife must see it," he answered, simply; "we may not leave the inn to the servant."

Two yellow torches flared at the entrance to the tent, and in their glare the woman descended from the cart, the peasant woman clinging, in a quiver of nervous excitement, to her arm.

She looked for the picture of the Spanish girl who was not afraid of fire, but a torn red cloth had been hung over it, and where this sagged at the top she could only read, in crude, yellow letters, "La Fuego!"

Across the entrance rail the host was speaking to them. "I will return for you." His wife released his hand with a gasp, and now, with all ten fingers fastened on the woman's arm, dragged her under the folds of the canvas.

They sat on boards in the small, dim tent. It was nearly filled, and half lighted by one oil lamp in the center. The circus began: a dingy parade of animals: a llama, a monkey on a dog, a manufactured zebra, in single file like a celibate procession into the ark. Then a man rode on two horses, hands in air, feet two feet apart, and a pair of lady gymnasts, like a set of sullen statues, pulled their trapeze from the roof.

"Nothing, nothing that I couldn't do myself," reflected the American, grimly.

Then came the clown.

His hair was red, redder than her own; tight, like crinkled waves of paint, upon his head, and his face was as white as milk, a hue that, in the thin glare of the lamp, was whiter, deathlier than powder. With her chin on her hand the American woman was leaning

forward, and as he stood still to bow she found herself looking straight into his eyes.

He bowed—toward her, and to right and left. He was the clown, and the crowd laughed. Even before he commenced his tumbling, his grotesqueries, they laughed. He was a clown, and they did not know he was not funny. They had come to be amused.

The inn-keeper's wife was tugging at the American's cloak. "It is now," she whispered, tensely. "When the clown is finished, then the Spanish girl comes with her fire! Oh, I am too happy! If only my dear husband were with me!"

The clown gravely left the ring amid shouts of laughter, and in anticipating silence the audience stirred and waited.

"Ah, look, look, madame!" pleaded the inn-keeper's wife. "Look at the gate, over there. She will come in there! See, the clown has sat down there, just where she will come in. He is to hand her the candle. See, he already has it in his hand!"

And the woman gazed again into the white face of the clown. It was an ascetic face, thin and long and delicate. Across the circle of the tent, it was a narrow, white triangle, with eyes of hollow spots, like a piece of linen with two holes burned in it; but already, on her painter's vision, its acute outlines had fastened like the first, unchangeable strokes on an engraver's plate—the angular, red-yellow brows, above the brown, round, reddish eyes, the slender, shadowing bones over the hollow cheeks; the sharp, small, hawk-like nose; the straight line of the sensitive mouth, colorless above and below the narrow scarlet of the tight-closed lips.

The voice of the inn-keeper's wife was whispering, like a vibrant wire, in her ear.

"Now, now! She *must* come now! Surely she must come now!" But an old man was standing in the gateway. Hesitant, his silk hat twisting in his hands, he advanced before the hushed, expectant villagers. The intangible pall of a coming calamity was upon their holiday spirits.

In the center the old man paused and looked helplessly around. Then his eyes met those of the clown, where he sat

cross-legged by the gate, and, seeming to take new courage, he bowed.

"Signore and signori," he began, unsteadily—"signore and signori! I have to tell you that Señorita Fuega will not appear to-night. We crave your patience and your pardon." His voice stopped, and then, as one who remembers the kernel of his errand, he spoke again. "This," his voice quavered, "this disappointment, signore and signori, we tell you with broken hearts, for it is because Señorita Fuega died last night. For this reason we hope that you will pardon us, and that you will enjoy the rest of our performance."

He turned away with drooping shoulders toward the gate; but a warning finger from the clown arrested him, and he turned back again. There was more courage in his voice this time.

"I did not tell you, signore and signori, that our clown will take her place."

In the deep quiet of the audience, a quick throb passed through the American woman's heart. The inn-keeper's wife leaned against her heavily.

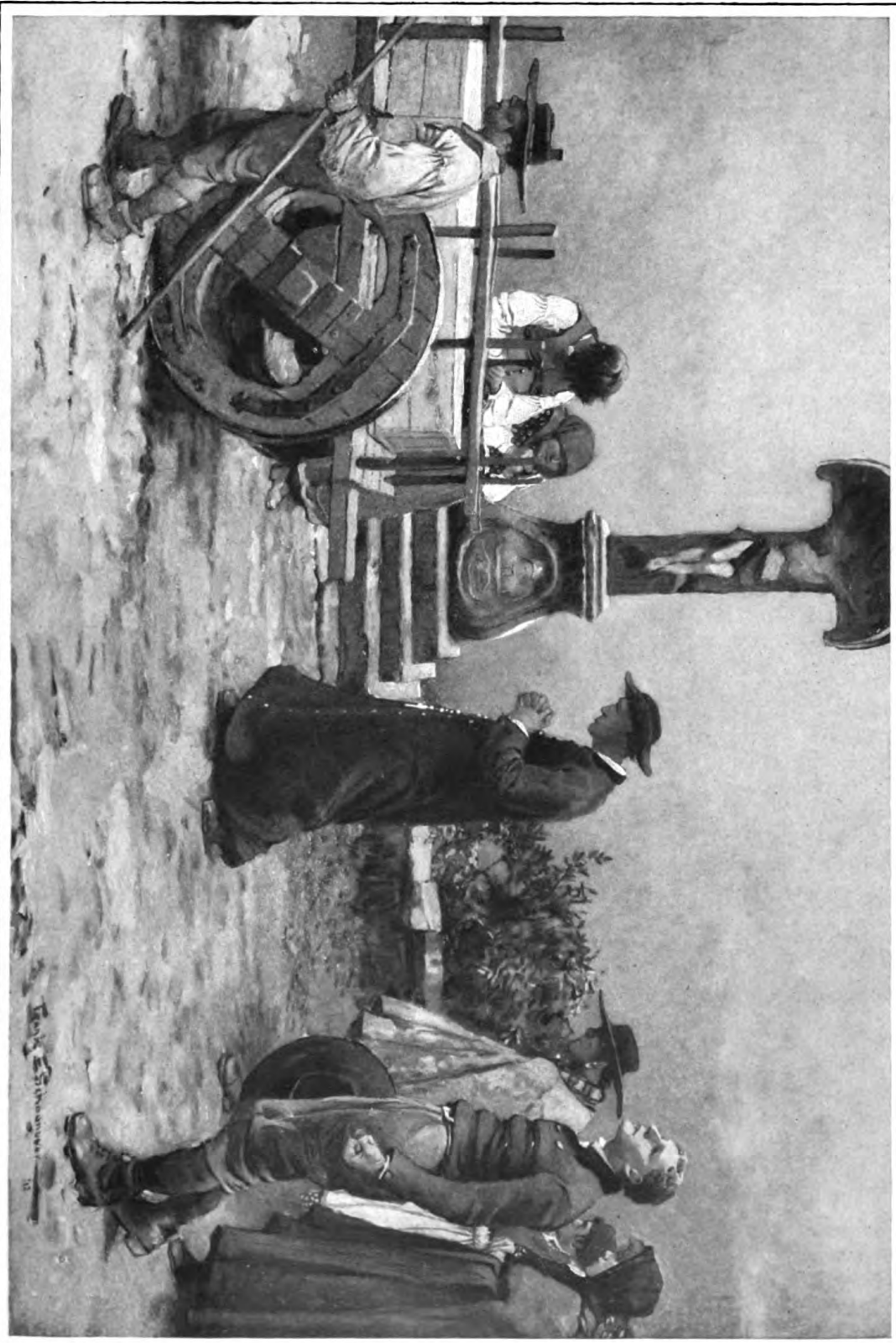
In the gateway a horse was standing, and out of the darkness the clown sprang onto its back and rode into the ring. He had doffed his black-and-white costume, and the peasants saw him riding in the knee-breeches and short jacket of their own people.

In the center of the ring, planting its hoofs, the horse stopped, with the clown erect, fragilely poised, on its broad haunches below the hanging lamp, his hoop in one hand, his candle in the other.

Her elbow on her knees, her chin upon her wrist, the American woman leaned forward.

He touched the candle to the hoop, and bright fire, like a snake in boiling water, curled, licking, around it. Then the yellow circle sprang from his hand into the air, and the clown rode around the ring, tossing it, high and ahead of him, again and again, catching it in his naked hand, twirling it around his head, flecking the golden disk from the muscles of his long, white fingers from one palm to the other.

It was his hands on which the woman's look was fastened, as they closed and twitched and opened on the bounding



Drawn by Frank E. Schooner

THE PROSECUTION STARTED BEFORE IN THE CASE NEXT



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ring of fire. She had thought of La Fuega's feat as a thing of dexterity, of harmless, arithmetic calculation; of La Fuega as a poor child of trickery, flaunting a spangled gown through a dangerless, trick-ruled flame, with two unfired spaces in her hoop, where she would catch it with the accuracy of long, hard-working years.

But she could see the hands of the clown, and the unmistakable lucidity of sight bound her brain to conviction. Once, tearing her eyes from his hands, she saw his face through the ring.

Directly in front of her he was dancing the hoop in short circles before his body. Behind the light of it, the crimson hue of his mouth was gone from his face, and she looked upon dead color, chalk outlines, and the tunnels of his eyes. Their depths focused in hers through the fire, and the hallucination told her that there was some pact between them.

The flickering hoop passed over his head, down around his body, under his flying feet; up again, spinning alone into space, back to his hands, under his feet, over his head. A fluttering gasp came from the staring people. The clown was gone. The Miracle of Fire was over.

They passed out of the tent into the night, jostled by the chattering peasants. Under the torch-light, on the metal-green grass by the mule cart, the old circus-master was bargaining with the inn-keeper for a piece of ground in the cemetery. The dead girl was his daughter, and, respecting his grief, the inn-keeper sold to him cheaply.

As they plodded upward through the dark, the inn-keeper's wife, with a deep sigh, bent from the cart and leaned her head against her husband's shoulder; but presently she turned and looked wonderingly at the American woman.

"Madame is weeping," she said, patting her gently on the knee. "Madame weeps for the poor girl who is dead?"

"Yes," said the American woman. "And for all women."

The next morning mass was said for the dead child in the church, and the American woman knelt, shivering, on the bare floor. A drizzle of fine rain would descend presently, for a gray day

had fallen upon the valley and risen up from it in patches of thick mist. The host of the inn was by her as they went out.

"Perhaps it would interest madame to know why this girl can be buried, knowing that she died in another town and without a priest. For in our church there are many necessary absolutions: the absolution of fire and of water; the absolution of desire; the absolution for those who die in war. Dying in fire, one is therefore purged and escapes purgatory completely; in water and in war, accidents, madame, are bound to happen. And in desire—"

She laid a restraining hand upon him. "Ask the old man if I may follow his daughter to the grave."

The inn-keeper looked at her. "But madame would be doing an honor!"

She pointed to the old Spaniard. "Tell him I would like to honor his daughter. Ask him if I may go."

"Madame has a kind heart," said the voice of the clown, over her shoulder.

The procession started, drearily, in the gray mist, plodding along the lonely miles to the burying-ground. Now before her, like a wanderer, now behind her, like an echo, the clown walked silently, with bent shoulders. The wavering string of dim figures reminded her of the parade in the circus. One of the lady gymnasts carried her baby, and might have been the dog with the monkey. She pictured the old man turning hand-springs to his daughter's grave.

She stood apart, lonely, depressed, as the coffin of boards was set down. The priest, centered in the small group of mountebanks and peasants, was preparing to read the burial service. A few paces away, the clown, his clenched hands hanging motionless, rose through the gray light like a weird monument. The old Spaniard was talking to the host of the inn. His vague, meandering grief had given place to some particular sorrow, and his arms, in a despairing gesture, reached out and fell, like the clown's, to his sides. She beckoned the host to her.

"What is the trouble?" she asked.

"God has taken his daughter from him, madame, and he says that God's will be done. But there is yet grief left on earth for him, for he must send her

to the Madonna in that unpainted box, without a pall."

The woman, her purple cloak on her arm, went to the old man quickly.

"Señor," she said, "forgive a stranger's intrusion. May she pay a tribute to your dead? Will you permit your daughter to wear my raiment to the Virgin?" As she held out the purple cloak, the old man raised his black eyes to hers.

"It has covered many dead things," she said. Watching her like a frightened dog in winter, dumbly he took it on his trembling arms.

The priest, the old man, and the inn-keeper spread the royal color on the coffin. The clown's voice came through the mist. "Signora is herself a Virgin!"

Turning, her soul shrinking under the innocent words, she saw that he was holding his own short, tight jacket outstretched. "No, no!" she said, stepping back. For answer he lifted his head toward the sky, and she saw the fine rain beating on his upturned face. Then he silently slipped it over her arms and around her. As his hands touched hers she convulsively clutched the jacket together at her breast, turning away.

"I have done nothing," she said.

"Madame has done the Virgin's work," he answered, gravely. "Is that nothing? When Madonna looked into my eyes last night, I felt that she was looking into my soul, which has been damned. But I felt that she was kind, and to-day I know that she is kind."

From the graveside the tones of the priest came hollow and melancholy through the rain. The coffin of La Fueva, who was not afraid of fire, sank into the oblong hole.

Again the woman and the clown were the last in the somber procession. She walked with her eyes on the ground. She felt that he was going to speak again, and looked at him. There was a hesitant, querying appeal in his eyes, and at her glance he spoke.

"Is there a thing that I could do for the Madonna?"

Instinctively, helplessly, the answer flashed to her lips: "Let me—" She stopped the words. The desire to see his hands had possessed and unnerved her. She choked back the cruel request, and

instead remembered her earliest desire. "Before you leave the town, let me paint your picture."

In his voice was an innocent surprise: "To paint my picture? The Madonna, then, is an artist? But this she could have had for the asking! It is too little a request."

His longing to serve her swept a deep color to the woman's face; and suddenly the inevitable answer trembled from her: "Tell me how she died."

A strange light flashed into his face.

"Ah, that, Madonna, is indeed a gift! Yes, when I have given it, the Madonna will know! For in that, I pay to her the last life of my soul."

A sense of omen kept her silent, and they walked after the far, dim shadows of the old man and the inn-keeper and the priest and the rest from the circus. She felt her heart contract, and she knew that she was trembling. As before the church, like some spirit his quiet voice came upon her out of the mist.

"It is above a year that I have played in this circus, Madonna. It is a poor circus, but with La Fueva we hoped for much, and the old man dreamed that we might cross the sea, to your country."

"You know my country?"

"From the kindness of your heart, Madonna, for the Americans have hearts larger than their purses. The circus, it is Spanish. As for me, I am Italian."

"Napoli?"

"Roma."

They walked for a time in silence.

"By birth, I am not of the circus. I am a more educated man, for I speak three languages, whereas the rest know perfectly but the French and the Spanish. And after my way, I, too, am an artist, Madonna. With my own hands I painted the zebra. This might be called cheating, yet is not art greater than nature? And it was not a simple task.

"Therefore, though I am but an indifferent clown, I was of value to the circus, and for the sake of the child I took its hardships for my services.

"She was but that, Madonna, a child; or I think she would not have laughed at me. The Italian women are not so. They will kill as they will kiss, Madonna—for love. But they do not laugh as the

Spanish woman laughs, which is always. She was but a child. Her body will be sixteen years to-morrow.

"And so I stayed with the circus, encouraging her to leap through the hoop, and to stand more steadily upon the horse, and to be merry on the long foot-journeys. For I loved her, Madonna."

The American woman stumbled in the muddy path. The clown's hand caught her elbow and again they walked in silence.

"You must know that the old man had put his hopes upon her, teaching her to ride, to dance, and to tumble. This showed her the skill of jumping through a hoop, and at last he made her do this wonderful feat of leaping through a hoop set on fire.

"So when I came to the circus I sometimes played games with her; and afterward, in the long marches from one town to another, I carried her upon my back when she was hurt from riding on the camel.

"For at that time we owned a camel, Madonna. But it became sick, and in one village the boy who had charge of it was frightened because it died, and secreted it in a brook, and we were expelled from that town for polluting the drinking-water. The old man, Madonna, did not give the boy up to punishment, for he feels keenly for such frailties; so we were forced to turn into another route, and presently we were in a bad low country. The zebra itself grew weary in the heavy sand underfoot, and the great trial of our enterprise was upon us, as an eagle casting its shadow down upon a man.

"Before and about us were long lines of dull bushes, which grew up out of the white sand. Trees also appeared, but they were short, as though God, Madonna, had pushed them back again with His hand. God was there Himself, Madonna, sitting in some part of the blue, hard sky, which curved over like the half of a fruit, above thin clouds that looked like women's veils.

"Once we came to a little, desolate house, closed in by thick bushes, and entered it, falling behind the caravan for some adventure in the noon-day heat.

"It was there that I spoke to her of love. I loved her in all ways, Madonna

—as the child, as a woman. I loved the slim neck of the young girl, the large, smiling eyes of the child, her quick movements, Madonna, like those of a bird on the twigs of a tree.

"But she only laughed at me. She did not know, Madonna. I longed for her to show some sign, or make some promise, for all that I desired was to marry her in proper time, say when she should be eighteen. (Why had I need of haste, considering I was born to live forever? There is no colony where the damned can die!) Yet her laugh maddened me. A man is not reasonable when he loves.

"And as I watched her while she stood across from me in the old house, beyond the buzzing flies that floated between us, I said an unworthy thing, which drove the laughter from her eyes. I said: 'If you would love me, I would care for you in all ways, and you would never again jump through the hoop of fire.'

"I should not have said this, for it was her secret. The Fuego was afraid of the fire, so afraid that the fear never left her mind. It is a terrible thing to do what the little Fuego could do, and to be afraid each time! And I had been the first to know this secret, Madonna, and that was why I first loved her, watching her from the gate after I came to this circus.

"It was in truth with astonishment that I saw her do this thing. There were but two spaces in the hoop that did not take fire, and here, with most ingenious art, she must catch the ring or be burned. The spaces were of metal, colored like the wood, and on them we put a liquid which prevents the flame. This liquid, likewise, was put all about the hem of her skirt, for the skirt truly touched the ring as she jumped through. These small duties I did for her, each night, soaking the skirt in the fluid to just the proper length, and improving the hoop in accordance with the growth of her skill. Also I would wait by the ring to catch and lift her from the horse, for she was always very weak, and this encouraged her. Such services she had not known before I came to the circus, and it is not surprising that she put some trust in me, even though she would not love me.

"Therefore I should not have spoken this thing. Why should she not fear? It was only the wife of Brutus who died, without fear, from fire. And it was from a great conviction of love that the wife of Brutus did that, Madonna; so to have my little one laugh again, I made games in the deserted house, and caught bees for her, until it was late in the day and we must return to the road."

The clown paused, as though he were lost in memory; and as the woman at his side listened for his voice, the sound of a twig, snapped by one of the plodding travelers before them, came through the mist as though from far away.

"The sand grew difficult, Madonna, so I took her upon my shoulder, which made slow walking; and when we overtook the circus, we found that they had reached the sea. We encamped there for the night, before going into the next town on the shore. All were rejoiced to have reached the sea, just across from which lay America; and the old man was in tears. He stroked La Fueva on the back, and pointed across the waves, and made much of her; for he is very old, from having too many wives, and shows his emotions readily.

"While the sun was going down, I sat with La Fueva on the sand, and she was very happy at the sight of the ocean, which she loved. She had forgotten the little house and the hot sun, and was again my little child, and lay against my shoulder, watching the sea.

"She said to me: 'It is enough water to put out all the fire in the world,' and with these words she sighed, Madonna, and fell to sleep. I would not let the old man waken her, and the whole circus, sitting about fires on the sand, sang the old songs of Spain until the embers died; and La Fueva slept in my arms the whole night.

"And holding her so, through the long hours, I thought of my love for her, and of how I could make her love me, and, as very unhappy people will, I began to tell myself stories, Madonna. If she should be in danger of her life, and I should save her, with a crowd of people to see, how could she not love me? And I pictured to myself, with a kind of pleasure, the terrible sight if she should catch fire in leaping through the hoop.

"I knew that I could save her. I knew each movement that she made, and if the flame ever caught her dress, I knew how I could run, in one instant, and throw her from the horse, and roll her in the dirt and put out the flames, so that no spark would have touched her body. That is why my soul is damned, Madonna, for sitting there in the night I began to hope she would catch on fire. And my mind ran with that hope as a drunken man runs from the Virgin to the devil."

The woman and the clown were at a turn in the narrow road, and down the steep hillside the woman saw the dark figure of the old man, whom the priest was supporting by his arm across an impeding stone.

"And the wicked picture that I had made to myself did not leave my mind. It was always with me, and each time from the gateway I would watch to see the flame ignite her silver dress. Madonna, will you be still incredulous when I say that my soul is damned forever? I became impatient because it did not happen.

"One night the crowd cried out in approval, and as she slid down into my arms she laughed with pleasure. It seemed as though she again were laughing at my love, Madonna. I struck my breast because it had not been given me to save her life before that crowd.

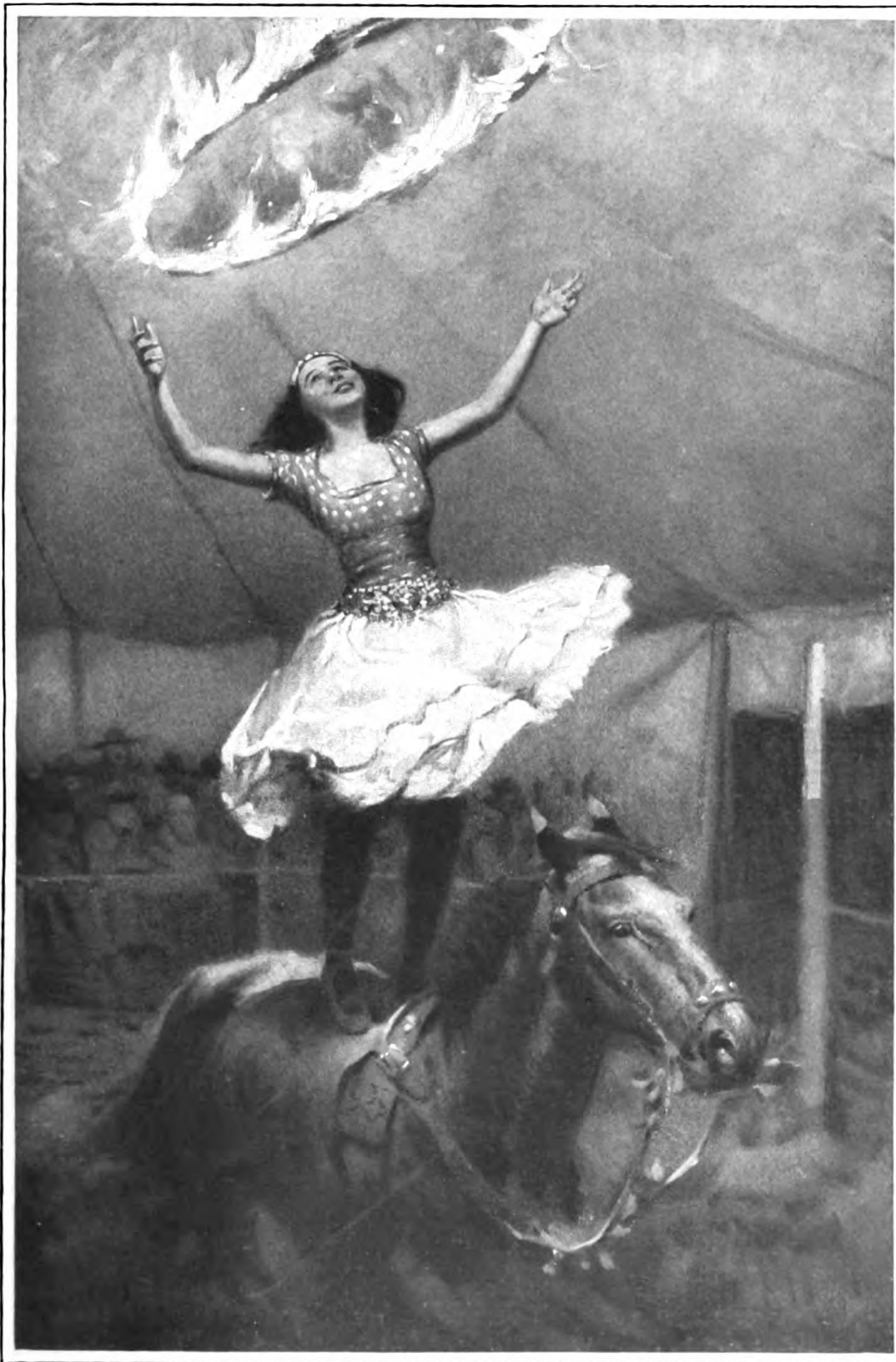
"And, at last, the devil took me completely."

The fog had closed about them more thickly, and in it ahead the last of the straggling circus people disappeared.

"Again for many weeks we went into the low country, as now all such towns knew of La Fueva, and were waiting for her. I caught small toads that jumped before us in the path, and let them spring from my hand, because this amused her. Madonna. Yet my soul was running—as a man runs down hill, because he cannot stop himself.

"I was not afraid. I knew the movements of the horse. I knew the weight of her body, the quick action of fire, the nature of dirt, and the arts of running, of tumbling, and of the trapeze, which teaches how to seize, balance, and dispose, without harm, the body of another.

"In the last town but this, Madonna. I prepared her for the performance. I



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover

THE HOOP, BRIGHT YELLOW, DANCED UP INTO THE AIR

dressed the horse, and when she had put on her stockings, I myself powdered the soles of the feet, for this is an important point in standing upon a horse. I put the fluid on the metal parts of the hoop, but—while she closed her eyes from the distasteful smell of it—I poured oil upon the rim of her dress.

"We led the horse up to the gate, and waited back of it. It was here, every night, Madonna, that my fingers quivered to snatch her to me and hold her on my heart, away from the fire that frightened her. The parrot-woman ran in past us, with all her little birds twittering under her costume, and La Fuego sprang on her horse, and I handed her the candle, and she rode out into the ring.

"Even then, I was not afraid. I saw the horse trot around the circle, and the hoop, bright yellow, dance up into the air while the people clapped.

"I was not afraid, even when she sprang through the hoop, and the yellow flame touched her dress and leaped around it. I ran toward the horse and jumped at her, and, tying the burning skirt with my arms, threw her down upon her back, and rolled her over in the sawdust, and then tore away the hot cloth with my hands. A terrible sound was coming from the people, yet my heart was glad. I had seen her eyes as I dragged her from the horse, and the fear in them was a horrible thing; but feeling my arms about her, she knew that she was safe, and she laughed, Madonna.

"She was there, in my arms, under the horse. A spark that had caught in her bodice, between her breasts, I crushed out with my cheek. A great cry of joy was all about. I had been right. No flame had touched her. But as I lifted my head from her breast to look at her, she read my face, and gazing up into my eyes, she saw deep into them, and she knew what I had done. And her heart stopped, Madonna."

They were standing under the drooping acacias by the inn. With the cold rain the hour of the blossoms had begun, and here and there the slender white clusters lay scattered.

The woman spoke in a low voice.

"Let me see your hands," she whispered.

Unclosing the fingers, he quietly placed

them in hers, and she lowered her head above them. Across the palms were streaks of angry red and pitiful swollen white. No oil, no water, had washed off the dreadful stains of black and of brown. In the fine rain, great drops fell down upon the hands. For the second time in her life the American woman was weeping.

His voice spoke gravely. "Why should Madonna weep for me? I am like the insane, who do not feel pain. Or, perhaps, unlike the insane, for I enjoy it."

She gently put away his hands, and turned from him.

His voice came quietly over her shoulder, as it had come from the mist before the chapel.

"It is a strange boon for a soul already damned—that it should receive confession to the Madonna. Will she send one more gift into hell?"

Mutely she looked at him.

"I am returning to her grave until the time we must perform. Would the Madonna come there when it is dark and pray with me for her soul?"

"And for yours," she said. "I will come."

The yellow torches were flaring around the tents in the valley, and the stars were fighting their way through dispersing clouds, when the American woman left the inn and slipped away under the dripping acacias.

By the torches, the stars, and the purple depths of sky that spread above the mountain like a cloak, her mind was blurred; and as she ran stumbling along the path, her vision of terrifying love was full of whirling color, of blackness, and of yellow fire. Her flesh quivered with a longing to take those hands and tremblingly close them.

But when she came to the little garden of graves, it was, as she had promised him, for two souls that she had to pray. His body lay across the mound of earth like that of one who has been crucified; but near one of his outstretched hands lay something white, like a small stick in the dirt. With a little hurt sound she picked it up, and she did not have to question how he died. The red mouth of the clown had sucked in the flame of the candle.

Editor's Easy Chair

IT is perhaps the main characteristic, the ruling principle of this judgment-seat to regard nothing human as alien to it. In the unbounded range of its interests, its amenities, all that concerns mankind is included, but from time to time it is able to afford its votaries a refreshing and invigorating surprise by something especially recondite in its inquiries.

With the Easy Chair there is no high, no low; or if not quite that, there is nothing too high or too low. It is not long, as years count in the age of nations, since it looked carefully into the nature of something so far beneath the regard of most philosophers as vaudeville, and found much to praise in that variegated form of dramatic performance. Now it is moved by the course of events to invite its familiar circle of two or three million associate casuists to the consideration of that younger sister of vaudeville, the cinematographic show, its essence, its potentiality for good and evil, and its actual influence on the manners and morals of the community as one of the most novel of the social forces. We are the more eager to enter upon the question because it seems to us that the feeling against this sort of show, though most respectable in its origin, has been too exaggerated in its expression. What to our experience (founded on a tolerant taste in such matters which we could not commend too highly to other observers) has appeared far more innocently tedious as well as innocently entertaining than the ordinary musical comedy or the problem play of commerce has been found by some experts in ethics deleterious in high degree. The pictures thrown upon the luminous curtain of the stage have been declared extremely corrupting to the idle young people lurking in the darkness before it. The darkness itself has been held a condition of inexpressible depravity and a means of allurements to evil by birds of prey

hovering in the standing-room and the foyers of the theaters.

Just how these predacious fowl operate, the censors of the moving-picture show have not felt it necessary to say; the lurid imagination of the public has been invoked without the specifications, and the moving-picture show has dropped to zero in the esteem of most self-respecting persons. It is possibly the showmen themselves who have therefore seen that something must be done, and who have sought for government approval of their films, quite unaware that this was a renunciation of individuality verging hard upon socialism. At any rate, the pictures shown are now proclaimed as bearing the warrant of censorship; and still another and more surprising step has been taken toward safeguarding the public morals. The pictures are sometimes shown in a theater lighted as broad as day, where not the silliest young girl or the wickedest young fellow can plot fully unseen, or even the most doting and purblind grandams and grandsires, who seem always to form a large part of the audience.

This ought, one would think, to be enough. But apparently it is not, if we may take in proof the case of a Massachusetts village where the moving-picture show prevails. The moving-picture show prevails everywhere, in Europe as well as America, and doubtless Asia, Africa, South America, and Oceanica. It has become the most universally accepted of modern amusements; the circus compared with it is partial and provincial. But in this particular New England village it is of an evolution which peculiarly threatens the spiritual peace and the intellectual growth of the place unless its forces can be turned to the promise of ultimate good. It began there in a simple town hall which three hundred people of every age and sex filled afternoon and evening at ten cents each, and so prospered the proprietor that now, after

two years, he has built a much roomier theater, which the villagers continue to throng. He gives them, it seems, a very acceptable amusement, and they in turn give him some fifteen thousand dollars a year, or about twice the sum they pay in school taxes.

One would say this was very well, supposing the money of the villagers and their neighbors was not tainted money, and if they liked to spend it in that way. But it has been discovered in Massachusetts, if not in Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceanica, and the rest of North and South America, that the moving-picture habit tends in both old and young to lethargy of mind and inertness of body, and that especially the school-children, when they have become accustomed to looking at the scenes and incidents thrown upon the white curtain, acquire a fixed indifference to the claims of orthography, mathematics, history, and geography. This is said to be undeniably the case, and we could readily imagine it, just as we could imagine that a very fatuous type of fiction such as most of our people read might disgust them with every sort of edifying literature.

The question in Massachusetts, as elsewhere, is what shall be done about it. The moving-picture show, like some other things, "has come to stay"; it cannot be mocked or scolded away, but, as it has already shown itself capable of uplift, we may fitly ask ourselves not only what it esthetically is, but what it ethically may be.

"Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wild-weed flower that simply blows,
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

But we need not decide at once that the moving-picture show is either a wild-weed flower or a rose, and poetically despair of its capacity to do nothing more than impart a "giddy pleasure of the eye." If the authorities wish to share in delighting as well as instructing youth, why should not they make this enemy their ally?

The moving-picture show is in a mechanical way not only the latest of "the fairy dreams of science," but it is the most novel of all the forms of dramatic entertainment. Yet if pantomime is one of the oldest forms of drama, the moving-

picture show is of an almost Saturnian antiquity, for pantomime is what the moving picture is, whether representing a veritable incident or a fanciful invention. As even the frequenter of it may not realize, its scenes have been photographically studied from the action of performers more rather than less skilled than the average, who have given the camera a dress-rehearsal of the story thrown upon the white curtain for his pleasure or improvement. The stage direction flashed on the same space between the acts or scenes offers the spectator the needed clue, and in the vivid action of the dumb-show he scarcely misses the text which would be spoken in the theater. In fact, as most plays in most theaters are done, he is the gainer by the silent demonstration, which in the dress-rehearsal may well have included spoken dialogue. Of course, the stuff itself is crude enough, oftenest; yet sometimes it is not crude, and the pantomime has its fine moments, when one quite loses one's self in the artistic pleasure of the drama. Where a veritable incident is portrayed, one has the delight of perceiving how dramatic life is, and how full of tragedy and comedy.

It is a convention of the moving picture that life is mostly full of farce, but that is an error which it shares with the whole modern stage, and it is probable that when the moving-picture show is asked to be serious, as we propose it shall be, it will purge itself of this error. Meanwhile our proposition is that the school committee of that dismayed Massachusetts town, who find their pupils and their pupils' money going to the moving-picture theater, shall make friends with its manager. They will possibly not find him a mammon of unrighteousness, but a fellow-man willing to co-operate with them to a good end if they can show him that it will pay. To this end they can contribute by actually paying him out of the school fund on condition that he will make his theater a part of the school system during certain hours of the day.

The educators now find that the children would rather give ten cents of their parents' money to go and look idly on at a succession of fictitious and largely impossible events as portrayed on the white curtain of the theater than come to

school for nothing, or for nothing more than their fathers and mothers must now pay in taxes, and pass the day in studying and reciting from text-books which do not offer the allure of the picture show. But there is no reason why their studies, many of them, should not offer that allure. It is difficult, of course, and very likely it is impossible, say, for English spelling to be made pictorially charming, but it might very easily be made amusing by throwing on the white curtain an illustrated series of the more preposterous instances in which our orthography insults the reason and sins against common sense. Arithmetic would not lend itself much more readily to the processes of the moving pictures, and yet the mathematical ambition of the children might be stimulated by the vision, say, of a lightning-calculator working his miracles at a quivering blackboard. Every other branch of learning might be turned from the dry stock which now revolts the youthful mind, though it no longer threatens the youthful body so much as formerly, and set it before the charmed sense in all the bloom and sweetness of a living plant. We do not know just what sciences are studied in our public schools, but we will suppose geology may be one of them, and we believe that nothing more attractive to the young is now set forth on the theater curtain than some scene of Eocene life would be. No imaginative boy could fail of high joy in the presentation of

"dragons of the prime
That tare each other in the slime,"

or even a peaceful moment when the ichthyosaurus and the plesiosaur amphibiously sported together on the shores of time and the pterodactyl floated in the warm air above them. A flower-loving little maid might usefully lose herself in the vision of a forest of tree-ferns, and in thinking of the specimens she could gather for her herbarium from them she might feel through the association of geology with botany the unity of all science.

We are trying, perhaps too playfully, to commend to the reader the possibility which we have seriously in mind. We would really like to convince our educators of the immense helpfulness

which they might find in the managers of the moving-picture shows if it came to their joint instruction in geography, history, and the various branches of biology. Fancy the appeal which ethnology alone, presented in pictured studies of the different races and civilizations, would have! Realize the immense advantage of presenting human events in pictures which the most careless eye could not refuse to seize, over the actual method of teaching history by names and dates meaningless to most of the young minds which now reject them! Consider the charm which visual knowledge of the discoverers and explorers, conquerors, heroes of all sorts, reformers of every type, martyrs, inventors, authors—even authors—would have if the student could know them in their persons as well as their experiences and performances!

We would not trifle with the case as the authorities of that Massachusetts town conceive it. They have reason to be anxious, if the moving pictures beguile once studious youth from the desire of learning; and wherever the moving-picture show prevails the custodians of childhood have the same reason to be anxious. But we would by no means have them vex the managers of such shows by vain opposition. Failing their co-operation, we would have the authorities take counsel with themselves whether moving pictures may not be introduced into the school curriculum. We are too little acquainted with the machinery and its working to suggest what steps should be taken to this end, but doubtless there are those who know. What we confidently look to is the excellent result. The children will no longer waste their money on the private picture show when they can have the public one for nothing, and the school will not be so hateful when learning is to be acquired with no more labor than lolling in the seats of the cinematographic theater now costs them. The lessons will be largely object-lessons. The wretched little boy or hapless little girl will not be obliged to try and guess what the different races of men are like; he or she will be shown the fact in photographs snapshotted from the originals in the streets of their cities or the depths of their jungles. At the mention of Columbus, the great admiral's best

portrait will be reproduced on the white curtain, and Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, and George the Third will be likewise visualized as they looked in life. The children can be shown a volcano in full blast, and its liquid rival, the water-spout, moving rapidly over the sea in pursuit of the nearest liner. A group of icebergs and a chain of mountains can be contrasted with equal advantage. An earthquake will not perhaps exceed the powers of the all-comprehending camera, and a modern battle with smokeless powder may be taught to rage before their eyes, with every detail of heads and legs blown off that they may realize how glorious war is at close range; towns burning in the background and women and children flying for their lives will fill the perspective. A sea-fight, with armored battle-ships sinking one another, could be as easily rendered if the films were recovered from the body of some witness representing an enterprising metropolitan journal in the engagement.

No economic or social fact need transcend the scope of the public-school picture show. The operations of some giant industry, such as coal-mining or iron-smelting, or some vast cotton-mill, with children younger than themselves tending the machinery, and the directors in their oriental - rugged and mahogany arm-chaired parlors, could be illustrated for the entertainment and instruction of the school boys and girls. Strikers and strike-breakers in a street fight, or the spectacle of policemen clubbing mothers from a train in which they are trying to send their little ones out of town beyond the struggling and starving, would impart an idea of our civilization which no amount of study could without it.

Of course, the more pleasing branches of study can be taught as easily as those we have glanced at. Agriculture, for in-

stance, which is becoming more and more a science with every year; forestry, which vitally concerns our deforested continent; dynamitic culture, by which the fertility of the earth, sick of having its mere surface scratched, is restored a hundredfold; fruit-growing, cattle-grazing, can all be taught best with the help of illustration. It is only a summer or two ago since the Central Park authorities thought it advisable to show the poor, ignorant East Side children where milk came from, and by having a cow milked in their presence convince all that would come to see the process. But the ignorance of such a simple primary fact could be universally dispersed by a moving picture far less cumbrously and at incalculably less cost to the community.

We have said enough, we hope, to persuade the public-school committees everywhere to try first what may be done with the moving-picture managers. They may be assured that in any conflict with these managers they will be beaten; for the managers will have all the children on their side; clandestinely, we fear, they will have the parents, too. But by inviting the managers to co-operate with them, they will have a fair chance of winning them over and at the same time sugar-coating the pill of learning so that the youth of this fair land of ours will eagerly swallow it. But if the managers hold out against the committees, and selfishly refuse to help them in their present strait, then we hope the committees will set up moving-picture shows of their own and make them an integral part of the public-school system. This, however, should be their final resort. It would savor of socialism, and socialism is the last thing we would advise, though as our whole public-school system is a phase of socialism, it might not be immediately anarchistic to try it.



Editor's Study

SPENCER'S formula for evolution—the homogeneous becoming the heterogeneous—is arbitrary and fallacious. There never was homogeneity in any real being. We cannot define creative procedure as something becoming something else; it is always the something else becoming. That is, heterogeneity is primary in all creative activity; it is only in mechanical operation that repetitions—a succession of the same things or of the same processes—occur.

In the physical world we see so small an arc of the cycle of change that we are aware only of uniformity, so exact that it is the basis of mathematical precalculation; we are blind, therefore, to the creative activity which constitutes a living universe. Our study of the organic world gives us, in place of mathematics, biology, where we have a clearer view of qualitative differentiation, which grows in complexity with the ascending scale of life. The emergence of the cell was the most novel of surprises—more novel than the nucleation of a star from its nebulous chrysalis, for that had a myriad precedents. The cell had no precedent, no visible or logical preindication. It was, in itself and in its brokenly continuous evolution, a distinctive illustration of heterogeneity as a primary characteristic of creative activity.

The supreme surprise came with the emergence of man, or rather with his awakening to the sense of psychical power and vision. The wide range of variations in the vegetable and animal kingdoms was open to observation; the correspondences and interests relating man through his physiological sensibility and motions with the visible external world were definite and obvious. But, in this psychical awakening, something was discerned that had no outward prompting or leading, something that from the dawn of human consciousness had haunted man's troubled dreams; faintly whispering through every cleavage of his falteringly

analytical thought; beckoning in every shadow, and especially in the shadow of death which deepened into the sheltering darkness; standing invisibly by his side on every new vantage-ground gained by him in his arduous conflicts, intimating aspirations beyond any visible goal; a dimly felt and almost familiar presence in deeply moved human assemblages—the overtone of all rhythmic tension.

The ghostly breathings and whisperings, the something overheard, became articulate, the unsheathed imagination projectively shaping the shadowy intimations into outward form—in rite and myth and, later, in heroic legend and in the creations of representative art. The invisible world was disclosed as another, vaster, and more open firmament than that of the heavens which night uncovers, lighted up by the nucleated constellations of human faith and imagination.

These psychical nucleations overran the limits of the invisible and peopled the visible world with naiads, nymphs, and dryads; crystallizing in statues and temples; informing uplifted symbols and metaphors; animating the tragic drama, and filling the historic past with godlike and heroic figures.

If to these ancient psychical nucleations we add those of medieval and modern times, including the life of reason as well as that of the creative imagination in faith and art, we have, in this broad and ever-expanding field of humanism, something like an adequate illustration of heterogeneity as a primary characteristic of creative evolution. Certainly no such illustration is afforded by the visible phenomena of the physical universe. And in this evolution the variations connote change, in a sense that no variations in physical evolution do within the scope of human time.

They who insist that human nature does not change take note only of biological phenomena, excluding the vast range of psychical variations altogether.

Human nature is really human only as it is inspired, informed, and transformed by the soul's creative activity, and, thus considered, it is, so far as is evident within the range of our observation and interpretation, the only nature that does change. The conditioning environment does not explain the change; it is conditional mainly as it is itself a psychically human environment, participant in the creative transformation.

There is never a merely individual renaissance; such a thing is incomprehensible. We could as easily conceive of an individual creating a language or a mythology. Society begets humanism, and the genius of a particular race its own kind of humanism. There is nothing creative in mere conformity—that is, to be with one's fellows in the sense of being alongside of them, doing the same thing imitatively and in endless mechanical repetition. But when all together *began* to do that kind of thing, or when they begin to do some new kind of thing, the activity is from some fresh psychological impulse and is creative. We recognize as something real a living race-experience, which we should call generic rather than collective, subject to psychological impulses that result in momentous risings, social tide-movements, wherein individuality seems hardly to be taken account of separately, the impulse being *in* each but *of* all. In later stages of social evolution, the dynamics is differentiated, main currents are broken, the harmony becomes chromatic, and we take note of individual initiative as everywhere apparent, and of individual eminence as a salient and determining factor.

In the life of every people that has counted at all in the making of humanism, a period is reached when, against a dim, prehistoric background veiling the generic beginnings of language, of religious cults, and of social foundations, emerge historical personages, leaders of heroic movements, founders of civilization, and, in the wake of these, sages and poets and artists. In fact, the growth of civilization and humanism is definitely indicated by the mentioned names of constructive leaders and creators, in nucleations and groups, illuminating the historical firmament. Here, indeed, we have the culminating illustration of het-

erogeneity as a characteristic of creative activity. The firmament of constellations is, moreover, itself continually changing, reflecting new humanities in successive epochs—an Æschylus overshadowing Homer, the Hellenic type still persisting, or the racial type itself is dislimned and a Shakespeare emerges, connoting the surpassingly greater transformation from Pagan to Christian.

The generic impulse is not lost, but rather its urgency is reflected in the individual eminences. Whatever shadow may fall upon the genius of a race, the urgency of human destiny is ever more expressly manifest in the creations of individual genius. Thus these geniuses have usually appeared in groups which shine forth as constellations in our retrospect of humanism, each one of the group having so much in common with the others that the term designating the group—Periclean, Latin Augustan, Elizabethan, Victorian—is amply expressive of a definite kind of art and literature, as of a harmony severally distributed but integrally distinct. To our reflective regard the main current, beneath all its brokenness, is, in any of these past epochs, clearer as to its character and evolutionary meaning than it was to those who felt its direct impulse. The term Elizabethan is to us more significant than the names of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Raleigh—it includes, besides these, the whole wave of buoyant heroism and speculation upon which a race was borne in the fulfilment of its destiny.

We see not only the rising but the falling of such waves in the past, and thus distinctly note “the ringing grooves of change”—of that kind of change which is not mechanical, not a rearrangement of constituent elements, but which is vital, the issue being not simply different, or divergent, or even something better, but something new. In a living procedure, decadence is normal; ruin is the outward and visible sign of new ascent, as the undoing of sleep is the obverse aspect of re-creation. When the leaves of the tree are falling, the invisible processes of vernal renewal are already going on, and as they continue to go on the outward divestiture becomes more apparent, until it is supine hibernation, and the forest sleeps. So it is in

human renewals, only these are not such apparent repetitions as in the course of the seasons. The things to come, that are drawing on, are concomitants of those that are withdrawing.

Perhaps futurity is the positive and essential aspect of the visible passing and vanishing of things, as nativity is of mortality, and we are drawn on in what is always the divine event. Evolution is thus seen as involution, new integration in every cathodic disintegration, as if a new universe were involved in the decadence of that which is visible.

We seem intuitively to associate sleep, or some condition corresponding to sleep, with any new nucleation—perhaps because sleep is so disintegrant and solvent, an instrument of withdrawal and oblivion, and is at the same time, on its creative side, a resurgence and fresh edification. We think of the nebulous state as one of sleep—and the planets are born. The biologist detects a comatose condition attending the fission which stands for reproduction in unicellular organisms; this fission itself being not a mechanical division, but a genetic process. The physicist intuitively associates any radical planetary transformation, involving the emergence of surprisingly new activities, with some equally remarkable cataclysmic dissolution, asking what descent and oblivion balanced this great awakening. So in the thought of Swedenborg vastation was the concomitant of new creation. In the legend of Eden, a "deep sleep" fell upon Adam, from which he woke to find Eve, suffering in himself meanwhile some loss and disintegration for this new and surprising complement. We in some such wise imagine the Earth awakening to the surprise of organic life from her protoplasmic sleep, which connoted an abysmal decadence—the whole cathodic gamut, indeed, of cosmic descents from the beginning.

If we could comprehend the mystery of sleep, we should have an intuition of creative transformation; we should see that in a real—that is, a living—world, all change is genetic. We naturally associate sleep with nutrition and growth—with a kind of increase which is not mere accretion—also with a restoration that is

renewal. Here we are noting a specialized physiological function with which we have a definite and regularly recurrent acquaintance, and such experience of relief in its oblivion and of its wondrous re-creation that we dread insomnia as the direst bane of existence, bringing it finally to sterility and madness. But sleep is, as the great naturalist Buffon said long ago, an essential and primary condition of all life, in a deeper sense than is indicated in the specialized function ordinarily called sleep. In this deeper sense, we are always asleep, our wakefulness being only on the surface. Just as the crescence we call growth is but the diminutive of the soul's creative activity, so ordinary sleep owes its gains to some deeper source from which it is reinforced. The release, withdrawal, in-breathing, and renewal have their largest meaning in this invisible ground of the soul's reclamation.

This deeper sleep, while it may inform that in which the body shares, is not dependent upon the nervous system, nor is it like that of the vegetable or that in which animal instinct stirs, though it is to such states that Buffon undoubtedly referred in speaking of sleep as a primary mode of all life. It is, in the meaning we wish here to convey of it, a purely psychical mode, belonging to the soul's creative activity in its eternal ground. Buffon was thinking of existence in space, but the mode of life we are contemplating cannot be comprehended through metaphors, though having exhausted those suggested by the physiological function of sleep, especially those pertinent to its undoing and renovation—conceiving of these not as disparate or successive, but as one movement—we may, upon the dismissal of these similes, have an intuition of that oblivion and renewal which creatively constitute psychical change. Some such intuition arises in us when we read Prospero's peroration in "The Tempest," and in the ending of the revels and the vanishing of the aerial architecture we see our little life as rounded with a sleep. The vanishings leave not a wrack behind, the absolution is complete for wholly new Becoming. The otherness, the heterogeneity, expresses only the differentiation, not the qualitatively real change.

Editor's Drawer

Nervous Prostration

BY MARIE MANNING

SCENE.—The reading-room of a large and popular hotel at a well-known resort during the season. It is after dinner, and the guests have collected in the reading-room for a little conversation; stimulated, doubtless, by the neatly framed signs: "Silence Must Be Observed." Vistas of green carpets, green walls, green furniture, green palms and rubber-plants opening on all sides as a concession to the nerves of patrons and to maintain its reputation for "restfulness." Very young girls who have become acquainted since the arrival of the afternoon train hold hands, giggle, and exhibit the liveliest affection for one another. One not so young abstains from these manifestations, and glances about—everywhere, in fact, but at the one apparently eligible young man in the room. The conversational hum which has begun in an

apologetic "piano" increases rapidly to "forte," testing to the fullest the powers of concentration of a lady deep in esoteric literature.

First Lady with a Gift for Personality. No, I'm not naturally nervous, but I'm just recovering from a dreadful operation—two hours under ether—

[Speaks in an undertone.

Second Lady with a Gift for Personality. Indeed, I've been through all that and worse—

[Also speaks in an undertone.

[Lady deep in "Higher Thought" who has been reading there is no failure, sickness, or death, backs her rocking-chair out of the malign influence and "holds the thought" of health and happiness, which gives her rather a fatuous expression.

First Lady with a Gift for Personality.



MINE WAS A GREAT CAR AND NO MISTAKE; LEFT EVERYTHING ON THE ROAD 'WAY BEHIND
Vol. CXXV.—No. 748.—80

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Isn't it wonderful what we women can live through? [Shakes head.]

Second Lady with a Gift for Personality. Truly it has been said of us that we are fearfully and wonderfully made—

[Also shakes head.]

[*Lady deep in "Higher Thought" looks at them with superior pity, then hands them a little pamphlet inscribed "Soaring on Fearless Wing." First and Second Ladies with Gift for Personality subside.*

A Motor Enthusiast in Exile. The classiest little car you ever saw—three cylinders—multiplex clutch—direct shaft drive! First time I ever heard of the make—I read of an accident one of 'em was in and came through without a scratch. Went right over an embankment, turned turtle, killed three, and never loosened a screw! Sporty little machine, I said to Sally, and good enough for "muh"; next week I got one. Say, it was a winner—

[Begins to get excited.]

Sally (soothingly). Now don't get to thinking about your car, Jimmy; try something nice and restful. Would you like to have a little game of bridge, or go to the pier and hear the brass-band play? (*Explains sotto voce to the company*): His doctor doesn't even want him to think about his car; it's upset his nerves completely.

[*The "Higher Thought" Lady barricades herself behind a smile of ineffable sweetness and noiselessly moves her chair beyond Jimmy's troubled aura.*



THERE IS NO TROUBLE, SICKNESS, OR FAILURE ANYWHERE

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The Motor Enthusiast (turning the corners of a magazine as if it were a driving-wheel). Dandy little car—flexible, responsive, superior construction—

[*Trains off vaguely.* *Sally (soothingly).* Never you mind, Jimmy, you're going to get a bigger, better, more stunning car the very minute Doctor Brown says you're well enough to go home.

The Wife of a Gentle Speeder (in a low voice). Can't see how a motor gave him nervous prostration. Now Frank's doctor insisted on his getting one to quiet his nerves. He was in such a state—couldn't eat nor sleep till he got a car; now he's all right.

Motor Enthusiast (irritated at being coupled with the Gentle Speeder). Mine was a great car and no mistake; left everything on the road 'way behind—nothing of little Willie's velocipede about her.

Wife of Gentle Speeder (in undertone to husband). Never went to a hotel in my life that I didn't meet one of those desperate death-dealers sitting in an arm-chair telling people about his record runs.

The Gentle Speeder (braced by wifely encouragement). Now I've found, by personal experience, there's nothing like a good, reliable car to take the kinks out of one's nerves. (*Reproving glance at Motor Enthusiast.*) Your attention, focused on the car, takes your mind off self, business.

[*No one listens and Gentle Speeder's homily is drowned in chorus of sudden death, accident, and horror called forth by a recital of murderous machines. People who have not owned them sensitively defend uncles, aunts, cousins, or friends who have or intend to own them in the future. No one listens to the Gentle Speeder, who has cured his nervous prostration by the humane qualities of self and car.*

Wife of Gentle Speeder (semi-low tone). Not much chance of meeting any "nice" people here; wish we had gone to Bermuda—we could have gone to Bermuda, Frank, if you hadn't been such a bad sailor.

Gentle Speeder (distinctly nettled). You knew I was a bad sailor when you married me. I'm going out to the garage and have a look at my car—it's people like this that bring motoring into bad repute. [Goes out.]

[*Wife of Gentle Speeder ostentatiously opens book and begins to read with dramatic absorption.*

The "Higher Thought" Lady. In the seeming, what is your trouble—?

Wife of Gentle Speeder. In the seeming—? I don't understand.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The "Higher Thought" Lady. There is no trouble, sickness, or failure anywhere. There may seem to be sickness, trouble, and failure, but there is not; it is only in the seeming.

Wife of Gentle Speeder. We have paid two thousand four hundred dollars in doctors' bills for Frank's nervous indigestion, "in the seeming."

The "Higher Thought" Lady (with glowing eyes). That is it, in the seeming—in reality there is no nervous indigestion—

Wife of Gentle Speeder. Well, what's the matter with this bunch? (*Indicates group talking about its nerves and motors.*) And if it is not an impertinent question, may I ask why you are here?

The "Higher Thought" Lady. I am perfectly well, but my family thinks I am run down nervously.

I came here entirely to please them.

Wife of Gentle Speeder (weakly). Oh!

(*Decides not to take up "higher thought" with this lady, as she has a bad complexion; knows of one in Brooklyn who will guarantee good complexions and worldly prosperity, and to stop falling hair, all in six lessons for \$25. Decides it is better to employ a professional, even if expensive. Moves chair into more mundane atmosphere and overhears talk between Semi-young Lady and Apparently Eligible Young Man with whom she has achieved a near acquaintance.*)

Semi-young Lady (in what she fondly considers an English accent). Getting awfully stuffy in here—what d'you think of a turn on the boardwalk?

Apparently Eligible Young Man (whose manner indicates fear of romantic perils of boardwalk). Isn't it a little damp this evening?—weather report threatens rain.

Semi-young Lady (slightly contemptuous). Oh, if you're afraid of catching cold—

Apparently Eligible Young Man (feeling he has said something foolish). I was thinking only of you—(*amending hastily*)—I mean only of your taking cold.

Semi-young Lady (with decision). Fresh air never gives me cold, it's overheated rooms I'm afraid of.



I AM SO NERVOUS THAT I CAN'T SLEEP IF THE TICKING ON MY PILLOWS AND MATTRESS DON'T MATCH

Apparently Eligible Young Man (thinking of promises to Mildred, absent fiancée, determines at least to avoid the wheeled chairs). Oh, well, if you're not afraid.

(*They go out.*)

Wife of Gentle Speeder (taking heart in the absence of the "Higher Thought" Lady). Well, I see his finish, and his engagement to Mildred Simpkins only just announced; she must be a perfect ingénue to let him come down here alone; why, it's worse than an ocean steamer!

Lady in Half-Mourning (just from the dining-room. The head-waiter ostentatiously locks the door after her). The new potatoes were out and so were the soft-shell crabs; and as for Mildred Simpkins's fiancé, she's got nothing to fear from that girl—I've forgotten her name—but she's been prowling round resorts for years. Her specialty used to be celebrating her twenty-first birthday. I have friends who helped her come of age six successive years—

Wife of Gentle Speeder. The same friends?

Lady in Half-Mourning. Of course not—she began setting up her twenty-one pink candles on the Pacific Coast, then dropped to Palm Beach, then Washington, etc. She's always on the brink of becoming engaged, and then the man is rescued by some old Aunt Jane who went to the birthday parties ten years ago.

Wife of Gentle Speeder. It's to be hoped

that Mildred Simpkins's young man has an Aunt Jane.

Lady in Half-Mourning. I had such a bad dinner. The orange sherbet was out, nothing frozen to eat with the duck, and the mushrooms with the filet mignon were canned. The table here is not what it used to be.

Wife of Gentle Speeder. I can't have any of those nice rich things. I'm threatened with nervous prostration. My doctor restricts me to rice and vegetables.

Lady in Half-Mourning (with the air of one who can learn nothing further about nerves). Don't you know that nerves are like wolves and must be fed! fed! fed! I have four meals a day and hot milk before I get up and before I go to bed. I went to the greatest nerve specialist in Paris, and that was all he did for me—never a prescription nor a drop of medicine. "Four meals a day and hot milk before arising and retiring" was every word he said, and I paid a fortune for it, too.

Wife of Gentle Speeder (with a touch of superiority). And I went to the greatest nerve specialist in Vienna—he attends all the royal family—and his only prescription was, "Starve."

[Both nervous prostrates regard each other with slightly contemptuous sympathy.]

Lady in Half-Mourning. Perhaps yours is not really nerves.

Wife of Gentle Speeder (proudly offering incontrovertible proof). I am so nervous that I can't sleep if the ticking on my pillows and mattress don't match. If I arrive at a hotel late and rooms are scarce, I don't dare look to see—and then I can't sleep for wondering—

Lady in Half-Mourning (feeling that she must offer equally convincing proof). I've never experienced any difficulty about the bed-ticking, but often I can't sleep thinking of the disorder in adjacent rooms. I have an extraordinary sense of neatness myself, and never dream of going to bed unless the toes of all my boots turn the same way.

The "Higher Thought" Lady (appearing suddenly from behind a Morris chair). Excuse me, but I couldn't help hearing you speak about the bed-ticking and the shoes—now really there is no—

Wife of Gentle Speeder (simultaneously).

Lady in Half-Mourning. My husband is calling me.

I've left my alcohol lamp burning—

[Both leave reading-room hastily.]

A Hotel Child (much beribboned and laced, corkscrew curls, phonograph voice). Mamma, may I have nervous prostration?

Hotel Mother (a shade more beribboned than child, but with same personality). No, certainly not, I never heard of such a thing.

Hotel Child. But, mamma, every one here's got it.

Hotel Mother. But, darling, they are grown up.

Hotel Child. But, mamma, I'm very grown-up for my age.

Hotel Mother. Now, Edna, don't tease me—

Hotel Child. But, mamma—

Hotel Mother. Edna!!!

Hotel Child. But just a little nervous prostration, mother darling.

Hotel Mother (reluctantly). Well, I'll see.

(CURTAIN.)

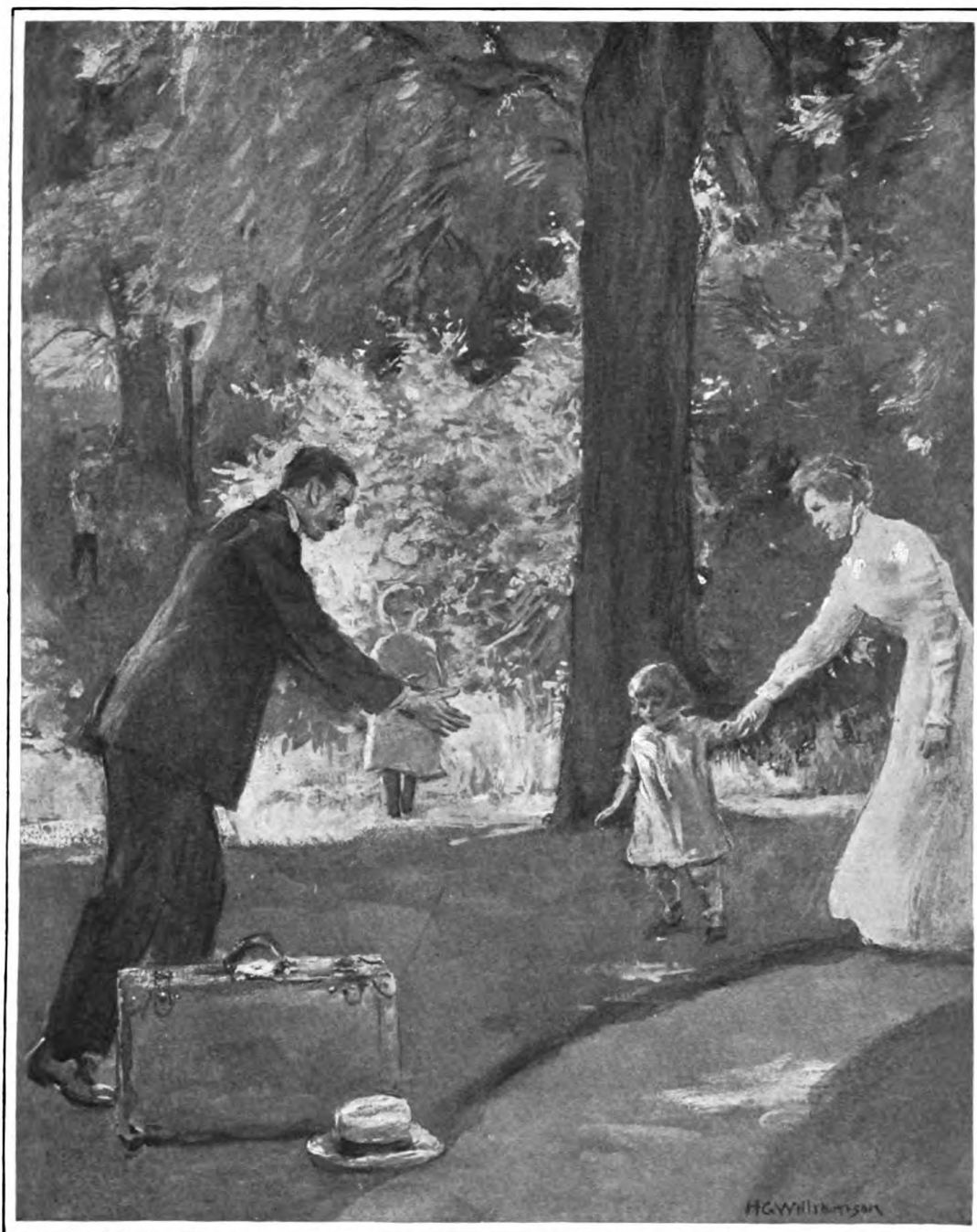
Bobby's Suggestion

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I DON'T mind Father's picking out the place where I shall live.
I don't mind Aunty's choosing toys that she intends to give.
I'm willing they should choose my food, whatever it may be,
And I am satisfied with caps Grandmother sends to me.
I do not mind if Mother has her say about my clo'es,
But I do wish they'd called me in before they chose my nose!

It's proper that my teachers in the school-house up the street
Should choose the books that I should read, the poems to repeat.
It's right that when I'm feeling queer and have a stomach-ache
The Doctor should decide upon the medicines to take;
But when I go to school and hear the other children's jeers
I wish I'd been consulted when they came to choose my ears.

No doubt it's wise to leave most things to older folks who know—
What I shall do, what I shall wear, and whither I shall go.
I don't complain of that at all. I'm satisfied with that.
I'll let 'em choose my coats and shoes, my stockings and my hat.
But I do think the system's wrong at least in this one case:
The Kid that has to wear it should be 'lowed to choose his face!



The Coquette

Not Like Father

EVERETT'S father was a church official "in good and regular standing," and carefully observed all rites and ceremonies at home as well as abroad. During a short absence, his place at the table was occupied by a brother who did *not* say grace. Everett watched him anxiously for a few moments and then burst forth, "Uncle Max, why don't you talk into your plate, as my papa does?"

He Knew

HARRY'S new governess had been warned that he was apt to omit capitals in their proper places; so, as the lesson was a dictation from Gray's "Elegy," she paused after dictating, "The bosom of his Father and his God," to say, "Now, Harry, don't forget what comes in that line!"

"Oh, I know!" answered the small student, who toiled on without looking up—"All that family use capitals!"



“The Ancient Marryin’ ’Er”

A Sure Sign

A YOUNG housewife advertised for a competent gardener to work by the day. By a strange coincidence, two applicants appeared at the same time. As she stood questioning first one, then another, she spied her mother sitting on an opposite porch a short distance away, directly behind the men, frantically gesticulating and pointing unmistakably toward the less prepossessing of the two. The young woman, supposing her mother had some personal knowledge of the applicant, hired him to do the work.

“Has that man ever done any work for you, mother?” inquired the daughter when they were alone.

“No,” replied the old lady, “I never saw the man before.”

“Then why did you choose the tall man? The other had a much better face.”

“Face!” retorted the old lady, briskly. “When you pick a man out to work in the garden you want to go by his overalls. If they’re patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat, you don’t.”

The Ready Retort

MRS. WINFALL, a society woman, always allowed the housekeeper to hire her servants.

One morning, however, the mistress wished to interview the cook, who had been engaged only the day before.

“What is your name?” inquired the lady.

“Mrs. McCarty,” replied the cook.

“Do you expect to be called Mrs. McCarty?”

“Oh, no, ma’am, not if you have an alarm clock.”

His Way

LITTLE five-year-old Joseph was entertaining a convalescent friend by reading her the story of Jonah and the Whale.

“‘An’ the people drew lots, an’ the lot fell to Jonah—’”

“But, Joe,” interrupted his friend, “what do you mean by drawing lots?”

“Oh!” informed little Joseph, “they said, ‘Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,’ an’ it stopped on Jonah.”

An Eye to the Future

WHILE playing golf at a fashionable country club near the national capital a certain Federal official had the misfortune to play an especially vigorous stroke at the precise moment when a dilapidated-looking darky crossed the edge of the course.

The result was that the ball struck the negro and rendered him insensible for a time. When he regained consciousness a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the golfer.

“Thank yo’, boss,” said the injured man, after an examination of the bill. “When is yo’ gwine to be playin’ heah again, sah?”

Enterprising

IN a section of Washington where there are a number of hotels and cheap restaurants, one enterprising concern has displayed in great illuminated letters, “Open All Night.” Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend:

“We Never Close.”

Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little, low-framed, tumbledown hovel, and upon the front of this building was the sign, in great, scrawling letters:

“Me wakee, too.”



SPARROW COP: “Stop! don’t you know it’s against the law to pick anything in the park?”



What Will the Verdict Be?

A Dead Bird

A NATURALIST attached to one of the government bureaus at Washington tells of an amusing incident that occurred during a visit made by him to the Zoological Park.

He had been standing in front of an inclosure containing a giraffe. The animal was standing perfectly motionless. Its head was resting against an iron beam in front of the inclosure, and its eyes were closed.

As the naturalist stood there, he was joined by a little boy and girl. They, too, gazed up at the giraffe's head. In a moment the little boy turned to his companion and said:

"Come on, Dolly. That bird's dead!"

Extravagant

LITTLE Eleanor listened while her parents discussed the high cost of living. The subject was frequently talked about during the meals, and the high price of meats was particularly referred to. Eleanor, "playing house" with the other children, also talked of "high prices" as she heard her father and mother talk.

One day her mother presented the family with a bouncing baby boy, and Eleanor was delighted. A neighbor was asking her about the new baby, and Eleanor said:

"The doctor brought him to us. He's awful big, too. Don't you think my mamma was good to buy such a big, fat baby when meat is so high?"

Fulfilled His Contract

WHEN the village decided that it could afford to have its streets sprinkled, old Fritz Pfankucken was put in charge of the wagon.

One day while on his rounds he stopped to gossip with a crony. And suddenly he looked up at the sky.

"Mein Gott!" was his exclamation, as he started his horses. "It iss going to rain!"

He turned in farewell and discovered an amazed expression upon his friend's face.

"I must hurry up," he called back, "and vater dese streets. Odervise it iss no use!"

For Emergencies

IN some of the college settlements there are Penny Savings-banks for children.

One Saturday a small boy arrived with an important air and withdrew two cents out of his account. Monday morning he promptly returned the money.

"So you didn't spend your two cents," observed the worker in charge.

"Oh, no," he replied, "but a fellow just likes to have a little cash on hand over Sunday."

She Won

IT was at the dinner-table and the hostess addressed her husband's brother:

"Do have another piece of pie, William."

"Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good, I believe I will have another."

"Ha, ha!—mother's a winner!" said little Frank, excitedly. "She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself."



Grandpa's Treat

Good Counsel

BY CAROLYN WELLS

LITTLE children, always be
Kind to everything you see.
Do not kick the table's legs,
Don't beat unoffending eggs.

Do not mischievously try
To poke things in a needle's eye;
Nor guilty be of such a fault
As to pinch the table salt.

Do not pull a teapot's nose.
Don't ask bread what time it rose.
Little pitchers' ears don't tweak.
Nor smack the apple's rosy cheek.

But remember it is right
To all things to be polite;
Let the hay-scales have their weigh.
Wish the calendar good day.

Kiss the clock upon its face.
Return the arm-chair's fond embrace.
Greet the sieve in merry strain,
Ask the window how's its pane.

If you learn to show such traits
To your dumb inani-mates,
Toward your playmates then you'll find
You've an amiable mind.



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

Illustration for "The Fur Harvesters"

THE CUNNING CHIEF FOLLOWS EVERY MOVEMENT OF THE AGENT

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The Fur-Harvesters

BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

SILENTLY from out of the big, mysterious shadows they came to stare at the Shaganoosh—white men from the rails that ran, far to the south, a steel band from ocean to ocean. Indians—Nitchies of the North—had appeared on the edge of the trail.

"*Bo' jou, bo' jou, Nitchie!*"

"*Bo' jou, Shaganoosh!*"

We did not stop to look at them; we did not dare. The mosquitoes were about us in clouds, and, moreover, the uncertain light that precedes the rising of the moon made it necessary to fight our way through the three miles of swamp portage. They stepped back as we passed along, watched us for a moment, and then disappeared in the shadows, going along a moose runway to their camp somewhere in the woods.

We struggled along for a while, and then rested the canoe and packs on wind-falls that were across the trail. We were too weary to talk. Pipes were filled and started, to keep away the bugs. These were terrible, for it was fly-time—June, and early in the month.

Part way across this three-mile trail there rested a little company of three adventurers—a Canadian, an Irishman, and an American—who were pushing northward into the Hudson Bay country. This carry was known as "The Height of Land Portage." It was the thread-like highway that carried the *voyageur* across the water divide of Canada. But the name was a misnomer hereabout, for

the water-shed was a great swamp, with an elevation of only a few feet. To the south of the Height of Land the waters found their way slowly to the great Lake Superior. These were the rivers and lakes of the sportsman. To the north lay a vast and intricate water route to James Bay, that had as yet no certain topographical birth save that made by the hand of the Indian map-maker on a piece of birch-bark.

It was still one of the great, wild trapping-grounds of Canada, and it was our purpose to venture north into the very heart of the Cree and Ojibway country, to watch the coming of the fur-brigades to the posts and see the trading of the winter's catch at the Factors' stores. The fur-hunters come to the posts early in June, so our journey northward had become a race toward a picturesque gathering-place of the fur-harvesters. Thus, with the rest of a pipe, we made ready to labor again along the wretched swamp portage.

The north end of the Height of Land portage puts into the head of Gaining Ground River—and a cloud of mosquitoes. It was good to see the river, a sluggish stream that flowed north to a great inland lake and a Hudson Bay post, but the countless thousands of flies were discouraging. Our faces, necks, and hands were already in a pitiable condition.

Packs were placed in the canoe, and the entire load roped in so that nothing



A FACE EMERGED FROM THE WIGWAM

would be lost in a rapid in case of accident. John, the cook, crawled in over the dunnage, leaving a trail of mud over everything; I took my place in the middle; and Fred, the Canadian—a prince among canoe-men—gently shoved off and took his place in the stern. We pushed hard at the paddles, and the flies were soon left astern. At the end of the eighteen miles of slow-flowing river was a Hudson Bay post and some civilization. The canoe passed from the great patches of moonlight into the dense shadows of the tall jack-pines. Within these, two rapids were run, with nothing more than the sound of the rushing waters for a guide. The element of chance was not in the waters alone. Twice we passed long poles covered with the bleached skulls of the bear and bones of the moose. Bits of ribbon and rags hung from the very top; tall and ghostly they stood, mute offerings to the Wendigo for a good

hunt.
Mile after mile, along this wilderness highway, we passed. The great shadows of the night and the vast silence of the North country seemed to brood upon us. There was no sound save the steady dip

of three paddles and the curl of the water as it followed the blades. Presently, however, from out the shadows of the distance emerged a little meadow-like spot, a clearing of but a few feet square. As we drew near, the moonlit patch separated into detail. Two birch-

bark canoes were drawn up on the bank; just back of them was a bark-built wigwam with a smudge fire smoldering at the entrance. We stopped paddling and let the canoe drift toward the bank. This was a touch of wild life that had existed hereabout for two hundred years. We looked a long time at the savage home and at the details about it—the rabbit-blanket, the old winter toboggan, and snow-shoes. Indeed, the whole history of the struggle between nature and the fur-harvesters might be written around those few necessities of travel in the Northland, that have not been changed one whit since the Hudson Bay Company was incorporated in 1670. Presently Fred called aloud:

"Bo' jou! Bo' jou! Bo' jou!" And



THE FACTOR'S INDIAN WIFE AND CHILD



RUNNING A RAPID

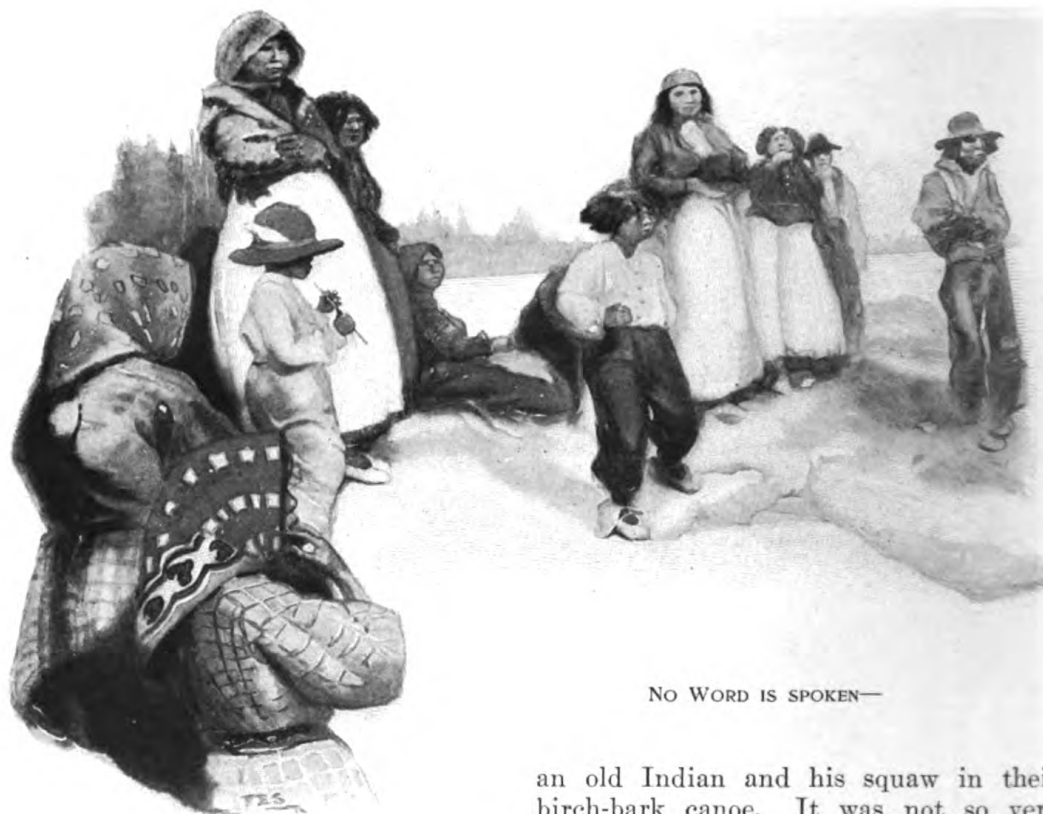
then again, as if no one had heard, "*Bo' jou! Nitchie!*"

Presently a blanket that covered the wigwam entrance was pulled back, and a tangled mass of black hair and a face appeared. Then, after a long look and much rubbing of the eyes, a dark form pulled itself from out the folds of the blanket, and a shirt-clad Indian stood before us. He was very careful to get into the smoke of the smudge fire, as he was possessed of but scanty protection from the mosquitoes. Fred asked him

in Ojibway how far it was to the Long Lake post.

"Oh, 'bout one mile," he replied.

We thanked him in a light-hearted way, for what was one mile to the many we had paddled and portaged for that day and half of the night? So we dipped our blades and left. But the joy of one mile to the Hudson Bay post was short-lived. One mile became two, then three. After an hour's paddling we decided that the Indian had a very poor idea of distance. We found out afterward that when-



NO WORD IS SPOKEN—

ever the portage, a lake, or some known place is not over a half-day's journey distant the Indian calls it about a mile.

So we were looking about for some place to rest for the few remaining hours of the night, when the canoe passed over some floats that marked the fish-nets of the Indians. Several of these nets were crossed. Then we came to a great stretch of water. It was Long Lake. On a rocky point, near an old wharf and store-house, we made a landing. Across the lake a single light shone out from the Long Lake post. It was but a mile away and suggested many comforts, but we were worn out and unable to go farther. The canoe had been placed in the water at dawn, and it was now past midnight—a quarter after one. A fire was made on a flat rock, an old Peterborough boat with "H. B. C." painted on its bow was pulled up as a wind-break, and we rolled ourselves in the blankets; then we were asleep.

"White man, no tent, sleep late."

As we crawled from under the damp blankets there passed by the rocky point

an old Indian and his squaw in their birch-bark canoe. It was not so very late. The sun was scarce a paddle-blade's width above the line of purple that marked the distant shore of the lake, and against this narrow ribbon of distance a string of small white dots marked the buildings of the Hudson Bay Company. Quite close, and on the same rocky shore where we had camped for the night, were some log buildings. From the chimney of one of these a thin line of smoke rose against the sky. With that evidence of life near at hand, we loaded the canoe and proceeded along the shore in search of a ready-made breakfast.

We were not long in finding it. The buildings we had seen were those of a great French company, the competitor of the Hudson Bay Company. We found the Factor in the store. He told us that breakfast was over. But that did not matter, for such is the great hospitality of the traders of the North that nothing seems too great a trouble. The Factor took us to his log-house close by the store, and told his Indian wife that three white men had arrived from the south, and that they were to have some breakfast. So the full-blooded wild thing of the woods moved about



—AS THE CHIEF GRASPS THE HAND OF EACH IN TURN

stealthily in her moccasined feet, preparing a breakfast and watching us the while. Presently food was placed before us—food, not of the trout of the lake and streams, but of canned meat, stove-made bread, and, best of all, a can of peaches that made their way north over the same two hundred miles of trail that we had traveled.

While we were eating breakfast the Factor told us that he had not been across the lake for several days, and did not know if the chief had arrived. Some of his own Indians were in, but not all.

So, with the quest of the trip still in doubt, we set forth, and the four or five white spots that we had seen from across the lake gradually grew and outlined themselves into the buildings of the Hudson Bay Company's post and the church. Strung along on the point and upon a bare, rock-crested hill were many tepees and tents.

We brought our canoe to this wharf. Several Indian boys who had been playing with bows and arrows stopped and

watched us unload the canoe, lift it from the water, carry it up the bank, and put it within the company's fence. Blankets were spread to dry, for we were to remain a day or two. This was a post of the greatest fur-trading company in the world, and it was here that all trails led, even our own, to meet that of the fur brigade. Had these forest people arrived? It was to be a simple "Yes" or "No" that was to be told us in a short while by the Factor himself. He appeared in the doorway of the store just as we were returning to the wharf to bring up our dunnage, and invited us within. Later, we went out from the store, along the narrow plank walk to the house close by. There was a long bench on the porch, and we sat down. Beyond the porch was the fenced inclosure of the company, with its flag-pole and fur-press. A narrow footpath for the Indians followed the fence, and beyond it the ground sloped abruptly to the lake and the small wharf. In the distance was the lake, the great waterway of the fur-harvesters. By way



THE TRADING-POST AT LONG LAKE

of answer to the question that had been uppermost in our minds for many days, the Factor turned and pointed with the stem of his pipe.

"Do you see that bit of an open spot at the far end of the lake? That's where a river, the Kenogami, puts out to the north. And that's the way a good many of the trappers come to the post. Up that river, into the lake, and straight across to the point there where you see those half-dozen wigwams."

We asked him if he happened to be looking for any such trappers that day.

"Oh yes," he said, "'most any time to-day or to-morrow. I'm looking for the chief of the tribe here and his party. He's a few days late this spring."

It was on the day following that the chief came. The Factor had been watching the north end of the lake with his glass. About an hour before sunset he turned to us and said, "The chief and the canoes are coming."

Presently we saw them—bits of yellow and brown, a tiny flash of light from the paddle-blade, a mass of rich golden color in the light of the setting sun. The news of the chief's coming had permeated every nook and cranny of the post. From the tepees on the bare, rocky hill, from the low land back

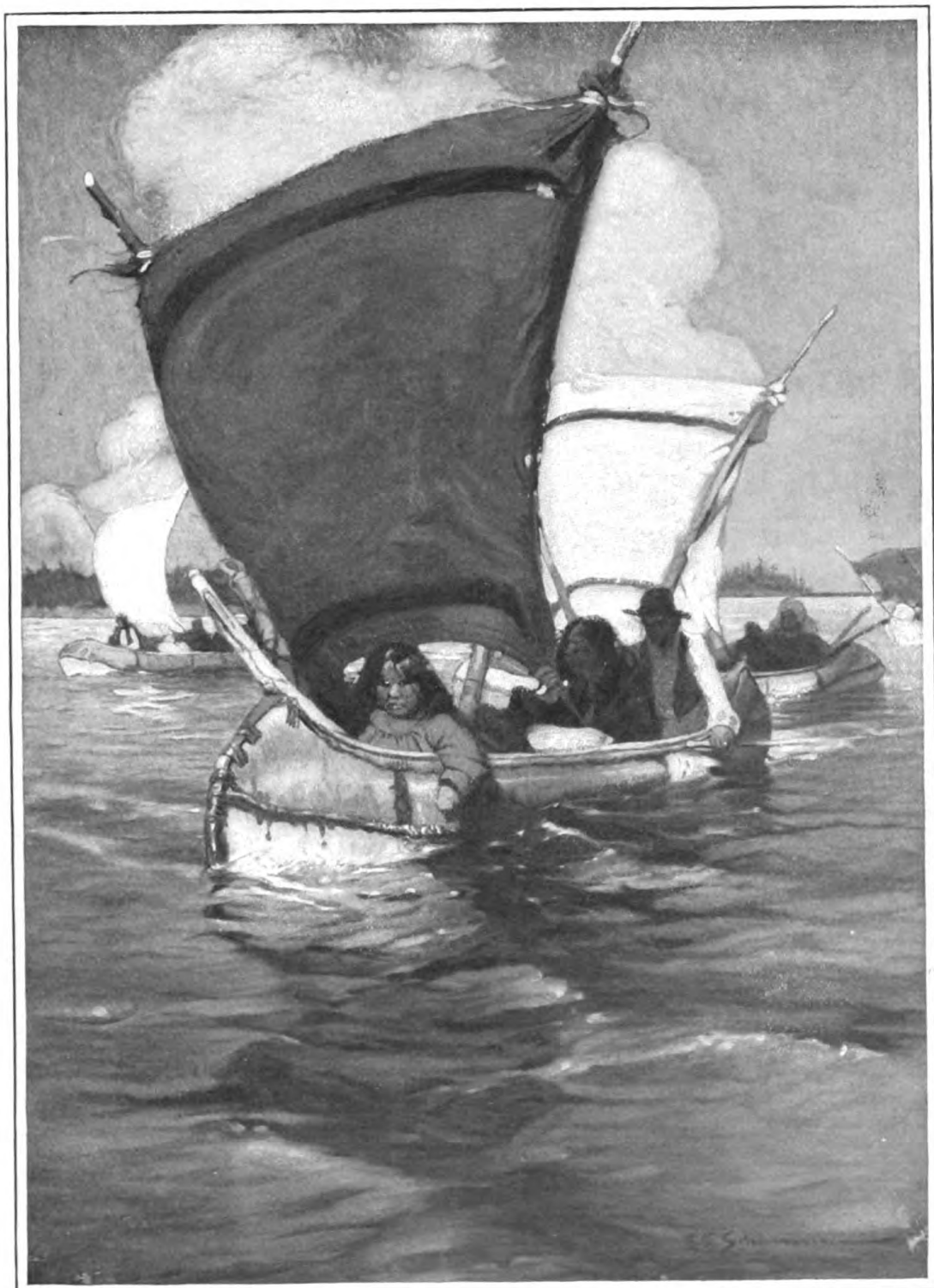
of the company's buildings, from the bush and the water's edge, came the wild people of the forest to greet their chief and those that followed. It was a procession such as you might see nowhere in the whole world but in the Hudson Bay country—Cree and Ojibway, trappers and squaws, wild children and papooses, half-tamed husky dogs. Every year as far back as any trail led to the post the Indians have

gathered in just such manner to greet the chief and the trappers as they come sweeping up the river and across the lake to their summer camping-ground.

Now the canoes have crossed part of the lake. You make a count and discover there are nine—all birch-bark. They seem to be low in the water, and as they draw nearer, with the perfect sweep of their paddles that is a matter of inheritance and not to be acquired, you see that these frail boats of bark carry the trapper, his family, his hunt, all his worldly possessions, and his husky dogs. Presently you witness a gradual change in the scattered formation of the nine canoes. They had been approaching pretty much as their fancy chose, but now they slowly form into single file, a long line of golden bark, and at its head, in the bow of the canoe, rides the



A HOBbled INDIAN DOG



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover

ONCE A YEAR THE FUR-HARVESTERS RETURN

chief. His paddle rests across the canoe, and he searches out each member of the company with his bead-like eyes. He has all the dignity and the silent poise of an Indian, for his squaw does the paddling.

Now they stop their water-craft; only

one may wish to see. The chief goes to each member of the tribe on the bank, grasps his right hand, and, looking straight into his eyes, holds the hand for what seems to be fully a minute. No word is spoken. The mask-like face does not change one whit. The chief goes to

each member of the tribe and greets him with this solemn hand-shake. Then he steps back, leans on his paddle, and watches the other canoes come to the shore and empty themselves of their human freight and the precious loot of the forests. Such is the manner in which a chief of the fur-hunters lands in far-north Canada.

Upon occasion there is a priest to invoke a blessing upon the canoe flotilla before they land. For two hundred years



MOTHER AND PAPOOSE

that of the chief drifts slowly toward the shore. There is a little movement of the heads of those on the bank as they look long and intently at each of their kind floating there on the water. But there is no greeting, no sound, not a single movement of the hand. The canoes and their human loads might be those of a strange tribe. There is no longer even a subdued murmuring. You can hear the scraping of the chief's birch-bark against the long water-grass as it floats over the shallows. When the chief is within a canoe's length of the shore, he rises, puts the paddle-blade in the shallow water, and rests on the end of it. The bronze face, golden in the fading light, is lifted in proud scrutiny of his friends on the bank, but still there is no sign of recognition or of a bond of friendship. Presently he removes his paddle, and the squaw pushes the canoe slowly to the shore. The chief steps out.

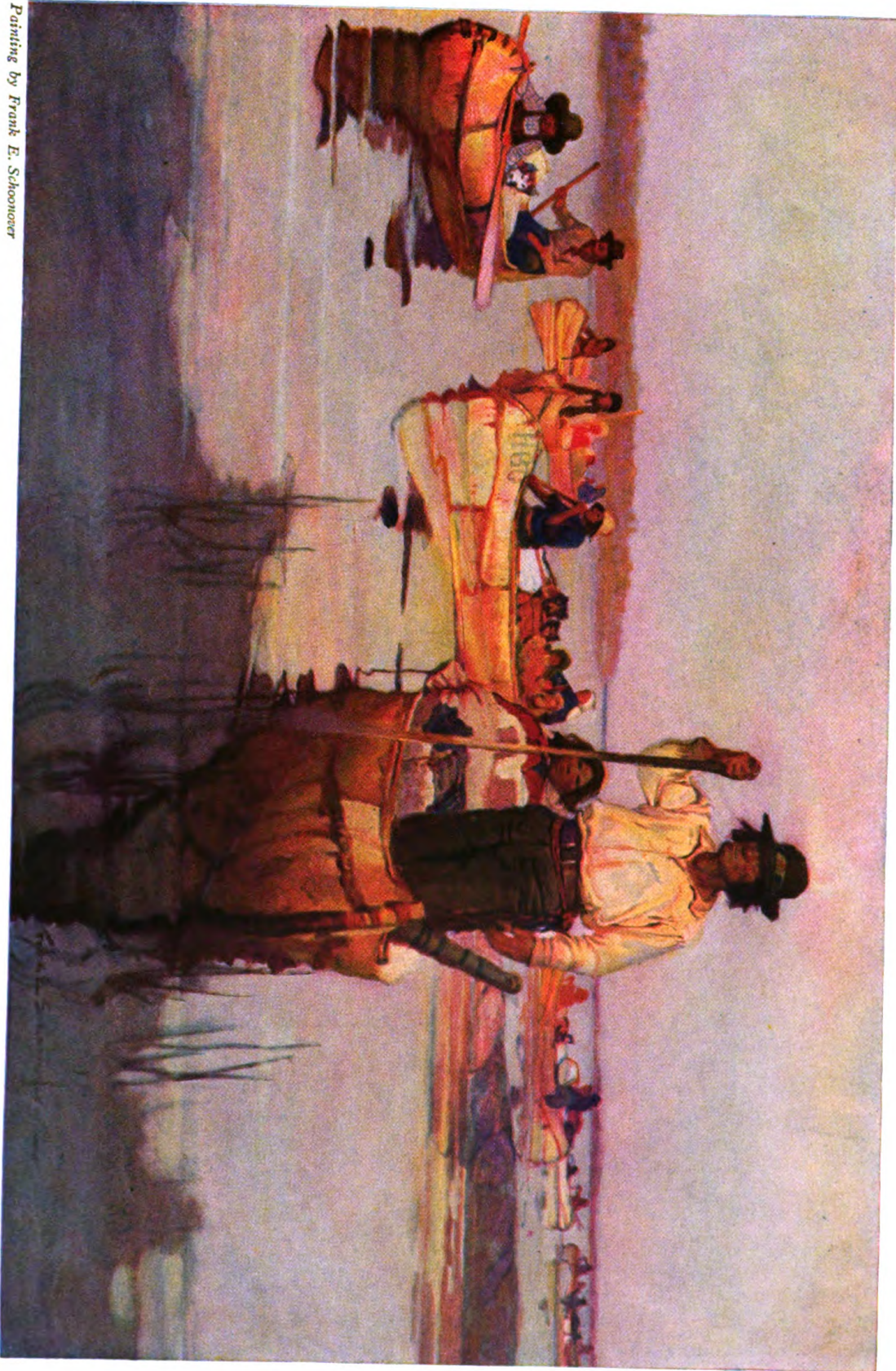
Then follows as strange a greeting as

these comings to the post have been as regular as the coming of spring itself. For that time and more the brown man has given his life to add his little pile of furs to the forty or fifty million dollars' worth that yearly go to the big world and the fair lady. The winter's catch is his very life; it keeps him facing death in the vast white silence of the frozen months, and calls him to the post with the soft winds of the South.

Now that the chief has landed, there is no longer the impressive stillness. The wild, husky dogs jump from the canoes and come splashing to the shore. Some are tied about the muzzle with a thong, and a bit of rag holds one foreleg in a kind of sling, to prevent them running wild. The men gather in groups while the squaws unload the canoes and pile on the bank a collection of clothing, cooking utensils, and brand-new papooses. There are muzzle-loading guns, beaded powder and cap bags, and yellow powder-

Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

THE BRONZE FACE OF THE CHIEF IS LIFTED TO PROUD SCRUTINY OF HIS FRIENDS





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horns. A pile of rabbit-blankets is topped by a something covered with birch-bark and wrapped about and about by caribou thongs. You notice a number of little bundles, and are told that these carefully wrapped affairs contain the forest loot of the fur-hunters. Within the strips of bark are hundreds of dollars' worth of raw pelts, from muskrat to the silver fox. Yet they are thrown about with no more care than if they contained nothing at all.

Like some magic city now rise about you the pyramids of poles and sections of birch-bark that go to make the Indian's home. The loot and litter on the bank is claimed and thrown within its shelter. Then the fires are started. They burn, a row of bright spots along the newly settled point of land. You look into the west; the sun has long since dipped beneath the lake.

On the morrow the hunter must needs sit about his bark home and await his own convenience before taking his bales of fur to the company store. The morning passes, and then noon. A meal is prepared and eaten. Then presently the hunters begin to stir about and gather their packs and take them to the store.

You follow, and watch the trading of the fur from the vantage-point of the counter. The Indians come into the big, square room of the company, seat themselves on the counters, on the benches, and on the floor. A few of the squaws with papooses, and a boy or two, help overcrowd the desirable places. When all have got into the store, the chief goes to the counter and shakes hands with the Factor, the bookkeeper, and the outpost Factor, in the same solemn manner that he greeted the members of the tribe the previous day. Then he has a long and seemingly important conversation with the *Ogima* (Factor). The great *Ogima* is moved by the chief's earnest appeal, and he produces from somewhere beneath the counter a cap with a patent-leather visor. He hands it to the Indian, who removes his own tattered head-gear and proudly places the cap in its place. Across the front of the cap, in tinseled finery, is woven the name "CHIEF." The brave hunter now has his badge of authority. Throughout the

summer he will wear the cap, and his people will call him *Newatchegejickwabe* (the Great Chief).

The Factor now enacts the prelude to a dramatic play that proceeds almost without words. To each of the hunters he hands a plug of cheap, black tobacco and a package of sulphur matches—all a gift from the great trading company. Immediately pipes are filled with the sticky tobacco cut from the plug. Nothing is said while the pipe of welcome is smoked. It is a very serious matter, the smoking of a pipeful of that tobacco. It requires constant attention and the entire bundle of matches. Finally the chief knocks his pipe free from ashes and puts it carefully away. Then he cuts the caribou thongs from one of the bark-covered bales, and spreads upon the counter a pile of raw furs—his own personal hunt, made since New-Year's Day. The Factor begins at the top of the chief's pile and first counts two hundred and fifty muskrats. He thrusts his hand in each pelt, judges of the value, and gives the amount to the bookkeeper, who sits close by. Each pelt in the catch is examined carefully and passed to the outpost Factor, who piles them on the counter.

You watch the hunter and the company's agent. No word passes between them. The cunning chief watches the Factor as a lynx would a rabbit. His sharp, bead-like eyes do not miss a movement. He follows every motion of the sensitive fingers, trained after many years' practice to perfect and fair judgment of a pelt. The hunter hears him say, although he does not understand a word, as he moves his hand over a glossy pelt,

"One fine otter, usual high price, twenty-five.

"One mink, three; one mink, five; another fine otter, same high price."

And so he continues, until finally you hear the chief's spring catch amounts to two hundred and fifty dollars. The Factor touches the Indian on the shoulder and tells him it is a fine hunt.

The chief then, as is befitting his station, trades in the pelts of all who made the hunt with him. He places on the counter a small pile of skins, his daughter's hunt—thirty muskrats—for which she receives a credit of about seven dol-

lars. Then there follows an exceptionally good hunt of an Indian who has been blacklisted because, as the bookkeeper says, his debt is of three years' standing and amounts to six hundred dollars. But the magnificent lot of fur that is topped by a fine silver fox, the prize catch of all hunters, has brought his indebtedness to only twelve dollars. And in such a manner the hunt of the tribe is traded to the great company.

On the counter are thousands of dollars' worth of furs, mink and marten, muskrat and sable; the dark fur of the otter melts into that of the black bear. The whole dark, soft, furry mass is dotted here and there by the white of the ermine. Back of this pile of skins, hanging from nails and carrying the mass of furs to the very beams of the room, are the lynx and the foxes—the red, the “cross,” and the silver gray, the latter each a small fortune in itself, and worth much over a thousand dollars apiece in the big market.

At one time, however, a single skin had no such value. A flintlock gun was worth fifteen to twenty beaver-skins; a white blanket, eight; an ax, one pound in weight, three beaver-skins; a half-pint of gunpowder, one; ten balls, one; tobacco fetched one beaver-skin per foot of “Spen-

cer's Twist”; and rum marked “not very strong,” two beaver-skins per bottle. Such were the prices demanded by the great company about the year 1775.

But your trapper, who sits close by, knows very little of the history of traders, and less of the outside world. The post is his great metropolis. He flocks to it in the spring to spend his all in riotous living. He is impatient, as are all the others, for the trading to be finished and his credits established, for then it is that you see the wiry bronze man, who has successfully fought the frozen wilderness at fifty below, become as a little child before a piece of cloth that boasts of a crude green, a yellow, or a red. He boasts of taking a bear single-handed and without the use of a gun, yet he gives that same pelt for gaudy ribbons, a box of colored thread, and some patent medicines. The motto of the company, “*Pro pelle cutum*” (a skin for a skin), is a true one.

The trading is done. The light-hearted trappers depart with their cheap finery. With the passing of the last the Factor closes the door and turns the key. In the quiet of the late afternoon the pelts of fur—some of them worth more than their weight in gold—are carried



AN INDIAN LETTER, WRITTEN IN THE CREE SYLLABIC ALPHABET

to the store-room above. There, under the shingled roof and the adz-marked rafters, are skins upon skins, great piles of them that mount shoulder-high into the dimly lighted attic. Upon these the Factor and his two assistants toss armful upon armful; and when all of the pelts brought in that day have been added to those traded in the New-Year season, it is a sight to turn the mind of the fair lady.

We marveled at the wealth of the business that had never been cornered nor formed into a trust.

"This post," remarked the Factor, in a laconic manner, "is noted for its rich shipment of furs; this is nothing unusual."

He closed and carefully locked the door that had opened to our vision only a glimpse of the vast riches of the north wilderness. We descended the steep stairway, the great door of the company's store was opened, and we passed out into the twilight. The day of trading was ended. The post will not see its like again for another year.

The glow of twilight slowly merges into deep shadows and silvery lights. A full moon rises. It bathes with a soft green light the buildings of the Hudson Bay Company and the tepees of the In-

dians. Perhaps you leave the Factor's house, cross the small fenced inclosure and find your way up the rocky hill-side, dotted with the many wigwams of the Ojibways. The Indians step outside their homes to gaze after you. At the top of the hill, where a cross silhouettes against the sky, you sit down and look about. The surface of Long Lake is calm and placid. Not a breath of air mars the reflections of the stars and the thin line of the distant shore. Columns of smoke from the smudge fires rise straight and thin. The squaws move about making the crude shelters as tight as possible. Presently, when the tepee is quite full of smoke, the blanket will be drawn across the one opening, and the strange, silent folk will be sheltered for the night.

Almost at your very feet there lies brooding a nomadic race whose life is a great tragedy. There is nothing to show for the trails that run from the post like silver threads into the unbroken wilderness of the North. They live and die.

A little weather-bleached cross of wood marks their grave, and a friendly Indian hangs upon it a rosary and a few leaves from the Balm of Gilead. But in the big city of a winter's evening you may



FISHING AT TWILIGHT IN
THE SHADOW OF THE PINES

see his hunt, all plucked and groomed and fashioned into shape for the season of social struggle.

A black shadow that comes along the rocky path draws nearer and takes a place by you on the big rock. It is the chief. He knows no English, so by way of establishing a common bond of friendship you pass him your tobacco that is all ready for smoking and does not require cutting from the plug. The chief seems very much pleased at being honored with so remarkable a smoking mixture, and the head of five hundred half-wild people sits content with his pipe and the stranger.

You look hard at this chief of the trappers. Far out across the deep waters of Long Lake he gazes. His head sinks a little between the broad shoulders. A long, wiry strand of black hair falls over the high cheek-bone and is lost in the black of the handkerchief about his neck. His big, sinewed hand grasps the pipe as it would an ax-handle. Across the

back of his hand are three long parallel scars. Perhaps within that breast there stirs the mystery of the unknown, of the legends and myths of the Northland, things hidden from one who only brushes against the fabric of their unfathomable life, but the chief brings himself to the commonplace things of every-day life. He unfastens the strings of his newly acquired factory-made shoes and removes them. A sigh of relief escapes him. No doubt he longs for the soft caribou moccasins that have been part and parcel of his make-up for the last half-year. He examines the hard leather foot-gear as best he can in the moonlight, and glances at the heavy shoes of the stranger. Verily the ways and customs of the white man are a mystery to him! He drops the shoes and then turns wistfully toward the village of bark. From somewhere in the distance comes the sound of a harmonica. The chief gathers up his shoes and patters down the hillside to find the tepee and its musician.

Land of Rain

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I AM the king of the land of rain,
The king of the falling, falling showers,
The land of graves where the daffodil flowers,
And the ancient spring comes back again.

I am the king of the running stream
That escapes from the winter and laughs and sings,
Of the broken heart, and the ruined dream,
And all forgotten, forsaken things.

I am the king of the rising moon,
And the setting sun, and the falling star,
I am the king of last year's snow,
And the country where the lost faces are.

Barjavel's Civet of Hare

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"IMBECILE that thou art!" exclaimed Madame Barjavel, addressing herself thus bitterly to the worthy Marius Barjavel, her own husband. "It is of thee and of thy disgraced cookings that misery, that destruction, that annihilation, beset our fortunes and bring us at a gallop hopelessly to perish in the extremities of despair! Here in this important town of Maussane our Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roch is as a devastated ruin lost in a trackless desert and abandoned of all the world. Our streams of richly-paying customers stream to us no more—they stream to the insignificant village of Paradou. Neglectful of thy civet of hare—that once, being made with a skill, brought them to us on all the Sundays in a surging multitude—they go to gorge themselves at the unclean and impossible Hôtel du Cheval-Vert on disgustingly superior matelotes of eels. The toll that we have taken from them for twenty years we take no longer. It is taken into the swollen pouch of that vilest of all the earth, the young Bosquet. In these our broken days they shun us—as though we were the blessed Saint-Roch himself, plague-stricken in the wilderness and abandoned of all save his succoring dog. For us there is not even so much as a succoring dog! For us—and always, I tell thee, because thy civet has become an abomination—it is only that we go to expire immediately in poignant agonies of the bitterest want!"

Madame Barjavel paused—not because she had finished, but because her breath was exhausted—and the good Barjavel took the word.

"Treasure of my life," said the good Barjavel, "it is not so bad as all that. As those who have wise mouths well know, my civet has not lost its savor—and they fill their wise mouths with it in a manner that tells more than words. Remember, it was but last Sunday that we had the lading of a whole omnibus—

sixteen in all, to say nothing of the feeding of the four horses and the man and the boy—coming to us from Fontvieille expressly to feast on my civet: and at the end of their feasting—their good hearts well warmed by their well-warmed stomachs—they paid the long addition that I made for them without a murmur, and gave me also their words of glowing praise."

"And to how remote a Sunday in the infinite past," put in Madame Barjavel, "must we return to find another omnibus that came to us from anywhere in any part of the habitable world? To us, indeed! It is, I repeat, to that profligate young Bosquet—to him and his repulsive eels and his polluted travesties of Paris cookings—that on all the Sundays omnibus after omnibus packed with hungry ones goes flouting past our very door!"

"But that omnibus of last Sunday, my heart's blessing, flouted past *his* door to come to ours. Of necessity, that brave company—having but the one road to follow between Maussane and Fontvieille—came and returned again through Paradou: and the young Bosquet had the poor pleasure, in beholding those passages, of witnessing his own disdaining—and of knowing for whom he was disdained. Let that good fact strengthen thee, my soul. We are not forsaken. We still have our friends!"

But even as he uttered these hopeful words Barjavel sighed heavily; and in tones not hopeful, after pausing for a moment, he continued: "Unhappily, my treasured one, in that sack of thy sad sayings there is enough of truth. Assuredly, things are not with us as we would have them to be. Since the old Bosquet's death and the young Bosquet's home-coming—he with his farrago about his Paris teachings, and with the worthy tradition of his father's eels to rest on—our fortunes have been dimmed. It is not now as it was in the days when the old Bosquet and I—he with his really

excellent matelotes, and I with my far superior civets—divided the custom of the country-side between us: and always, deservedly, the better part of it falling to my share. Why, in that prosperous time our breakfasters came to us even from Saint-Remy! Yes, to the shamed confusion of their own inn-keepers—the worthy proprietor of the respectable Ville Vert, the equally worthy proprietor of the respectable Cheval-Blanc—those brave Saint-Remois crossed the stupendous heights of the Alpilles to make their Sunday eatings here! The compliment was superb!” Barjavel’s tone was elate as he made this self-ennobling statement. The elation left it as he added, again sighing heavily: “But that good time is ended. Of a truth, unless matters mend with us speedily the wolf will be at our door!”

“The wolf *will be* at our door!” echoed Madame Barjavel, in shrill tones of irony. “Already the wolf assails us—and not one single wolf, but whole regiments of wolves! What was the visit, but yesterday, of Monsieur Groggnard, the courtier en vins? He is the greatest wolf of all—he with his long bill for the cask of wine that thy blind folly led thee to purchase, and that no one comes to buy! And the bill from the épiciier in Arles—whose groceries already fill our stomachs while our pockets are as empty as the wind! And Monsieur Grevoulin, to whom we owe for the oats and the hay! And Monsieur Dutret, to whom—”

“Peace! Peace! My treasure. Only but now I have told thee that for the moment all of those matters are composed. The bowels of the courtier en vins have softened to me. He has allowed me—after what I told him of our great company of last Sunday—a reasonable period of delay. Our pockets in part are empty—they still, God be praised, have more than wind in them—because the bill of the épiciier in part has been paid; while the remainder, again because of my good report of last Sunday, willingly has been deferred. Equally, in the same manner, Monsieur Dutret has been pacified.

“Of my debt to Monsieur Grevoulin—and it is not a small debt—rest thou assured that I shall hear nothing until, in my own time, I go to the Château to

make my settlement, pouch in hand. As thou well knowest, between us two—that grand gentleman and myself—there is the friendship of our whole lives. Up there at Bastières—on the estate that then was his honored father’s, and that now is his own—we were born, in the Château and in the mazet of the gardener, almost on the same day. We were companions, he and I—and his brother, that merry scamp of a Monsieur Auguste, who now is the great banker—through all the years of our boyhood: and the friendship that then began between us endures. But to-day he gave me a fresh proof of it: when he stopped his carriage at our door expressly to tell me that this visit of Monsieur Auguste’s for the shooting—about which the newspapers fill columns, and the whole world talks—begins to-morrow. And even at the risk of getting another beating, he said with a laugh—thinking of that peach-stealing scrape into which Monsieur Auguste got me—I must be sure to come soon to the Château to have a talk with my old playfellow. Think of it! I, I myself, am asked to come for a dish of friendly talk with that great banker: who lends his millions to kings with a superb indifference; who at all times is submerged to his very eyebrows in a sea of gold! And of my owings for the hay and the oats, not a word! Rest thou then assured, my heart’s own, our affairs, for the present, go in safety. For the present, I repeat to thee, all is composed.”

“And I repeat to *thee*,” cried Madame Barjavel, with an emphasis the most violent, “that thou art wholly imbecile! Inevitably, since we remain without customers to bring money to the pouch, thy deceivings of our creditors in but another moment will reveal themselves; and when that undeception comes will come our destruction. Monsieur Grevoulin, perhaps, may stay his hand—and no doubt thou vastly wilt enjoy thyself making boobying calls upon this rich friend of thine, his brother: about the gathering of whose riches I have heard tales that cover him with shame. But the courtier en vins, and the épiciier, and Monsieur Dutret will *not* stay their hands—nor will the others to whom from our empty pockets untold sums are due.

“Again I tell thee that wolves over-

whelm and confound us! It is as though they came upon us from all the caverns of the Alpilles in packs of thousands; as though from all the fastnesses of the Luberon they descended upon us in unnumbered myriads of swarms! And that they come is of thy bidding.

As a faithful wife
I have toiled and
struggled to save us
from this perishing:
whilst thou, to the
wrecking of all of
my commendable
economies, hast al-
lured it upon us
with thy criminally
depraved cookings
that even monsters
would despise. It is
of thee that we are
caught into the tre-
mendous fury of this
overwhelming tem-
pest—that whirls us
into the coils of de-
vouring disaster and
brings us instantly
to despair!”

Madame Barjavel was of Provence—Maussane and its neighbor Paradou are gay little villages, nooked under the sunny southern slope of the Alpilles, a dozen miles or so to the eastward of Arles—and of Provence to the very finger-tips. Being a Provençale, her disheartening outcry naturally went to extremes. Had things gone a little differently—had two good Sundays come in sequence, for instance—she would have denied flatly that such animals as wolves had any existence. It is that way, down there. For the Provençaux there is no between. Either the sunshine blazes everywhere, or the whole universe is blackened by devastating storm.

But for Madame Barjavel to denounce as disgraced the good Barjavel's cookings was to carry her extremes too far even for Provence. In point of fact, being full charged with the known genius of his race—the race that sixteen centuries ago made glad gluttons of

Roman emperors, and that ever since has been making glad gluttons of the whole world—his cookings were of a supremacy: and the fullest and the fairest flowering of them was in his inspired civet of hare!

In that civet, undoubtedly, all that



“NOT ONE WOLF, BUT WHOLE REGIMENTS OF WOLVES!”

goes to the making of an uninspired civet was assembled; and all was dealt with—save in the matter that was Barjavel's inspired secret—in the normal way. The onions and the diced salt-pork, with the zest-giving garlic, duly were browned together in a saucepan in a sizzle of boiling butter; the hare, properly jointed, was added and—with the assisting sprinkling of flour—equally was browned; the wine and the bouillon were introduced, followed by the parsley, the bay-leaves, and the sprig of thyme. Then came the half-hour of quick cooking; and, at the final moment, the hare's blood and the magical touch of vinegar that is the civet's soul. All that, and in that way, Barjavel did beyond a question. But he did something more—the unknown, the inscrutable thing of his own devising that made his making of a civet of hare supreme!

No! No! When Madame Barjavel so recklessly decried the perfect excellence of Barjavel's cookings she went, and went knowingly, beyond the limits—and her attack so obviously adjusted itself into an absurdity that Barjavel passed it without denial. But while the good Barjavel, by habitude, ignored her unfounded assault personal, he could not ignore her assault general. That, unhappily, had its roots. The courtier en vins, the Arles épiciier, Monsieur Dutret, did come to the Barjavel door wolving. And that they were not paid, or were but part paid, was due precisely to the fact that on all the Sundays omnibus after omnibus did go flouting past that door on its way to Paradou. The real black beast that lurked in the Barjavel basket—and it was a very black beast—was the rival inn.

In a friendly way, that rivalry—between the Little Saint-Roch in Mausane and the Green Horse in Paradou: the two not half a dozen miles asunder

among the olive-orchards which lie between the almonds higher on the hill-sides and the vines on the plain below—was an old matter; a matter of a round score of years. Through all that stretch of time Barjavel and the old Bosquet pretty fairly had divided between them—there was enough for both—the merry-making custom of the country-side. There were those who swore by the old Bosquet's excellent matelotes of eels and came by the omnibus-load to the Green Horse to make on them their Sunday feasting. Equally were there those who, disdainful of eels, swore by Barjavel's inspired civet of hare and came by the omnibus-load on the Sundays to the Little Saint-Roch to gorge on it. And so—while the bad Sundays came with the good Sundays—both of them kept the pot well boiling: always to the good tune of clinking silver, and always with a snug sum for the stocking at the year's end. Through all of the twenty years—until the old Bosquet ceased to be of

Paradou and became an honored addition to the culinary chapter of the angels—this good order of things lasted. It was when the young Bosquet put on the shoes of his father, and in them became the Green Horse's landlord, that Barjavel's black beast arrived.

He was of an astuteness, the young Bosquet. For that very taking over of his inheritance he had made his provision cleverly. In the time of his waiting for his father's shoes to be emptied, and so set in readiness for his own on-putting, he had gone up to Paris: going avowedly for cookly training; but going in reality because he had the wit to foresee what prestige would be his when, on the emptying of the shoes, he came back to Paradou with the hall-mark of the Capital on himself and on all his pots and



HE HAD BEEN ONLY A SOUS-CHEF IN AN OBSCURE RESTAURANT



ELDERLY GOURMETS OBSERVED THAT BOSQUET'S EELS BY NO MEANS CLASSED WITH THOSE OF HIS FATHER

pans. And it had worked, that shrewdly laid plan of his, to a marvel! The whole country-side was aroused by the young Bosquet's florid announcement that he, a Parisian chef—actually, he had been only a sous-chef, and at that only in a conspicuously obscure restaurant—was prepared to serve at the Green Horse, to the world in general, precisely such delicacies as he had served habitually in Paris to all the kings and queens of Europe and to the greatest of the nobility of France.

In order the more widely to disseminate these alluring unveracities, the young Bosquet—with a hospitality not unmingled with guile—had over from Arles the editor of the *Homme de Bronze* to a breakfast that really was worth coming for; and in return for that breakfast—he could do no less—the editor published in the *Homme de Bronze* a glowing eulogy of the young Bosquet's cookings: which had received, as he declared with a generous enthusiasm, the deserved approval of royalties and of Parisian epicures of the first rank. When the Arles newspaper was read in Paradou, and in the roundabout villages, the effect was instant. Everybody wanted to set teeth to those breakfasts which had the approval of epicures and of kings!

A similar essay with the local correspondent of the *Petit Marseillais* was less successful. As written, and as read to the young Bosquet, the article of the local correspondent outdid the article in the *Homme de Bronze*. But when it

came to be published in the great newspaper of Marseille—after Monsieur Samat judiciously had edited it—all that it told was that Bosquet fils had succeeded to Bosquet père in the ownership of the Hôtel du Cheval-Vert at Paradou; and that, as Bosquet fils had served in the kitchen of a Paris restaurant, the excellent reputation of that favorably known inn no doubt would be maintained. But even in this grudging account of the matter the credit of a Paris training was accorded to the young Bosquet—and that went a long way.

Yet the fact presently was observed by the elderly gourmets of the region that the young Bosquet's matelotes of eels by no means classed with the matelotes that his father had made before him; and those elders went so far as to declare that his cookings in general were of a sort that even minor kings in reduced circumstances would be unlikely to tolerate. To which depreciatory comments they added, and reasonably, that for anybody to go from Provence to Paris to learn cooking was an obvious traversing of the known laws of God and of man.

To the untrained palates of ignorant youth, however, such nicety of perception was denied; while the cachet of Paris did appeal strongly to the youthful mind. Therefore Madame Barjavel was justified in her bitter declaration that on all the Sundays a stream of omnibuses laden with hungry ones went flouting past the door (at which the wolf was growling) of the Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roch; and

that all of them were heading for the unclean and impossible, as with less of justification she described it, Hôtel du Cheval-Vert—above the entrance to which blazed in golden letters the artfully entreating, but illusive, legend: "Restaurant Parisienne."

Of necessity, the coming down of Monsieur Auguste Grevoulin to Bastières for the shooting made a wide-going commotion: most violent, naturally, in Maussane—but extending so far beyond the limits of that little commune as to stir up the whole of the Midi and to make a ripple throughout Europe in all the great centres of finance.

Barjavel had not exaggerated. That great banker—always to the front when government loans of the largest were to be negotiated—truly did lend to kings his milliards; and, effectively—since the lenders of milliards to kings have the habitude of halting some incidental millions short of the royal coffers for the warming of their own pockets—he truly was submerged at all times to his very eyebrows in a sea of gold. In the world of high finance his position was commanding. When he but wagged his finger bourses trembled. His lightest acts, his most trivial movements, sedulously were chronicled in the press—and in the press and on the exchanges were the bases of extravagant conjectures as to what vast constructive schemes they presaged or what huge destructions of rival interests they involved.

Thus, when his intended visit to his brother at Bastières was announced, the seers of the newspapers perceived in his journey to the Midi various deep purposes which they variously described. The Paris editors—whose interest in the South never is more than lukewarm—asserted no more than that, under the direction of Monsieur Grevoulin, the civic debt of Marseille was to be refunded. The Southern editors, characteristically, let loose their imaginations on larger lines. The *Petit Marseillais*—with a cautious reserve befitting its position as the leading newspaper of the South, but with enthusiasm—hinted that the coming down from Paris of Monsieur Grevoulin not impossibly might be connected with the long-cherished project of

turning the Étang de Berre into a vast land-locked harbor—the possession of which would make Marseille mistress not only of the trade of the Mediterranean, but of most of the trade of the world. The *Petit Nimois*, reviving another great dormant project, one that has languished for well on to a century, declared without any reserve whatever that, financed by Monsieur Grevoulin, the transformation of the Canal du Midi into a sea-level ship-canal was about to be effected: with the result that the naval bases of Brest and Toulon would be in touch with each other; that the ports of Spain would be left moribund on a neglected island; and that the trade of Northern Europe, flowing by this short cut into the Mediterranean, would pour abounding riches into the whole of the South of France. Contenting itself with a matter of strictly local interest, the *Homme de Bronze* announced joyfully that Monsieur Grevoulin was to provide funds for the building of the long-desired great irrigation canal—that would start from huge wing-dams in the Rhône at Arles, and that would transform into smiling vineyards the arid region of the Crau.

Truly, with all this opulent talk buzzing in the air, it was not surprising that the Maussane folk—conscious that their own commune was the very centre of the impending financial cyclone—reasonably were exalted by a justifiable pride. Recognizing their duty to honor the distinguished visitor whose coming so honored them, they went so far as to plan the erection of a triumphal arch at the railway station for Monsieur Grevoulin's welcoming. And this handsome project lapsed only because—while it hung in execution among the varying proposals of its projectors—Monsieur Grevoulin, all unheralded and all unwelcomed, actually arrived: having come down from Paris on the rapide to Arles, and thence—ignoring the little branch railway—having driven the short seventeen kilomètres across country to Bastières. Indeed, the triumphal arch might have been built all belatedly at the railway station after his coming—and left to languish there—had he not himself announced his passage through Maussane in a wholly informal and a very friendly way.

He was a kindly man, the great banker—save sometimes in his treatment of kings short of money—and in his warm heart of the South he kept his warm memories of his birthplace and of his childhood's friends. Very likely, too, in the course of the drive from Arles, his brother may have told with regret about the evil days on which Barjavel, their old-time playmate, had fallen: a matter within his knowledge because of the unpaid-for oats and hay. At any rate, however it may have come about, the Grevoulin carriage was halted on its way through Mausane at the door of the Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roch; and from the carriage window the great banker called out jollily: "Halloa, Marius! Halloa, old Barjavel! Come out of thy den there and shake hands with an old friend!"

Figure to yourself Barjavel's feelings when, coming out to the carriage in his shirt-sleeves, he found who that old friend was! And it was a matter that happened, mind you, not at night and in a corner—but in the full blaze of midday and with the whole world looking on! Multitudes heard that great personage call himself Barjavel's old friend. All the universe perceived how truly of an old friendliness was the hand-clasp that Barjavel had of him. Reasonably, Barjavel's hand shook with more than its hearty shaking. Reasonably, there were tears of happiness in Barjavel's eyes!

It all was the affair of a moment. In the next moment the order to drive on was given—but from the carriage window the great banker called back, always jollily: "Come up to the Château tomorrow, Marius. We must have a talk, mon vieux, about old times!"

Then the carriage went onward: leaving Barjavel blinking his moist eyes smilingly; and leaving on the faces of the assembled multitude—not myself to drop too far into Provençal ways, I must state that at least a dozen people witnessed this brilliant passage—an expres-



IT WAS MADAME BARJAVEL WHO DRESSED HIM

sion of respectful interest so profound as to border upon awe.

One face alone lacked that expression: the face of Madame Barjavel. And her comment upon the glory that had come to her husband—uttered, to do her justice, after they had re-entered the inn together—was to the effect that he was a silly old fool to be elated by the idle kindness of a rich man whose riches assuredly had come by evil ways.

All the same, it was Madame Barjavel—in her rôle of faithful and devoted wife—who put Barjavel's best clothes in their best order, and who herself dressed him in them, when he went the next day

to pay his visit to Monsieur Auguste at the Château.

As Barjavel told gratefully in all his sequent prosperous years, that visit to Monsieur Auguste was his life's turning-point: marking, as with a golden milestone, his entrance upon a highway paved only with gold!

It was a happy conference that he held with the great banker—in an arbor on the Château terrace, a mellowing bottle on the little table between them, no one within ear-shot to hear their talk. The warm Southern heart of Monsieur Auguste—not at all the heart that was in evidence in his dealings with kings in difficulties—showed itself warmly at the very start: when he set Barjavel quite at his ease by bringing up laughingly that greatest of all their escapades together—the famous peach-stealing that was so close to ending in the discharge of Barjavel's father from his good berth as gardener at the Château. And the matter assuredly would have ascended to that disastrous climax had not Monsieur Au-

guste told pluckily and truthfully that he alone had devised, and then had lured the little Marius into, his scheme of great wickedness—and so had averted the catastrophe by inviting to his own bad back, and by taking gamely, the sound whipping that he abundantly deserved.

"But thy hide suffered with mine equally, my poor Marius!" concluded Monsieur Auguste, with a laugh that was catching. "Most unfairly—since I was the sinner and thou, but for my misleading, a lamb of innocence—thy father gave thee as heavy a trouncing as came from my father to me. It was days and days—dost thou remember?—before either of us could sit down without groans! And, on top of it all, the peaches were green and we suffered tortures in our little insides! Ah, my old Marius, there were great happenings in those old brave days!"

When an easy atmosphere of friendliness thus had been created, Monsieur Auguste skilfully went on to the matter that all along had been uppermost in his warm Southern heart—and he managed it precisely as he managed the negotiation of

a state loan. Gently, seemingly negligently, he questioned Barjavel precisely in the same way that he questioned a needy king's prime minister; and by that astute questioning Barjavel was led on and on, quite unconscious of the collective effect of his several revelations—it was the same way always with the prime ministers—until the very all and the very worst of his difficulties had been laid bare.

On the assembled facts so elicited the great banker meditated for a while in silence; a silence that Barjavel—beginning to realize how completely his bad affairs stood uncovered—



THE GREAT BANKER MEDITATED IN SILENCE

found raspingly painful. Had he known it, prime ministers, at the end of like uncoverings, had been affected by like silences on the part of the great banker in just the same way. It was the habit of the great banker, in sequence to such revelations, thus to meditate: to the end that he might pinch out from the to-be-relieved monarch the last possible sou. In the case of Barjavel his meditation went on kindlier lines: the finding of a way by which that worthy inn-keeper—who, being a Provençal, certainly would reject help offered in the form of money—might be set to mending his own broken fortunes with his own hands.

At last Monsieur Auguste ended the trying silence, and with a question that to Barjavel seemed to be both trivial and irrelevant. "Dost thou still make as of old, my brave Marius," he asked, "and with thy old skill, thy wonderful civet of hare?"

Gloomily Barjavel answered that, on occasion, he still made his civet of hare; and that the lean few who ever came to the Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roch to eat it were good enough to declare that it still was not badly made.

"And it is, then," went on Monsieur Auguste, interrogatively, "only because of the éclat that thy rival gains for himself in the newspapers—his matelotes, as all of his cookings, being inferior—that thy noble civet is deserted for his ignoble eels?"

With a modest conviction, born of conscious merit, Barjavel replied unhesitatingly that Monsieur Auguste's summing of the situation accurately exhibited the unhappy truth.

And then, to Barjavel's bewilderment, Monsieur Auguste gave a resounding slap to his thigh, and cried out triumphantly: "Now all is clear to me, my good Marius—and all is well! In but a moment more all thy troubles shall be ended, and riches shall be flowing into thy lap in broad streams. Presently, thy deep pockets bulging with silver, thou wilt be coming to me for thy share in one of my little loans. I see all, I tell thee, clearly. At the root of this affair of thine lies precisely the need that lies at the roots of my little loans—the need of making for it a *réclame*. Very well—and bear in mind that I have some slight

practice in the handling of such matters—I go to make for it a *réclame* that will resound in every newspaper in France! It is easy, the little that I do for thee—and it is much that I owe thee, remember, for that beating which for me thy back suffered when together we were boys. Listen, now—while I tell thee how this fortune of thine is to be gained."

As one spellbound, Barjavel listened to that great telling! When at last, all joyfully, it was ended, Monsieur Auguste filled again their glasses; and, raising his glass, cried strongly: "We drink to thy coming prosperity, my old Marius! To the coming glory of the Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roch because of thy supreme civet's just renown!"

Jollily Monsieur Auguste drank this astounding toast. In doubt, in wonder, in dazed gladness, Barjavel drank it. His mind was in a whirl!

"And now, *mon vieux*," Monsieur Auguste added, as they set down their emptied glasses, "I must ask thee to excuse me. My friend Monsieur Samat comes to-day to breakfast—it is a trifling loan of a few millions to the city of Marseille that we confer about—and his time is almost here. It is opportune to our purposes, his coming—he, the editor of the *Petit Marseillais*."

Why the coming of Monsieur Samat was opportune was apparent three days later: when was published in the great newspaper of Marseille a charming article about the visit of Monsieur Auguste Grevoulin to the home of his boyhood—the certainly not uninspired charging-point of which article was the half-playful statement that the great banker's journey southward, according to his own explanation of the matter, had been made solely to enable him to enjoy once more in Maussane a dish that in Paris he sighed for all his days in vain. As every Provençal gourmet knew, the article continued with a seriousness, this dish unobtainable in Paris—unobtainable anywhere, indeed, save at the Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roch in Maussane—was the *Sieur Marius Barjavel's* supreme civet of hare.

Fancy the stir made in Maussane by that testimonial to the supremacy of Barjavel's civet—the civet that Maussane wilfully had neglected, almost had

come to despise! And the stir, going wider, covered the whole of the great triangle lying between Arles and Aix and Marseille. In a word, the whole of Provence fell to licking its lips and to whetting its teeth for a taste of that civet that was declared to be superior to all other civets by the leading newspaper of the South of France!

But bear in mind, if you please, that this was only the opening shot—the roar of which presently was remembered only as a minor popping—of Monsieur Auguste's great battery of guns.

In telling about that ennobling article in the *Petit Marseillais*, and the prodigious effect that it produced, I have got three days in advance of my story. Rectifying that error of narration, I return to Barjavel's home-coming—after his thrilling conference with Monsieur Auguste—and of his revelation to Madame Barjavel of all that had passed at that interview, and of all that in consequence of it was to come.

Madame Barjavel, frankly, would have none of Monsieur Auguste's project. With energy she declared that Monsieur Auguste, as of old always, was putting one of his practical jokes on them; and a joke that, being permitted, assuredly would lead on to ruin even more stupendous than that in which already they were involved.

"We to give such a breakfast!" cried Madame Barjavel shrilly. "And to such people! The mere thought of such folk coming here is madness: the Préfet of the Bouches-du-Rhône, the Sous-Préfet from Arles, the General from Marseille, the Admiral from Toulon—God knows why not also the archbishops of Aix and of Avignon!"

"As I have but just now told thee," put in Barjavel, stoutly, "the breakfast is a breakfast of the chase. Were it not of the chase, very likely Monsieur Auguste would bring the archbishops too."

"Archbishop me no archbishops!" exclaimed Madame Barjavel—quite ignoring the fact that it was she herself who had dragged into the matter those exalted personages. "What moon-struck madness is upon thee that even for the most minute portion of the briefest instant thou canst imagine so flagrant an im-

possibility as the coming—and in their train that equally impossible swarm of journalists that Monsieur Auguste tricks thee with—of such a company of notabilities to a breakfast *here*! And, under all—in the beyond-dreams-incredible event of their coming—how could we serve them fittingly? Where is a fit table-setting? Where are fit wines? Where is anything whatever fit for the entertainment of préfets and sous-préfets and generals and admirals to be found?"

"That matter, my loved one," replied Barjavel confidently, "goes well to arrange itself in Monsieur Auguste's good hands. He promises that from Marseille shall come the whole of what is needed for the table—even to waiters, trained to serve such company, from the Grand Hôtel de Noailles—and that wines shall come from the cellars of the Château. He assured me that he has the habitude of such managings—as he well may have when we think of his constant breakfast-givings to his friends the kings—and that I need have no doubtings but that his part will arrive. To me will be left, he said, the soul of the matter: the creating of what he called my 'supreme civet' and the serving of it to that august assemblage with my own hands!"

"Neither Monsieur Auguste's part nor thy part will arrive!" declared Madame Barjavel with indignant finality. "It is a trick, I say, one of his old tricks of boyhood, that he is playing on thee. And should he seek to press it to a realization—this matter that to him is a jest, and to us certain destruction—I myself will bar our doors. Never shall they enter the Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roch—those notables who at once are a deadly menace and a hideous sham!"

"But they are *not* a sham, and they *shall* enter!" declared Barjavel resolutely. "This very day, I tell thee, the affair begins its arranging. In two weeks' time it matures. And then, in another moment—thanks to those brave journalists whom Monsieur Auguste assembles—the eyes of the whole universe, even of the immortals beyond the universe, will be turned admiringly upon our Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roch: where the noblest and the greatest of the whole Midi assemble for their feasting. In one sublimely tremendous moment, I say, the fame of



WHEN CAME THE CRISIS MOMENT FOR HIM TO ENTER WITH HIS SUPREME CIVET OF HARE!

my cookings will be blazoned to the habitable globe's remotest corners: and thenceforward all the inhabitants of the globe, panting with eagerness, Sunday after Sunday forever, will come tumultuously crowding upon us to regale themselves in ecstasies on my civet of hare!"

Having thus exaltedly and exaltingly delivered himself—they are not vain, the Provençaux, but they have a happy aptitude for adapting themselves to any altitude to which their merit raises them—Barjavel paused for a moment. Then, coming quite down from his oratorical heights and speaking in tones wholly practical, he continued: "Immediately we must set about the making of the pavilion. That good project long has languished. Now—that we may have space for our coming throngs of patrons—it becomes an instant necessity. That I may arrange with Monsieur Mauron, the contractor, I shall hurry to Saint-Remy this very day."

"Maniac that thou art!" cried Madame Barjavel. "It is to Saint-Remy that thou well mayst hurry—to the madhouse there of Saint-Paul! There, at least—I count not on thy return to sanity—thou wilt be held fast from plunging thyself,

and me thy devoted wife with thee, into unendingly bottomless abysses of ruinous woe!

"Solemnly I tell thee, Marius—speaking as though already I were on the death-bed of starvation to which, were it permitted, this crazed project of thine instantly would hurry us—not one least tittle of thy mad planning ever shall come to pass! As thy faithful and devoted wife, as thy guardian against overwhelmingly disastrous ruin, solemnly and with all the force of my being I tell thee that only over my dead body shall this moon-mad dream of thy crazed delirium ever come true!"

And yet—a little to the disarrangement of the minor details of this prophetic utterance—it was Madame Barjavel who herself hustled the good Barjavel into a fresh apron of a spotless whiteness, who herself set straight on his head a fresh and spotlessly clean white cap, and who herself held open the kitchen door for his passage: when came, two weeks later, the crisis moment for him to enter, as a crowned king would enter, his own dining-room; and with his own proud hands to serve to the illustrious company gathered there his supreme civet of hare!

Really, all things considered, Madame Barjavel's attitude on that great occasion was of the noblest. Of malice toward Barjavel—although, flagrantly, he had overborne all her protests, and with a result so brilliant as obviously to menace the very foundations of her prophecies of disaster—she showed none. Among the angels that day—especially among the female married angels—her conduct was recognized as superb!

Later on, when her prophecies of disaster had been routed utterly—in the fat years when a second pavilion had been added to the first one, and even then the young Bosquet making a good account out of the good crumbs that fell from Barjavel's overcrowded tables—that fine woman carried her generous complaisance really almost too far: to the point—that the good Barjavel regarded as extreme—of claiming for herself the whole of the credit for effecting their extrication from the tangles of despair.

"It was I," declared Madame Barjavel, "who saw to it that every one of those brave journalists was filled to the very chin with the food and the drink that immediately became transmuted into their long writings in splendid praise of us—and that practical work of mine was done

whilst thou stoodst gawking to listen to the silly laudings that the Préfet and the General and the rest of them were bestowing upon thee. And, mark thou well, it was out of those splendid praises of the journalists, that went ringing throughout all France and even throughout all Europe—every word of them being of my making—that began to come instantly our bewilderingly vast prosperity.

"And before and above that good work of mine, which was the soul of the matter, I did that without which the matter never would have arrived. At the root of all, at the very beginning, when thy feeble heart was filled with unfair doubtings of Monsieur Auguste's so nobly made and so nobly fulfilled promises, when craven fears beset thee as to the doing of thy own small part in his stupendous plannings, it then was I—I, thy faithful and devoted wife—who bravely and resolutely upheld thy hands!"

"Blessing of my life!" replied the good Barjavel. "Always it is on that strong heart of thine that I rely!"

Among the angels that day—especially among the male married angels—Barjavel's answer, at once so gallant and so conservative, received the commendation that it deserved.

"O Wise and Strong"

BY ANNE BUNNER

O WISE and strong beyond all need of me!
 Why should I dream, now you have flown so high,
 And I, earth-bound, could never touch the sky—
 Why should I dream you needed me? And yet
 I never, looking in your eyes, forget
 The little lonely child you used to be.

Your United States

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

SEVENTH PAPER

I HAD my first glimpses of education in America from the purser of an illustrious liner, who affirmed the existence of a dog—in fact, his own dog—so highly educated that he habitually followed and understood human conversations, and that in order to keep secrets from the animal it was necessary to spell out the key-word of a sentence instead of pronouncing it. After this I seemed somehow to be prepared for the American infant who, when her parents discomfited her just curiosity by the same mean adult dodge of spelling words, walked angrily out of the room with the protest: “There’s too blank much education in this house for me!” Nevertheless, she proudly and bravely set herself to learn to spell; whereupon her parents descended to even worse depths of baseness, and in her presence would actually whisper in each other’s ear. She merely inquired, with grimness: “What’s the good of being educated, anyway? First you spell words, and when I can spell then you go and whisper!” And received no adequate answer, naturally.

This captivating creature, whose society I enjoyed at frequent intervals throughout my stay in America, was a mirror in which I saw the whole American race of children—their independence, their self-confidence, their adorable charm, and their neat sauciness. “What is father?” she asked one day. Now her father happens to be one of the foremost humorists in the United States; she was baldly informed that he was a humorist. “What is a humorist?” she went on, ruthlessly, and learned that a humorist was a person who wrote funny things to make people laugh. “Well,” she said, “I don’t honestly think he’s very funny at home.” It was naught to her that humorists are not paid to be funny at home, and that in truth they never under any circumstances are very funny at home. She just hurled her father from his niche—

and then went forth and boasted of him as a unique peculiarity in fathers, as an unrivaled ornament of her career on earth; for no other child in the vicinity had a professional humorist for parent. Her gestures and accent typified for me the general attitude of youngest America, in process of education, toward the older generation: an astonishing, amusing, exquisite, incomprehensible mixture of affection, admiration, trust, and rather casual tolerating scorn.

One noon, in perfect autumn weather, I was walking down the main road of a residential suburb, and observing the fragile-wheeled station-wagons, and the ice-wagons enormously labeled “DANGER” (perhaps by the gastric experts of the medical faculty), and the Colonial-style dwellings, and the “tinder” boarding-houses, and the towering boot-shine stands, and the roast-chestnut emporia, and the gasometers flanking a noble and beautiful river—I was observing all this when a number of young men and maids came out of a high-school and unconsciously assumed possession of the street. It was a great and impressive sight; it was a delightful sight. They were so sure of themselves, the maids particularly; so interested in themselves, so happy, so eager, so convinced (without any conceit) that their importance transcended all other importances, so gently pitiful toward men and women of forty-five, and so positive that the main function of elders was to pay school-fees, that I was thrilled thereby. Seldom has a human spectacle given me such exciting pleasure as this gave. (And they never suspected it, those preoccupied demigods!) It was the sheer pride of life that I saw passing down the street and across the badly laid tram-lines! I had never seen anything like it. I immediately desired to visit schools. Profoundly ignorant of educational methods, and with a strong distaste for teaching, I yet wanted to know and under-

stand all about education in America in one moment—the education that produced that superb stride and carriage in the street! I failed, of course, in my desire—not from lack of facilities offered, but partly from lack of knowledge to estimate critically what I saw, and from lack of time. My experiences, however, though they left my mind full of enigmas, were wondrous. I asked to inspect one of the best schools in New York. Had I been a dispassionate sociological student, I should probably have asked to inspect one of the worst schools in New York—perhaps one of the gaunt institutions to be found, together with a cinema-palace and a bank, in almost every block on the East Side. But I asked for one of the best, and I was shown the Horace Mann School.

The Horace Mann School proved to be a palace where a thousand children and their teachers lived with extreme vivacity in an atmosphere of ozone from which all draughts and chilliness had been eliminated. As a malcontent native of the Isle of Chilly Draughts, this attribute of the atmosphere of the Horace Mann School impressed me. Dimensionally I found that the palace had a beginning but no end. I walked through leagues of corridors and peeped into unnumbered class-rooms, in each of which children were apparently fiercely dragging knowledge out of nevertheless highly communicative teachers; and the children got bigger and bigger, and then diminished for a while, and then grew again, and kept on growing, until I at last entered a palatial kitchen where some two dozen angels, robed in white but for the moment uncrowned, were eagerly crowding round a paradisiacal saucepan whose magic contents formed the subject of a lecture by one of them. Now these angels were not cherubs; they were full grown; they never would be any taller than they then were; and I asked up to what age angels were kept at school in America. Whereupon I learned that I had insensibly passed from the school proper into a training-school for teachers; but at what point the school proper ended I never did learn.

Reluctantly I left the incredible acres of technical apparatus munificently pro-

vided in America for the training of teachers, and, having risen to the roof and seen infants thereon grabbing at instruction in the New York breeze, I came again to the more normal regions of the school. Here, as everywhere else in the United States (save perhaps the cloak-room department of the Metropolitan Opera House), what chiefly struck me was the brilliant organization of the organism. There was nothing that had not been thought of. A handsomely dressed mother came into the organism and got as far as the antechamber of the principal's room. The organization had foreseen her, had divined that that mother's child was the most important among a thousand children—indeed, the sole child of any real importance—had arranged that her progress should be arrested at just that stage, and had stationed a calm and diplomatic woman to convince her that her child was indeed the main preoccupation of the Horace Mann School. A pretty sight—the interview! It charmed me as the sight of an ingenious engine in motion will charm an engineer.

The individual class-rooms, in some of which I lingered at leisure, were tonic, bracing, inspiring, and made me ashamed because I was not young. I saw geography being taught with the aid of a stereoscopic magic-lantern. After a view of the high street of a village in North Russia had been exposed and explained by a pupil, the teacher said, "If anybody has any questions to ask, let him stand up." And the whole class leaped furiously to its feet, blotting out the entire picture with black shadows of craniums and starched pinafores. The whole class might have been famishing. In another room I saw the teaching of English composition. Although when I went to school English composition was never taught. I have gradually acquired a certain interest in the subject, and I feel justified in asserting that the lesson was admirably given. It was, in fact, the best example of actual pedagogy that I met with in the United States. "Now can any one tell me—" began the mistress. A dozen arms of boys and girls shot up with excessive violence, and, having shot up, they wiggled and wagged with ferocious impatience in the air; it was a miracle



Drawn by Frank Craig

UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS—UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

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that they remained attached to their respective trunks; it was assuredly an act of daring on the part of the intrepid mistress to choose between them.

"How children have changed since my time!" I said to the principal afterward. "We never used to fling up our hands like that. We just put them up. . . . But perhaps it's because they're American—"

"It's probably because of the ventilation," said the principal, calmly corrective. "We never have the windows open winter or summer, but the ventilation is perfect."

I perceived that it indeed must be because of the ventilation.

More and more startled, as I went along, by the princely lavishness of every arrangement, I ventured to surmise that it must all cost a great deal.

"The fees are two hundred and eighty-five dollars in the Upper School."

"Yes, I expected they would be high," I said.

"Not at all. They are the lowest in New York. Smart private schools will charge five or six hundred dollars a year."

Exhausted, humbled, I at last quitted the warmed Horace Mann ozone for the harsh and searching atmosphere of the street. And I gazed up at the pile, and saw all its interiors again in my mind. I had not grasped the half nor the quarter of what had been so willingly and modestly shown to me. I had formed no theory as to the value of some of the best juvenile education in the Eastern States. But I had learned one thing. I knew the secret of the fine, proud bearing of young America. A child is not a fool; a child is almost always uncannily shrewd. And when it sees a splendid palace provided for it, when it sees money being showered upon hygienic devices for its comfort, even upon trifles for its distraction, when it sees brains all bent on discovering the best, nicest ways of dealing with its instincts, when it sees itself the center of a magnificent pageant, ritual, devotion, almost worship, it naturally lifts its chin, puts its shoulders back, steps out with a spring, and glances down confidently upon the whole world. Who wouldn't?

It was an exciting day for me when I

paid a call next door to Horace Mann and visited Columbia University. For this was my first visit of inspection to any university of any kind, either in the New World or in the Old. As for an English university education, destiny had deprived me of its advantages and of its perils. I could not haughtily compare Columbia with Oxford or Cambridge, because I had never set foot even in their towns. I had no standards whatever of comparison.

I arose and went out to lunch on that morning, and left the lunch before anybody else and rushed in an automobile to Columbia; but football had already begun for the day in the campus costing two million dollars, and classes were over. I saw five or more universities while I was in America, but I was not clever enough to catch one of them in the act of instruction. What I did see was the formidable and magnificent machine, the apparatus of learning, supine in repose.

And if the spectacle was no more than a promise, it was a very dazzling promise. No European with any imagination could regard Columbia as other than a miracle. Nearly the whole of the gigantic affair appeared to have been brought into being, physically, in less than twenty years. Building after building, device after device, was dated subsequent to 1893. And to my mind that was just the point of the gigantic affair. Universities in Europe are so old. And there are universities in America which are venerable. A graduate of the most venerable of them told me that Columbia was not "really" a university. Well, it did seem unreal, though not in his sense; it seemed magic. The graduate in question told me that a university could not be created by a stroke of the wand. And yet there staring me in the face was the evidence that a university not merely could be created by a stroke of the wand, but had been. (I am aware of Columbia's theoretic age and of her insistence on it.) The wand is a modern invention; to deny its effective creative faculty is absurd.

Of course I know what the graduate meant. I myself, though I had not seen Oxford nor Cambridge, was in truth comparing Columbia with my dream of Oxford and Cambridge, to her disadvantage. I was capable of saying to myself: "All

this is terribly new. All this lacks tradition." Criticism fatuous and mischievous, if human! It would be as sapient to imprison the entire youth of a country until it had ceased to commit the offense of being young. Tradition was assuredly not apparent in the atmosphere of Columbia. Moreover, some of her architecture was ugly. On the other hand, some of it was beautiful to the point of nobility. The library, for instance: a building in which no university and no age could feel anything but pride. And far more important than stone or marble was the passionate affection for Columbia which I observed in certain of her sons who had nevertheless known other universities. A passionate affection also perhaps brought into being since 1893, but not to be surpassed in honest fervency and loyalty by influences more venerable!

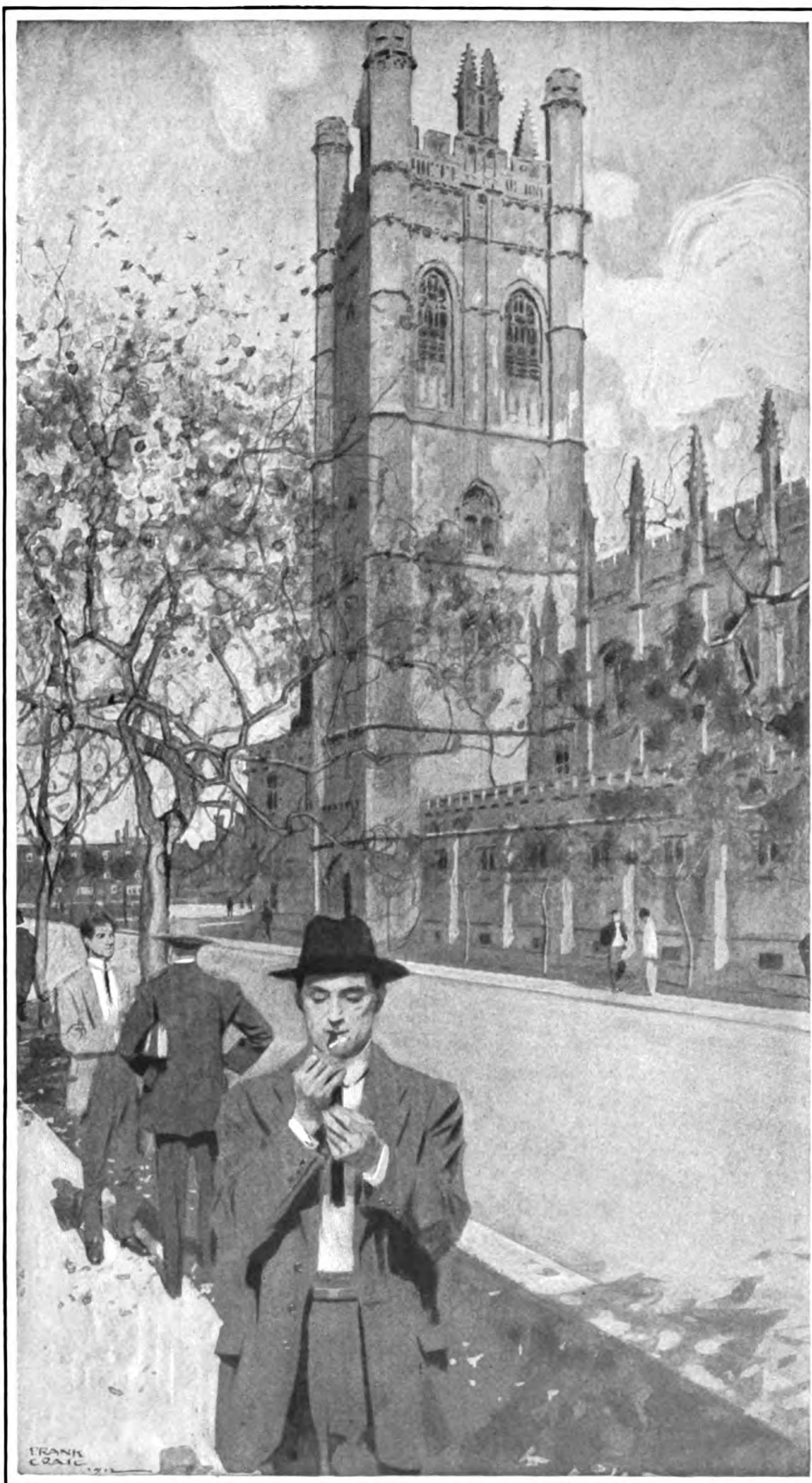
Columbia was full of piquancies for me. It delighted me that the Dean of Science was also consulting engineer to the university. That was characteristic and fine. And how splendidly unlike Oxford! I liked the complete life-sized railroad locomotive in the engineering-shops; and the Greek custom in the baths; and the students' notion of coziness in the private dens full of shelves, photographs, and disguised beds; and the visibility of the president; and his pronounced views as to the respective merits of New York newspapers; and the eagerness of a young professor of literature in the Faculty Club to defend against my attacks English Professor A. C. Bradley. I do believe that I even liked the singular sight of a Chinaman tabulating from the world's press, in the modern-history library, a history of the world day by day. I can hardly conceive a wilder, more fearfully difficult way of trying to acquire the historical sense than this voyaging through hot, fresh newspapers, nor one more probably destined to failure (I should have liked to see some of the two-monthly résumés which students in this course are obliged to write); but I liked the enterprise and the originality and the daring of the idea; I liked its disdain of tradition. And, after all, is it weirder than the common traditional method?

To the casual visitor, such as myself, unused either to universities or to the

vastness of the American scale, Columbia could be little save an enormous and overwhelming incoherence. It so chiefly remains in my mind. But the ingenuous humanity running through the whole conception of it was touching and memorable. And although I came away from my visit still perfectly innocent of any broad theory as to ultimate educational values in America, I came away also with a deeper and more reassuring conviction that America was intensely interested in education, and that all that America had to do in order to arrive at real national, racial results was to keep on being intensely interested. When America shall have so far outclassed Europe as to be able to abolish, in university examinations, what New York picturesquely calls "the gumshoe squad" (of course now much more brilliantly organized in America than in Europe), then we shall begin to think that, under the stroke of the wand, at least one real national, racial result has been attained!

When I set eyes on the sixty buildings which constitute the visible part of Harvard University, I perceived that, just as Kensington had without knowing it been imitating certain streets of Boston, so certain lost little old English towns that even American tourists have not yet reached had without knowing it been imitating the courts and chimneys and windows and doorways and luscious brickwork of Harvard. Harvard had a very mellow look indeed. No trace of the wand! The European in search of tradition would find it here in bulk. I should doubt whether at Harvard modern history is studied through the daily paper—unless perchance it be in Harvard's own daily paper. The considerableness of Harvard was attested for me by the multiplicity of its press organs. I dare say that Harvard is the only university in the world the offices of whose comic paper are housed in a separate and important building. If there had been a special press-building for Harvard's press, I should have been startled. But when I beheld the mere comic organ in a spacious and costly detached home that some London dailies would envy, I was struck dumb. That sole fact indicated the scale of magnificence at Harvard, and proved





Drawn by Frank Craig

MITCHELL TOWER AND HUTCHINSON COMMONS—UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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that the phenomenon of gold-depreciation has proceeded further at Harvard than at any other public institution in the world.

The etiquette of Harvard is nicely calculated to heighten the material splendor of the place. Thus it is etiquette for the president, during his term of office, to make a present of a building or so to the university. Now buildings at Harvard have adopted the excellent habit of never costing less than about half a million dollars. It is also etiquette that the gifts to the university from old students shall touch a certain annual sum; they touch it. Withal, there is no architectural ostentation at Harvard. All the buildings are artistically modest; many are beautiful; scarcely one that clashes with the sober and subtle attractiveness of the whole aggregation. Nowhere is the eye offended. One looks upon the crimson façades with the same lenient love as marks one's attitude toward those quaint and lovely English houses (so familiar to American visitors to our isle) that are all picturesqueness and no bath-room. That is the external effect. Assuredly, entering some of those storied doorways, one would anticipate inconveniences and what is called "Old World charm" within.

But within one discovers simply naught but the very latest, the very dearest, the very best of everything that is luxurious. I was ushered into a most princely apartment, grandiose in dimensions, superbly furnished and decorated, lighted with rich discretion, heated to a turn. Portraits by John Sargent hung on the vast walls, and a score of other manifestations of art rivalled these in the attention of the stranger. No club in London could match this chamber. It was, I believe, a sort of lounge for the students. Anyhow, a few students were lounging in it; only a few—there was no rush for the privilege. And the few loungers were really lounging, in the wonderful sinuous postures of youth. They might have been lounging in a railway station or a barn instead of amid portraits by John Sargent.

The squash-racket court was an example of another kind of luxury, very different from the cunning combinations of pictured walls, books, carved wood, and deep-piled carpets, but not less au-

thentic. The dining-hall seating a thousand simultaneously was another. Here I witnessed the laying of dinner-tables by negroes. I noted that the sudden sight of me instantly convinced one negro, engaged in the manipulation of pats of butter, that a fork would be more in keeping with the Harvard tradition than his fingers, and I was humanly glad thus to learn that the secret reality of table-laying is the same in two continents. I saw not the dining of the thousand. In fact, I doubt whether in all I saw one hundred of the six thousand students. They had mysteriously vanished from all the resorts of perfect luxury provided for them. Possibly they were withdrawn into the privacies of the thousands of suites—each containing bedroom, sitting-room, bath-room, and telephone—which I understood are allotted to them for lairs. I left Harvard with a very clear impression of its frank welcoming hospitality and of its extraordinary luxury.

And as I came out of the final portal I happened to meet a student actually carrying his own portmanteau—and rather tugging at it. I regretted this chance. The spectacle clashed, and ought to have been contrary to etiquette. That student should in propriety have been followed by a Nigerian, Liberian, or Senegambian, carrying his portmanteau.

My visits to other universities were about as brief, stirring, suggestive, and incomplete as those to Columbia and Harvard. I repeat that I never actually saw the educational machine in motion. What it seemed to me that I saw in each case was a tremendous mechanical apparatus at rest, a rich, empty frame, an organism waiting for the word that would break its trance. The fault was, of course, wholly mine. I find upon reflection that the universities which I recall with the most sympathy are those in which I had the largest opportunity of listening to the informal talk of the faculty and its wife. I heard some mighty talking upon occasion—and in particular I sat willing at the feet of a president who could mingle limericks and other drollery, the humanities, science, modern linguistics, and economics in a manner which must surely make him historic.

Education, like most things except high-class cookery, must be judged by ultimate results; and though it may not be possible to pass any verdict on current educational methods (especially when you do not happen to have even seen them in action), one can to a certain extent assess the values of past education by reference to the demeanor of adults who have been through it. One of the chief aims of education should be to stimulate the great virtue of curiosity. The worst detractors of the American race—and there are some severe ones in New York, London, and Paris!—will not be able to deny that an unusually active curiosity is a marked characteristic of the race. Only they twist that very characteristic into an excuse for still further detraction. They will, for example, point to the “hordes” (a word which they regard as indispensable in this connection) of American tourists who insist on seeing everything of historic or artistic interest that is visible in Europe. The plausible argument is that the mass of such tourists are inferior in intellect and taste to the general level of Europeans who display curiosity about history or art. Which is probably true. But it ought to be remembered by us Europeans (and in sackcloth!) that the mass of us with money to spend on pleasure are utterly indifferent to history and art. The European dilettante goes to the Uffizi and sees a shopkeeper from Milwaukee gazing ignorantly at a masterpiece, and says: “How inferior this shopkeeper from Milwaukee is to me! The American is an inartistic race!” But what about the shopkeeper from Huddersfield or Amiens? The shopkeeper from Huddersfield or Amiens will be flirting about on some entirely banal beach—Scarborough or Trouville—and for all he knows or cares Leonardo da Vinci might have been a cabman; and yet the loveliest things in the world are, relatively speaking, at his door! When the European shopkeeper gets as far as Lucerne in August, he thinks that a journey of twenty-four hours entitles him to rank a little lower than Columbus. It was an enormous feat for him to reach Lucerne, and he must have credit for it, though his interest in art is in no wise thereby demon-

strated. One has to admit that he now goes to Lucerne in hordes. Praise be to him! But I imagine that the American horde “hustling for culture” in no matter what historic center will compare pretty favorably with the European horde in such spots as Lucerne.

All general curiosity is, to my mind, righteousness, and I so count it to the American. Not that I think that American curiosity is always the highest form of curiosity, or that it is not limited. With its apparent omnivorousness it is often superficial and too easily satisfied—particularly by mere words. Very seldom is it profound. It is apt to browse agreeably on externals. The American, like Anglo-Saxons generally, rarely shows a passionate and yet honest curiosity about himself or his country, which is curiosity at its finest. He will divide things into pleasant and unpleasant, and his curiosity is trained to stop at the frontier of the latter—an Anglo-Saxon device for being comfortable in your mind! He likes to know what others think of him and his country, but he is not very keen on knowing what he really thinks on these subjects himself. The highest form of curiosity is apt to be painful sometimes. (And yet who that has practised it would give it up?) It also demands intellectual honesty—a quality which has been denied by Heaven to all Anglo-Saxon races, but which nevertheless a proper education ought in the end to achieve. Were I asked whether I saw in America any improvement upon Britain in the supreme matter of intellectual honesty, I should reply, No. I seemed to see in America precisely the same tendency as in Britain to pretend, for the sake of instant comfort, that things are not what they are, the same timid but determined dislike of the whole truth, the same capacity to be shocked by notorious and universal phenomena, the same delusion that a refusal to look at these phenomena is equivalent to the destruction of these phenomena, the same flaccid sentimentality which vitiates practically all Anglo-Saxon art. And I have stood in the streets of New York, as I have stood in the streets of London, and longed with an intense nostalgia for one hour of Paris, where, amid a deplorable decadence, intellectual honesty is wide-



Drawn by Frank Craig

IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

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ly discoverable, and where absolutely straight thinking and talking is not mistaken for cynicism.

Another test of education is the feeling for art, and the creation of an environment which encourages the increase of artistic talent. (And be it noted in passing that the intellectually honest races, the Latin, have been the most artistic, for the mere reason that intellectual dishonesty is just sentimentality, and sentimentality is the destroying poison of art.) Now the most exacerbating experience that fell to me in America—and it fell more than once—was to hear in discreetly lighted and luxurious drawing-rooms, amid various mural proofs of trained taste, and usually from the lips of an elegantly Europeanized American woman with a sad, agreeable smile: "There is no art in the United States. . . . I feel like an exile." A number of these exiles, each believing himself or herself to be a solitary lamp in the awful darkness, are dotted up and down the great cities, and it is a curious fact that they bitterly despise one another. In so doing they are not very wrong. For, in the first place, these people, like nearly all dilettanti of art, are extremely unreliable judges of racial characteristics. Their mentality is allied to that of the praisers of time past, who, having read *Tom Jones* and *Clarissa*, are incapable of comprehending that the immense majority of novels produced in the eighteenth century were nevertheless terrible rubbish. They go to a foreign land, deliberately confine their attention to the artistic manifestations of that country, and then exclaim in ecstasy: "What an artistic country this is! How different from my own!" To the same class belong certain artistic visitors to the United States who, having in their own country deliberately cut themselves off from intercourse with ordinary in-artistic persons, visit America, and, meeting there the average man and woman in bulk, frown superiorly and exclaim: "This Philistine race thinks of nothing but dollars!" They cannot see the yet quite evident truth that the rank and file of every land is about equally inartistic. Modern Italy may in the mass be more lyrical than America, but in

either architecture or painting Italy is simply not to be named with America.

Further, and in the second place, these people never did and never will look in the right quarters for vital art. A really original artist struggling under their very noses has small chance of being recognized by them, the reason being that they are imitative, with no real opinions of their own. They associate art with Florentine frames, *matinée* hats, distant museums, and clever talk full of allusions to the dead. It would not occur to them to search for American art in the architecture of railway stations and the draftsmanship and sketch-writing of newspapers and magazines, because they have not the wit to learn that genuine art flourishes best in the atmosphere of genuine popular demand.

Even so, with all their blindness, it is unnatural that they should not see and take pride in the spectacular historical facts which prove their country to be less negligible in art than they would assert. I do not mean the existence in America of huge and glorious collections of European masters. I have visited some of these collections, and have taken keen pleasure therein. But I perceive in them no national significance—no more national significance than I perceive in the endowment of splendid orchestras to play foreign music under foreign conductors, or in the fashionable crowding of classical concerts. Indeed, it was a somewhat melancholy experience to spend hours in a private palace crammed with artistic loveliness that was apparently beloved and understood, and to hear not one single word disclosing the slightest interest in modern American art. No, as a working artist myself, I was more impressed and reassured by such a sight as the Inness room at the colossal Art Institute of Chicago than by all the collections of old masters in America, though I do not regard Inness as a very distinguished artist. The aforesaid dilettanti would naturally condescend to the Inness room at Chicago's institute, as to the long-sustained, difficult effort which is being made by a school of Chicago sculptors for the monumental ornamentation of Chicago. But the dilettanti have accomplished a wonderful feat of unnaturalness in forgetting

that their poor, inartistic Philistine country did provide, *inter alia*, the great writer who has influenced French imaginative writers more deeply than any other foreign writer since Byron—Edgar Allan Poe; did produce one of the world's supreme poets—Whitman; did produce the greatest pure humorist of modern times; did produce the miraculous Henry James; did produce Stanford White and the incomparable McKim; and did produce the only two Anglo-Saxon personalities who in graphic art have been able to impose themselves on modern Europe—Whistler and John Sargent.

In the matter of graphic art, I have known so many American painters in Paris that I was particularly anxious to see what American painting was like at home. My first adventures were not satisfactory. I trudged through enormous exhibitions, and they filled me with just the same feeling of desolation and misery that I experience at the Royal Academy, London, or the Société des Artistes Français, Paris. In miles of slippery exercise I saw almost nothing that could interest an intelligent amateur who had passed a notable portion of his life in studios. The first modern American painting that arrested me was one by Grover, of Chicago. I remember it with gratitude. Often, especially in New York, I was called upon by stay-at-home dilettanti to admire the work of some shy favorite, and with the best will in the world I could not, on account of his too obvious sentimentality. In Boston I was authoritatively informed that the finest painting in the whole world was at that moment being done by a group of Boston artists in Boston. But as I had no opportunity to see their work, I cannot offer an opinion on the proud claim. My gloom was becoming permanent, when one wet day I invaded, not easily, the Macdowell Club, and, while listening to a chorus rehearsal of Liszt's "St. Elizabeth," made the acquaintance of really interesting pictures by artists such as Irving R. Wiles, Jonas Lie, Henri, Mrs. Johansson, and Brinley, of whom previously I had known nothing. From that moment I progressed. I met

the work of James Preston, and of other men who can truly paint.

All these, however, with all their piquant merits, were Parisianized. They could have put up a good show in Paris and emerged from French criticism with dignity. Whereas there is one American painter who has achieved a reputation on the tongues of men in Europe without (it is said) having been influenced by Europe or even having exhibited there. I mean Winslow Homer. I had often heard of Winslow Homer from connoisseurs who had earned my respect, and assuredly one of my reasons for coming to America was to see Winslow Homer's pictures. My first introduction to his oil-paintings was a shock. I did not like them, and I kept on not liking them. I found them theatrical and violent in conception, rather conventional in design, and repellent in color. I thought the painter's attitude toward sea and rock and sky decidedly sentimental beneath its wilful harshness. And I should have left America with broken hopes of Winslow Homer if an enthusiast for State-patronized art had not insisted on taking me to the State Museum at Indianapolis. In this agreeable and interesting museum there happened to be a temporary loan exhibit of water-colors by Winslow Homer. Which water-colors were clearly the productions of a master. They forced me to reconsider my views of Homer's work in general. They were beautiful; they thrilled; they were genuine American; there is nothing else like them. I shall never forget the pleasure I felt in unexpectedly encountering these summary and highly distinguished sketches in the quietude of Indianapolis. I would have liked to collect a trainful of New York, Chicago, and Boston dilettanti, and led them by the ears to the unpretentious museum at Indianapolis, and force them to regard fixedly these striking creations.

Yet another test of education is the development of the social conscience, of the quality of citizenship. In my next and final paper I propose to put down a few desultory observations of the American man and woman as citizens and mere human beings.

Confessions

BY ALICE BROWN

WHEN Andrew Haynes drove into the shady road that led by the sawmill and the brown brook from the tannery, he was quick-breathed with excitement over a desire fulfilled. The syndicate had at last decided on his rocky pasture that commanded the view, and the price he had grudgingly accepted was a third more than he had expected to get. He felt like breaking into a hoot or cry of animal satisfaction, as the catbird in the maple burst into one of its borrowed pæns in recognition of spring. He did draw a long breath now, and indulged himself in triumphant recollection of the hurried, anxious breaths that had gone to this consummation. At last, after plodding for years in the rut of his farm life, he was to have a substantial lift from this side issue, never thought of until two years ago: not so very much, no golden stream, but enough to buy more new tools and another acre or two of productive land. Since the prospect of the sale had come up, he had eaten and drunken and slept in it, interviewed men through that glacial air of indifference business is held to demand, and kept his mind in a tension that was like prayer. Andrew could see only one thing at a time, his mother used to say. If he had an apple, he held it so close to his eyes that it shut out the barn. His mother had said that when he was only a boy; now that he was over thirty, hardened into the habit of life, it held inviolably.

But the strain had relaxed, and though he still brooded on his bargain, it was in a different way. And he even looked younger, going home through the May air, than he had that morning when he set out with uncertainty furrowing his brow. He flicked Jess again, and she put back her ears and lashed out wilfully. But Andrew did not visit her caprice upon her as he might if he had come home defeated. Jess had grown cantankerous, he knew, but he had

a vague and unregretful recognition of having had to hurry her too much of late. She was a sound creature, though a nervous one, and she had taken to resenting him and the suggesting whip.

Deeper and deeper the shade of the mill road received him. Then it withdrew, and let him into the light of the upland stretch near home. Somebody was on his steps when he drove into the yard, a stout old woman, her outline broken by an apron-band at the waist, scalloping in her girth. This was Aunt Drusilla Anderson, who lived "down the road a piece," quite alone since her husband's death, and as ready to answer a neighbor's call of need as if it were her rightful task. Andrew knew exactly how she would look as he drew near: he saw the noble forehead, the square chin, the fine nose, and eyes that seemed to take in the whole of things. Aunt Drusilla was shading her eyes with her hand, but as soon as she saw him she came down the steps with an easy, unhurried motion, and halted at the corner of the house where she might intercept him on the way to the barn. Andrew pulled in the mare, more than ready now to get into her stall and see what she could find. He looked at Aunt Drusilla a moment, frowning with the effort to meet her point of view and keep from calling on her to rejoice because he had sold the land. Aunt Drusilla spoke first.

"You better come in as soon as you unharness. Mary's layin' down."

"Ain't she well?" Andrew asked her, in a quick responsiveness. Annoyance, too: it seemed perverse of Mary to thin the wine of his triumph by not being on deck to spice it.

Aunt Drusilla had a slow, persuasive voice, always softening the edges and creeping in under defenses when confidence had been denied her.

"Why," said she, "I guess Mary's kind of give out. She felt so bad she sent that little Blake girl in to ask me to

step over and see if I could do somethin'. But I ain't done anything except get her to bed. Well, you unharness and see what you think."

Andrew did unharness thoughtfully. Jess nipped at him, and he only poked her nose away. He was bewildered to his furthest mental bound. Mary had never, in her married life, been really ill. He wondered already if it could possibly be typhoid. It was the sudden blow, he thought, that portended tragedy. When he had put Jess in her stall and again ignored a nip, he went into the

house at a plunging gait, washed his hands at the sink, and made his way to the bedroom door. Mary lay in bed, her sallow face, with its delicate outline, not so much framed as softened by her pale hair. Her brown eyes were wide open, and they regarded him gravely, with something indeed of that solemnity which always breathes from the sick who are traveling a lonesome road. Aunt Drusilla now sat by the bedside and held her hand. Andrew stopped at the foot of the bed.

"Well!" said he. There was a tradition packed away in his mind that it was best to be jovial with the sick. It heartened them. "What you think you're doin' there?"

Aunt Drusilla got up and laid the hand gently back on the counterpane.

"You set down here," she said to him. "I'm goin' to heat her up a mite o' flour gruel. You'll want your supper, too. I'm goin' to stir you up some biscuits."

Andrew, left alone with his wife, felt only the embarrassment of their plight. Yet she neither seemed to share it nor did she ease his burden. Her gaze had shifted from him, and she now seemed to be looking, with an added solemnity and even a little curiosity, into some distance so far that it terrified him. For terror, indeed, he turned about and stepped, with a clumsy haste, back into the kitchen, where Aunt Drusilla stirred something in



AUNT DRUSILLA WAS SHADING HER EYES WITH HER HAND



"YOU DON'T S'POSE MARY'S GOIN' TO BE TAKEN AWAY?"

a bowl. She looked at him reproachfully, yet as not surprised. Her customary attitude was that of one prepared for anything, who might feel obliged to show a decent reprovingsness, but who had seen all patterns of life and was ready to match them up again.

"I 'most think you'd better go right back in there," she said, "and let her get holt of your hand."

Andrew flushed and frowned. It seemed as if she wanted to make him ridiculous.

"I don't know why 'tis," said Aunt Drusilla, deftly stirring and pressing out a lump of flour, "but when anybody's give out you can't do anything better for 'em than let 'em keep a holt o' your hand. Don't ye know how the dyin' do it when they can't neither hear nor see? They cling to ye as if they were tryin' to lash themselves to somethin' human—same's if you were drownin' you'd lash yourself to a plank."

Andrew felt a great sickness come over

him. He had never known it before in this intensity, like definite nausea.

"You don't s'pose," said he, "Mary's goin' to be taken away?"

Aunt Drusilla turned her posset into a bowl.

"I don't really know what 'tis," said she. "That woman doctor was drivin' by to the train and I called her in, and she said a few things. Mary didn't seem to have anything to complain of. I understood she was beat out, that's all."

Then she disappeared into the bedroom with her bowl and spoon, and later she came back and, finding Andrew collapsed in the rocking-chair by the window, talked to him cheerfully about the price of butter and Elder Bixby's bees.

After he had fed the cattle and milked and roused himself to the eating of four or five biscuits abundantly buttered, she washed the dishes and prepared to go.

"I may not be back 'fore ten," said she. "I guess you better set right down in there, side of her, and hold her hand."

Andrew went miserably in. He had never held Mary's hand since the awkward dalliance of their early courting, when they had sat before the air-tight in the front room, and Mary had burned her best dress putting in a stick of wood, and he had charmed her by telling her he'd buy her a dozen dresses. There seemed to be no situation in life where it wouldn't be discomfiting to hold Mary's hand. If she were on her feet, she would be doing the chores, and always, like him, barely getting them done. As she was now, lying there in that amazing repose which yet seemed to have no peace about it, he felt as if to hold her hand was to put them both in the awful position of the one about to quit this life and the one left desolate.

He sank into the cushioned chair at the bedside, and still she did not look at him. Her hands, he was glad to see, were under the sheet. And presently, as if to absolve him from all responsibility toward her, she closed her eyes. As he sat there, a wave of something like anger rose in him. It was not against her. It concerned some powerful chance that had laid her here in mysterious helplessness, and at the same time made it impossible for him to do anything to save. He was hot with indignation against this unseen enemy. Was it Death? "Why," his beating heart cried out, "I can't do anything. I ought to have had some warning of this."

"Andrew," said his wife. She spoke with perfect clearness and sanity, as if she might be about to tell him his clean shirt was on the best-room bed. The sound of her voice shook him. His eyes were hot with tears. But what she had to say confirmed his terrors. "Andrew," said she, "I guess I'm goin' to die."

He could not answer. If she was to die, she might at least not talk about it.

"There's somethin' I've got to tell you," said Mary. "I've lived an awful life."

That brought speech to his tongue. "Mary," said he, "you've been one o' the best women on God's earth."

She turned her head a little on the pillow and looked at him with a quick and wondering scrutiny. He had perhaps never told her that. He had told her a great many things: some about the pasture and some about the milk and eggs,

but never exactly this. But she had more to say.

"I ain't afraid to die, but I'm loath to die as I am. I'm a hypocrite. You never knew that, did you, Andrew?"

"You want to see the minister?" he asked her. He wished he had her poor little hand now. If she would take it out from under the sheet, he thought he could hold her back from the tortuous paths her mind was taking.

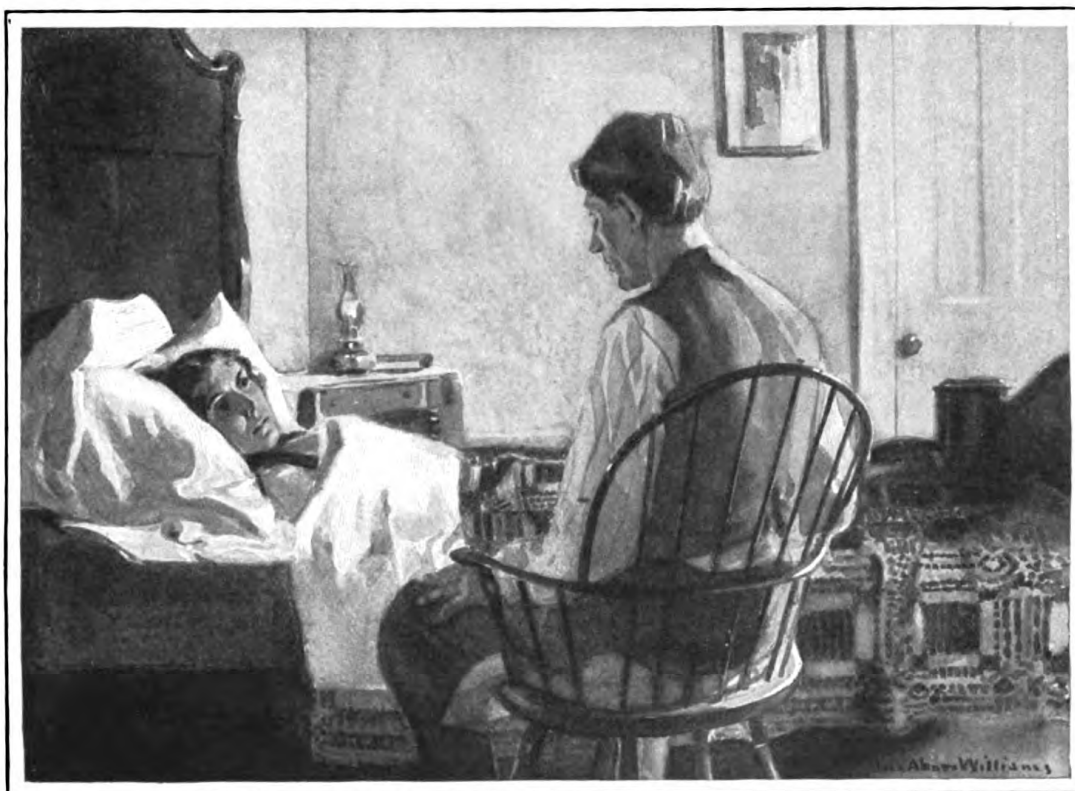
"No," said Mary, "the minister wouldn't do me no good. Besides, he don't know me. He ain't never known me. When your great-aunt Sarah died, he says to me: 'Never did any woman take more faithful care than you've took of her. You're a saint, Mis' Haynes,' he says; 'you're a saint.'"

"Why didn't you tell me before?" said Andrew, with a clumsy dart at jollity. "He shall have a barrel o' Hubbardstons for that. 'Course you're a saint. If folks ain't told you so, it ain't because they didn't think it."

"No," said Mary, dispassionately, regarding that far point in the distance as if it were the inner judge of her life to whom she was at last making all plain. "I wa'n't a saint. All through Great-aunt Sarah's sickness I just hated her. When she wanted me to lift her, I'd think: 'You're as heavy as lead. Maybe I can do it this once more. Maybe I can't. You've got to die, anyways. What's the use o' killin' me besides?' And then I'd chirp up to her as budge as you please. 'Yes, Aunt Sarah, I'd say. 'I'm comin'. That right? Don't you want me to h'ist you a mite higher?'"

"You hadn't ought to been liftin' anybody as heavy as she was," said Andrew. "What 'd you do it for? Why didn't you call me?"

"Then there's the Bible class," said Mary. "We sent two barrels o' clothin' to the poor white folks down South. And the Ladies' Aid says to me—I believe every one of 'em says fust and last—'Why, Mis' Haynes, how do you find time to make so many little tyers, all you have to do?' And then I'd say, as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth, 'Oh, I've just took a few stitches here and there, and they count up in time.' But I could ha' cried, Andrew, I could ha' cried. I didn't want to make them little



HE HAD TOLD HER A GREAT MANY THINGS, BUT NEVER EXACTLY THIS

tyers. I wanted to work me a shirt-waist to wear to the grange."

"Why, you could have a new shirt-waist," said Andrew, in agony. He had not thought of Mary for two years and over. She was a part of himself, and he had not dwelt on his own being as he existed from day to day to put through the sale. But now here she was, fallen at her task and just as he had news for her—which mysteriously he could not give in the face of her overthrow—babbling of shirt-waists.

"And they told me my cake was nice," said Mary, in her new tone of enumerating these mysterious horrible things she had found in the wallet of life. "They'd say so when I was so tired beatin' it I couldn't hardly stand; and there I'd be pourin' out the mugs o' coffee for 'em at the sociable, and they'd be standin' round eatin' my cake that cost me my life 'most, I was so tired, and I'd look at 'em and say: 'That was mother's receipt. I'm glad I had good luck.' And all the time I was thinkin' inside me, 'I wish 'twould choke you. I wish 'twas p'ison.'"

Andrew sat looking at her in an ex-

tremity of fear that would not let him take his eyes away. This was not Mary, some inner vision told him, Mary the custodian of household implements, past mistress in the deft art of using them, she who even knew where the barn broom was when it lost itself, and could sit by, making the hottest poultices, if you had a toothache, and never bother you by asking once if it felt better. Mary had been even softer to live with than mother herself, and both of them he had looked at with an unfaltering confidence as good women. "Your mother was a good woman," some one had said to him on the day of her funeral. "Your wife's a good woman, too." "Never was a better one," said Andrew, as well as the choke in his throat would let him. And now Mary, overthrown in the twinkling of an eye, was lying here and rehearsing the tale of her perjuries.

"I feel better a'ready," she said, "now I've begun to tell you."

"Well, I guess that's all there is of it," said Andrew, with his rough specific of bluntness. "Ain't any more, is there?"

"Oh yes," said Mary, "there's a lot more. Seems if you hadn't known how

'twas any o' the time, Andrew, these last years specially. When you've asked me to do things, 'most always I've wanted to tell you to go and do it yourself."

Andrew had meant not to answer her according to her folly; but this pricked him, and he had to say: "Why, never was anybody readier'n you've been to do a hand's turn at anything."

"Oh no, I wa'n't ready," said Mary. "When you was away overnight, trying to auction off that land, I was so mean I made up my mind I wouldn't milk whilst you's gone. And then I knew how the cows would ache, and I did milk 'em. But one night I turned all the new milk over to the pigs so's't I shouldn't have to make so much butter when you got home."

"The Old Harry!" said Andrew.

He saw, in too vivid retrospect, the flood of new milk foaming into the trough. But immediately he reflected that these were the figments of her disordered mind. And presently Aunt Drusilla, having sped through her chores, was at the foot-board, and he felt easier. Mary might even, he reflected, do herself a harm unless they watched her.

"You want the winder open?" Aunt Drusilla asked.

Mary's eyes must have answered, for Aunt Drusilla went at once and threw up the sash.

"I'm tellin' Andrew how wicked I've been," said Mary. "I ain't more'n half done it, but I feel the easier."

"'Course you do," said Aunt Drusilla.

She sat down just over the sill, in the sitting-room, not to breathe up Mary's air, and folded her plump hands in her lap. She was in a rocking-chair, but the chair did not move. Aunt Drusilla knew how to sit very still.

"But I ain't told it all," said Mary. Her brows were wistful in their troubled knitting. Yet with the opening of the window she had seemed a little calmer to the sight. The look of her was very sad to Andrew. She seemed so young and yet so old, so small and yet removed from him. He wished the frogs would stop their peeping down the lane. "I ain't told it all. I've hated everything, Andrew, for 'most two years. Yes, I said that, didn't I? And folks, I've hated them—them that hounded me.

But if ever I should get well, and I don't expect I shall, I don't feel's if I could go on with it. I'm so tired of it, Andrew. I'm so tired of hatin' things."

"Why, bless your heart," said Aunt Drusilla, "you're tired o' work, that's what you're tired of."

"Oh no, I ain't," said Mary. "I like to work real well. I'm just wore out with hatin'."

Andrew's throat hurt him amazingly now, but he knew he had to understand things a little better, even if there was no help for them.

"Ain't there any o' the things you like, Mary?" he asked—"none o' the things about the house? The best chiny? 'Twas your mother's, you know. Don't you prize that?"

"No," said Mary, kindly, yet with a perfect indifference, "I don't prize it a speck. It's only one thing more to take care of."

There seemed to be a further step to be dared into the obscurity of her state; but even though he saw it dimly he could not yet essay it. There was a question that came in here, but he felt he could not even see it plainly enough to ask it. There it was, the big, formless question. "Don't you care anything about me, Mary?" it seemed to be, but he couldn't grapple with it. He had an aching remembrance that when she had begun to talk she must have numbered him among the things she hated. But that was so incredible as coming from Mary that he pushed it away from him in a panic of distaste. Aunt Drusilla must have felt pity for him after a glimpse of his crumpled face: for she moved her chair out of his track and asked suggestively:

"Ain't you goin' to bring in some cool water from the well? Maybe we'd all like a drink?"

And Andrew hurried out.

In the late evening, when Mary, settled for the night, had fallen off to sleep, Aunt Drusilla found him by the kitchen window, his arms upon the sill and his head sunk on them, and touched his shoulder gently.

"You better go up, Andrew," said she. "I've turned your bed down. I'm goin' to camp out here on the sofy."

Andrew raised his head and looked at her through the moonlighted dusk.

"You don't s'pose I'm goin' to bed, do ye?" said he. "You don't s'pose I'm goin' to sleep? What do you think I'm made of?"

"You better go," said Aunt Drusilla. "She'll be down like this quite a spell."

"What's the matter of her?" he asked, hoarsely. "What in God's name's the matter of her?"

"Why," said Aunt Drusilla, "I told you. She's beat out."

"What makes her out of her head? She ain't got no fever."

"Why, bless you, dear," said Aunt Drusilla, "she ain't out of her head. She's just as much herself as you and I be. Only she's so beat out she can't help hatin' what's killin' her. Ain't you ever seen a horse that's been drove and hurried and not allowed a minute to think it over, up-hill and down-hill, ain't you ever seen him turn round and nip anybody? I have."

"Yes," said Andrew, in a low tone, "I've seen that." But as she talked a tiny seed of courage stirred within him. "Well," he said, "if she's tired, she can get rested. Nobody ever died o' bein' tired."

"Oh yes, they did," said Aunt Drusilla. "My husband died o' bein' tired. I killed him."

Andrew sat there in the moonlight and stared at her. "You're as crazy as Mary is," said he. "Your husband died o' pneumonia."

"Oh yes," said Aunt Drusilla. "But he'd ha' got well, the doctor said, if he hadn't had a weak heart. I knew why his heart was weak. Doctor didn't. His heart was weak because I talked all the time, and I drove him so hard. I never give him a minute's rest."

"Why," said Andrew, "you was as good a wife as Mary in there. You and he never had a word, not to my knowledge; and I guess 'twould ha' got round."

"No," said Aunt Drusilla, "we never had a word; but that was because he always done what I wanted he should. I coveted everything that was goin'. I expected him to work like a dog and buy us a new buggy, and I wanted him to ride with me all the time after we got it, and same time buy me more things. He got wore out."

"Why, he never worked no harder'n

you did," said Andrew, trying to fit these vapors to his solid scheme of things. "When you begun to build that back ell, you was up 'fore light, gettin' your milk-work done, so's to have breakfast for the men."

"Well," said Aunt Drusilla, dryly, "who lived through it? I did. That's because I was stronger'n he was. He died the next fall."

Here Andrew felt an idea. It clove his skull like a pain. "That wa'n't why that ell wa'n't finished off?" he asked.

"You needn't look fur to see that," said Aunt Drusilla, dryly. "'Course, I never finished it. I let it be as 'twas for an eyesore to me, to remind me not to talk so much and not to drive so hard. I've suffered a lot with that ell, no more seem to it than if 'twas a shed; but I guess it's done me some good."

Andrew sat for a long time in the moonlight, and Aunt Drusilla, perfectly still, sat opposite. If he had been asked what he was thinking, he would have said he was wondering whether he ever knew the frogs to peep so loud. But after a while they heard Mary stirring in the bedroom, and Aunt Drusilla rose to go to her.

"Wait a minute," said Andrew. "Wait." His voice sounded harsh to him, and frightened him again with this sense of the strangeness of things. "Do you b'lieve there's anything in this talk of folks gettin' to hate folks?"

"Oh yes," said Aunt Drusilla, calmly. "We get on folks' nerves. 'Course they hate us then. It's like horses and other critters. You scare 'em and they bite at you."

Then she went in to Mary, and Andrew rose and automatically, without any sense of the reasonableness of the act, went to the china-closet and lifted the cover of Mary's sprigged sugar-bowl. He picked out four or five lumps with much deftness; but when he set the cover on again it clinked.

"That you?" came Mary's voice. "What you want, Andrew?"

"Nothin'," said Andrew. "I've found what I's after."

He tiptoed out through the shed, because Mary's mysterious condition made the slightest noise a wrong to her, and into the barn, where his feet took on their

usual clumsy haste. He went up to the stall where Jess had finished her allotment of hay, and stood looking at the moonlit square of the doorway whence drama came to her: food, and the necessity of bits, and hasty recommendations to move a little faster than she could. When Andrew approached her head she came forward a step, and then, judging the question was not one of hay, retreated. He dropped the sugar before her in the manger. He had meant to feed her, but he hardly knew how to do it in a way that was not silly. Andrew did not understand why he had brought tribute to Jess: only everything seemed irritatingly pathetic in a degree that threatened the stability of life. He didn't want horses to hate him, he thought, angrily, as he stood in the barn door and watched

the shadow of Aunt Drusilla moving back and forth across the curtain of Mary's window. He didn't want Mary to feel she hated folks. There seemed nothing to be done about it all, and he went in finally, drew off his boots in the kitchen, and having seen that Aunt Drusilla was comfortably stretched on the broad sitting-room lounge, crept up to the shed chamber to bed.

The next morning when Andrew woke it seemed to him that everything was different. The night, in withdrawing, had pulled aside some veil that had strangely confused the contours of things, and again he should see them as they were. He almost believed he should smell coffee as he went down the stairs, and find Mary taking biscuits out of the oven as she did nearly every day in the year.

There was the coffee smell. There were the biscuits. Aunt Drusilla had made them handily; but Mary was not there. Andrew stopped in the doorway, and the nausea of fear swept over him. Aunt Drusilla came out of the bedroom, a cup in her hand, and saw him there. She knew the story of his white face and disordered look.

"She ain't no worse," said Aunt Drusilla. "She's had a cup o' milk. You go in and speak to her, if you want. I dunno's I should, though, till I'd got some breakfast into me. You can't be much use to sick folks unless you're stronger'n they be."

He sat down and ate his breakfast savagely, with the crude bodily sense that food was his only helper. Then, without giving himself time to shrink, he went in to Mary. There she lay in her new majesty of helplessness, paler than he had remembered her, and in her eyes the solemn look of parting well upon its way. She was kind.



ANDREW UNDERSTOOD GROWING THINGS

She smiled at him, and Andrew tried to ask her how she was. Instead he found himself saying, in a scared haste, as if to beg her reassurance:

"Mary, you don't feel them things you did yesterday—they things you said you did?"

"Hatin' things?" asked Mary, clearly, but with no appearance of sparing herself or him.

"Yes."

"I don't know's I do," said she. "I'm too beat out. If I lay here and don't think of anything, I don't have to hate 'em. But if I got up, I should."

"Folks, too," said Andrew. He seemed to be persuading her to defend the stability of his life. "I guess you didn't mean that, Mary. I don't b'lieve you meant you hated folks."

"I don't this mornin'," said Mary, "because they ain't houndin' me. But when they're at me all the time, tellin' me to do this and coaxin' me to do that, 'course I hate 'em. Anybody would. You can't help it after 'bout so long."

Andrew took up a little china vase from the mantel and looked it over curiously. He had known it ever since he was three years old, and his mother used to fill it with clove-pinks; but he had to look at something.

"Mary," said he. His voice was soft and half ashamed, his wooing voice of years ago.

Mary turned her head quickly on the pillow and gazed at him. But she apparently saw no more than the work-fellow she had known in the short range of their double harness, and her startled eyes lost interest.

"Mary," said Andrew, "I've sold the land."

"Have you?" said Mary, with no more than the civil design of pleasing him. "Well, that's good. I'm glad for you, Andrew."

"I got a thousand more'n I expected." He was watching her now to note the effect of his drama. "I thought I'd ask it, and, by George! I got it."

"That's good," said Mary.

Andrew thought he could afford to joke a little to cheer her.

"You don't hate the land, do you?" he inquired.

"No," said Mary, "not now, not now

it's sold. I did hate it because we had to talk so much about it; but now it's gone we sha'n't have to any more."

It was incredible to him; but he made his great essay.

"Well, Mary, this is what I come in to tell you. 'Twon't be many days 'fore I get that money, and what do you think I'm goin' to do with it? I'm goin' to give it all to you."

Then she did see how kind he meant to be, and it touched her.

"No, Andrew," said she, "don't you do it. It's terrible good of you, but I ain't got no use for it."

"You ain't got no use for all that money?" he hurled at her. "Why, just you think what it 'll do for you. Just you think. You could hire you a girl. You could go away and stay six months. You could see the Rocky Mountains."

"'Twon't do anything where I be now," said Mary, calmly. "'Twill for you, Andrew, because you're alive, and your strength ain't gone; but 'twon't do no more for me than so much paper rags."

Andrew stood there a moment gripping the little vase in his hand. He wished he knew how to get out of the room without letting her see how she had overthrown him. For Mary hadn't meant to. She had answered his plain questions, that was all.

"Well," said he—"well." He turned to go, and then at the door he stopped. Her eyes were closed now, and he had, in this rage against the terrible aspect of change, to interrogate her impassive face. "Mary," said he.

She opened her eyes. "What is it?" she asked.

He lingered as awkwardly as he had in the old days when he had courted her. His question came breathlessly and brought its pang.

"Mary, is there anything or anybody you don't hate?"

She was silent a long time, and then she laughed a little. "Why, yes, Andrew," said she, "I guess there's one thing."

"What is it?"

"It's that larkspur root out on the edge of the cow-yard," said Mary. "Don't you remember, it come up unbeknownst to either of us. We didn't know how, unless the birds carried the

seeds. And don't you know how the cows trampled it last summer, and I never got it moved because I never had the time, and this spring it come up as green as a leek 'fore anything else? And that was what I was doin' when I fell over and laid there a spell before I sent for Aunt 'Silla. She says I fainted away."

Andrew walked out of the house and then to the edge of the barn-yard. There was the larkspur root, in bravery of brightest green. He might not have known it from a baby nettle, but the old spade lay beside it, and there were the marks of Mary's futile strokes. Andrew stood there a long time, his foot upon a rail of the fence, and thought. Yet where his thoughts led him he could not say. The larkspur had a curious interest for him: it seemed so insufficient to take one last stroke for when a woman was tired enough to faint. It seemed also a madness to care nothing about the sale of a lot of land, and to single out a wilful plant that had chosen to come up in a perilous place and spend extravagant pains upon it. Andrew felt incapable of studying it out; but presently he began to whistle softly in a way that had no cheer in it, and brought out his sharp new spade. Mary might have had that, he thought, with a sudden rage against her, if she had remembered to look about instead of taking the old spade with a crumpled edge. He got the wheelbarrow also, and wheeled it to the front of the house, and there, under a window, he spaded out the gravelly soil in a generous oblong and wheeled it all away. But when he had got down three feet he shuddered at his task; for now the oblong looked to him like a grave.

Aunt Drusilla came to the door once while he was digging. "Mary wonders what you're doin' of," she remarked, and Andrew, resting on his spade, looked into the grave and answered, bitterly:

"What's it look like to you?"

"I dunno," said Aunt Drusilla, cheerfully. "Might be anything, fur's I know."

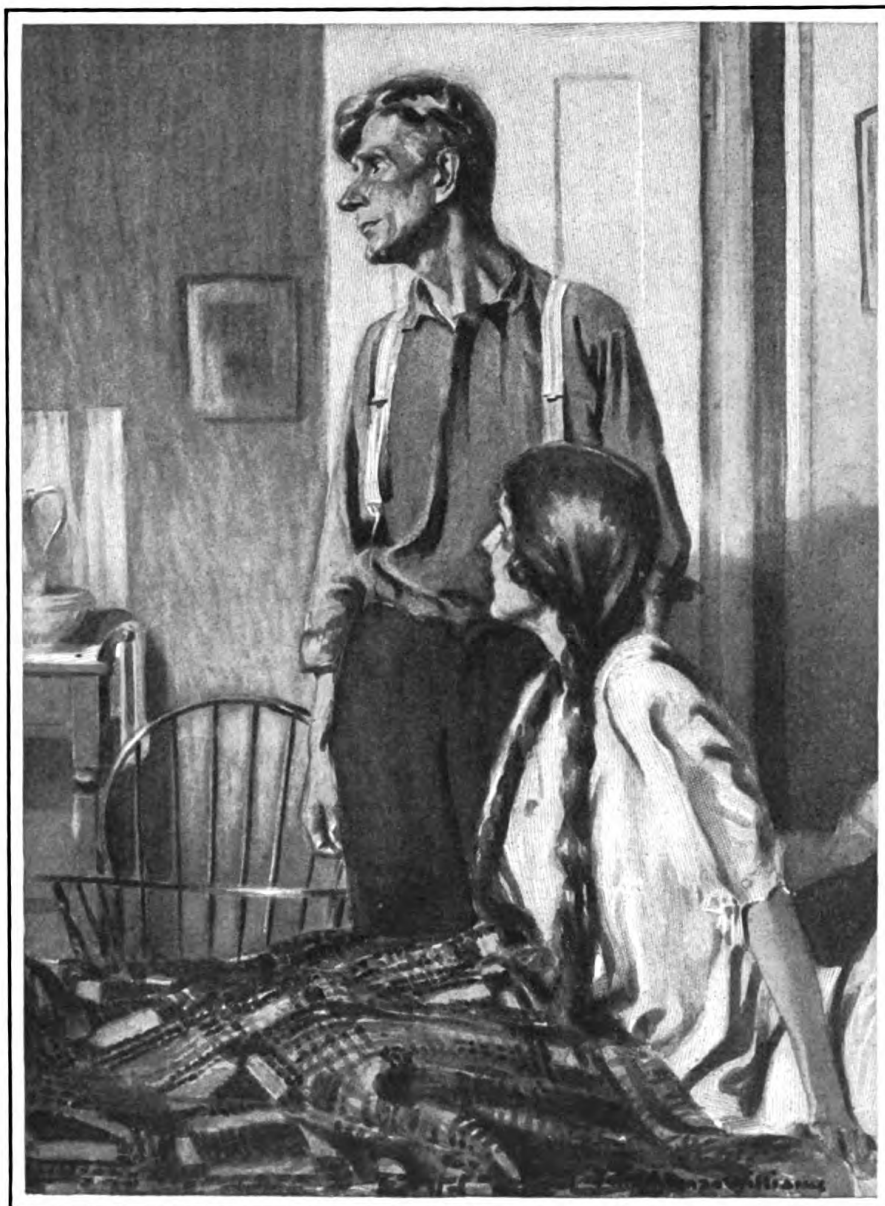
Andrew began to work again. "Tell her I'm goin' to smooth it over here," he said, "where I banked up the house."

So Aunt Drusilla went in and delivered her message exactly; and Andrew, after

he had wheeled away his last load of gravel, brought a load of manure and packed it in the bottom of the grave, and then loads of black loam and more manure, and when he had smoothed the top he had a garden-bed. Then he went back to the barn-yard and set his sharp spade under the wilful larkspur root and lifted it carefully and wheeled it to its new home in the rich, oblong bed. Andrew understood growing things, though he had never taken much stock in flowers unless they led to something edible, and he did his task with nicety. And when the larkspur had been abundantly watered he stood and looked at it and wondered at himself for a fool.

Almost at once things in the house settled into a tranquil routine. A square, strong-armed girl called Sally Austin was summoned from her sequestered lane whence she "went out dressmaking" or nursing, as the need might be, to do the work, while Aunt Drusilla swung from her own house to this with the regularity of a well-ordered pendulum. The neighbors heard that Mary Haynes was sick, and came bringing blanc-mange and jelly, and offering to watch at night. But Mary, when she heard their voices, turned her face to the wall and would not answer. In her brief moments of leaving her bed to sit in the eared chair, she would not go to the window lest some of them should see her, and Aunt Drusilla and Sally Austin fought a brave fight to shield her. She was asleep, they would tell the neighbors, or she was not so well to-day. Morning and night Andrew went in to see her; but he had hardly a word to say. He couldn't tell her about the farm, because he knew she hated it. He couldn't tell her the beautiful green check for the sale of the pasture was ticking away in the bank. He couldn't tell her when he cut his thumb, because, since she hated him, she must hate his thumb also. And Mary looked at him with solemn eyes that did not seem to see him, and all she had to say to him was civilly to ask him what the weather was.

Toward the last of June Andrew came in, in the middle of the afternoon, to bring his empty dinner-pail. He had been down in the long pasture mowing. The kitchen had on its air of leisure.



ANDREW LOOKED AND SAW NOTHING UNUSUAL

The sink was empty, and the cat lay in the sun. From the stairway he heard the sound of Sally Austin's voice in "Lord Lovel," while she changed her dress. Andrew knew what Mary was doing. She was lying in bed there, with that mysterious spell upon her. A great wave of lonesomeness began to sweep upon him, just as it used to in the few times when, a little boy, he had come from school and found mother was not at home. He stood for a moment in the kitchen, dumb with longing, his hands clenched in misery.

Then, almost as if in answer, there came a voice from the bedroom—Mary's voice.

"Andrew," it called, excitedly, "that you?"

She wanted him, he understood, for some commonplace service, now Sally Austin was above, and he hurried in to her. Mary was sitting up in bed, and it struck Andrew for the first time that she was growing plump. Her cheeks were pink; her eyes were shining.

"Andrew," she began, "what's that out the winder?"

Andrew looked and saw nothing unusual. "What winder?" he inquired. "There! you lay down. You mustn't get nerved up."

"Why, that!" said Mary. "Don't you see that tall green stalk all thick o' buds?"

"Oh," said Andrew. It seemed a small thing to have blown up such a breeze. "Don't you know what 'tis?" His voice shook here, and surprised him, and he felt the need of humor. "You've made enough handle of it. I should think you'd be the one to guess."

Mary was setting her feet out of bed. She snatched her slippers from the chair and put them on. Then she ran to the window and pushed the screen up and put out her head.

"Why, Andrew," she cried, "it's larkspur. It's in a bed, and it's budded, and the dirt's all dark as if somebody'd watered it. Andrew, who put that larkspur there?"

"You better get back into bed," said Andrew. His voice was shaking uncontrollably, and he felt the ache in his throat, and thought at the same time how queer it was that she should have curls at the back of her neck: no other woman, he believed, ever had such curls. "You'll get all wore out."

Mary had turned to the clothes-press, where her few gowns hung in ordered care.

"Don't you talk to me," she said. "I'm goin' to get on some clo'es and go out and see that larkspur. Andrew, d'you put it there?"

"'Course I put it there," said Andrew.

Mary had left the clothes-press door open, and she came to him and gazed up in his face with such a look of young delight that again his heart mysteriously ached.

"Andrew," she said, "what made you do such a thing? D'you do it for me, 'cause you thought I'd like it?"

"'Course I did," said Andrew, roughly. "Who d'ye think I'd do such a thing as that for if 'twan't for you? Do you s'pose there's anybody else that I'd care whether they was pleased or not?"

Mary had forgotten her dress; she forgot the larkspur. She stood there clinging to his arm, and Andrew bent his rough cheek and touched her hair. His eyes were hot and aching, and he shook his head savagely, so that the tears, if they fell, should not splash her face and trouble her.

"Oh, Andrew," she was saying, "if I hadn't set my eyes by you before, certain I should now."

Song

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

A LITTLE lane mid shade and sun,
Dew-drops among the shining grass,
A song of April just begun
By mating robins as I pass,
The scent of hawthorn in the air,
And then your shadow falling there.

We loved too soon, we met too late;
We jested when we came to part.
But sometimes—is it love or hate?—
Your shadow falls across my heart,
And to that robin's song again
My feet run down that little lane.

A Search for the Last Inca Capital

BY HIRAM BINGHAM, PH.D., F.R.G.S.

Director of the Yale Peruvian Expedition

LESS than a hundred miles north of Cuzco lies the mountain province of Vilcabamba, an almost unexplored labyrinth of snow-clad peaks and deep green valleys. Practically cut off from central Peru by the magnificent cañon of the Apurimac, this ancient province formed an ideal refuge for the young Inca Manco in the last days of the conquest of the empire of his fathers.

Readers of Prescott's charming classic will remember that this unfortunate prince, a son of the great Inca Huayna Ccapac, was selected by Pizarro and his friends as the most available figurehead to set up as Inca and to rule in accordance with their dictates. His induction into office with appropriate ceremonies, the barbaric splendor of which only made the farce more pitiful, did little to satisfy his natural ambition. As might have been foreseen, he chafed under restraint, escaped as soon as possible from his attentive guardians, and raised an army of faithful Quichuas. His efforts to drive out the invaders resulting disastrously, he fled north to the powerful fortress of Ollantaytambo. Here on the banks of the river Urubamba he made a stand. But the peaceful mountain Indians never have made good warriors, and although aroused to their utmost endeavors by the presence of those magnificent stone edifices which a more energetic race erected centuries before, they decided to retreat. Driven out of Ollantaytambo, the young Inca Manco fled down the Urubamba valley and made good his escape into the fastnesses of Vilcabamba. The Spaniards found his position practically impregnable. Vilcabamba, defended by Nature in one of her profoundest moods, was only to be entered by marvelously constructed mountain trails, crossing and recrossing roaring torrents on frail suspension bridges. These trails the energetic Manco found it easy to defend.

For the next ten years he lived and ruled in this wonderful region at a place variously called Vitcos, Viticos, or Pitcos. Safe from the armed forces of his enemies and using Vitcos as a base, he was accustomed to sally forth frequently and in unexpected directions. His raids were usually successful. It was his custom to announce that they were in the nature of attempts to take vengeance on the Spaniards for what they had done to him and his family. It appears to have been relatively easy for him to cross the Apurimac from Vitcos and attack persons traveling on the great road from Lima to Cuzco. One ancient chronicler says it was in order to make this road secure for travelers that Ayacucho was founded by Pizarro.

The contemporary account of Manco's life in Vitcos, written in 1550 by Cieza de Leon, tells us that, "having reached Viticos with a great quantity of treasure, collected from various parts, together with his women and retinue, the King Manco Ynca established himself in the strongest place he could find, whence he sallied forth many times, and in many directions, to disturb those parts which were quiet and to do what harm he could to the Spaniards, whom he considered as cruel enemies."

All attempts to dislodge him failed. So secure was the Inca that half a dozen Spanish refugees, adherents of Almagro, fleeing from the Pizarros, sought protection there, and lived with the Inca in Vitcos.

Of his life in Vitcos we know little, except that he and his friends did engage in the game of bowls. That entertaining half-Inca prince, Garcilasso Inca de la Vega, has given us a quaint picture of the last game played by the Inca Manco:

"The Inca, to humor the Spaniards and entertain himself with them, had given directions for making a bowling-

green; where playing one day with Gomez Perez, he came to have some quarrel and difference with this Perez about the measure of a Cast, the which often happened out between them; for this Perez, being a person of hot and fiery brain, without any judgment or understanding, would take the least occasion in the world to contend with and provoke the Inca; who notwithstanding, being a very discreet person and of good temper, did moderate and disguise his passion, and would not refuse to play with him, as he did with other Spaniards who were more obliging and less offensive in their gaming; but Gomez Perez, being puffed up with the late favors he had received from the Vice-king, and with the hopes he had in a short time to disengage himself from that place, became more rude and insolent toward the Inca than he had formerly been; treating him with the same terms that he did those poor Indians who were his servants and slaves. At length Gomez Perez became so intolerably insolent that, playing one day with the Inca, he so affronted him that, being no longer able to endure his rudeness, he punched him in the breast, and bid him to consider with whom he talked. Perez, not considering in his heat and passion either his own safety or the safety of his Companions, lifted up his hand, and with the Bowl struck the Inca so violently on the head that he knocked him down; the Indians hereupon, being enraged by the death of their Prince, joined together against Gomez and the Spaniards, who fled into a house, and with their swords in their hands defended the door; the Indians set fire to the house, which being too hot for them, they sallied out into the Market-place, where the Indians assaulted them and shot them with their Arrows until they had killed every man of them; and then afterward, out of mere rage and fury, they designed either to eat them raw as their custom was, or to burn them and cast their ashes into the river, that no sign or appearance might remain of them; but at length, after some consultation, they agreed to cast their bodies into the open fields, to be devoured by Vultures and birds of the air, which they supposed to be the highest indignity and

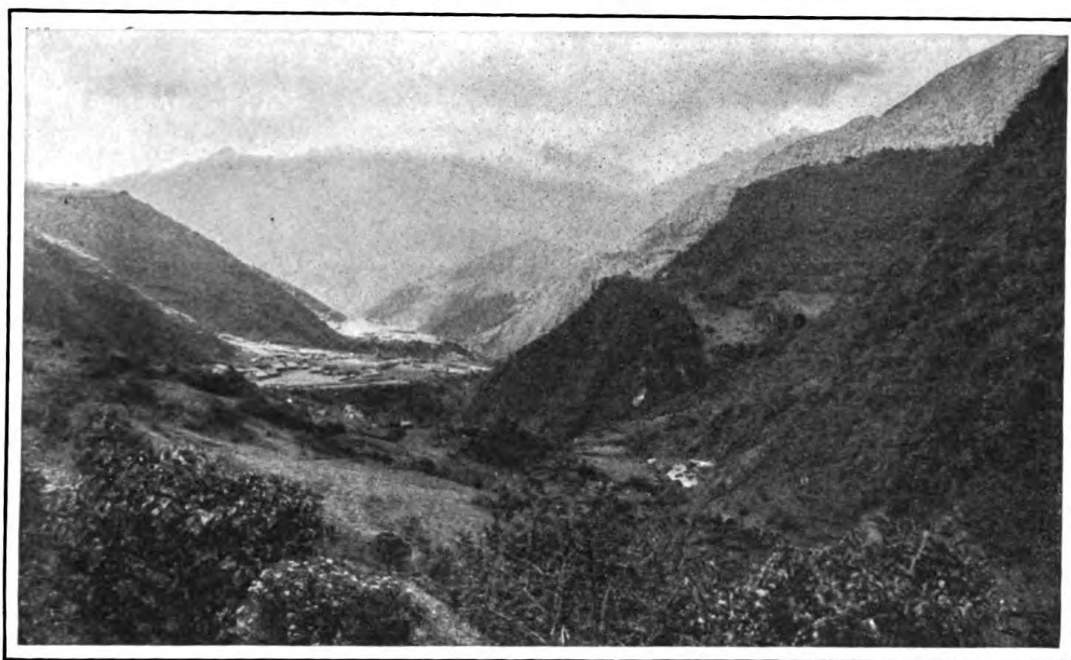
dishonor that they could show to their Corps."

Another version is that the game was *chess*, and the Inca was killed with a chess-man! Anyhow, he died, and was succeeded by his sons. The eldest, Sayri Tupac, lived quietly in Vitcos for ten years, until an energetic Peruvian Viceroy decided it would be safer to have him where the Spaniards could lay their hands on him. So, after a considerable going to and fro of ambassadors, Sayri was persuaded to come out of the fastnesses of Vitcos for good. He was baptized in Cuzco, married a cousin, accepted a country estate near by, and never returned to Vilcabamba. He died under some suspicion of poisoning a couple of years later.

The second brother, Titu Cusi, succeeded Sayri, and decided to remain in Vitcos. During his reign there came into the province the first missionary, an Augustinian friar named Marcos Garcia. He was kindly received by the Inca, and allowed to build a church not far from Vitcos. Presently he was joined by another Augustinian friar, Diego Ortiz, who seems to have had considerable skill as a doctor of medicine. These missionaries found that their chief opposition came from a very sacred shrine near Vitcos, where in a spring underneath a huge white rock there resided a devil who was chief of a legion of devils. In recognition of the sacred character of this spring a Temple of the Sun had been built here, and this place was the principal worshiping-place of all the Indians in those regions. Father Calancha, in describing this place, says that it was *close to Vitcos*.

One day the two missionaries decided to attack the devil in the water, and marched over from Pucyura, the village where they lived, with a large number of Indian followers, each one of whom brought a stick of firewood in his hands. This they piled round the rock and set fire to it, thus driving away the poor old devil, who never again dared to show his face in those parts.

The Inca and his mother were quite exercised at this outrage against their religion, and Father Marcos was stoned out of the country and warned never to return on pain of death, but Father



VILCABAMBA VALLEY AND THE VILLAGE OF PUQUIURA
On the hill at the right-hand side are situated the ruins of Rosaspata

Diego had made so many friends by reason of his skill as a physician that he was allowed to remain.

Unfortunately for him the Inca attended a grand banquet not long after this, got very drunk, and as a result of the debauch came down with fever. The disease proved to be incurable, and poor Father Diego paid the penalty with his life.

In the meantime a new Viceroy had come to Peru, the redoubtable Francisco de Toledo, who determined to get the Inca out of the wilds of Vilcabamba. One of the ambassadors that he sent for this purpose was killed by the Indians, who seemed to have misunderstood his embassy. Angered at this, and desiring to revenge the indignity cast upon his ambassador, as well as the death of the Augustinian friar, the Viceroy determined on sending a punitive expedition to Vitcos.

On the death of the Inca Titu Cusi his younger brother, Manco's third son, Tupac Amaru, had assumed the throne, although only an inexperienced youth. His kingdom was in confusion, the Spanish found the bridges practically undefended, and the defense put up by the Inca's captains was so weak that the

Spaniards seized what had hitherto been a practically inaccessible stronghold. The young Inca fled down into the Amazon jungles, where he was pursued by a small party of Spaniards who captured him and brought him back to Cuzco, where he was given a mock trial and executed by the personal command of the Viceroy.

On a journey across Peru from Cuzco to Lima, on muleback, in 1909, I had visited Choquequirau, an interesting group of ruins on a ridge surrounded by precipices six thousand feet above the bottom of the Apurimac Valley. The local traditions had it that this place was the home of Manco Inca after he fled from Pizarro's conquering hosts. We were told that he took with him to the fastnesses of Choquequirau a great quantity of treasure, besides his family and courtiers. Prescott does not mention Choquequirau by name, or Vilcabamba either, for that matter, and only says that "the royal fugitive took shelter in the remote fastnesses of the Andes."

When the great Peruvian geographer, Raimondi, visited the region about the middle of the nineteenth century, no one seems to have thought of telling him there were any ruins in the Vilcabamba



NICHES IN THE INTERIOR OF THE RUINS AT UNCAPAMPA

Valley, or indeed in the Urubamba Valley below Ollantaytambo. He merely remembered that Manco had established himself in "Vilcabamba" when he fled from Cuzco, and he fell in with the idea that this Vilcabamba must have been the place now known as Choquequirau. Extensive ruins had been found at this place by the French explorer Sartiges, and were described by him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1851, and, more recently, by the present writer.*

Raimondi's proofs of the coincidence of Choquequirau and Vilcabamba, and indeed our chief sources for the historical geography of the region, are to be found in a quaint old folio written by the Augustinian Father Calancha in the seventeenth century. In his very verbose *Cronica Moralizada* he tells of the martyrdom of Ortiz, and its causes and consequences. Unfortunately for us, but quite naturally for him, his pages are full of "demonios" and their terrible manifestations. He has little room for geographical detail. But he does say that Pucyura, where the monks had one of their mission stations, was two or three days' journey from Vilcabamba. The present villages of these names are only two leagues apart, and it is evident he is not speaking of them. Further-

* *American Anthropologist*, October, 1910.

more, Raimondi visited both villages and saw nothing of any ruins in either place.

As the only ruins hitherto described in this region were those of Choquequirau, nearly all the Peruvian writers, including the geographer Paz Soldan, have fallen in with Raimondi's idea that this was the refuge of Manco. The word Choquequirau means "cradle of gold." This lent color to the legend that Manco had carried off with him from Cuzco great quantities of gold utensils and deposited them in his new capital.

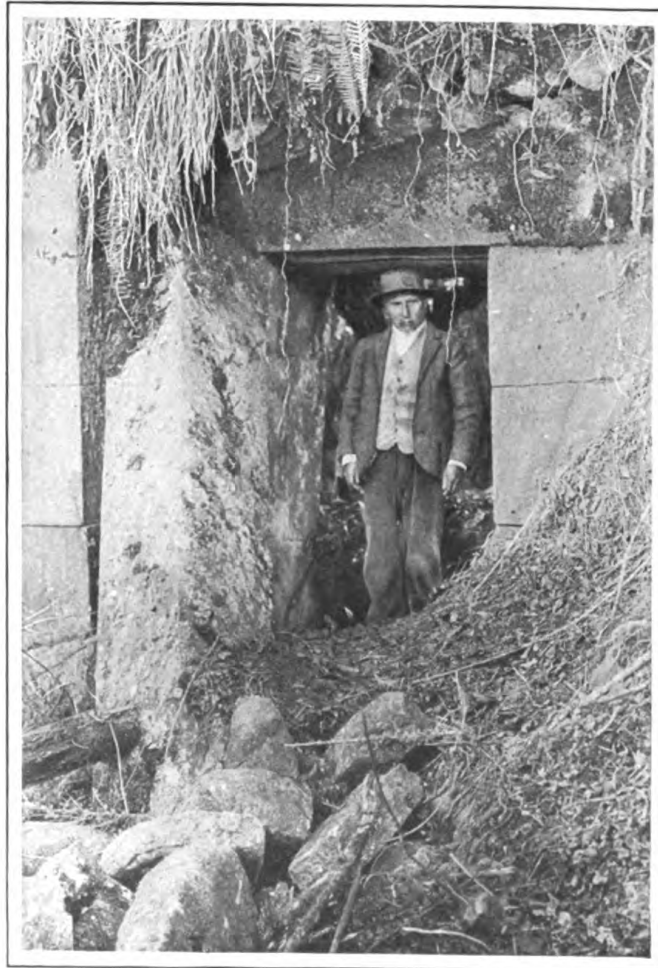
Personally I did not feel so sure that Choquequirau was the town of Vilcabamba. The ruins did not seem fine enough for an Inca's residence. There were certainly no "sumptuous palaces" all "built of marble." Furthermore, I was very anxious to visit the vicinity of Pucyura and see whether there were not there stone remains of Inca occupation. No travelers seemed to have visited the ancient province and reported their discoveries, except Raimondi, and he was not satisfactory. There were rumors of ruins, however, and the Spanish chroniclers who give in detail the story of the expedition which ultimately captured the last Inca (Manco's third son, Tupac Amaru) and drove the family out of Vilcabamba mention palaces and fortresses inhabited by the Incas. The sto-

ries of the first missionaries who went into this region contain the names of many places which do not exist on any map to-day. In a word, there is no part of the Inca empire so little known as Vitcos and Vilcabamba.

This made me all the more anxious to carry an exploring expedition into the Vilcabamba Valley, to see whether ruins could be found which might enable us to understand more clearly the history of the years between Manco's unsuccessful siege of Cuzco in 1536 and the capture of his grandson, Tupac Amaru, in 1571. It was in order to elucidate this history, locate the places mentioned in it, and find out what kind of a capital Manco had established in the wilds of Vilcabamba, that the Yale Peruvian Expedition of 1911 was organized.

To most of our friends in Cuzco the idea that there could be anything finer than Choquequirau seemed absurd. They regarded that "cradle of gold" as "the most remarkable archaeological discovery of recent times," and not only assured us there was nothing half so good, but themselves took it absolutely for granted that I was secretly planning to return thither to dig for buried treasure. Denials were of no avail. To a people whose ancestors made fortunes out of mines and "lucky strikes," and who have themselves been brought up on stories of enormous wealth still remaining to be discovered by some fortunate excavator, the question of treasure is an ever-present source of conversation. Even the prefect of Cuzco was quite unable to conceive of our doing anything for the love of discovery. He was convinced that I was about to find great riches at Choquequirau.

We found the ancient province of Vilcabamba a most difficult place to explore. The present entrance is over a newly built government road, which leads through the Grand Cañon of the Urubamba, between Torontoy and Huadquiña. In places the mighty precipices of solid granite rise five thousand feet sheer from the rapids to the clouds, and then continue brokenly upward to glaciers and snow-capped peaks. In the most inaccessible part of this wonderful cañon I found the ruins of Macchu Pichu, a most remarkable city, built on a precipitous ridge thousands of feet above the river and commanding a magnificent view. When I first saw the ruins of Macchu Pichu, and noticed there a level space with very sumptuous and majestic buildings, erected with great skill and made of white granite, I thought that I must have come across



ONE OF THE FRONT DOORS IN THE LONG PALACE AT ROSASPATA

Vitcos; and that "Pitcos" was as near *Pichu* as Ocampo succeeded in getting when he said: "The said Inca Tupac Amaru was there in the fortress of Pitcos, which is on a very high mountain, whence the view commanded a great part of the province of Vilcapampa. Here there was an extensive level space, with sumptuous and majestic buildings, erected with great skill and art, all the lintels of the doors, as well the principal as the ordinary ones, being of marble, elaborately carved."

I was inclined to think that *Pichu* might be the older form of Pitcos or Vitcos, particularly as the white granite of which the temples and palaces are constructed could so easily pass for marble. The only difficulty about fitting this description to Macchu Pichu is that the buildings themselves, and not only the lintels of the doors, are of white granite. There is no marble in this region. Furthermore, the location of Macchu Pichu is not favorable to the geographical position of the places mentioned in the chronicles as being near Vitcos. And so far as we were able to discover, there was no "white rock over a spring of water" near by.

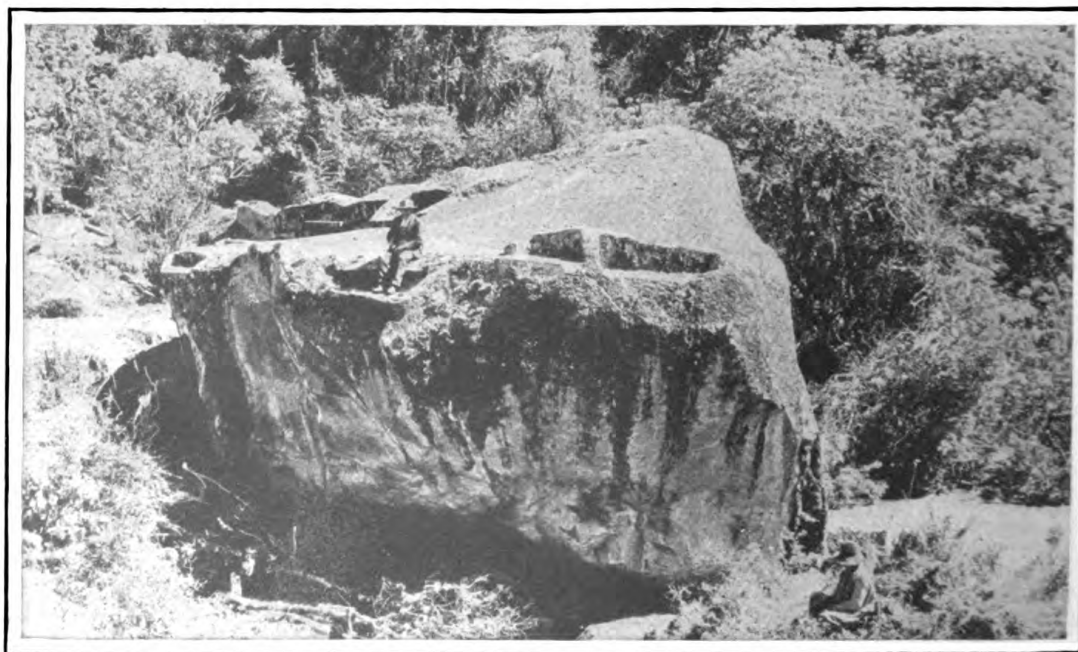
On August 6th we passed the bridge called Choquechaca, or Chuquichaca, at

the junction of the Urubamba and Vilcabamba rivers, and entered the present Vilcabamba Valley.

It is not likely that there was a road in those days from Cuzco and Ollantaytambo to the Vilcabamba Valley, except by way of the valley of Lucumayo. The Chuquichaca bridge which crosses the Urubamba River just below the junction of the Lucumayo Valley with the Urubamba is, as Ocampo says, the key to the Vilcabamba Valley. Had the Incas destroyed that bridge, it would have been almost impossible for the Spaniards to have crossed the Urubamba River and penetrated the Vilcabamba Valley.

We missed the best road to Paltaybamba, taking a trail that is much older. It was used until recently in order to avoid the precipices and rapids of the middle Vilcabamba. Our mules were quite tired, so that we did not reach Paltaybamba until half-past six.

Visitors are rare here, and we were most hospitably received. The next day the manager of the plantation gave us a boy to guide us to the next house, with orders that the man at that house should guide us to the next house, and so on up the valley. These people, being all tenants of the plantation, are obliged to



A VIEW OF THE SEATS AT ÑUSTA ESPAÑA

The spring is just visible under this end of the rock



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SEATS AT ÑUSTA ESPAÑA

The edges of the stone have been chalked to bring out the lines more distinctly

carry out such orders, sometimes at considerable inconvenience to themselves.

The valley of Vilcabamba above Pal-taybamba is very picturesque: the light green of sugar-cane fields in the bottom of the valley, wherever there are level spots worth while cultivating, occasional huts of tenants, a roaring torrent and a very winding road, high mountains on either side covered with tropical jungle.

Ocampo's story is as follows: "The Inca and the other Indians were collected and brought back to the valley of Hoyara. Here the Indians were settled in a large village, and a city of Spaniards was founded. It was called San Francisco of the Victory of Vilcapampa for two sacred and honest reasons. The first was because the victory was on the 4th of October, 1571, the day of San Francisco; the second being the name of the Viceroy to whom the victory was due. Great festivities were held in the city of Cuzco when the news of the victory arrived.

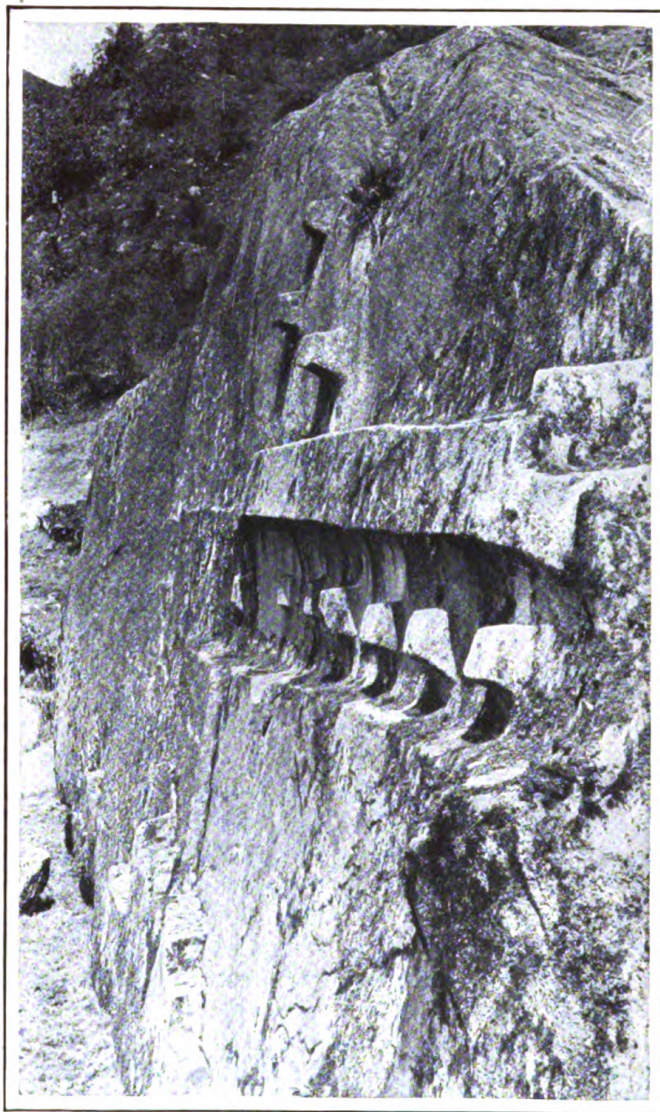
"This city was founded on an extensive plain near a river, with an admirable climate. From the river channels of water were taken for the service of the city, the water being very good."

At Lucma we heard of Ñusta España, said to be a city and fortress of the Incas above Rosaspata, and near Pucyura. It

contains a big stone, and is opposite a place called Huancacalle. These things were told us by various Indians who were called up and interviewed by Evaristo Mogrovejo, the Lieutenant-Governor of Lucma. He was very keen to find ruins, as we offered him a reward of fifty cents gold for every ruin found, and double that if very fine ruins.

Lucma has about twenty thatched-roof huts, and stores well supplied with the ordinary Indian necessities, including cotton cloth, sugar, canned goods, candles, etc. There is also a small tavern, where drinks are sold. A picturesque belfry and a small, old church, somewhat out of repair, crown a small hill back of the town. There is little level land in the valley here, but gentle slopes permit a considerable amount of agriculture. Corn and alfalfa seem to be the principal crops. The hills rise several thousand feet above the valley on each side. In places they are covered with what looks like primeval forest jungle. It occurs chiefly above the cloud-line. In some places recent clearings show evidence of enterprise on the part of the present inhabitants.

After leaving Lucma, we recrossed the Vilcabamba River at a ford, and soon had a good view up the valley to the



DETAIL OF BAS-RELIEF ON THE MONOLITH

hill on which are the ruins of Rosaspata. An hour later we reached Puquiura, and passed through the village, which has a poor church and a belfry in a tree. Just beyond is the village of Huancacalle, near Tincochaca. Here we left our goods and chattels in the care of an Indian, a friend of the Lieutenant-Governor's, crossed the river Vilcabamba on a foot-bridge, and came upon some interesting ruins. They were clearly not Incaic, and seemed to be the remains of a quartz stamping-mill. In Ocampo's account of Vilcabamba there is a statement that he lived in Puquiura, near the metal-works of a wealthy caballero who had property in Cuzco. Ocampo says also that the illegitimate Inca, Titu Cusi

Yupanqui, was baptized in a chapel near Ocampo's house in Puquiura, near the metal-works of Don Cristoval de Albornoz.

There is abundant evidence in these ruins to show that quartz-crushing was carried on to a considerable extent.

Leaving this interesting ruin of a Spanish quartz-mill, we crossed the Tincochaca River on a foot-bridge, climbed the hill called Rosaspata, and were directed by the Indian guide to an old and much-destroyed ruin in the saddle of the hill before reaching the principal ruins of Rosaspata, and south of them. It is at a place called Uncapampa. The ruin consists of the walls of a single house, 166.5 feet long by 33 feet in width. There are six doorways in front, and none on the ends or in the rear walls.

Leaving this ruin, we climbed back on to the ridge, found a path along its west side, and came to the ruins of Rosaspata. Passing the ruins of a small building very much overgrown and of a primitive character, we found our-

selves on a pleasant, open plaza, bounded on its north side by the ruins of a large palace.

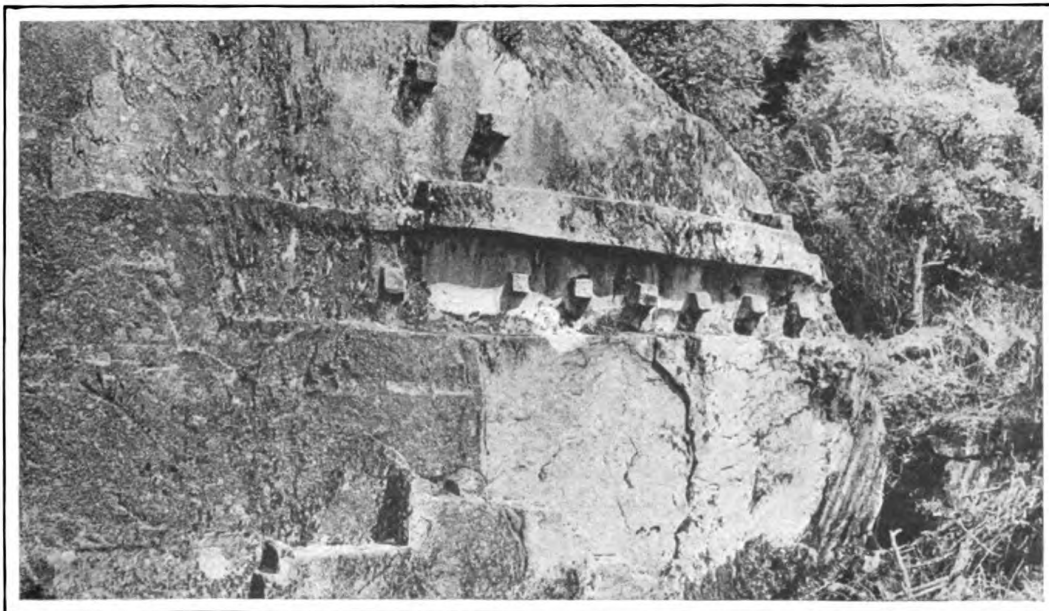
The view from the plaza is a particularly extensive one on all sides. To the north and south are snow-capped mountains, and to the east and west beautiful valleys. The long palace, of which we made a plan with careful measurements, is 245 feet long and 43 feet wide. There are fifteen doors in front and fifteen doors behind, but none in the ends. There are no windows. It was divided by halls into three divisions. The front entrance to each hall is a particularly well-made door, containing a re-entrant angle. These three principal doors and the other lesser doors are all

of white granite, rather carefully squared and finished. The lintels of the doors are solid blocks of white granite, from six to eight feet in length. Most of them have been destroyed, but enough remain to give a good idea of its former grandeur. The walls between the doors are not so carefully made, and the stones have not been squared. Only a few niches remain, so that it is impossible to say whether there were niches in the entire building. There are also a few cylindrical projecting stones, as at Choquequirau. What niches there are have been carefully made. Altogether it is a suitable building for the residence of a king. A very small portion of wall stands as it did originally. Most of the rear doors have been filled up with stones taken from the ruins, in order to make a continuous wall. New walls have also been built to divide the hilltop into pastures. The grass is plentiful here, and we saw a number of cattle. There is some evidence of a considerable amount of digging having taken place near the walls and of the wanton destruction of many in efforts at treasure-hunting. The fine doors were much better than any we saw anywhere, except at Macchu Pichu.

Back of the large palace and a few feet above it, on the end of the knoll which ends this part of the ridge of Rosaspata, is what might fairly be called

a palace-compound, consisting of thirteen or fourteen houses arranged so as to form a rectangle, with large and small courts. The outside dimensions of the palace-compound are about 161 feet by 146, but it is not perfectly square. The buildings themselves vary from 16 by 22 to 30 by 46.8 feet. A couple of terraces separate the long palace from the palace-compound. In this group of buildings there is no stone-work as fine as that in the long palace. Like it, the walls have been pulled down and very much destroyed. It was impossible to get exact dimensions, and in our measurements we had to approximate them as well as we could from the general direction of the walls. In only one of these buildings could we be sure that there had been any niches. On the north side of the larger courtyard there is a niche in a wall which may have been a kind of shrine. The hill falls very rapidly on all sides, and it would have been extremely easy for a small force to defend the hilltop.

The next day we came down from the hill on the east side to the valley of Andene, or Ande, and soon reached a large, white granite boulder which had a carved seat on its north side. It was flattened on top, and on its west side covered a cave, in which were several niches. The Indians said there was a spring near by, and for a few moments



DETAIL OF THE WEST END OF THE ROCK

I got very much excited, thinking this might be Yurak Rumi, but the spring turned out to be nothing but a small irrigating-ditch. It seems to me possible that there may have been a priest's house here in connection with this possibly sacred boulder, and the priest lived in this cave and set up his idols in the niches near by.

Leaving this boulder and coming up the river, we reached a large number of very handsomely built terraces and a number of carved boulders.

We had been told that the most interesting place near here was Ñusta España, and that there we should find a great white rock over a spring of water. As soon as we arrived at this place, we were at once impressed by the probability that this was indeed Yurak Rumi, the sacred spot, the center of idolatry in the latter part of the Inca rule. The rock was much overgrown and surrounded with jungle. It is difficult to give a vivid impression of this wonderful place. Ñusta España is a white granite boulder, 52 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and 25 feet high above the present level of the water and swamp that surround it on the east and south sides.

On the south side of the monolith four or five small seats have been cut in the rock, and several large seats. Great care was exercised in cutting out the seats, and the edges are very nearly square and almost straight. In several places on the rock square projections, probably *intihuatanas*, have been left in bold relief, projecting from four to eight inches. The east side of the rock overhangs the spring. A stone platform comes down to the water's edge. Near the water steps have been carved. Two seats have been carved out of the rock immediately above the spring. On the north side the rock has evidently been flattened artificially and carved into a rough relief. There are ten projecting square stones, probably *intihuatanas*. Seven of them in a line have been carved out of the face of the rock. The *intihuatanas* are about eight inches square. No two of them are exactly alike. It must have required great labor to carve these out of the flat face of the rock directly above the water. If the projecting stones were intended to cast a shadow, it is sig-

nificant that they were placed on the north side of the rock, where they would always be exposed to the sun. On the west side there are more seats and large steps. On top of the rock there is a flattened place, which might have been used for sacrifices. From it runs what looks like a little crack in the boulder, which has been artificially enlarged. It is probable that this was intended to drain the blood of the victim killed on top of the rock. This shows in several of the photographs, as rain-water flowing down this crack has kept moss from gathering there as it has gathered over most of the monolith.

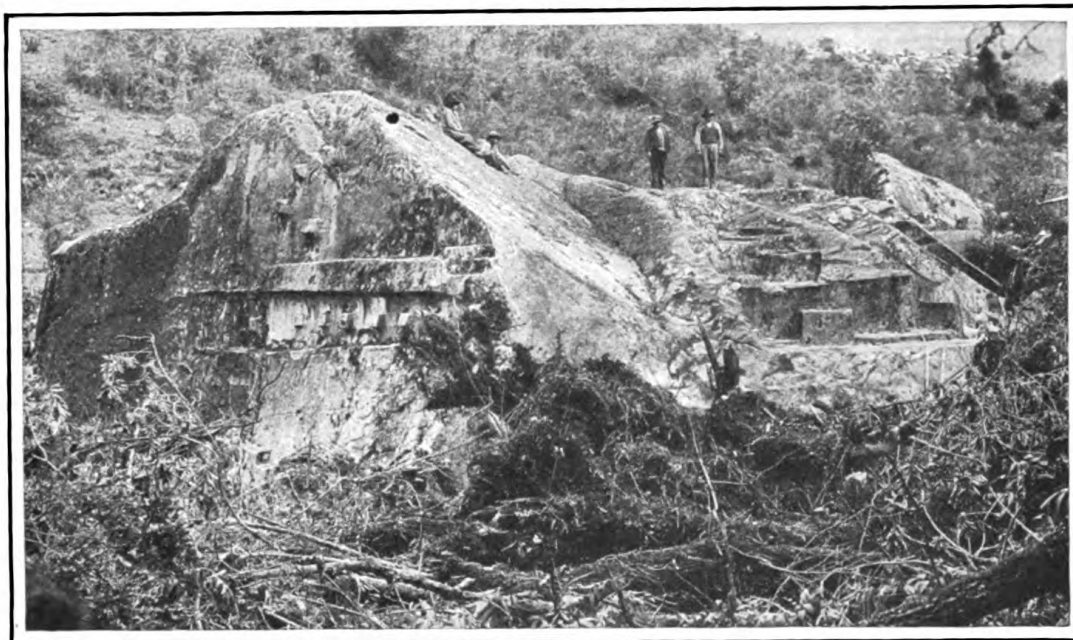
Nearly all the large boulders in the vicinity have had seats carved out of them, and there are a number of stone platforms, at present partly covered with swampy ground.

The surroundings are impressive. Densely wooded hills rise on both sides. It is a secluded spot, well calculated to impress the imagination of the worshiper. There seems to be no doubt that this was a sacred place. Surrounding this are the ruins of houses, probably the House of the Sun, once occupied by the priests who officiated at the ceremonies described by Father Calancha in his Chronicle. The important thing to us in this connection is that he said: "*Joined to Vitcos is a village which is called Chucipalpa, and a House of the Sun, and in it a white stone on top of a spring of water, where the Devil appears in visible form and was adored by those idolators, this being the principal mochedero of these mountains.*" The locality where we found the monolith is called Ñusta España, and the neighborhood is known as Chuquepalta. There is a quebrada two days' journey from here, near Urumbaye, that is called Manangua Nunca, and it is there they say the martyr Diego Ortiz was killed.

In conclusion let me sum up the evidence: *

We have, (1), the statement in Calancha that near Vitcos was a Temple of the Sun in which was a white rock over a spring of water.

(2) The description of Vitcos in Ocampo as a place on top of a high mountain, from which a large part of Vilcabamba could be seen.



VIEW OF THE ROCK AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF CUTTING AND CLEARING AWAY OF THE UNDERBRUSH

(3) Ocampo's description of the architecture of the palace at Vitcos, the special fact being mentioned that the doors, both ordinary and principal, were of white marble, beautifully carved.

All three fit the Rosaspata locality. Near by are the ruins of an ancient building, in which is a large white rock over a spring of water; the Rosaspata ruins are on top of a conspicuously high hill or mountain, from which the view is fine in all directions, and extends to snow-capped peaks both north and south; the ruins of Rosaspata, unlike those of Macchu Pichu, are noticeable because there are two kinds of doors, ordinary and principal ones, and the doors are carefully carved out of white granite, whereas the doors at Macchu Pichu are not any finer than all the rest of the structure, and would not have attracted particular attention.

In regard to the Temple of the Sun, evidence may be offered as follows:

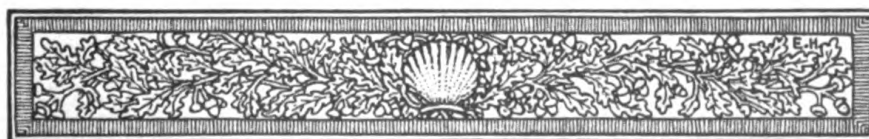
We find (1) the name Chuquipalpa, or Chuquipalta, is still applied to the vicinity of Ñusta España.

(2) The name Puquiura is still applied to a village where there is a rather large ancient church within easy walking distance of Ñusta España.

(3) Near Puquiura are the remains of a gold-quartz-crushing plant.

(4) And, most important of all, Ñusta España contains the ruins of edifices clearly Incaic in character, and surrounding a large white rock actually over a spring of water, an unusual occurrence. Furthermore, this rock bears in its carvings marks which indicate that at one time in the remote past it was undoubtedly an object of veneration.

This evidence has led me to the belief that at Ñusta España was the shrine called Yurak Rumi, the principal mocha-dero of the Indians in Vilcabamba, and that Vitcos, the last Inca capital, was at Rosaspata.



“The Blue Kimono,” by Robert Henri

THERE is a period of storm and stress in every artist nature. It is the romanticism of youth which we associate with Dionysus, god of the free spirit—the spirit which rebels against formalism and sets up the free world of the spirit in art and in life. It is found in art and in literature through all ages, differing according to racial traits and individual temperaments. In modern times it was awakened anew when Rousseau took his solitary walks at Les Charmettes and recorded his reveries and “confessions.” In painting it is found in Géricault, in Manet, and in Monet, whose protests were heard throughout the world. We see it about us every season when exhibitions are open. A dozen years ago Robert Henri came back to New York from Paris, where his earlier studies had been carried on. He was a dauntless young fighter and vigorously protested against the institutionalism of the time. He is still flushed with the romanticism of youth. His art is passionate, impulsive, scarlet-lipped. It is the cry of youth untouched by sorrow. He is in love with life, but life with a strain of Orientalism.

There is more to a work of art than the mere subject portrayed; there is the thought and personal vision of the artist, which, in some inexplicable way, is revealed to us as we contemplate the work and which stirs the imagination. Much of modern portraiture has degenerated from art to photography. In place of spirit we find only sensation. But Mr. Henri is not given to portraying those modish women who flock to fashionable studios to sit in their evening gowns and elegant apparel. His subjects impress the beholder by their vitality and a certain dabblerie that marks his work. One always feels its personal quality and the authority that recognizes no laws but those of his own heart. He is not content to follow the accepted methods of rendering his themes, even though being different means a loss of artificial beauty. His romanticism is the romanticism of a truthful nature.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"THE BLUE KIMONO," BY ROBERT HENRI

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

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Mary Bowman, of Gettysburg

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

FROM the kitchen to the front door, on the 1st of July, 1863, back to the kitchen, out to the little stone-fenced yard behind the house, where her children played in their quiet fashion, Mary Bowman went uneasily. She was a bright-eyed, slender person, with an intense joy in life. In her red plaid-gingham dress, with its full, starched skirt, she looked not much older than her ten-year-old boy.

Presently she went back to her work. She sat down in a low chair by the kitchen table, and laid upon her knee a strip of thick muslin. Upon that she placed a strip of linen which she began to scrape with a sharp knife. Gradually a pile of little downy masses of lint gathered in her lap. After a while she slipped her hands under the soft mass and lifted it to the table. Forgetting the knife, which fell with a clatter to the floor, she rose and went to the kitchen door.

"Children," she said, "remember you are not to go away."

The oldest boy answered obediently. Mounted upon a broomstick, he impersonated General Early, who a few days before had visited the town, and little Katy and the four-year-old boy represented General Early's ragged soldiers.

Their mother's eyes darkened as she watched them. Those raiding Confederates had been so terrible to look upon, so ragged, so worn, so starving. The Union soldiers who had come yesterday, marching in the Emmittsburg road, through the town, and out to the Theological Seminary, were different; travel-worn as they were, they had seemed in comparison like new recruits.

Suddenly Mary Bowman clasped her hands. Thank God they would not fight here! Once more frightened Gettysburg had anticipated a battle, once more its alarm had proved ridiculous. Early had gone days ago to York; the Union sol-

diers were marching toward Chambersburg. Thank God, John Bowman, her husband, was not a regular soldier, but a fifer in the brigade band. Members of the band, poor Mary thought, were safe.

It was only on dismal, rainy days, or when she woke at night and looked at her children lying in their beds, that the vague, strange possibility of her husband's death occurred to her. Then she assured herself with conviction that God would not let him die. By fall the war would be over, and he would come back and resume his school-teaching, and everything would be as it had been.

She went through the kitchen again and out to the front door, and looked down the street with its scattering houses. Opposite lived good-natured, strong-armed Hannah Casey; in the next house, a dozen rods away, the Deemer family. The Deemers had had great trouble; the father was at war, and two children were ill with typhoid fever. Beyond, the houses were set closer together; the Wilson house first, where a baby was watched for now each day; and next to it, the McAtee house, where Grandma McAtee was dying. Farther on, past the new court-house, men were moving about, some mounted, some on foot. Their presence did not disturb Mary, since Early had gone in one direction and the Union soldiers were going in the other.

Over the tops of the houses Mary could see the cupola of the seminary lifting its graceful dome and slender pillars against the sky. She and her husband had always planned that one of their boys should go to the seminary and learn to be a preacher; she remembered their hope now. Far beyond the seminary the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge lay clear and purple in the morning sunshine. The sun, already high in the sky, was behind her; it stood over the tall, thick pines of the little cemetery where her kin lay,

where she herself would lie, with her husband beside her. Except for that dim spot, the lovely landscape lay unshadowed.

Suddenly she put out her hand to the pillar of the porch and called her neighbor.

"Hannah!"

The door of the opposite house opened, and Hannah Casey's burly figure crossed the street. She had been working in her carefully tended garden, and her face was crimson. Hannah Casey anticipated no battle.

"Good morning to you!" she called. "What is it you want?"

"Come here!" bade Mary Bowman.

The Irishwoman climbed the three steps to the little porch.

"What is it?" she asked again. "What is it you see?"

"Look! Out there at the seminary! You can see the soldiers moving about like black specks under the trees!"

Hannah squinted a pair of near-sighted eyes in the direction of the seminary.

"I'll take your word for it," said she.

With a sudden motion Mary Bowman lifted her hand to her lips.

"Early wouldn't come back!" she said. "He would never come back!"

Hannah Casey laughed a bubbling laugh. "Those rag-a-bones? It 'ud go hard with 'em! The Unionists wouldn't jump before 'em like the rabbits here. The Bateses fled once more for their lives; it's the seventeenth time they've saved their valuable commodities. Down the street they flew, their precious tin rattling in their wagon. 'Oh, my kind sir,' says Lillian to the raggedy man you fed—'oh, my kind sir, I surrender!' 'You're right you do,' says he. 'We're goin' to eat you up!' 'Lady,' says that same snip to me, 'you'd better leave your home.' 'Worm,' says I back to him, 'you leave my home!'"

"He ate like an animal," said Mary.

"And all the cave-dwellers was talkin' about divin' for their cellars. I wasn't goin' into no cellar. Here I stay, above ground, till they lay me out for good."

Mary Bowman laughed suddenly, hysterically.

"Did you see him dive into the apple-butter, Hannah Casey? He—" She stopped and listened, frowning. She looked out once more toward the ridge

with its moving spots, then down at the town with its larger spots, then back at the pines, straight and tall in the July sunshine. She could see the white tombstones beneath the trees.

"Listen!" she cried.

"To what?" said Hannah Casey.

There were still the same faint, distant sounds, but they were not much louder, not much more numerous than could be heard in the village on any summer morning.

Hannah Casey spoke irritably. "What do you hear?"

"Nothing," answered Mary Bowman. "But I thought I heard men marching. I believe it's my heart beating! I thought I heard them in the night. Could you sleep?"

"Like a log!" said Hannah Casey. "Ain't our boys yonder? Ain't the Rebs shakin' in their shoes? No, they ain't. They ain't got no shoes. Ain't the Bateses, them barometers of war, still in their castle; ain't—"

"I slept the first part of the night," said Mary Bowman. "Then it seemed to me I heard men marching. I looked out, but there was nothing stirring. It was the brightest night I ever saw. I—"

Again Hannah Casey laughed her mighty laugh. There were nearer sounds now, the rattle of a cart behind them, the gallop of hoofs in front. The Bateses were fleeing once more, a family of eight, crowded into a little springless wagon with what household effects they could collect. Hannah Casey waved her apron at them.

"Run!" she yelled. "Skedaddle! Help! Murder!"

Her jeers could not make them turn their heads. Mrs. Bates held in her short arms a feather bed; her children tried to get under it as chicks under a mother hen. In front of the Deemer house they stopped suddenly. A Union soldier had halted them, then let them pass. He rode his horse up on the pavement and pounded with his sword at the Deemer door.

"He might terrify the children to death!" cried Mary Bowman. Already the soldier was riding toward her.

"There is sickness there!" she protested to his unheeding ears. "You oughtn't to pound like that!"



Drawn by Sidney H. Rosenberg

"A BATTLE IS TO BE FOUGHT HERE".



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"You women will have to stay in your cellars," he shouted. "A battle is to be fought here."

"Here?" said Mary Bowman, stupidly.

"Get out!" said Hannah Casey. "There ain't nobody here to fight with!"

The soldier rode his horse to Hannah Casey's door and began to pound with his sword.

"I live there!" screamed Hannah. "You dare to bang that door!"

Mary Bowman crossed the street and looked up at him as he sat on his great horse.

"Oh, sir, do you mean that they will fight *here*?"

"Where there are women and children?" screamed Hannah. "And gardens planted? I'd like to see one of them in my garden! I—"

"Get into your cellars," commanded the soldier. "You'll be safe there."

"Sir!" Mary Bowman went closer. The crisis in the Deemer house was not yet passed; even at the best it was doubtful whether Agnes Wilson could survive the hour of her trial; and Grandma McAtee was dying. "Sir!" said Mary Bowman, earnestly, "there are women and children here whom it might kill!"

The man laughed a short laugh.

"Oh, my God!" said he. He leaned a little from his saddle. "Listen to me, sister! I have lost my father and two brothers in this war. Get into your cellars."

Mary Bowman looked down the street. The movement was more rapid, the crowd was thicker. It seemed to her that she heard Mrs. Deemer scream. Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs; a dozen soldiers, riding from the town, halted and began to question her.

"This is the road to Baltimore?"

"Yes."

Gauntleted hands lifted the dusty reins. One of the soldiers spoke:

"You'd better protect yourself. There is going to be a battle."

"Here?" said Mary Bowman, again stupidly.

"Right here."

Hannah Casey thrust herself between them.

"Who are you going to fight with—say?"

The soldiers grinned at her. "With the Turks," answered one, over his shoulder.

Another was kinder, or more cruel. "Sister," said he, "it is likely that two hundred thousand men will be engaged on this spot. The whole Army of Virginia is advancing from the north, the whole Army of the Potomac from the south, you—"

The soldier did not finish. His galloping comrades left him; he hastened to join them. After him floated another accusation of lying from the lips of Hannah Casey.

"Hannah," said Mary Bowman, thickly, "I told you how I heard them marching. It was as though they came in every direction, Hannah—from Baltimore and Taneytown and Harrisburg and York. They were shoulder against shoulder, and their faces were like death."

Hannah Casey grew ghastly white. Superstition did what common sense and word of man could not do.

"So you did!" she whispered. "So you did!"

Mary Bowman clasped her hands. The little sounds had died away; there was now a mighty stillness.

"He said the whole Army of the Potomac. John is in the Army of the Potomac."

"That is what he said," answered the Irishwoman.

"What will the Deemers do?" asked Mary Bowman. "And the Wilsons?"

"God knows!" said Hannah Casey.

Suddenly Mary lifted her arms above her head.

"Look!" she screamed.

"What?" cried Hannah Casey. "What is it?"

Mary Bowman went backward toward the door, her eyes fixed on the distant ridge. It was nine o'clock; a shrill little clock in the house struck the hour.

"Children!" called Mary Bowman. "Come! See!"

The children dropped the little sticks with which they played and ran toward her.

"What is it?" whined Hannah Casey.

Mary Bowman lifted the little boy to her shoulder. A strange, unaccountable excitement possessed her. She wondered

what a battle would be like. She did not think of wounds, of blood, of groans, but of great sounds, of martial music, of streaming flags carried aloft. She sometimes dreamed that her husband, though he had so unimportant a place, might perform some great deed of valor, might snatch the colors from a wounded bearer and lead a regiment to victory. She never thought that he might die, that he might be lost, swallowed up in the yawning mouth of some great battle trench; she never dreamed that she would never see him again, would hunt for him among thousands of dead bodies, would have her eyes filled with sights intolerable, with wretchedness unspeakable, would be tortured by a thousand agonies which she could not assuage, torn by a thousand griefs besides her own. She could not foresee that all the dear woods and fields which she loved, where she had played as a child, had walked with her lover as a girl, would become, from Round Top to the seminary, from the seminary to Culp's Hill, a great shambles, then a great charnel-house.

"See, darling!" she cried to the little boy on her shoulder. "See the bright things sparkling on the hill!"

"What are they?" begged Hannah Casey.

"They are bayonets and swords!"

She put the little boy down on the floor and looked at him.

"Hark!" said Hannah Casey.

Far out toward the shining cupola of the seminary there was a sharp little sound, then another and another.

"What is it?" shrieked Hannah Casey.

"Oh, what is it?"

"What is it?" mocked Mary Bowman.

"It is—"

A single, thundering, echoing blast took the words from Mary Bowman's lips.

Stupidly she and Hannah Casey looked at each other.

Four months later Mary Bowman was warned, together with the other citizens of Gettysburg, that on Thursday, the 19th of November, 1863, she would be awakened by a bugler's reveille, and that during that great day she would hear again the dread sound of cannon.

Nevertheless, hearing the reveille, she

sat up in bed with a scream. Then, gasping, groping about in her confusion and terror, she began to dress. She put on a dress which had once been a bright plaid, but which now, having lost both its color and the stiff, outstanding quality of the skirts of '63, hung about her in straight and dingy folds. It was clean, but it had about it certain ineradicable brown stains on which soap and water seemed to have had no effect.

In the bed from which she had risen lay her little daughter; in a trundle-bed her two sons, one about ten years old, the other about four. They slept heavily, lying deep in their beds. Their mother looked at them with her strange, absent gaze, then she barred more closely the broken shutters and went down the stairs. The shutters were broken in a curious fashion. Here and there they were pierced by round holes, and one hung by a single hinge. The window-frames were without glass, the floor was without carpet, the beds were without pillows.

In her kitchen Mary Bowman looked about her dully. Here, too, the floor was carpetless. Above the stove a patch of fresh plaster showed where a great rent had been filled in; in the doors were the same little round holes as in the shutters of the room above. She opened the shattered door of the cupboard, and, having made the fire, began to prepare breakfast.

Outside the house there was already, at six o'clock, noise and confusion. Last evening a train from Washington had brought to the village Abraham Lincoln; awaiting him, thousands thronged the little town. This morning the tract of land between Mary Bowman's house and the village cemetery was to be dedicated for the burial of the Union dead.

Of the dedication, of the President of the United States, of the great crowds, of the crape-banded banners, Mary Bowman and her children would see nothing. Mary Bowman would sit in her little wrecked kitchen with her children. For to her the President of the United States and others in high places who prosecuted war or who tolerated war were hateful. To her the crowds of curious persons who coveted a sight of the great battle-field were ghouls, whose eyes longed to gloat

upon ruin, whose feet longed to sink into the loose ground of hastily made graves.

Mary Bowman knew that field! From Culp's Hill to the McPherson farm, from Big Round Top to the poorhouse, she had traveled it, searching, searching, with frantic, insane disregard of positions or possibility. Her husband could not have fallen here among the Eleventh Corps; he could not lie here among the unburied dead of the Louisiana Tigers! If he was in the battle at all, it was at the Angle that he fell.

She had not been able to begin her search immediately after the battle because there were forty wounded men in her little house; she could not prosecute it with any diligence even after the soldiers had been carried to the hospital. Nurses were here, Sisters of Mercy were here, compassionate women were here by the score, but still she was needed to nurse, to bandage, to comfort, to pray with those who must die. Little Mary Bowman had assisted at the amputation of limbs, she had helped to control strong men torn by the frenzy of delirium, she had tended poor bodies which had almost lost semblance to humanity. Neither she nor any of the other women of the village counted themselves especially heroic; they forgot that fainting at the sight of blood was one of the distinguishing qualities of their sex; they turned back their sleeves and repressed their tears, and fed the hungry and healed the sick and clothed the naked. If Mary Bowman had been herself, she might have laughed at the sight of her dresses cobbled into trousers, her skirts wrapped round the shoulders of sick men. But neither then, nor even after, did Mary Bowman laugh at any incident of that summer. Hannah Casey laughed, and by and by she began to boast. Meade, Hancock, Slocum were non-combatants beside her. She had fought whole companies of Confederates, she had wielded bayonets, she had assisted at the spiking of guns. But all Hannah's lunacy could not make Mary Bowman smile.

Of John Bowman no trace could be found; to Mary's frantic letters no one responded. Her old friend, the village judge, wrote also, but could get no reply. Her husband was missing; it was probable that he lay somewhere upon this

field, upon which he and she had wandered as lovers.

In midsummer a few trenches were opened, and Mary saw them opened. At the uncovering of the first great pit she actually helped with her own hands. For those of this generation who know nothing of war that fact may be written down, to be passed over lightly. She did not cry or shudder; she only helped doggedly, and looked at what they uncovered.

Immediately an order went forth that no graves were to be opened before cold weather. Already there were cases of dysentery and typhoid. Now that the necessity for daily work for the wounded was past, the village became nervous, excited. Several men and boys were killed while trying to open unexploded shells; their deaths added to the general horror. There were constant visitors who sought husbands, brothers, sweethearts; with these the Gettysburg women were still able to weep, for them they were still able to care, but the demand for entertainment for the curious irritated those who wished to be left alone to recover from the shock of battle. Gettysburg was prostrate, bereft of many of its worldly possessions, drained to the bottom of its well of sympathy. There were many, like Mary Bowman, who owned no longer any quilts and blankets, who had given away their clothes, their linen, even the precious sheets which their grandmothers had spun. Gettysburg wished nothing back; it asked only to be left in peace.

When the order was given to postpone the opening of the graves till fall, Mary began to go about the battle-field searching alone. Her children were beginning to grow thin and wan, they were shivering in the hot August weather, but their mother did not see. She gave them a great deal more to eat than she had herself, and they had far better clothes than her blood-stained motley.

She went about the battle-field with her eyes on the ground, her feet treading gently, anticipating loose soil or some sudden obstacle. Sometimes she stopped suddenly. But she found nothing.

One morning, late in August, she sat beside her kitchen table with her head on her arm. The first of the scarlet gum

leaves had begun to drift down from the shattered trees; it would not be long before the ground would be covered, and those depressed spots, those tiny wooden headstones, those fragments of blue and gray, be hidden. The thought smothered her. But she did not cry.

Suddenly, hearing a sound, Mary had looked up. The judge stood in the doorway; he had known all about her since she was a little girl. She did not ask him to sit down; she said nothing at all. She had been a loquacious person; she had become an abnormally silent one. Speech hurt her.

The judge looked round the little kitchen. The rent in the wall was still unmended, the chairs were broken; there was nothing else to be seen but the table and the rusty stove and the thin, friendless-looking children. It was the house not only of poverty and woe, but of neglect.

"Mary," said the judge, "how do you mean to live?"

Mary's thin, sunburned hand stirred as it lay on the table.

"I do not know."

"You have these children to feed and clothe. Mary—" The judge hesitated for a moment. John Bowman had been a school-teacher, a thrifty, ambitious soul, who would have thought it a disgrace for his wife to earn her living. The judge laid his hand on the thin hand beside him. "Come down to my house and my wife will give you work. Come now."

Slowly Mary had obeyed him. Down the street they went, seeing fences still prone, seeing walls torn by shells, past the houses where the shock of battle had hastened the deaths of old persons and of little children, and had disappointed the hearts of those who longed for a child, to the judge's house on the square. There wagons stood about, loaded with wheels of cannon, fragments of burst caissons, or with long, narrow pine boxes, brought from the railroad, to be stored against the day of exhumation. Men were laughing and shouting to one another; the driver of the wagon on which the long boxes were piled cracked his whip as he urged his horses. Mary shivered as she listened.

Hannah Casey congratulated her neigh-

bor heartily upon her finding work. "That 'll fix you up," she assured her. She visited Mary constantly, she reported to her the news of the war, she talked of the coming of the President.

"I'm going to see him," she announced. "I'm going to shake him by the hand. I'm going to say, 'Hello, Abe, you old rail-splitter, God bless you!' Then the bands 'll play, and the Johnny Rebs 'll hear 'em in their graves."

Mary Bowman put her hands over her ears.

"I believe you'd let 'em rise from the dead."

"I would," said Mary Bowman, hoarsely—"I would."

"Well, not so Hannah Casey! Look at me garden, tore to bits!" And Hannah Casey departed to her house.

Details of the coming celebration penetrated to the ears of Mary Bowman, whether she wished it or not, and the gathering crowds made themselves known. They stood on her porch, they examined the broken shutters, they wished to question her. But Mary Bowman would answer no questions. To her the celebration was horrible. She saw the battling hosts, she heard the roar of artillery, she smelled the smoke of battle. She seemed to feel in the ground beneath her a feebly stirring, suffering, ghastly host. They had begun again to open trenches, and she had looked into them.

Presently on the morning of Thursday, the 19th of November, her children dressed themselves and came down the steps. They had begun to have a little plumpness and color, but the dreadful light in their mother's eyes was still reflected in theirs. On the lower step they hesitated, looking at the door. Outside stood the judge, who had found time in the multiplicity of his cares to come to the little house.

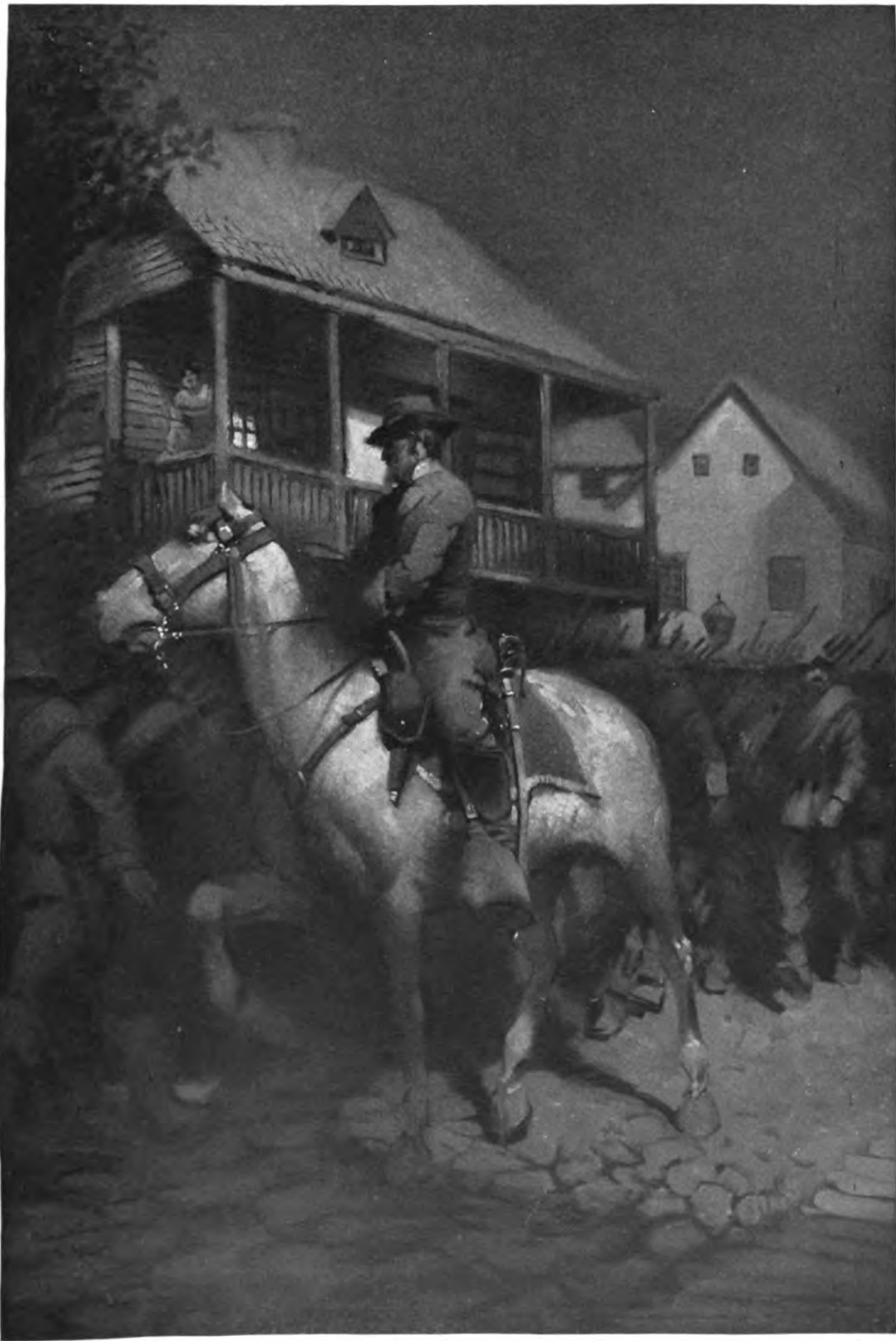
"Mary," he said, "you must take these children to hear President Lincoln."

"What!" cried Mary.

"You must take these children to the exercises."

"I cannot!" cried Mary. "I cannot!"

"You must!" The judge came into the room. "You are a Christian; your husband was a Christian. Do you want your children to think it is a wicked



Drawn by Sidney H. Riesenberg

THEY HAD STOLEN OUT LIKE DEAD MEN TO BEGIN THE LONG MARCH



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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

thing to die for their country? Do as I tell you, Mary."

Mary got up from her chair and put on her children all the clothes they had. Then, as one who steps into an unfriendly sea, she started out with them into the great crowd. Once more poor Mary said to herself she would obey. She had seen the platform; by going round through the cemetery she could get close to it.

The November day was bright and warm, but Mary and her children shivered. Slowly she made her way close to the platform and patiently waited. Sometimes she stood with shut eyes, swaying a little. On the moonlit night of the third day of the battle she had ventured from her house to find some brandy for the dying men about her, and, as in a dream, she had seen a tall general, mounted upon a white horse with muffled hoofs, ride down the street. Bending from his saddle, he had spoken, apparently to the empty air:

"Up, boys, up!"

There had risen at his command thousands of men, lying asleep on pavement and street, and quietly, in an interminable line, they had stolen out like dead men toward the seminary to join their comrades and begin the long, long march to Hagerstown. It seemed to her now that all about her dead men might rise to look with reproach upon these strangers who disturbed their rest.

The procession was late, the orator of the day was delayed, but still Mary waited, swaying in her place. Presently the great guns roared forth a welcome, the bands played, the procession approached. On horseback, erect, gauntleted, the President of the United States drew rein beside the platform and, with the orator and the other famous men, dismounted. There were great cheers; there were deep silences; there were fresh volleys of artillery; there was new music.

Men spoke and prayed and sang, and Mary stood still in her place. The orator of the day described the battle, he eulogized the dead, he proved the righteousness of this great war; his words fell on Mary's ears unheard. If she had been asked who he was, she might have said vaguely that it was Mr. Lincoln. When he ended, she was

ready to go home. There was singing; now she could slip away through the gaps in the cemetery fence. She had done as the judge commanded; now she would go back to her little house.

With her arms round her children, she started away. Then some one who stood near by took her by the hand.

"Madam," said he, "the President is going to speak!"

Half turning, Mary looked back. The thunder of applause made her shiver, made her even scream, it was so like those other thunderous sounds which she would hear forever. She leaned upon her little children heavily, trying to get her breath, trying to keep her consciousness. She fixed her eyes upon the rising figure before her; she clung frantically to the sight of him, as a drowning swimmer in deep waters; she struggled to fix her thoughts upon him. Exhaustion, grief, misery threatened to engulf her; she hung upon him in desperation.

Slowly, as one who is old or tired or sick at heart, he rose to his feet, the President of the United States, the commander-in-chief of the army and navy, the hope of his country. Then he stood waiting. In great waves of sound the applause rose and died and rose again. He waited quietly. The winner of debate, the great champion of a great cause, the veteran in argument, the master of men, he looked down upon the throng. The clear, simple things he had to say were ready in his mind; he had thought them out, written out a first draft of them in Washington, copied it in Gettysburg. It is probable that now, as he waited to speak, his mind traveled to other things—to the misery, the wretchedness, the slaughter of this field, to the tears of mothers, the grief of widows, the orphaning of little children.

Slowly, in his clear voice, he said what little he had to say. To the weary crowd, settling itself into position, the speech seemed short; to the cultivated, who had been applauding the periods of elaborate oratory, it seemed commonplace. But it was not so with Mary Bowman, nor with many other unlearned persons. Mary Bowman's soul seemed to smooth itself out like a scroll, her hands lightened their clutch on her children, the beating of her heart slackened, she gasped no more.

She could not have told exactly what he said, though afterward she learned it and taught it to her children and her children's children. She only saw him, felt him, breathed him in, this great, common, kindly man. His gaze seemed to rest upon her; it was not impossible, it was even probable, that during the hours that had passed he had singled out that little group so near him, that desolate woman in her motley dress, with her little children clinging about her. He said that the world would not forget this field, these martyrs; he said it in words which Mary Bowman could understand; he pointed to a future for which there was a new task.

"Daughter!" he seemed to say to her from the depths of trouble, of responsibility, of care greater than her own—"daughter, be of good comfort!"

Unhindered now, amid the cheers, across ground which seemed no longer to stir beneath her feet, Mary Bowman went back to her little house. There, opening the shutters, she bent solemnly and kissed her children, saying to herself that henceforth they must have more than food and raiment, they must be given joy in life.

Outside the broad gateway which leads into the National Cemetery at Gettysburg stands a little house on whose porch may be seen on summer days an old woman. The cemetery with its tall monuments lies a little back of her and to her left; before her is the village; beyond, on a little ridge, the buildings of the Lutheran Theological Seminary; and still farther beyond, the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge. The village is tree-shaded, the hills are set with fine oaks and hickories, the fields are green. It would be difficult to find an expanse more lovely. Those who have known it in their youth grow homesick for it, their throats tighten as they remember it. At sunset it is bathed with purple light, its trees grow darker, its hills more shadowy, its hollows deeper and more mysterious. Then, lifted above the dark masses of the trees, one may see marble shafts and domes turn to liquid gold.

The little old woman sitting with folded hands is Mary Bowman, whose husband was lost on this field. The

battle will soon be fifty years in the past; she has been for that long a widow. One of her sons is a merchant, the other is a clergyman, and her daughter is happily married. Her own life of activity is past; she is waited upon tenderly by her children and her grandchildren. She was born in this village; she has almost never been away. From here her husband went to war, here he is buried among thousands of unknown dead, here she nursed the wounded and dying, here she will be buried in the Evergreen Cemetery, beyond the National Cemetery.

She has seen beauty turn to desolation, trees shattered, fields trampled, walls broken, all her dear, familiar world turned to chaos; she has seen also desolation grow again to beauty. These hills and streams were always lovely; now a nation has determined to keep them forever in that same loveliness. Here was a rocky, wooded field, destined by its owner for cultivation; it has been decreed that its rough picturesqueness shall endure forever. Here is a lowly farm-house; upon it no hand of change shall be laid while the nation continues. Preserved, consecrated, hallowed are the woods and lanes in which Mary Bowman walked with the lover of her youth.

Broad avenues lead across the fields, marking the lines where by thousands men died. Big Round Top, to which one used to journey by a difficult path, is now easily accessible; Union and Confederate soldiers, returning, find their way quickly to old positions; lads from West Point are brought to see, spread out before them as on a map, that Union fish-hook five miles long, that slightly curved Confederate line.

Monuments are here by hundreds, names by thousands, cast in bronze, as enduring as they can be made by man. All that can be done in remembrance of those who fought here has been done, all possible effort to identify the unknown has been made. For fifty years their little trinkets have been preserved—their pocket Testaments, their photographs, their letters—letters addressed to "My precious son," "My dear brother," "My beloved husband." Seeing them to-day, you will find them marked by a number. This stained scapular, this little housewife with its rusty scissors, this unsigned

letter, dated in '63, belonged to him who lies in Grave No. 20 or Grave No. 3,500.

There is almost an excess of tenderness for these dead, yet mixed with it is a strange feeling of remoteness. We mourn them, praise them, laud them, but we cannot understand them. To this generation war is strange; its sacrifices are uncomprehended, incomprehensible. It is especially so in these latter years, since those who came once to this field come now no more. Once the heroes of the war were familiar figures upon these streets: Meade, with his serious, bearded face; Slocum, with his quick, glancing eye; Hancock, with his distinguished air; Howard, with his empty sleeve. They have gone hence, and with them have marched two-thirds of Gettysburg's two hundred thousand.

Mary Bowman has seen them all, has heard them speak. Sitting on her little porch, she has watched most of the great men of the United States go by—Presidents, cabinet officers, ambassadors, soldiers, and also famous visitors from other lands, who know little of the United States, but to whom Gettysburg is as a familiar country. She has watched also that great, rapidly shrinking army of private soldiers in faded blue coats, who make pilgrimages to see the fields and hills upon which they fought. She has tried to make herself realize that her husband, had he lived, would be like these old men—maimed, feeble, decrepit—but the thought possesses no reality for her. He is still young, still erect; he still goes forth to battle in the pride of life and strength.

Mary Bowman will not talk about the battle. To each of her children and each of her grandchildren she has told once, as one performs a sacred duty, its many-sided story. She has told each one of wounds and suffering, but she has not omitted tales of heroic death, of promotion on the field, of stubborn fight for glory. By others than her own she will not be questioned. Her neighbors who suffered with her, some just as cruelly, have recovered, their wounds have healed, as wounds do in the natural course of things. But Mary Bowman has remained mindful; she has been for all these years widowed indeed.

Her faithful friend Hannah Casey

is the great joy of the visitor to the battle-field. She will talk incessantly, enthusiastically, with insane invention. The most morbid listener will be satisfied with Hannah's wild account of a Valley of Death filled to the rim with dead bodies, of the trickling rivulet of Plum Creek swollen with blood to a roaring torrent. But Mary Bowman is different.

Her granddaughter, who lives with her, is curious about her emotions.

"Do you feel reconciled?" she will ask. "Do you feel reconciled to the sacrifice, grandmother? Do you think of the North and South as reunited, and are you glad you helped?"

Her grandmother answers with no words, but with a slow, tearful smile. She does not analyze her emotions. Perhaps it is too much to expect of one who has been a widow for fifty years that she philosophize about it!

Sitting on her porch in the early morning, she remembers the 1st of July, fifty years ago.

"Madam," cried the soldier who galloped to the door, "there is to be a battle in this town!"

"Here?" she had answered, stupidly. "Here?"

Sitting there at noon, she hears the roaring blasts of artillery, she seems to see shells, as of old, curving like great ropes through the air; she remembers that somewhere on this field, struck by a missile such as that, her husband fell.

Sitting there in the moonlight, she pictures Early on his white horse with muffled hoofs, riding spectralwise down the street among the sleeping soldiers.

"Up, boys!" he whispers, and is heard even in that heavy stupor. "Up, boys; we must get away!"

She hears the pouring rain of July 4th falling upon her little house, upon that wide battle-field, upon her very heart. She sees the deep, sad eyes of Abraham Lincoln, she hears his voice in the great sentences of his simple speech, she feels his message in her soul.

"Daughter," he seems to say, "daughter, be of good comfort."

So still Mary Bowman sits waiting. She is a Christian, she has great hope; as her waiting has been long, so may the joy of her reunion be full. Original from

The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER IX

THE APPIAN WAY

"CAPE to Cairo be damned!" The words were almost spat out. The man to whom they were addressed slowly drew himself up from a half-recumbent position in his desk-chair, from which he had been dreamily talking into the ceiling, as it were, while his visitor leaned against a row of bookshelves and beat the floor impatiently with his foot.

At the rude exclamation, Byng straightened himself, and looked fixedly at his visitor. He had been dreaming out loud again the dream which Rhodes had chanted in the ears of all those who shared with him the pioneer enterprises of South Africa. The outburst which had broken in on his monologue was so unexpected that, for a moment, he could scarcely realize the situation. It was not often, in these strenuous and perilous days—and for himself less often than ever before, so had London and London life worked upon him—that he, or those who shared with him the vast financial responsibilities of the Rand, indulged in dreams or prophecies; and he resented the contemptuous phrase just uttered, and even more the tone of the speaker.

Byng's blank amazement served only to incense his visitor further. "Yes, be damned to it, Byng!" he continued. "I'm sick of the British Empire and the All Red, and the 'immense future.' What I want is the present. It's about big enough for you and me and the rest of us. I want to hold our own in Jo'burg. I want to pull thirty-five millions a year out of the eighty miles of reef, and get enough native labor to do it. I want to run the Rand like a business concern, with Kruger gone to Holland, and Leyds gone to blazes. That's what I want to see, Mr. Invincible Rudyard Byng!"

The reply to this tirade was deliberate and murderously bitter. "Oh, that's what you want to see, is it, Mr. Blasphemous

Barry Whalen? Well, you can want it with a little less blither and a little more manners."

A hard and ugly look was now come into the big clean-shaven face which had become sleeker with good living, and yet had indefinitely coarsened in the three years gone since the Jameson raid; and a gloomy anger looked out of the deep blue eyes as he slowly went on:

"It doesn't matter what you want—not a great deal, if the others agree generally on what ought to be done; and I don't know that it matters much in any case. What have you come to see me about?"

"Oh, I know I'm not welcome here, Byng! It isn't the same as it used to be. It isn't—"

Byng jerked quickly to his feet and lunged forward as though he would do his visitor violence; but he got hold of himself in time and, with a sudden and whimsical toss of the head, characteristic of him, he burst into a laugh.

"Well, I've been stung by a good many kinds of flies in my time, and I oughtn't to mind, I suppose," he growled. . . . "Oh, well, there!" he broke off; "you say you're not welcome here? If you really feel that, you'd better try to see me at my chambers—or at the office in London Wall. It can't be pleasant inhaling air that chills or stifles you. You take my advice, Barry, and save yourself annoyance. But let me say in passing that you are as welcome here as anywhere, neither more nor less; you are as welcome as you were in the days when we trekked from the Vaal to Petersburg and on into Bechuanaland, and both slept in the Cape wagon under one blanket. I don't think any more of you than I did then, and I don't think any less; and I don't want to see you any more or any fewer. But, Barry,"—his voice changed, grew warmer, kinder—"circumstances are circumstances. The daily lives of all of us are shaped differently—yours as well as mine—here in this pudding-faced civiliza-

tion and in the iron conventions of London town; and we must adapt ourselves accordingly. We used to flop down on our Louis Quinze furniture on the Vaal with our muddy boots on—in our front drawing-room. We don't do it in Thamesfontein, my noble buccaneer—not even in Barry Whalen's mansion in Ladbrooke Square, where Barry Whalen, Esq., puts his silk hat on the hall table, and—and, 'If you please, sir, your bath is ready!' Oh, don't be an idiot child, Barry, and don't spoil my best sentences when I let myself go! I don't do it often these days, not since Jameson spilt the milk and the little can went trundling down the area. It's little time we get for dreaming, these sodden days, but it's only dreams that do the world's work and our own work in the end. It's dreams that do it, Barry; it's dreams that drive us on, that make us see beyond the present and the stupefying, deadening grind of the day. So it 'll be Cape to Cairo in good time, dear boy, and no damnation, if you please. . . . Why, what's got into you? And again, what have you come to see me about, anyhow? You knew we were to meet at dinner at Wallstein's to-night. Is there anything that's skulking at our heels to hurt us?"

The scowl on Barry Whalen's dissipated face cleared a little. He came over, rested both hands on the table, and leaned forward as he spoke, Byng resuming his seat meanwhile.

Barry's voice was a little thick with excitement, but he weighed his words too. "Byng, I wanted you to know beforehand what Fleming intends to bring up to-night—a nice kind of reunion, isn't it, with war ahead as sure as guns, and the danger of everything going smash, in spite of Milner and Jo?"

A set look came into Byng's face. He caught the lapels of his big, loose, double-breasted jacket coat, and spread his feet a little, till he looked as though squaring himself to resist attack.

"Go on with your story," he interposed. "What is Fleming going to say—or *bring up*, you call it?"

"He's going to say that some one is betraying us—all we do that's of any importance and most we say that counts—to Kruger and Leyds. He's going to say that the traitor is some one inside our circle."

Byng started, and his hands clutched at the chair-back, then he became quiet and

watchful. "And whom does Fleming—or you—suspect?" he asked, with lowering eyelids and a slumbering malice in his eyes.

Barry straightened himself and looked Byng rather hesitatingly in the face, then he said, slowly:

"I don't know much about Fleming's suspicions. Mine, though, are at least three years old, and you know them."

"Krool?"

"Krool—for sure."

"What would be Krool's object in betraying us, even if he knew all we say and do?"

"Blood is thicker than water, Byng, and double pay to a poor man is a consideration."

"Krool would do nothing that injured me, Barry. I know men. What sort of thing has been given away to Brother Boer?"

Barry took from his pocket a paper and passed it over. Byng scanned it very carefully and slowly, and his face darkened as he read; for there were certain things set down of which only he and Wallstein and one or two others knew; which only he and one high in authority in England knew, besides Wallstein. His face slowly reddened with anger. London life, and its excitements multiplied by his wife and not avoided by himself, had worn on him, had affected his once sunny and even temper, had given him greater bulk, with a touch of flabbiness under the chin and at the neck, and had slackened the firmness of the muscles. Presently he got up, went over to a table, and helped himself to brandy and soda, motioning to Barry to do the same. There were two or three minutes' silence, and then he said:

"There's something wrong, certainly, but it isn't Krool. No, it isn't Krool."

"Nevertheless, if you're wise you'll ship him back beyond the Vaal, my friend."

"It isn't Krool. I'll stake my life on that. He's as true to me as I am to myself; and, anyhow, there are things in this Krool couldn't know." He tossed the paper into the fire and watched it burn.

He had talked over many, if not all, of these things with Jasmine, and with no one else; but Jasmine would not gossip. He had never known her to do so. Indeed, she had counseled extreme caution so often to himself, that she would, in any case, be innocent of having babbled. But certainly there had been leakage—there had been leakage

regarding most critical affairs. They were momentous enough to cause him to say reflectively now, as he watched the paper burn:

"You might as well carry dynamite in your pocket as that."

"You don't mind my coming to see you?"

Barry asked, in an anxious tone.

He could not afford to antagonize Byng; in any case his heart was against doing so; though, like an Irishman, he had risked everything by his maladroitness and ill-mannered attack a little while ago.

"I wanted to warn you, so's you could be ready when Fleming jumped in," Barry continued.

"No; I'm much obliged, Barry," was Byng's reply in a voice where trouble was well marked, however. "Wait a minute," he continued, as his visitor prepared to leave. "Go into the other room"—he pointed. "Glue your ear to the door first, then to the wall, and tell me if you can hear anything—any word I say."

Presently Byng spoke in a tone rather louder than in ordinary conversation to an imaginary interlocutor for some minutes. Then Barry Whalen came back into the room.

"Well?" Byng asked. "Heard anything?"

"Not a word—scarcely a murmur."

"Quite so. The walls are thick, and those big mahogany doors fit like a glove. Nothing could leak through. Let's try the other door, leading into the hall." They went over to it. "You see, here's an inside baize door as well. There's not room for a person to stand between the two. I'll go out now, and you stay. Talk fairly loud."

The test produced the same result.

"Maybe I talk in my sleep," remarked Byng, with a troubled, ironical laugh.

Suddenly there shot into Barry Whalen's mind a thought which startled him, which brought the color to his face with a rush. For years he had suspected Krool, had considered him a danger. For years he had regarded Byng as culpable, for keeping as his servant one whom the Partners all believed to be a spy; but now another, a terrible thought came to him, too terrible to put into words—even in his own mind.

There were two other people besides Krool who were very close to Byng. There was Mrs. Byng for one; *there was also Adrian Fellowes*, who had been for a long time a kind of factotum of the great house, doing

the hundred things which only a private secretary, who was also a kind of master-of-ceremonies and lord-in-waiting, as it were, could do. Yes, there was Adrian Fellowes the private secretary; and there was Mrs. Byng who knew so much of what her husband knew! And the private secretary and the wife necessarily saw much of each other. What came to Barry's mind now stunned him, and he mumbled out some words of good-bye with an almost hang-dog look to his face; for he had a chivalrous heart and mind, and he was not prone to be malicious.

"We'll meet at eight, then?" said Byng, taking out his watch. "It's a quarter past seven now. Don't fuss, Barry. We'll nose out the spy, whoever it is, or wherever to be found. But we won't find him here, I think—not here, my boy."

Suddenly Barry Whalen turned at the door. "Oh, let's go back to the veldt and Jo'burg!" he burst out, passionately. "This is no place for us, Byng—not for either of us. You are getting flabby, and I'm spoiling my temper and my manners. Let's get out of this infernal jack-pot. Let's go where we'll be in the thick of the broiling when it comes. You've got a political head, and you've done more than any one else could do to put things right and keep them right; but it's no good. Nothing'll be got except where the red runs. And the red will run, in spite of all Jo, or Milner, or you can do. And when it comes, you and I will be sick, if we're not there—yes, even you with your many millions, Byng."

With moist eyes Byng grasped the hand of the rough-hewn comrade of the veldt, and shook it warmly.

"England has got on your nerves, Barry," he said, gently. "But it's all right in London. The key-board of the big instrument is here."

"But the organ is out there, Byng, and it's the organ that makes the music, not the keys. We're all going to pieces here, every one of us. I see it. *Herr Gott*, I see it plain enough! We're in the wrong shop. We're not buying or selling; we're being sold. Baas—big Baas, let's go where there's room to sling a stone; where we can see what's going on round us; where there's the long sight and the strong sight; where you can sell or get sold in the open, not in the alleyways; where you can have a run for your money."

Byng smiled benevolently. Yet some-

thing was stirring his senses strangely. The smell of the karoo was in his nostrils. "You're not ending up as you began, Barry," he replied. "You started off like an Israelite on the make, and you're winding up like Moody and Sankey."

"Well, I'm right now in the wind-up. I'm no better, I'm no worse, than the rest of our fellows, but I'm Irish—I can see. The Celt can always see, even if he can't act. And I see dark days coming for this old land. England is wallowing. It's all guzzle and feed and finery, and nobody cares a copper about anything that matters—"

"About Cape to Cairo, eh?"

"Oh, that was one of my idiocies! But you think over what I say, just the same, Byng? I'm right. We're rotten cotton stuff now in these isles. We've got fatty degeneration of the heart, and in all the rest of the organs too."

Again Byng shook him by the hand warmly. "Well, Wallstein will give us a fat dinner to-night, and you can moralize with lime-light effects after the *foie gras*, Barry."

Closing the door slowly behind his friend, whom he had passed into the hands of the dark-browed Krool, Byng turned again to his desk. As he did so he caught sight of his face in the mirror over the mantelpiece. A shadow swept over it; his lips tightened.

"Barry was right," he murmured, scrutinizing himself. "I've degenerated. We've all degenerated. What's the matter, anyhow? What is the matter? I've got everything—everything—everything."

Hearing the door open behind him, he turned to see Jasmine in evening dress smiling at him. She held up a pink finger in reproof.

"Naughty boy!" she said. "What's this I hear—that you have thrown me over—me—to go and dine with the Wallstein! It's nonsense! You can't go. Ian Stafford is coming to dine, as I told you."

His eyes beamed protectingly, affectionately, and yet, somehow, a little anxiously, on her. "But I must go, Jasmine. It's the first time we've all been together since the raid, and it's good we should be in the full circle once again. There's work to do—more than ever there was. There's a storm coming up on the veldt, a real jagged lightning business, and men will get hurt, many beyond recovery. We must

commune together, all of us. If there's the communion of saints, there's also the communion of sinners. Fleming is back, and Wolff is back, and Melville and Reuter and Hungerford are back, but only for a few days, and we all must meet and map things out. I forgot about the dinner. As soon as I remembered it I left a note on your dressing-table."

With sudden emotion he drew her to him, and buried his face in her soft golden hair. "My darling, my little jasmine flower," he whispered, softly, "I hate leaving you, but—"

"But it's impossible, Ruddy, my man. How can I send Ian Stafford away? It's too late to put him off."

"There's no need to put him off, or to send him away—such old friends as you are. Why shouldn't he dine with you *à deux*? I'm the only person that's got anything to say about that."

She expressed no surprise, she really felt none. He had forgotten that, coming up from Scotland, he had told her of this dinner with his friends, and at the moment she asked Ian Stafford to dine she had forgotten it also; but she remembered it immediately afterwards, and she had said nothing, done nothing.

As Byng spoke, however, a curious expression emerged from the far depths of her eyes—emerged, and was instantly gone again to the obscurity whence it came. She had foreseen that he would insist on Stafford dining with her; but, while showing no surprise—and no perplexity—there was a touch of demureness in her expression as she answered:

"I don't want to seem too conventional, but—"

"There should be a little latitude in all social rules," he rejoined. "What nonsense! You are prudish, Jasmine."

"Latitude, not license," she returned. Having deftly laid on him the responsibility for this evening's episode, this excursion into the dangerous fields of past memory and sentiment and perjured faith, she closed the book of her own debit and credit with a smile of satisfaction.

"Let me look at you," he said, standing her off from him.

Holding her hand, he turned her round like a child to be inspected. "Well, you're a dream," he added as she released herself and swept into a courtesy, coquetting with her eyes as she did so. "You're wonderful

in blue—a flower in the azure,” he added. “I seem to remember that gown before—years ago—”

She uttered an exclamation of horror. “Good gracious, you wild and ruthless ruffian! A gown—this gown—years ago! Why, my bonny boy, do you think I wear my gowns for years?”

“I wear my suits for years. Some I’ve had seven years. I’ve got a frock-coat I bought for my brother Jim’s wedding, ten years ago, and it looks all right—a little small now, but otherwise ’most as good as new.”

“What a lamb, what a babe, you are, Ruddy! Like none that ever lived. Why, no woman wears her gowns two seasons, and some of them rather hate wearing them two times.”

“Then what do they do with them—after the two times?”

“Oh, for a while, perhaps, they keep them to look at and gloat over, if they like them; then, perhaps, they give them away to their poor cousins or their particular friends—”

“Their particular friends—?”

“Why, every woman has some friends poorer than herself who love her very much, and she is good to them. Or there’s ‘the Mart’—”

“Wait. What’s ‘the Mart’?”

“The place where ladies can get rid of fine clothes at a wicked discount.”

“And what becomes of them then?”

“They’re bought by ladies less fortunate.”

“Ladies who wear them?”

“Why, what else would they do? Wear them—of course, dear child.”

Byng gave a gesture of disgust. “Well, I call it sickening. To me there’s something so personal and intimate about clothes. I think I could kill any woman that I saw wearing clothes of yours—of yours.”

She laughed mockingly. “My dear, you’ve seen them often enough, but you haven’t known they were mine; that’s all.”

“I didn’t recognize them, because no one could wear your clothes like you. It would be a caricature. That’s a fact, Jasmine.”

She reached up and swept his cheek with a kiss. “What a darling you are, little big man! Yet you never make very definite remarks about my clothes.”

He put his hands on his hips and looked her up and down approvingly. “Because I only see a general effect, but I always remember color. Tell me, have you ever sold

your clothes to ‘the Mart,’ or whatever the miserable coffin-shop is called?”

“Well, not directly.”

“What do you mean by ‘not directly’?”

“Well, I didn’t sell them, but they were sold for me.” She hesitated, then went on hurriedly. “Adrian Fellowes knew of a very sad case—a girl in the opera who had had misfortune, illness, and bad luck; and he suggested it. He said he didn’t like to ask for a cheque, because we were always giving, but selling my old wardrobe would be a sort of ‘lucky find’—that’s what he called it.”

Byng nodded, with a half-frown, however. “That was ingenious of Fellowes, and thoughtful, too. Now, what does a gown cost, one like that you have on?”

“This—let me see. Why, fifty pounds, perhaps. It’s not a ball gown, of course.”

He laughed mockingly. “Why, ‘of course’! And what does a ball gown cost—perhaps?” There was a cynical kind of humor in his eye.

“Anything from fifty to a hundred and fifty—maybe,” she replied, with a little burst of merriment.

“And how much did you net for the garments you had worn twice, and then seen them suddenly grow aged in their extreme youth?”

“Ruddy, do not be nasty—or scornful. I’ve always worn my gowns more than twice—some of them a great many times, except when I detested them. And anyway, the premature death of a gown is very, very good for trade. That influences many ladies, of course.”

He burst out laughing, but there was a satirical note in the gaiety, or something still harsher.

“‘We deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us,’” he answered. “It’s all such a hollow make-believe.”

“What is?”

She gazed at him inquiringly, for this mood was new to her. She was vaguely conscious of some sort of change in him—not exactly toward her, but a change, nevertheless.

“The life we rich people lead is a hollow make-believe, Jasmine,” he said, with sudden earnestness. “I don’t know what’s the matter, but we’re not getting out of life all we ought to get; and we’re not putting into it all we ought to put in. There’s a sense of emptiness—of famine somewhere.”

He caught the reflection of his face in the

glass again, and his brow contracted. "We get sordid and sodden, and we lose the proportions of life. I wanted Dick Wilberforce to do something with me the other day, and he declined. 'Why, my dear fellow,' I said, 'you know you want to do it?' 'Of course I do,' he answered, 'but I can't afford that kind of thing, and you know it.' Well, I did know it, but I had forgotten. I was only thinking of what I myself could afford to do. I was setting up my own financial standard, and was forgetting the other fellows who hadn't my standard. What's the result? We drift apart, Wilberforce and I—oh, I mean Wilberforce as a type! We drift into sets of people who can afford to do certain things, and we leave such a lot of people behind that we ought to have clung to, and that we would have clung to, if we hadn't been so much thinking of ourselves, or been so soddently selfish."

A rippling laugh rang through the room. "Boanerges—oh, Boanerges Byng! 'Ow—ever can you be so heloquent!"

Jasmine put both hands on his shoulders and looked up at him with that look which had fascinated him—and so many others—in their day. The perfume which had intoxicated him in the first days of his love of her, and steeped his senses in the sap of youth and Eden, smote them again, here on the verge of the desert before him. He suddenly caught her in his arms and pressed her to him almost roughly.

"You exquisite siren—you siren of all time!" he said, with a note of joy in which there was, too, a stark cry of the soul. He held her face back from him. . . . "If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers, Jasmine. Perhaps you did—who knows? And now you come down through the centuries purified by Time, to be my jasmine-flower."

His lip trembled a little. There was a strange melancholy in his eyes, belying the passion and rapture of his words.

In all their days together she had never seen him in this mood. She had heard him storm about things at times, had watched his big impulses working; had drawn the thunder from his clouds; but there was something moving in him now which she had never seen before. Perhaps it was only a passing phase, even a moment's mood, but it made a strange impression on her. It was remembered by them both long after, when life had scattered its vicissitudes

before their stumbling feet and they had passed through flood and fire.

She drew back and looked at him steadily, reflectively, and with an element of surprise in her searching look. She had never thought him gifted with perception or insight, though he had eloquence and an eye for broad effects. She had thought him curiously ignorant of human nature, born to be deceived, full of child-like illusions, never understanding the real facts of life, save in the way of business—and politics. Women he never seemed by a single phrase or word to understand; and yet now he startled her with a sudden revelation and insight of which she had not thought him capable.

"If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers. Perhaps you did—who knows? . . . And now you come down through the centuries purified by Time—"

The words slowly repeated themselves in her brain. Many and many a time she had imagined herself as having lived centuries ago, and again and again in her sleep these imaginings had reflected themselves in wild dreams of her far past—once as a priestess of Isis, once as a Slavonian queen, once as a peasant in Syria, and many times as a courtesan of Alexandria or Athens—many times as that; one of the gifted, beautiful, wonderful women whose houses were the centres of culture, influence, and power. She had imagined herself, against her will, as one of these women, such as Cleopatra, for whom the world were well lost; and who, at last, having squeezed the orange dry, but while yet the sun was coming towards noon, in scorn of Life and Time had left the precincts of the cheerful day without a longing, lingering look. . . . Often and often such dreams, to her anger and confusion, had haunted her, even before she was married; and she had been alternately humiliated and fascinated by them. Years ago she had told Ian Stafford of one of the dreams of a past life—that she was a slave in Athens who saved her people by singing to the Tyrant, and Ian had made her sing to him, in a voice quite in keeping with her personality, delicate and fine and wonderfully high in its range, bird-like in its quality, with trills like a lark—a little meretricious but captivating. He had also written for her two verses which were as sharp and clear in her mind as the letter

he wrote when she had thrown him over so dishonorably:

"Your voice I knew, its cadences and trill;
It stilled the tumult and the overthrow,
When Athens trembled to the people's
will;
I knew it—'twas a thousand years ago.

"I see the fountains, and the gardens where
You sang the fury from the Satrap's
brow;
I feel the quiver of the raptured air,
I heard you in the Athenian grove—I hear
you now."

As the words flashed into her mind now she looked at her husband steadfastly. Were there, then, some unexplored regions in his nature, where things dwelt of which she had no glimmering of knowledge? Did he understand more of women than she thought? Could she then really talk to him of a thousand things of the mind which she had ever ruled out of any commerce between them, one half of her being never opened up to his sight? Not that he was deficient in intellect, but, to her thought, his was a purely objective mind; or was it objective because it had not been trained or developed subjectively? Had she ever really tried to find a region in his big nature where the fine allusiveness and subjectivity of the human mind could have free life and untrammelled exercise, could gambol in green fields of imagination and adventure upon strange seas of discovery? A shiver of pain, of remorse, went through her frame now, as he held her at arm's-length and looked at her. . . . Had she started right? Had she ever given their natures a chance to discover each other? Warmth and passion and youth and excitement and variety, oh, infinite variety there had been!—but had the start been a fair one, had she, with a whole mind and a full soul of desire, gone to him first and last? What had been the governing influence in their marriage where she was concerned?

Three years of constant motion, and never an hour's peace; three years of agitated waters, and never in all that time three days alone together. What was there to show for the three years? That for which he had longed with a great longing had been denied him, for he had come of a large family, and had the simple primitive mind and heart. Even in his faults he had ever been primitively simple and obvious. She

had been energetic, helping great charities, aiding in philanthropic enterprises, with more than a little shrewdness preventing him from being robbed right and left by adventurers of all description; and yet—and yet it was all so general, so soulless, her activity in good causes. Was there a single poor person, a single afflicted person, one forlorn soul whom she had directly and personally helped, or sheltered from the storm for a moment, one bereaved being whose eyes she had dried by her own direct personal sympathy?

Was it this which had been more or less vaguely working in his mind a little while before when she had noticed a change in him; or was it that he was disappointed that they were two and no more—always two, and no more? Was it that which was working in his mind, and making him say hard things about their own two commendable selves?

"If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers. . . . And now you come down through the centuries purified by Time, to be my jasmine-flower!"

She did not break the silence for some time, but at last she said: "And what were you a thousand years ago, my man?"

He drew a hot hand across a troubled brow. "I? I was the Satrap whose fury you soothed away, or I was the Antony you lured from fighting Cæsar."

It was as though he had read those lines written by Ian Stafford long ago.

Again that perfume of hers caught his senses, and his look softened wonderfully. A certain unconscious but underlying discontent appeared to vanish from his eyes, and he said, abruptly: "I have it—I have it. This dress is like the one you wore the first night that we met. It's the same kind of stuff, it's just the same color and the same style. Why, I see it all as plain as can be—there at the opera. And you wore blue the day I tried to propose to you and couldn't, and asked you down to Wales instead. Oh, how I funk'd it!" He laughed, happily almost. "Yes, you wore blue the first time we met—like this."

"It was the same skirt, and a different bodice, of course—both those first times," she answered. Then she stepped back and daintily smoothed out the gown she was wearing, smiling at him as she did that day three years ago. She had put on this particular gown, remembering that Ian Stafford had said charming things about that other



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

THE LINES WHICH THEY HAD READ TOGETHER SO LONG AGO

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blue gown just before he bade her good-bye three years ago. That was why she wore blue this night—to recall to Ian what it appeared he had forgotten. And presently she would dine alone with Ian in her husband's house—and with her husband's blessing. Pique and pride were in her heart, and she meant Ian Stafford to remember. No man was adamant; at least she had never met one—not one, neither bishop nor octogenarian.

"Come, Ruddy, you must dress, or you'll be late," she continued, lightly, touching his cheek with her fingers; "and you'll come down and apologize, and put me right with Ian Stafford, won't you?"

"Certainly. I won't be five minutes. I'll—"

There was a tap at the door and a footman, entering, announced that Mr. Stafford was in the drawing-room.

"Show him into my sitting-room," she said. "The drawing-room, indeed," she added to her husband, "it is so big, and I am so small. I feel sometimes as if I wanted to live in a tiny, tiny house."

Her words brought a strange light to his eyes. Suddenly he caught her arm.

"Jasmine," he said, hurriedly, "let us have a good talk over things—over everything. I want to see if we can't get more out of life than we do. There's something wrong. What is it? I don't know; but perhaps we could find out if we put our heads together—eh?" There was a strange, troubled longing in his look.

She nodded and smiled. "Certainly—to-night when you get back," she said. "We'll open the machine and find what's wrong with it." She laughed, and so did he.

As she went down the staircase she mused to herself, and there was a shadow in her eyes and over her face.

"Poor Ruddy! Poor Ruddy!" she said.

Once again before she entered the sitting-room, as she turned and looked back, she said:

"Poor old boy! . . . Yet he knew about a thousand years ago!" she added with a nervous little laugh, and with an air of sprightly eagerness entered to Ian Stafford.

He was not easily moved by vastness or splendor. His ducal grandfather's houses were palaces, the estates were a fair slice of two counties, and many of his relatives had sumptuous homes stored with priceless legacies of art. He had approached the great house which Byng had built for himself with some trepidation; for though Byng came of people whose names counted for a good deal in the north of England, still, in newly acquired fortunes made suddenly in new lands there was something that coarsened taste—an unmodulated, if not a garish, elegance which "hit you in the eye," as he had put it to himself. He asked himself why Byng had not been content to buy one of the great mansions which could always be had in London for a price, where time had softened all the outlines, had given that subdued harmony in architecture which only belongs to age. Byng could not buy with any money those wonderful Adams' mantels, over-mantels and ceilings which had a glory quite their own. There must, therefore, be an air of newness in the new mansion, which was too much in keeping with the new money, the gold as yet not worn smooth by handling, the staring, brand-new sovereigns looking like impostors.

As he came upon the great house, however, in the soft light of evening, he was conscious of no violence done to his artistic sense. It was a big building, severely simple in design, yet with the rich grace, spacious solidity, and decorative relief of an Italian palace: compact, generous, traditionally genuine and wonderfully proportionate.

"Egad, Byng, you had a good architect—and good sense!" he said to himself. "It's the real thing; and he did it before *she* came on the scene too."

The outside of the house was Byng's, but the inside would, in the essentials, of course, be hers; and he would see what he would see.

When the door opened, it came to him instantly that the inside and outside were in harmony. How complete was that harmony remained to be seen, but an apparently unstudied and delightful reticence was noticeable at once. The newness had been rubbed off the gold somehow, and the old furniture—Italian, Spanish—which relieved the spaciousness of the entrance gave an air of Time and Time's eloquence to this three-year-old product of modern architectural skill.

CHAPTER X

AN ARROW FINDS A BREAST

AS he entered the new sphere of Jasmine's influence, charm, and existence, Ian Stafford's mind became flooded by new im-

As he passed on, he had more than a glimpse of the ball-room, which maintained the dignity and the refined beauty of the staircase and the hallways; and only in the insistent audacity and intemperate coloring of some Rubens picture did he find anything of that inherent tendency to exaggeration and Oriental magnificence behind the really delicate artistic faculties possessed by Jasmine.

The drawing-room was delightful. It was not quite perfect, however. It was too manifestly and studiously arranged, and it had the meticulous exactness of the favorite gallery of some connoisseur. For its nobility of form, its deft and wise softness of coloring, its half-smothered Italian joyousness of design in ceiling and cornice, the arrangement of choice and exquisite furniture was too careful, too much like the stage. He smiled at the sight of it, for he saw and knew that Jasmine had had his playful criticism of her occasionally flamboyant taste in mind, and that she had over-revised, as it were. She had, like a literary artist, polished and refined and stippled the effect, till something of personal touch had gone, and there remained classic elegance without the sting of life and the idiosyncrasy of its creator's imperfections. No, the drawing-room would not quite do, though it was near the perfect thing. His judgment was not yet complete, however. When he was shown into Jasmine's sitting-room his breath came a little quicker, for here would be the real test; and curiosity was stirring greatly in him.

Yes, here was the woman herself, wilful, original, delightful, with a flower-like delicacy joined to a determined and gorgeous audacity. Luxury was heaped on luxury, in soft lights from Indian lamps and lanterns, in the great divan, the deep lounge, the piled-up cushions, the piano littered with incongruous if artistic bijouterie; but everywhere, everywhere, books in those appealing bindings and with that paper so dear to every lover of literature. Instinctively he picked them up one by one, and most of them were affectionately marked by marginal notes of criticism, approval, or reference; and all showing the eager, ardent mind of one who loved books. He noticed, however, that most of the books he had seen before, and some of them he had read with her in the days which were gone forever. Indeed, in one of them he found some of his own penciled marginal notes, beneath which

she had written her insistent opinions, sometimes with amazing point. There were few new books, and they were mostly novels; and it was borne in on him that not many of these annotated books belonged to the past three years. The millions had come, the power and the place; but something had gone with their coming.

He was turning over the pages of a volume of Browning when she entered; and she had an instant to note the grace and manly dignity of his figure, the poise of the intellectual head—the type of a perfect, well-bred animal, with the accomplishment of a man of purpose and executive design. A little frown of trouble came to her forehead, but she drove it away with a merry laugh, as he turned at the rustle of her skirts and came forward.

He noted her blue dress, he guessed the reason she had put it on, and he made an inward comment of scorn. It was the same blue, and it was near the same style of the dress she wore the last time he saw her. She watched to see whether it made any impression on him, and was piqued to observe that he who had in that far past always swept her with an admiring, discriminating, and deferential glance, now only gave her deference of a courteous but perfunctory kind. It gave the note to all she said and did that evening—the daring, the brilliance, the light allusion to past scenes and happenings, the skilful comment on the present, the joyous dominance of a position made supreme by beauty and by gold; behind which were anger and pique, some passionate bitterness, and wild and desperate revolt.

For, if love was dead in him, and respect, and all that makes man's association with woman worth while, humiliation and the sting of punishment and penalty were alive in her, flaying her spirit, rousing that mad streak which was in her grandfather, who had had many a combat, the outcome of wild elements of passion in him. She was not happy; she had never been happy since she married Rudyard Byng; yet she had said to herself so often that she might have been at peace, in a sense, had it not been for the letter which Ian Stafford had written her, when she turned from him to the man she married.

The passionate resolve to compel him to reproach himself in soul for his merciless, if subtle, indictment of her, to bring him to the old place where he had knelt in

spirit so long ago—ah, it was so long!—came to her. Terribly self-indulgent and selfish and pitifully mean as she had been, still this man had influenced her more than any other in the world—in that region where the best of herself lay, the place to which her eyes had turned always when she wanted a consoling hour. He belonged to her realm of the imagination, of thought, of understanding, of insight, of intellectual passions and the desires of the soul. Far above any physical attraction Ian had ever possessed for her was the deep conviction that he gave her mind what no one else gave it, that he was the being who knew the song her spirit sang. . . . He should not go forever from her and with so cynical a completeness. Her sin had not been so great, her dishonor not so shameless. He should return; he should not triumph in his self-righteousness, be a living reproach to her always by his careless indifference to everything that had ever been between them. If he treated her so because of what she had done to him, with what savagery might not she be treated, if all that had happened in the last three years were open as a book before him!

Her husband—she had not thought of that. So much had happened in the past three years; there had been so much adulation and worship and daring assault upon her heart—or emotions—from quarters of unusual distinction, that the finest sense of her was blunted, and true proportions were lost. Rudyard ought never to have made that five months' visit to South Africa a year before, leaving her alone to make the fight against the forces round her. Those five months had seen a change in her, had made her indignant at times against Rudyard.

"Why did he go to South Africa? Why did he not take me with him? Why did he leave me here alone?" she had asked herself. She did not realize that there would have been no fighting at all, that all the forces that contended against her purity and devotion would never have gathered at her feet and washed against the shores of her resolution, if she had loved Rudyard Byng when she married him as she might have loved him, as she had loved—

The faithful love unconsciously announces its fidelity, and men instinctively are aware of it, and leave it unassailed. It is the imperfect love which subtly invites the siege, which makes the call upon human in-

terest, selfishness, or sympathy, so often without intended unscrupulousness at first. She had escaped the suspicion, if not the censure, of the world—or so she thought; and in the main she was right. But she was now embarked on an enterprise which never would have been begun, if she had not gambled with her heart and soul three years ago; if she had not dragged away the veil from her inner self, putting her at the mercy of one who could say, "I know you—what you are."

Just before they went to the dining-room Byng came in and cheerily greeted Stafford, apologizing for having forgotten his engagement to dine with Wallstein.

"But you and Jasmine will have much to talk about," he said—"such old friends as you are; and fond of books and art and music and all that kind of thing. . . . Glad to see you looking so well, Stafford," he continued. "They say you are the coming man. Well, *au revoir*. I hope Jasmine will give you a good dinner," he added, and was gone in a heavy movement of good-nature and magnanimity.

"Changed—greatly changed, and not for the better," said Ian Stafford to himself. "This life has told on him. The bronze of the veldt has vanished, and other things are disappearing."

At the table with the lights and the flowers and the exquisite appointments, with appetite flattered and tempted by a dinner of rare simplicity and perfect cooking, Jasmine was radiant, amusing, and stimulating in her old way. She had never seemed to him so much a mistress of delicate satire and allusiveness. He rose to the combat with an alacrity made more agile by considerable abstinence, for clever women were few, and real talk was the rarest occurrence in his life, save with men in his own profession chiefly.

But later, in her sitting-room, after the coffee had come, there was a change, and the transition was made with much skill and sensitiveness. Into Jasmine's voice there came another and more reflective note, and the drift of the conversation changed. Books brought the new current; and soon she had him moving almost unconsciously among old scenes, recalling old contests of ideas, and venturing on bold reproductions of past intellectual ideals. But though they were in this dangerous field of the past he did not once betray a sign of feeling, not even when, poring over

Coventry Patmore's poems, her hand touched his, and she read the lines which they had read together so long ago, with no thought of any significance to themselves:

"With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part.
My very Dear,
Our solace is the sad road lies so clear. . . .
Go thou to East, I West.
We will not say
There's any hope, it is so far away . . ."

He read the verses with a smile of quiet enjoyment, saying, when he had finished:

"A really moving and intimate piece of work. I wonder what their story was—a hopeless love, of course. An *affaire*—an 'episode,' London ladies now call such things."

"You find London has changed much since you went away—in three years only?" she asked.

"Three years—why, it's an eternity, or a minute, as you are obliged to live it. In penal servitude it is centuries, in the Appian Way of pleasure it is a sunrise moment. Actual time has nothing to do with the clock."

She looked up to the little gold-lacquered clock on the mantelpiece. "See, it is going to strike," she said. As she spoke, the little silver hammer softly struck. "That is the clock-time, but what time is it really—for you, for instance?"

"In Elysium there is no time," he murmured with a gallantry so intentionally obvious and artificial that her pulses beat with anger.

"It is wonderful, then, how you managed the dinner-hour so exactly. You did not miss it by a fraction."

"It is only when you enter Elysium that there is no time. It was eight o'clock when I arrived—by the world's time. Since then I have been dead to time—and the world."

"You do not suggest that you are in heaven?" she asked, ironically.

"Nothing so extreme as that. All extremes are violent."

"Ah, the middle place—then you are in purgatory?"

"But what should you be doing in purgatory? Or have you only come with a drop of water to cool the tongue of Dives?" His voice trailed along so coolly that it incensed her further.

"Certainly Dives' tongue is blistering," she said with a great effort to still the raging tumult within her. "Yet I would not cool it if I could."

Suddenly the anger seemed to die out of her, and she looked at him as she did in the days before Rudyard Byng came across her path—eagerly, childishly, eloquently, inquiringly. He was the one man who satisfied the intellectual and temperamental side of her; and he had taught her more than any one else in the world except her grandfather—and each in ways diametrically opposite. She realized that she had "Tossed him violently like a ball into a far country," and that she had not now a vestige of power over him—either his senses or his mind; that he was master of the situation. But was it so that there was a man whose senses could not be touched when all else failed? She was very woman, eager for the power which she had lost, and power was hard to get—by what devious ways had she traveled to find it!

As they leaned over a book of colored prints of Gainsborough, Romney, and Hoppner, her soft, warm breast touched his arm and shoulder, a strand of her cobweb, golden hair swept his cheek, and a sigh came from her lips, so like those of that lass who caught and held her Nelson to the end—and died at last in poverty, friendless, homeless, and alone.

Did he fancy that he heard a word breathing through her sigh—his name, *Ian*? For one instant the wild, cynical desire came over him to turn and clasp her in his arms, to press those lips which never but once he had kissed, and that was when she had plighted her secret troth to him, and had broken it for three million pounds. *Why not?* She was a woman, she was beautiful, she was a siren who had lured him and used him and tossed him by. *Why not?* All her art was now used, the art of the born coquette which had been exquisitely cultivated since she was a child, to bring him back to her feet—to the feet of the wife of Rudyard Byng. *Why not?* For an instant he had the dark impulse to treat her as she deserved, and take a kiss "as long as my exile, as sweet as my revenge"; but then the bitter memory came that this was the woman to whom he had given the best of which he was capable and the promise of that other best which time and love and life truly lived might accomplish; and the wild thing died in him.

The fever fled, and his senses became as cold as the marble of the statue of Andromeda on the pedestal before him. He looked at her. He did not for the moment realize that she was in reality only a girl, a child in so much; wilful, capricious, unregulated in some ways, with the hereditary taint of a distorted moral sense,—else she would not have acted so dishonorably—and yet intuitive, wise, and able in so many aspects of life and conversation. Looking, he determined that she should never have that absolution which any outward or inward renewal of devotion would give her. Scorn was too deep—that arrogant, cruel, adventitious attribute of the sinner who has not committed the same sin as the person he despises.

"Sweet is the refuge of scorn."

His scorn was too sweet; and for the relish of it on his tongue, the price must be paid one way or another. The sin of broken faith she had sinned had been the fruit of a great temptation, meaning more to a woman, a hundred times, than to a man. For a man there is always present the chance of winning a vast fortune and the power that it brings; but it can seldom come to a woman except through marriage. It ill became him to be self-righteous, for his life had not been impeccable—

"The shaft of slander shot
Missed only the right blot!"

Something of this came to him suddenly now as she drew away from him with a sense of humiliation, and a tear came unbidden to her eye.

She wiped the tear away, hastily, as there came a slight tapping at the door, and Krool entered, his glance enveloping them both in one lightning survey—like the instinct of the dweller in wild places of the earth, who feels danger where all is most quiet, and ever scans the veldt or plains or bush with that involuntary vigilance which belongs to the life. His look rested on Jasmine for a moment before he spoke, and Stafford inwardly observed that here was an enemy to the young wife whose hatred was deep. He was conscious, too, that Jasmine realized the antipathy. Indeed, she had done so from the first days she had seen Krool, and had endeavored, without success, to induce Byng to send the man back to South Africa, and to leave him there last year when he went again to Jo'burg. It was the only thing in which

Byng had proved invulnerable, and Krool had remained a menace which she vaguely felt and tried to conquer, which, in vain, Adrian Fellowes had endeavored to remove. For in the years in which Fellowes had been Byng's secretary and factotum his relations with Krool seemed amiable and he had made light of Jasmine's prejudices.

"The butler is out and they come me," Krool said. "Mr. Stafford's servant is here. There is a girl for to see him, if he will let. The boy, Jigger, his name. Something happens."

Stafford frowned, then turned to Jasmine. He told her who Jigger was, and of the incident the day before, adding that he had no idea of the reason for the visit; but it must be important, or nothing would have induced his servant to fetch the girl.

"I will come," he said to Krool, but Jasmine's curiosity was roused.

"Won't you see her here?" she asked.

Stafford nodded assent, and presently Krool showed the girl into the room.

For an instant she stood embarrassed and confused, then she addressed herself to Stafford. "I'm Lou—Jigger's sister," she said, with white lips. "I come to ask if you'd go to him. 'E's been hurt bad—knocked down by a fire-engine, and the doctor says 'e can't live. 'E made yer a promise, and 'e wanted me to tell yer that 'e meant to keep it; but if so be as you'd come, and wouldn't mind a-comin', 'e'd tell yer himself. 'E made that free becos 'e had brckfis wiv ye. 'E's all right—the best as ever—the top best." Suddenly the tears flooded her eyes and streamed down her pale cheeks. "Oh, 'e was the best! My Gawd! 'e was the best! If it 'd make 'im die happy, you'd come, y'r Gryce, wouldn't yer?"

Child of the slums as she was, she was exceedingly comely and was simply and respectably dressed. Her eyes were big and brown like Stafford's; her face was a delicate oval, and her hair was a deep black, waving freely over a strong, broad forehead. It was her speech that betrayed her; otherwise she was little like the flower-girl that Adrian Fellowes had introduced to Al'mah, who had got her a place in the chorus of the opera and had given her personal care and friendly help.

"Where is he? In the hospital?" Stafford asked.

"It was just beside our own 'ome it 'appen-ed. We got two rooms now, Jigger and me.

'E was took in there. The doctor come, but 'e says it ain't no use. 'E didn't seem to care much, and 'e didn't give no 'ope, not even when I said I'd give him all me wages for a year."

Jasmine was beside her now, wiping her tears and holding her hand, her impulsive nature stirred, her heart throbbing with desire to help. Suddenly she remembered what Rudyard had said up-stairs three hours ago, that there wasn't a single person in the world to whom they had done an act which was truly and purely personal during the past three years, and she had a tremulous and eager desire to help this crude, mothering, passionately pitiful girl, in whom the great thing, an unselfish human love, was working.

"What will you do?" she said to Stafford.

"I will go at once. Tell my servant to have up a cab," he said to Krool, who stood outside the door.

"Truly, 'e will be glad!" the girl exclaimed. "'E told me about the suvring, and Sunday-week for brekfis," she murmured. "You'll never miss the time, y'r Gryce. Gawd knows you'll not miss it—an' 'e ain't got much left."

"I will go, too—if you will let me," said Jasmine to Stafford. "Ah, you must let me go! I want to help—so much."

"No, you must not come," he replied. "I will pick up a surgeon in Harley Street, and we'll see if it is as hopeless as she says. But you must not come to-night. To-morrow, certainly, to-morrow, if you will. Perhaps you can do some good then. I will let you know."

He held out his hand to say good-bye, as the girl passed out with Jasmine's kiss on her cheek and a comforting assurance of help.

Jasmine did not press her request. First there was the fact that Rudyard did not know, and might strongly disapprove; and secondly, somehow, she had got nearer to Stafford in the last few minutes than in all the previous hours since they had met again. Nowhere, by all her art, had she herself touched him, nor opened up in his nature one tiny stream of feeling; but this girl's story and this piteous incident had softened him, had broken down the barriers which had checked and baffled her. There was something almost gentle in his smile as he said good-bye, and she thought she detected warmth in the clasp of his hand.

Left alone, she sat in the silence, ponder-

ing as she had not pondered in the past three years. These few days in town, out of the season, were sandwiched between social functions from which their lives were never free. They had ever passed from event to event like minor royalties with endless little ceremonies and hospitalities; and there had been so little time to meditate—had there even been the wish?

The house was very still, and the far-off, muffled rumble of omnibuses and cabs gave a background of dignity to this interior peace and luxurious quiet. For long she sat unmoving—nearly two hours—alone with her inmost thoughts. Then she went to the little piano in the corner where stood the statue of Andromeda, and began to play softly. Her fingers crept over the keys, playing snatches of things she knew years before, improvising soft, passionate little movements. She took no note of time. At last the clock struck twelve, and still she sat there playing. Then she began to sing a song which Alice Tynemouth had written and set to music two years before. It was simply yet passionately written, and the wail of anguished disappointment was in it—

"Once in the twilight of the Austrian hills,
A word came to me, beautiful and good;
If I had spoken it, that message of the
stars,
Love would have filled thy blood.
Love would have sent thee pulsing to my
arms,
Thy heart a nestling bird;
A moment fled—it passed: I seek in vain
For that forgotten word."

In the last notes the voice rose in passionate pain, and died away into an aching silence.

She leaned her arms on the piano in front of her and laid her forehead on them.

"Oh, when will it all end! What will become of me!" she cried in pain that strangled her heart. "I am so bad—so bad. I was doomed from the beginning. I always felt it so—always, even when things were brightest. I am the child of black destiny. For me—oh, there is nothing, nothing, for me! The straight path was before me and I would not walk in it."

With a gesture of despair, and a sudden faintness, she got up and went over to the tray of spirits and liqueurs which had been brought in with the coffee. Pouring out a liqueur-glass of brandy, she was about to drink it, when her ear became

attracted by a noise without, a curious stumbling, shuffling sound. She put down the glass, went to the door that opened into the hall, and looked out and down. One light was still burning below, and she could see distinctly. A man was clumsily, heavily, ascending the staircase, holding on to the balustrade. He was singing to himself, breaking into the maudlin harmony with an occasional laugh—

"For this is the way we do it on the veldt,
When the band begins to play;
With one bottle on the table and one below
the belt,
When the band begins to play—"

It was Rudyard, and he was drunk—almost helplessly drunk.

A cry of pain rose to her lips, but her trembling hand stopped it. With a shudder she turned back to her sitting-room. Throwing herself on the divan where she had sat with Ian Stafford, she buried her face in her arms. The hours went by.

CHAPTER XI

IN WALES, WHERE JIGGER PLAYS HIS PART

"**R**EALLY, the unnecessary violence with which people take their own lives, or the lives of others, is amazing. They did it better in olden days in Italy and the East. No waste or anything—all scientifically measured."

With a confident and satisfied smile Mr. Mappin, the celebrated surgeon, looked round the little group of which he was the centre at Glencader, Rudyard Byng's castle in Wales.

Rudyard blinked at him for a moment with ironical amusement, then remarked: "When you want to die, does it matter much whether you kill yourself with a bludgeon or a pin, take gas from a tap or cyanide of potassium, jump in front of a railway train or use the revolting razor? You are dead neither less nor more, and the shock to the world is the same. It's only the housemaid or the undertaker that notices any difference. I knew a Boer at Vleifontein who killed himself by jumping into the machinery of a mill. It gave a lot of trouble to all concerned. That was what he wanted—to end his own life and exasperate the foreman."

"Ruddy, what a horrible tale!" exclaimed his wife, turning again to the surgeon,

eagerly. "It is most interesting, and I see what you mean. It is, that if we only really knew, we could take our own lives or other people's with such ease and skill that it would be hard to detect it?"

The surgeon nodded. "Exactly, Mrs. Byng. I don't say that the expert couldn't find what the cause of death was, if suspicion was aroused; but it could be managed so that 'heart failure' or some such silly verdict would be given, because there was no sign of violence, or of injury artificially inflicted."

"It is fortunate the world doesn't know these ways to euthanasia," interposed Stafford. "I fancy that murders would be more numerous than suicides, however. Suicide enthusiasts would still pursue their melodramatic indulgences—disfiguring themselves unnecessarily."

Adrian Fellowes, the amiable, ever-present secretary and "Lord-Chamberlain" of Rudyard's household, whose handsome, unintellectual face had lighted with amusement at the conversation, now interposed. "Couldn't you give us some idea how it can be done," he asked—"this smooth passage of the Styx? We'll promise not to use it."

The surgeon looked round the little group reflectively. His eyes passed from Adrian to Jasmine, who stood beside him, to Byng, and to Ian Stafford, and, stimulated by their interest, he gave a pleased smile of gratified vanity. He was young, and had only within the past three years got to the top of the tree at a bound, by a certain successful operation in royal circles.

Drawing out of his pocket a small case, he took from it a needle and held it up. "Now that doesn't look very dangerous, does it?" he asked. "Yet a firm pressure of its point could take a life, and there would be little possibility of finding how the ghastly trick was done except by the aroused expert."

"If you will allow me," he said, taking Jasmine's hand and poisoning the needle above her palm. "Now, one tiny thrust of this steel point, which has been dipped in a certain acid, would kill Mrs. Byng as surely as though she had been shot through the heart. Yet it would leave scarcely the faintest sign. No blood, no wound, just a tiny pin-prick, as it were; and who would be the wiser? Imagine an average coroner's jury and the average examination of the village doctor, who would die

rather than expose his ignorance, and therefore gives 'heart failure' as the cause of death."

Jasmine withdrew her hand with a shudder. "Please, I don't like being so near the point," she said.

"Woman-like," interjected Byng ironically.

"How does it happen you carry this murdering asp about with you, Mr. Mappin?" asked Stafford.

The surgeon smiled. "For an experiment to-morrow. Don't start. I have a favorite collic which must die. I am testing the poison with the minimum. If it kills the dog it will kill two men."

He was about to put the needle back into the case when Adrian Fellowes held out a hand for it. "Let me look at it," he said. Turning the needle over in his palm, he examined it carefully. "So near and yet so far!" he remarked. "There are a good many people who would pay a high price for the little risk and the dead certainty. You wouldn't, perhaps, tell us what the poison is, Mr. Mappin? We are all very reliable people here, who have no enemies, and who want to keep their friends alive. We should then be a little syndicate of five, holding a great secret, and saving numberless lives every day by not giving the thing away. We should all be entitled to monuments in Parliament Square."

The surgeon replaced the needle in the case. "I think one monument will be sufficient," he said. "Immortality by syndicate is too modern, and this is an ancient art." He tapped the case. "Turkey and the Mongol lands have kept the old cult going. In England, it's only for the dog!" He laughed freely but noiselessly at his own joke.

This talk had followed the news brought by Krool to the Baas, that the sub-manager of the great mine, whose chimneys could be seen from the hill behind the house, had thrown himself down the shaft and been smashed to a pulp. None of them except Byng had known him, and the dark news had brought no personal shock.

They had all gathered in the library, after paying an afternoon visit to Jigger, who had been brought down from London in a special carriage, and was housed near the servants' quarters with a nurse. On the night of Jigger's accident Ian Stafford on his way from Jasmine's house had caught Mr. Mappin, and the surgeon had op-

erated at once, saving the lad's life. As it was necessary to move him in any case, it was almost as easy, and no more dangerous, to bring him to Glencader than to take him to a London hospital.

Under the surgeon's instructions Jasmine had arranged it all, and Jigger had traveled like royalty from Paddington into Wales, and there had captured the household, as he had captured Stafford at breakfast in St. James's Street.

Thinking that perhaps this was only a whim of Jasmine's, and merely done because it gave a new interest to a restless temperament, Stafford had at first rejected the proposal. When, however, the surgeon said that if the journey was successfully made, the after-results would be all to the good, Stafford had assented, and had allowed himself to be included in the house-party at Glencader.

It was a triumph for Jasmine, for otherwise Stafford would not have gone. Whether she would have insisted on Jigger going to Glencader if it had not meant that Ian would go also, it would be hard to say. Her motives were not unmixed, though there had been a real impulse to do all she could. In any case, she had lessened the distance between Ian and herself, and that gave her wilful mind a rather painful pleasure. Also, the responsibility for Jigger's well-being, together with her duties as hostess, had prevented her from dwelling on that scene in the silent house at midnight which had shocked her so—her husband reeling up the staircase, singing a ribald song.

The fullest significance of the incident had not yet come home to her. She had fought against dwelling on it, and she was glad that every moment since they had come to Glencader had been full; that Rudyard had been much away with the shooters, and occupied in trying to settle a struggle between the miners and the proprietors of the mine itself, of whom he was one. Still, things that Rudyard had said before he left the house to dine with Wallstein, leaving her with Stafford, persistently recurred to her mind.

"What's the matter?" had been Rudyard's troubled cry. "We've got everything—everything, and yet—!" Her eyes were not opened. She had had a shock, but it had not stirred the inner, smothered life; there had been no real revelation. She was agitated and disturbed—no more.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

A CRY OF PAIN ROSE TO HER LIPS, BUT HER TREMBLING HAND STOPPED IT



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She did not see that the man she had married to love and to cherish was slowly changing—was the change only a slow one now?—before her eyes; losing that brave freshness which had so appealed to London when he first came back to civilization, a conqueror. Something had been subtracted from his personality which left it poorer, something had been added which made it less appealing. Something had given way in him. There had been a subsidence of moral energy, and force and power had inwardly declined; though to all outward seeming he had played a powerful and notable part in the history of the last three years, gaining influence in many directions, and without getting exceeding notoriety.

On the day Rudyard married Jasmine he would have cut off his hand rather than imagine that he would enter his wife's room helpless from drink and singing a song which belonged to loose nights on the Limpopo and the Vaal.

As the little group drew back, their curiosity satisfied, Mr. Mappin put the needle back into the case carefully again, and said to Jasmine:

"The boy is going on so well that I am not needed longer. Mr. Wharton, my *locum tenens*, will give him every care."

"When did you think of going?" Jasmine asked him, as they all moved on towards the hall, where the other guests were assembled.

"To-morrow morning early, if I may. No night travel for me, if I can help it."

"Ah, I am glad you are not going to-night!" she answered, graciously. "Al'mah is arriving this afternoon, and she sings for us this evening. Is it not thrilling?"

There was a general murmur of pleasure, vaguely joined by Adrian Fellowes, who glanced quickly round the little group—and met an enigmatical glance from Byng's eye. Byng was remembering what Barry Whalen had told him three years ago, and he wondered if Jasmine was cognizant of it all. He thought not; for otherwise she would scarcely bring Al'mah to Glencader and play Fellowes' game for him.

Jasmine, in fact, had not heard. Days before she had wondered that Adrian had tried to discourage her invitation to Al'mah. While it was an invitation, it was also an engagement, on terms which would have been adequate for Patti in her

best days. It would, if repeated a few times, reimburse Al'mah for the sums she had placed in Byng's hands at the time of the Raid, and also, later still, to buy the life of her husband from Oom Paul. It had been insufficient, not because of the value of the article for sale, but because of the rapacity of the vender. She had paid half the cruel balance demanded; Byng and his friends had paid the rest without her knowledge; and her husband had been set free.

Byng had only seen Al'mah twice since the day when she first came to his rooms, and not at all during the past two years, save at the opera, where she tightened the cords of captivity to her gifts around her admirers. Al'mah had never met Mrs. Byng since the day after that first production of "Manassa," when Rudyard saved her, though she had seen her at the opera again and again. She cared nothing for society or for social patronage or approval, and the life that Jasmine led had no charms for her. The only interest she had in it was that it suited Adrian from every standpoint. He loved the splendid social environment of which Jasmine was the centre, and his services were well rewarded.

When she received Jasmine's proposal to sing at Glencader she had hesitated to accept it, for society had no charms for her; but at length three considerations induced her to do so. She wanted to see Rudyard Byng, for South Africa and its shadow was ever present with her; and she dreaded she knew not what. Blantyre was still her husband, and he might return—and return still less a man than when he had deserted her those long, sad years ago. Also, she wanted to see Jigger, because of his sister Lou, whose friendless beauty, so primitively set, whose transparent honesty appealed to her quick, generous impulses. Last of all she wanted to see Adrian in the surroundings and influences where his days had been constantly spent during the past three years.

Never before had she had the curiosity to do so. Adrian had, however, deftly but clearly tried to dissuade her from coming to Glencader, and his reasons were so new and unconvincing that, for the first time,—she had a nature of strange trustfulness once her faith was given—a vague suspicion concerning Adrian perplexed and troubled her. His letter had arrived some

hours after Jasmine's, and then her answer was immediate—she would accept. Adrian heard of the acceptance first through Jasmine, to whom he had spoken of his long "acquaintance" with the great singer.

From Byng's look, as they moved towards the hall, Adrian gathered that rumor had reached a quarter where he had much at stake; but it did not occur to him that this would be to his disadvantage. Byng was a man of the world. Besides, he had his own reasons for feeling no particular fear where Byng was concerned. His glance ran from Byng's face to that of Jasmine; but, though her eyes met his, there was nothing behind her glance which had to do with Al'mah.

In the great hall whose windows looked out on a lovely, sunny valley still as green as summer, the rest of the house-party were gathered, and Jigger's visitors were at once surrounded.

Among the visitors were Alice, Countess of Tynemouth, and the Slavonian ambassador, whose extremely pale face, stooping shoulders, and bald head with the hair carefully brushed over from each side in a vain attempt to cover the baldness, made him seem older than he really was. Count Landrassy had lived his life in many capitals up to the limit of his vitality, and was still covetous of notice from the sex who had, in a checkered career, given him much pleasure, and had provided him with far more anxiety. But he was almost uncannily able and astute, as every man found who entered the arena of diplomacy to treat with him or circumvent him. Suavity, with an attendant mordant wit, and a mastery of tactics unfamiliar to the minds and capacities of Englishmen, made him a great factor in the wide world of *haute politique*; but it also drew upon him a wealth of secret hatred and outward attention. His follies were lashed by the tongues of virtue and of slander; but his abilities gave him a commanding place in the powerhouse of international politics.

As Byng and his party approached, the eyes of the ambassador and of Lady Tynemouth were directed towards Ian Stafford. The glance of the former was ironical and a little sardonic. He had lately been deeply engaged in checkmating the singularly skilful and cleverly devised negotiations by which England was to gain a powerful advantage in Europe, the full significance of which even he had not

yet pierced. This he knew, but what he apprehended with the instinct of an almost scientific sense became unduly important to his mind. The author of the profoundly planned international scheme was this young man, who had already made the chancelleries of Europe sit up and look about them in dismay; for its activities were like those of underground wires; and every area of diplomacy, the nearest, the most remote, was mined and primed, so that each embassy played its part almost automatically, and with almost startling effect. Thibet and Persia were not too far, and France was not too near to prevent the incalculably smooth working of a striking and far-reaching political move. It was the kind of thing that England's Prime Minister, with his extraordinary frankness, with his equally extraordinary secretiveness, insight, and immobility, delighted in; and Slavonia and its ambassador knew, as an American high in place had colloquially said, "that they were up against a proposition which would take some moving."

The scheme had taken some moving. But it had not yet succeeded; and if M. Mennaval, the ambassador of Moravia, influenced by Count Landrassy, pursued his present tactics on behalf of his government, Ian Stafford's *coup* would never be made, and he would have to rise to fame in diplomacy by slower processes. It was the daily business of the Slavonian ambassador to see that M. Mennaval of Moravia was not captured either by tactics, by smooth words, or all those arts which lay beneath the outward simplicity of Ian Stafford and of those who worked with him.

With England on the verge of war, the outcome of the negotiations was a matter of vital importance. It might mean the very question of England's existence as an empire. England in a conflict with South Africa, the hour long desired by more than one country, in which she would be occupied to the limit of her capacity, with resources taxed to the utmost, army inadequate, and military affairs in confusion, would come, and with it the opportunity to bring the Titan to her knees. This diplomatic scheme of Ian Stafford, however, would prevent the worst in any case, and even in the disasters of war, would be working out advantages which, after the war was done, would give England many friends and fewer enemies, give her treaties and new territory, and set

her higher than she was now by a political metre.

Count Landrassy had thought at first, when Ian Stafford came to Glencader, that this meeting had been purposely arranged; but through Byng's frankness and ingenuous explanations he saw that he was mistaken. The two subtle and combating diplomats had not yet conversed, save in a general way by the smoking-room fire.

Lady Tynemouth's eyes fell on Ian with a different meaning. His coming to Glencader had been a surprise to her. He had accepted an invitation to visit her in another week, and she had only come to know later of the chance meeting of Ian and Jasmine in London, and the subsequent accident to Jigger which had brought Ian down to Wales. The man who had saved her life on her wedding journey, and whose walls were still garish with the red parasol which had nearly been her death, had a place quite his own in her consideration. She had, of course, known of his old infatuation for Jasmine, though she did not know all; and she knew also that he had put Jasmine out of his life completely when she married Byng; which was not a source of regret to her. She had written him about Jasmine, again and again,—of what she did and what the world said—and his replies had been as casual and as careless as the most jealous woman could desire, though she was not consciously jealous, and, of course, had no right to be.

She saw no harm in having a man as a friend on a basis of intimacy which drew the line at any possibility of divorce-court proceedings. Inside this line she frankly insisted on latitude, and Tynemouth gave it to her without thought or anxiety. He was too fond of outdoor life, of racing and hunting and shooting and polo and travel, to have his eye unnerved by any such foolishness as jealousy.

"Play the game—play the game, Alice, and so will I, and the rest of the world be hanged!" was what Tynemouth had said to his wife; and it would not have occurred to him to suspect Stafford, or to read one of his letters to Lady Tynemouth. He had no literary gifts; in truth, he was almost illiterate, and he looked upon his wife's and Stafford's interest in literature and art as a game of mystery he had never learned. Inconsequent and silly in his secret mind he thought it, but played by nice, clever, possible, "livable" people; and, therefore, not

to be pooh-poohed openly or kicked out of the way. Besides, it "gave Alice something to do, and prevented her from being lonely—and all that kind of thing."

Thus it was that Lady Tynemouth, who had played the game all round according to her lights, and thought no harm of what she did, or of her weakness for Ian Stafford—of her open and rather gushing friendship for him—had an almost honest dislike to seeing him brought into close relations again with the woman who had dishonorably treated him. Perhaps she wanted his friendship wholly for herself; but that selfish consideration did not overshadow the feeling that Jasmine had cheated at cards, as it were; and that Ian ought not to be compelled to play with her again.

"But men, even the strongest, are so weak," she had said to Tynemouth concerning it, and he had said in reply: "And the weakest are so strong—sometimes."

At which she had pulled his shoulder, and had said with a delighted laugh, "Tynie, if you say clever things like that I'll fall in love with you."

To which he had replied: "Now, don't take advantage of a moment's aberration, Alice; and for Heaven's sake don't fall in love wif me" (he made an f of a v, like Jigger). "I couldn't go to Uganda if you did."

To which she had responded, "Dear me, are you going to Uganda?" and was told with a nod that next month he would be gone.

This conversation had occurred on the day of their arrival at Glencader; and henceforth Alice had forcibly monopolized Stafford whenever and wherever possible. So far, it had not been difficult, because Jasmine had, not ostentatiously, avoided being much with Stafford. It seemed to Jasmine that she must not see much of him alone. Still there was some new cause to provoke his interest and draw him to herself. The Jigger episode had done much, had altered the latitudes of their association, but the perihelion of their natures was still far off; and she was apprehensive, watchful, and anxious.

This afternoon, however, she felt that she must talk with him alone. Waiting and watching were a new discipline for her, and she was not yet the child of self-denial. Fate, if there be such a thing, favored her, however, for as they drew near to the fire-

place where the ambassador and Alice Tynemouth and her husband stood, Krool entered, came forward to Byng, and spoke in a low tone to him.

A minute afterward, Byng said to them all: "Well, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we can't carry out our plans for the afternoon. There's trouble again at the mine, and I am needed, or they think I am. So I must go there—and alone, I'm sorry to say; not with you all, as I had hoped. Jasmine, you must plan the afternoon. The carriages are ready. There's the Glen o' Smiling, well worth seeing, and the Murderer's Leap, and Lover's Land—something for all tastes," he added, with a dry note to his voice.

"Take care of yourself, Ruddy man," Jasmine said, as he left them hurriedly, with an affectionate pinch of her arm. "I don't like these mining troubles," she added to the others, and proceeded to arrange the afternoon.

She did it so deftly that she and Ian and Adrian Fellowes were the only ones left behind out of a party of twelve. She had found it impossible to go on any of the excursions, because she must stay and welcome Al'mah. She meant to drive to the station herself, she said. Adrian stayed behind because he must superintend the arrangements of the ball-room for the evening, or so he said; and Ian Stafford stayed because he had letters to write—ostensibly; for actually he meant to go and sit with Jigger, and to send a code message to the Prime Minister, from whom he had had inquiries that morning.

When the others had gone, the three stood for a moment silent in the hall, then Adrian said to Jasmine: "Will you give me a moment in the ball-room about these arrangements?"

Jasmine glanced out of the corner of her eye at Ian. He showed no sign that he wanted her to remain. A shadow crossed her face, but she laughingly asked him if he would come also.

"If you don't mind—!" he said, shaking his head in negation; but he walked with them part of the way to the ball-room, and left them at the corridor leading to his own little sitting-room.

A few minutes later, as Jasmine stood alone at a window looking down into the great stone quadrangle, she saw him crossing toward the servants' quarters.

"He is going to Jigger," she said, her

heart beating faster. "Oh, but he is 'the best ever,'" she added, repeating Lou's words—"the best ever!"

Her eye brightened with intention. She ran down the corridor, and presently made her way to the housekeeper's room.

CHAPTER XII

THE KEY IN THE LOCK

A QUARTER of an hour later Jasmine softly opened the door of the room where Jigger lay, and looked in. The nurse stood at the foot of the bed, listening to talk between Jigger and Ian, the like of which she had never heard. She was smiling, for Jigger was original, to say the least of it, and he had a strange, innocent, yet wise philosophy. Ian sat with his elbows on his knees, hands clasped, leaning towards the gallant little sufferer, talking like a boy to a boy, and getting revelations of life of which he had never even dreamed.

Jasmine entered with a little tray in one hand, bearing a bowl of delicate broth, while under an arm was a puzzle-box, which was one of the relics of a certain house-party in which a great many smart people played at the simple life, and sought to find a new sensation in making believe they were the village rector's brood of innocents. She was dressed in a gown almost as simple in make as that of the nurse, but of exquisite material—the soft green velvet which she had worn when she met Ian in the sweet-shop in Regent Street. Her hair was a perfect gold, wavy and glistening and prettily fine, and her eyes were shining—so blue, so deep, so alluring.

The boy saw her first, and his eyes grew bigger with welcome and interest.

"It's *her*—me lydy," he said with a happy gasp, for she seemed to him like a being from another sphere. When she came near him the faint, delicious perfume exhaling from her garments was like those flower-gardens and scented fields to which he had once been sent for a holiday by some philanthropic society.

Ian rose as the nurse came forward quickly to relieve her of the tray and the box. His first glance was enigmatical—almost suspicious—then, as he saw the radiance in her face and the burden she carried, a new light came into his eyes. In this episode of Jigger she had shown all that gentle charm, sympathy, and human feeling which he had once believed belonged

so much to her. It seemed to him that at heart she was simple, generous, and capable of the best feelings of woman, and of living up to them; and there began to grow at the back of his mind now the thought that she had been carried away by a great temptation—the glitter and show of power and all that gold can buy, and a large circle for the skirts of woman's pride and vanity. If she had married him instead of Byng, they would now be living in a small house in Tilney Street, or some such fashionable quarter, with just enough to enable them to keep their end up with people who had five thousand a year—with no box at the opera, or house in the country, or any of the great luxuries, and with a thriving nursery which would be a promise of future expense—if she had married him! . . . A kinder, gentler spirit was suddenly awake in him, and he did not despise her quite so much. On her part, she saw him coming nearer, as, standing in the door of a cottage in a valley, one sees coming over the distant hills, with the light behind, a welcome and beloved figure with face turned towards the home in the green glade.

A smile came to his lips, as suspicion stole away ashamed, and he said: "This will not do. Jigger will be spoiled. We shall have to see Mr. Mappin about it."

As she yielded to him the puzzle-box, which she had refused to the nurse, she said: "And pray who sets the example? I am a very imitative person. Besides, I asked Mr. Mappin about the broth, so it's all right; and Jigger will want the puzzle-box when you are not here," she added, quizzically.

"Diversion or continuity?" he asked, with a laugh, as she held the bowl of soup to Jigger's lips. At this point the nurse had discreetly left the room.

"Continuity, of course," she replied. "All diplomatists are puzzles, some without solution."

"Who said I was a diplomatist?" he asked, lightly.

"Don't think that I'm guilty of the slander," she rejoined. "It was the Moravian ambassador who first suggested that what you were by profession you were by instinct."

Jasmine felt Ian hold his breath for a moment, then he said in a low tone, "M. Mennaval—you know him well?"

She did not look towards him, but she was conscious that he was eying her in-

tently. She put aside the bowl, and began to adjust Jigger's pillow with deft fingers, while the lad watched her with a worship worth any money to one attacked by ennui and stale with purchased pleasures.

"I know him well—oh, *quite* well!" she replied. "He comes sometimes of an afternoon, and if he had more time—or if I had—he would no doubt come oftener. But time is the most valuable thing I have, and I have less of it than anything else."

"A diminishing capital, too," he laughed; while his mind was suddenly alert to an idea which had flown into his vision, though its significance did not possess him yet.

"The Moravian ambassador is not very busy," he added with an undertone of meaning.

"Maybe; but I am," she answered with like meaning, and looked him in the eyes, steadily, serenely, determinedly. All at once there had opened out before her a great possibility. Both from the Count Landrassy and from the Moravian ambassador she had had hints of some deep, international scheme of which Ian Stafford was the engineer-in-chief, though she did not know definitely what it was. Both ambassadors had paid their court to her, each in a different way, and M. Mennaval would have been as pertinacious as he was vain and somewhat weak (albeit secretive, too, with the feminine instinct that was strong in him) if she had not checked him at all points. From what Count Landrassy had said, it would appear that Ian Stafford's future hung in the balance—dependent upon the success of his great diplomatic scheme.

Could she help Ian? Could she help him? Had the time come when she could pay her debt, the price of ransom from the captivity in which he held her true and secret character? It had been vaguely in her mind before; but now, standing beside Jigger's bed, with the lad's feverish hand in hers, there spread out before her a vision of a lien lifted, of an ugly debt redeemed, of freedom from this man's scorn. If she could do some great service for him, would not that wipe out the unsettled claim? If she could help to give him success, would not that, in the end, be more to him than herself? For she would soon fade, the dust would soon gather over her perished youth and beauty; but his success would live on, ever freshening in his sight, rising through

long years to a great height, and remaining fixed and exalted. With a great belief she believed in him and what he could do. He was a Sisyphus who could and would roll the huge stone to the top of the hill—and ever with easier power.

The old touch of romance and imagination which had been the governing forces of her grandfather's life, the passion of an idea, however essentially false and meretricious and perilous to all that was worth while keeping in life, set her pulses beating now. As a child her pulses used to beat so when she had planned with her good-for-nothing brother some small escapade looming immense in the horizon of her enjoyment. She had ever distorted or inflamed the facts of life by an overheated fancy, by the spirit of romance, by a gift—or curse—of imagination, which had given her also dark visions of a miserable end, of a clouded and piteous close to her brief journey. "I am doomed—doomed!" had been her agonized cry that day before Ian Stafford went away three years ago, and the echo of that cry was often in her heart, waking and sleeping. It had come upon her the night when Rudyard reeled, intoxicated, up the staircase. She had the penalties of her temperament shadowing her footsteps always, dimming the radiance which broke forth for long periods, and made her so rare and wonderful a figure in her world. She was so young, and so exquisite, that Fate seemed harsh and cruel in darkening her vision, making pitfalls for her feet.

Could she help him? Had her moment come when she could force him to smother his scorn and wait at her door for bounty? She would make the effort to know.

"But, yes, I am very busy," she repeated. "I have little interest in Moravia—which is fortunate; for I could not find the time to study it."

"If you had interest in Moravia, you would find the time with little difficulty," he answered, lightly; yet thinking ironically that he himself had given much time and study to Moravia, and so far had not got much return out of it. Moravia was the crux of his diplomacy. Everything depended on it, but the Slavonian ambassador had checkmated him at every move towards the final victory.

"It is not a study I would undertake *con amore*," she said, smiling down at Jigger, who watched her with sharp yet docile

eyes. Then, suddenly turning towards him again, she said:

"But you are interested in Moravia—do you find it worth the time?"

"Did Count Landrassy tell you that?" he asked.

"And also the ambassador for Moravia; but only in the vaguest and least consequential way," she replied.

She regarded him steadfastly. "It is only just now—is it a kind of telepathy?—that I seem to get a message from what you used to call the power-house, that you are deeply interested in Moravia and Slavonia. Little things which have been said seem to have new meaning now, and I feel"—she smiled significantly—"that I am standing on the brink of some great happening, and only a big secret, like a cloud, prevents me from seeing it, realizing it. Is it so?" she added, in a low voice.

He regarded her intently. His look held hers. It would seem as though he tried to read the depths of her soul; as though he was asking if what had proved so false could prove true; for it came to him with sudden force, with sure conviction, that she could help him as no one else could; that at this critical moment, when he was trembling between success and failure, her secret influence might be the one reinforcement necessary to conduct him to victory. Greater and better men than himself had used women to further their vast purposes; could one despise any human agency, so long as it was not dishonorable, in the carrying out of great schemes?

It was for England—for her ultimate good, for the honor and glory of the Empire, for the betterment of the position of all men of his race in all the world, their prestige, their prosperity, their patriotism; and no agency should be despised. He knew so well what powers of intrigue had been used against him, by the embassy of Slavonia and those of other countries. His own methods had been simple and direct, only the scheme itself being intricate, complicated, and reaching further than any diplomatist, except his own Prime Minister, had dreamed. If carried, it would recast the international position in the Orient, necessitating new adjustments in Europe, with cession of territory and gifts for gifts in the way of commercial treaties and the settlement of outstanding difficulties.

His key, if it could be made to turn in the lock, would open the door to possibi-

ties of prodigious consequence. He had been three years at work, and the end must come soon. The crisis was near. A game can only be played for a given time, then it works itself out, and a new one must take its place. His top was spinning hard, but already the force of the gyration was failing, and he must make his exit with what the Prime Minister called his Patent, or turn the key in the lock and enter upon his kingdom. In three months—in two months—in one month—it might be too late, for war was coming; and war would destroy his plans, if they were not fulfilled now. Everything must be done before war came, or be forever abandoned.

This beautiful being before him could help him. She had brains, she was skilful, she had her grandfather's genius for ideas—inventive, supple, ardent, yet intellectually discreet. She had as much as told him that the ambassador of Moravia had paid her the compliment of admiring her with some ardor. It would not grieve him to see her make a fool and a tool of the impressionable yet adroit diplomatist, whose vanity was matched by his unreliability, and who had a passion for philandering—unlike Count Landrassy, who had no inclination to philander, who carried his conquered citadels by direct attack in great force. Yes, Jasmine could help him, and, as in the dead years when it seemed that she would be the courier star of his existence, they understood each other without words.

"It is so," he said at last, in a low voice, his eyes still regarding her with almost painful intensity.

"Do you trust me—now—again?" she asked, a tremor in her voice and her small hand clasping ever and ever tighter the fingers of the lad, whose eyes watched her with such dog-like adoration.

A sad smile stole to his lips—and stayed. "Come where we can be quiet and I will tell you all," he said. "You can help me, maybe."

"I will help you," she said, firmly, as the nurse entered the room again and, approaching the bed, said, "I think he ought to sleep now"; and forthwith proceeded to make Jigger comfortable.

When Stafford bade Jigger good-bye, the lad said: "I wish I could 'ear the singing to-night, y'r Gryce. I mean the primmer donner. Lou says she's a fair wonder."

"We will open your window," Jasmine said, gently. "The ball-room is just across

the quadrangle, and you will be able to hear perfectly."

"Oh, thank you, me lydy," he answered, gratefully, and his eyes closed.

"Come," said Jasmine to Stafford. "I will take you where we can be undisturbed."

They passed out, and both were silent as they threaded the corridors and hallways; but in Jasmine's face was a light of exaltation and of secret triumph.

"We must give Jigger a good start in life," she said, softly, as they entered her sitting-room. Jigger had broken down many barriers between her and the man who, a week ago, had been eternities distant from her.

"He's worth a lot of thought," Ian answered, as the pleasant room enveloped him, and they seated themselves on a big couch before the fire.

Again there was a long silence; then, not looking at her, but gazing into the fire, Ian Stafford slowly unfolded the wide and wonderful enterprise of diplomacy in which his genius was employed. She listened with strained attention, but without moving. Her eyes were fixed on his face, and once, as the proposed meaning of the scheme was made clear by the turn of one illuminating phase, she gave a low exclamation of wonder and delight. That was all until, at last, turning to her as though from some vision that had chained him, he saw the glow in her eyes, the profound interest, which was like the passion of a spirit moved to heroic undertaking. Once again it was as in the years gone by—he trusted her, in spite of himself; in spite of himself he had now given his very life into her hands, was making her privy to great designs which belonged to the inner chambers of the chancelleries of Europe.

Almost timorously, as it seemed, she put out her hand and touched his shoulder. "It is wonderful—wonderful," she said. "I can, I will help you. Will you let me win back your trust—Ian?"

"I want your help—Jasmine," he replied, and stood up. "It is the last turn of the wheel. It may be life or death to me professionally."

"It shall be life," she said, softly.

He turned slowly from her and went towards the door.

"Shall we not go for a walk," she intervened—"before I drive to the station for Al'mah?"

He nodded, and a moment afterward they were passing along the corridors. Suddenly, as they passed a window, Ian stopped. "I thought Mappin went with the others to the Glen," he said.

"He did," was the reply.

"Who is that leaving his room?" he continued, as she followed his glance across the quadrangle. "Surely it's Fellowes!" he added.

"Yes, it looked like Mr. Fellowes," she said, with a slight frown of wonder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wonder Song

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

LISTEN to my calling
Where the stars are falling,
Gladness of the Mother-Earth and Beauty of the Sea!
Let us go a-gipsying adown the Lanes of Wonder,
Over and across the world and through the hills and under.

Part the curtain of the skies and come to me, your lover.
Should the lonely way affright, each star shall be your brother;
And the Moon, your sister, shall lead you by the hand,
Till you come, O Starry-Eyed, to where I longing stand.

Listen to my calling
Where the stars are falling,
Bending down to marvel at the softness of your eyes.
Heed them not, O Wonder,
Thrust their rays asunder,
Lest they draw you up to be the glory of their skies.

Come to me, Beloved, across the world and under—
Hear you not my beating heart like breaking foam in thunder?
Come and quench the burning
By your great returning,
Till I cool my fever in your dew-drenched eyes.

Listen to my calling
Where the stars are falling,
Ending of the old world, beginning of the new.
Bid the night-winds bring you,
And the thrushes sing you,
Till you come to where I stand and watch and wait for you.



SHE WAS MOST GENTLE IN HER WAYS AND WORDS

The Rose

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

OF course some strain of insanity was in her veins, but it had not appeared till her sixteenth year. Yes, the mother died, if not mad, yet certainly possessed of an insane idea—she a child of the South, passionately devoted to her husband; and one day her great black eyes saw his languid smile kindle at sight of a fair-faced, blue-eyed stranger from the North, and her heart burned within her.

Presently Jacques was speaking with the stranger. And presently again they walked together, and on parting he offered her a rose, and she pinned it on her bosom. How offended, how insulted, how hurt was the wife! It was not the chance giving of a flower, she felt; it was the evidence of a new love. She saw herself neglected, forgotten, cast off; and the rose became the symbol of all the old love and joy, and as she longed for that love and joy again she longed for that rose.

It was all in a moment. Her eyes flashed; she took a step forward and would have torn it off had not her husband put out an intervening arm.

"What would you?" he said. "A mere courtesy."

But it did not avail. The rose—that rose—she must have it.

"Give me that rose!" she said to the frightened girl. "It is mine!"

Her husband took her by the hand and led her away. "Are you mad?" he said, as she hung back with averted head.

"The rose! The rose!" she said. And it was all she ever said till, some little time later, her child was born. Just before she died she looked up at her husband bending over her and murmured: "The rose! It grew. Its great leaves blotted out heaven and you. Yes, I have been mad. But now I know. The rose is dust, but love is immortal."

The father became a conscript, and he fell on the field of battle. The child was

left to unkind fate. She grew up by one hand and another of indifferent and grudging relatives, who worked hard for their daily bread, a lovely creature, violet-eyed and sunny-haired, without education, but with the sweet manners of gentle instinct, and with facile fingers for all delicate intricacy of work, loving her needle, and on everything she wrought embroidering roses. She was named Aimée, but she was usually called the girl, or that bird there, the *papillon*. Various youths would have paid court to her, but she seemed to look through them as if they did not exist. Yet she loved to deck herself out in her rose-embroidered gown, coarse cotton though it was, and hang long garlands of rose-boughs over her shoulders to her knees. She was most gentle in her ways and words; every one loved her; but the older people began to say that she was *folle*.

There was one of the youths who loved better than the others did. He was called François, having no other name—a dark young fellow with a beaming eye. He had a little shop where he sold ribbons. They often walked together in the twilight, work being over. Sometimes he brought her roses, since she loved them so; she took them with a rapture that could have been mistaken for delight in himself if he had not understood her. Soon she was never without roses, in her hair, on her breast, wreathing her arms. She never had a sou in her life—how did she come by these flowers?

She was not quite seventeen when they heard her telling strange tales of her roses. "They are mine," she said. "All the roses on the earth." They accused her of rifling gardens. "The roses love me," she said. "They wish to be about me, and they break their stems to come to me. You may see them, the single blossoms, gliding through the air to me. I have but to think of a rose and it is here. They have a spirit—oh, undoubtedly. 'You are a rose yourself,' they say. They tell me to look at the sunrise when I go to the silk-mill, at the sunset on the river—all the world a rose. The floor of heaven is paved with roses. I keep the leaves, that I may make from them an attar for the priest in the last sacrament. There is one climbing over the wall of the queen's garden to see the world go

by; it begs me to come for it, in a whisper as soft—oh, as soft as its breath. It is a rose of perfection. Some day I shall go for it." She went; and the gardeners found her in the queen's garden, with her lifted skirt full of the great heavy-headed damask blooms.

It was in vain that grandam and Suzanne and Justine pursued the officers with outcry and vociferation concerning the irresponsibility of the poor *papillon*; that François followed with comforting words for her till the prison gates were closed upon him. She was tried, and found guilty of her offense. It was plain theft; she was seen; the flowers were found in her possession; it was fortunate that she was not held for *lèse majesté*. The queen's garden, indeed!

She was sentenced to the prison for women of all sorts. Yet the worst of them felt themselves trembling a moment before the fair, wondering creature with the great tears dropping from her lashes as she thought of the roses she had lost. "I shall come back, François," she said. "and we shall have our roses together." And François felt the blue sky pitiless, the soft wind a mockery.

They were hard and bad women in the prison, sent there for dreadful crimes, for all manner of infamies. What was there about this young girl coming among them that suddenly made their hearts quiver? Possibly it was thought of their own girlhood before sin overtook them; she was so slim, so fair, so like a flower, so innocent! Perhaps, in spite of everything, it was the mother in them all.

"It is for stealing a rose—a rose!—she is here," exclaimed Adriane. "While I have fingers, she shall have her rose!" And where she got a bit of pink tissue-paper only Heaven knew, and how she pinched it into petals and found some yellow threads for stamens only a Frenchwoman could tell you. It was a rude and ragged thing, but it bore the semblance of a rose; and when it was thrust through the grate of her cell and fell upon the stone floor, the girl, waking from her day-dream, caught it up, if not with so much joy as when François had brought her roses fresh with dew, yet as one embraces a long-lost friend.

There was hardly a woman in the prison who by the next nightfall had not heard

of Adriane's success, had not, through the subtle channels they knew how to command, obtained scraps of pink silk, of crimson silk, of yellow and cream and white, and was not busy with them.

"Madame sees the little one, the poor child, *la tête légère*," said Adriane to the directress, who had come to her cell at Adriane's demand, trembling herself now—she, the defiant Adriane, who had made nothing but trouble in the place with her outbreaks and rebellions since coming there for her interminable period. "Doubtless hers is a sin—but so trifling! The child pines. She will fade away. She will die!"

"It is not to be helped, Twenty-three. She is here for her punishment, *Ciel!* not for her amusement."

"Pardon," said Adriane. "Madame knows there are new views of incarceration. It is for the protection of society, not the punishment of the offender. That, the punishment, is in the hands of the good God."

Madame was at once enraged and amused. But much in Adriane was overlooked.

"*Peste!*" said Adriane. "I myself—I—one calls me *meurtrière*. But should this little one here die in her cell, she will have been murdered!—It is to madame!" and Adriane made a mocking obeisance with outstretched hands, while madame received her insolence for what it was worth.

So it came about that the women were allowed to send their floral failures and successes into the cell of the new-comer. The directress, a wise woman in her way, and with ideas as to prison reform, having lately been almost at her wits' end, and moved herself by the young girl's circumstance, saw in a flash certain great possibilities. But she could do nothing rashly. Those who were allowed neither scissors nor needles, nor any sharp instrument, were not to be trusted all at once. There had been a wild revolt in the prison but recently. The women had



THEY OFTEN WALKED TOGETHER IN THE TWILIGHT

broken everything about them that was breakable, they had torn their clothes to tatters, and the air had rung with their ribald cries and oaths. It was usually a long while before the waters of the

rapture of their own such as perhaps they had never felt before in their poor lives.

Thus it happened that when François, having timidly begged admittance, was allowed a moment at the cell's grille with the one fresh rose he had brought her, he saw her cell as if the walls had bloomed in roses of all colors, a wilderness of roses, and herself radiant. He kissed the little fingers she slid through the bars, and left in them the rose just plucked.

François went at once, with Aimée's glad cry ringing in his ears, to a man who worked for a milliner, and he came back next day rich with tiny remnants of silk and satin and velvet of all deep or delicate tints in which a rose and her green leaves are ever born, with long strips of his own ribbons, with wax and wire and gum, with crystal beads, and even with scissors. It was against the rules. But what are rules for except to break?

François sought the directress, and told her the simple story. "There is no wrong in the child," he said. "She is innocent as the cherubs who have only heads and wings in the great altarpiece. She is but light in the head, the poor *papillon*. She has coveted roses—all her life, roses. Now, now, if she has of them—madame can see—it may be—a surfeit of the things. Is it possible madame never heard of a cure?"

Madame never had heard of a cure after this fashion. But what import? One does not know all things. One will not reject the new, the untried. She would consider. By and by she herself took the gift of François to Aimée, and summoned Adriane there. If she had not been a woman of courage she would not have been in her position. She was not afraid of Adriane with the scissors. "Make a rose," she commanded. And Adriane with great insouciance began to



SINGING HER SONG AS SHE BOUND THE FLOWERS ABOUT HER

mighty trouble subsided. But to-day a sweet calm pervaded the place, broken only by now and then a glad cry over some approach to floral beauty in the work. They pinched and pulled and puffed their poor material into shape; sometimes they tore the stuff with their teeth, sometimes they used a surreptitious pin. And, all done, each waited for the cry of delight from the cell of Aimée, and heard her singing her sweet song as she bound the flowers about her, with a

form the flower, leaf by leaf, finishing in a frenzy of delight.

"It is not perfect," said the directress. "Had a rose ever such a heart as that 'twould cease to be a rose. And behold the petals there! Have they of the roundness, the clear cut? *Fi donc!* Make another, Twenty-three, more arresting, with the precision. And thou, Ninety-nine, try thine own hand now." And all at once Aimée, struck with the new idea, laid hold of the pink atom of silk, and the deeper pink, and cut and snipped, and held to the light, and measured with the eye, and clustered together, and dropped the gum on the green and the brown tissue, and secured her wire, and rolled the stems—and, behold, a rose! She shrieked with joy, and she turned and pinned the rose on the bosom of the directress. Even Adriane, the bold, trembled at the liberty the girl had taken.

"Adriane," said the directress, "I know I can trust thee. But the others—"

"Madame," said Adriane, with erect dignity, as if she had not been ring-leader in countless riots, "can hold me responsible."

Madame did. And Adriane cut and shaped and delivered, and those others arranged and twisted and gummed—and all for Aimée. In two months' time that cell was lined with roses till one could not see the wall.

At his next call François brought a tiny vial of attar of roses. "It is all they waited for!" Aimée cried; and she forgot he was there while putting a tiniest drop on a bunch of the flowers. "It is able to be too much," she said. And after that she merely left the vial open among her materials, so they might say that if they were not the rose, they had been with the rose. And surely never along prison corridors before was wafted such gales of sweetness, as if whole gardens had bloomed close at hand.

It was not too often that the regulations allowed his visits. When he came again and saw through the grating the blooming bower of her cell, François felt that Aimée must be in possession of all she longed for. But she was sitting on her bench, her hands hanging before her, in a posture of deep dejection. She wore no flowers; but the window, through which one had sight of a strip of blue sky

or a snowy cloud, was garlanded with them. The window was so high up that it caught a solitary sunbeam that touched the girl's fair hair to a shining aureole for the instant of its stay, and made François think of some sad saint. He twisted a gardenia in his fingers. She smiled then, looking at it. "The lovely thing," she said. "It has a soul." And straightway she began to make a gardenia. At another time he brought her sweet-peas to copy, and yet again forget-me-nots, and in their season apple-blows and buttercups. Those others copied them, too; Adriane moving among them, the dark-browed Adriane, like an angel of mercy as she brought the women the new flower.

But one time François came and found Aimée in a cell on another corridor. She had begged to be transferred, as the fragrance of the attar had become oppressive to her. But she was making a fleur-de-lis, most delicately and exquisitely, and singing softly to herself as her slender fingers twinkled in among the petals. She looked up at him brightly.

"I have been in a far country, François," she said. "But I have returned. It was a world of roses. Now a rose is to me no more than a mallow. I am cured, my François. And when am I to go away? Certainly I am not here forever. And where, where am I to go?"

"Thou wilt come with me," said François.

She shook her head gently. As the opening bud, brushed by the bee, becomes the full-blown flower, as the fruit ripens swiftly when the wasp has stung it, so the catastrophe of surfeit had made the child a woman. "Not possible," she said. "The things that might have been are always the sweetest. There is that which may come again to me. We will make an end here."

"How, make an end?" demanded François, his great eyes full of shadow.

"We will not marry. We will not give such inheritance to any," she said, her eyes searching the heart of the fleur-de-lis.

"Which," said François, "does not hinder that we shall be together."

The prison corridors were very still that day. Possibly it was the stillness that precedes the storm. Except for now

and then a burst of derisive song, there was all but dead silence there. The directress, who at last had seen the end in view for which she had wrought, had informed the women that they would make no more flowers to hang round Aimée. Their flowers should be put on sale in the market, and the prison would thenceforth be self-supporting. A matter for pride and joy.

"No more roses for Aimée — for the little one? No more, then, for any one! The State had put them here; the State would have to support them!" And they sat back and folded their arms, and Adriane's arms were the most resolute of all, and her shower of nods the most emphatic, as she tossed her scissors through the grille.

François was there that day to take Aimée away, the day of liberty having come. She was allowed to pause at every grating and say good-by to the sad souls. They begged to kiss her pretty fingers.

"I am going to sell my flowers," she said to them: "François gives me a window in his shop. François is my brother."

"We will make flowers for your window," they called, almost in chorus. And peace reigned again in the poor prison and in the heart of the directress.

"Oh, how good is the air, the wind, the sky, the sun, the freedom, the rus-

ting of the leaf!" cried Aimée, as she sat at work on her flowers in François's window. "How sad for my poor sisters of the prison! But I shall go often to bring them the breath of the outdoors."

"But, yes," said François. "Thou art always thinking for others."

"See! I have made great sales to-day, not only mine, but theirs. We shall be rich, my brother. We will have a little house and a garden of real flowers in the country, and appoint Suzanne to sell for us, the flowers for me, the ribbons for thee."

"That cannot be, *petite*, unless— Is brother the last word, Aimée?" And his voice trembled like a string that is stretched to breaking.

"The last," she said, gazing into space with eyes like violets washed with dew. "Entirely the last." And then she added in a lighter tone: "They go to pardon Adriane. She can live with us and keep the house. And since you have no other

name, shall we be François Frères? Always my brother."

And to-day would you have silken flowers, with a suspicion of fragrance to them, a dash perhaps of dew, and so like the real that you expect them to wither and be tossed away, flowers of an almost ethereal beauty, you will, as the duchesses and princesses do, buy them at the window of Aimée.



SHE WAS SITTING IN A POSTURE OF DEEP DEJECTION

In the Town a Wild Bird Singing

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HARK! Do I dream? Nay, even now I heard
The whitethroat's music, tremulous yet clear:
The very plaint, O lonely bird,
That often midst the greenening woods hath stirred
My heart—but never here!

This is the City! High above the street,
Before my window singing in the dawn,
With what imagination dost thou cheat
Thy hope to utter melody so sweet,
Far from thy groves withdrawn?

Thy tones transport me, wistful, to the North,
Seeming to lay a touch upon my brow
Cool as the balsam-laden airs that now
Through pine woods blow: they woo my spirit
forth—
Forth of the town—forth of myself. But thou?

Dost thou an exile wander from thy home?
Or art thou hastening thither?
Through what beguilement dost thou friendless
room?
And goest thou—ah, whither?
Day quickly pales, night may refuse her star,
Clouds may arise and elemental strife—
Ah, hapless bird! what wanderlust of life
Betrayed thy wings so far?

Full as my soul of tremulous desires,
Thy voice I hear in supplication rise.
"Theresa" dost thou call? Unto the skies
The plaint adoring holily aspires:—
"Theresa!" Is it she keeps watch o'er thee?—
Homeless, but free?

Wise minstrel! thou dost well to call on her;
No saint was ever lovelier!
Her heart had room for such wide tenderness
As his who "Little Sister" called the birds,
And pity, deeper than all words,
Taught her, like him, to bless.

Silent? Where art thou? Lo, the City wakes!
Toil's round begins, and calm the world forsakes.
Thou, too, art gone—nor evermore shalt come
Without my window here at dawn to sing!
Adieu, strange guest! Theresa guide thy wing
Safe to the sweet wild woods that are thy home!



The Anklet of the Troglodyte

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WE had not taken Cassy into consideration when we invited the biologist, Gregory George, to motor with us into the Tunisian desert. Our wanting him to go at all we felt to be a sort of intellectual development on our part of which we were rather proud. As a rule, while idling through foreign countries we shun the erudite, and derive our enjoyment by sopping up understanding through the agency of the senses rather than through the cells of the brain.

Possibly several weeks of Cassy had given us a respect anew for brain cells, on the old theory—generally otherwise applied—that absence makes the heart grow fonder. If Cassy possesses a cell, it is yet to be unlocked, although, conforming to the law of compensation, this lack of equipment is cunningly concealed beneath a lovely exterior. And it is a melancholy fact that any girl who has looked about her a bit will admit such an arrangement to be an asset in life.

However, we had forgotten the advantages of this specious pulchritude, or rather we had ceased to regard it as being marketable, and when we fully realized that Gregory would be thrown into close proximity with Cassy if he accepted our invitation, we saw very little ahead but several hundred miles of motoring misery for both our guests.

We would not have asked him at all had Cassy been with us when we three met, quite by chance, on the hill that once bore ancient Carthage on its bosom. The incompatibility would have been too easily apparent. But Cassy had declined Carthage a second time, as our first trip had revealed nothing to her but White Fathers and tear-vases, "which were very sad things"; and as we strolled among the tombs of those who had themselves been denied the joys of biology, listening to Gregory's mildly explanatory voice, we suddenly yearned for more.

He did not at first accept our pro-

posal, although we drove him straight away to the café at Sidi Bou Said, and he who can sit under the spell of that Moorish village and refuse any cup that is offered him of further Arabian delights has reduced life to a science indeed. Yet he admitted the temptation to let the world slide, and as he and the Illustrator touched upon their boyhood days and their climb up the beanstalk to manhood, they found that the science of life as the biologist knew it, and the science of living as the Illustrator had found it, were not dissimilar.

Even with this discovery fresh in our minds, a growing fear of what he would think of Cassy wrapped us in a penumbra of dishonor, and we begged him to declare himself before he would, perforce, encounter her. But some uncertainty of steamers deterred him until we reached Tunis, and there, as we expected, we encountered the child within a few feet of our hotel.

She was returning without guide from a shopping expedition, her arms full of red slippers, her eyes full of hair, and what was not in her eyes falling down her back. But Cassy was not troubled, she had bargained well that day; and impatient of the suggestion that we walk to the lily minaret rising from the kasbah for the call to prayers, she urged us to a brasserie, there to hear American airs played by Germans in a French band.

It was not entirely unpleasant to sit in a sort of magnified shop-window protected from Tunisian zephyrs, and watch the panorama of nations pass on the pavement below, and Cassy loved it. In a rush of emotion she bought a nosegay which, in a further excess of sympathy, she gave to a blind beggar, save for one flower, and this she extracted for our astonished guest. Her general prodigality attracted to our table most of the turbaned venders of the town, and the *apéritif* hour took on the aspect of Don-

nybrook Fair. Her remarks were varied and unceasing, and as we watched the biologist endeavoring to follow her, our last hope of him as a traveling companion vanished.

"Oh, Mr. George," she prattled, "you are losing your rose. Yes, you forgot it—you simply didn't care—but I do *hate* to stick a pin into their little bodies, don't you?—do you suppose that it hurts them? Here's the boy with only one eye. Why do so many of them only have one? But then 'half a loaf,' etc., don't you think? *Voilà, petit, est-ce-que vous avez des cartes postales de Carthage?* No, he hasn't; then *allez, allez*. I'm sending Carthage post-cards to all my old Latin teachers on account of 'Infelix Dido'! I never got any further than 'Infelix Dido' in Caesar—or was it Virgil? Then I always had the measles and had to leave school for the year. I had them three times, and scarlet fever once—but I haven't a word to say against scarlet fever—it made my hair come in curly. Did you ever have your head shaved, Mr. George? Those little lawn-mowers that move over it are so funny. Look, here comes a funeral! It's so sweet the way the French take off their hats. They—"

"As I was saying, Greg!" broke in the Illustrator, firmly, "if you've never been to Matmata, you ought to come with us. They're a very curious people. They—they—" He didn't know what they did, and looked at me appealingly.

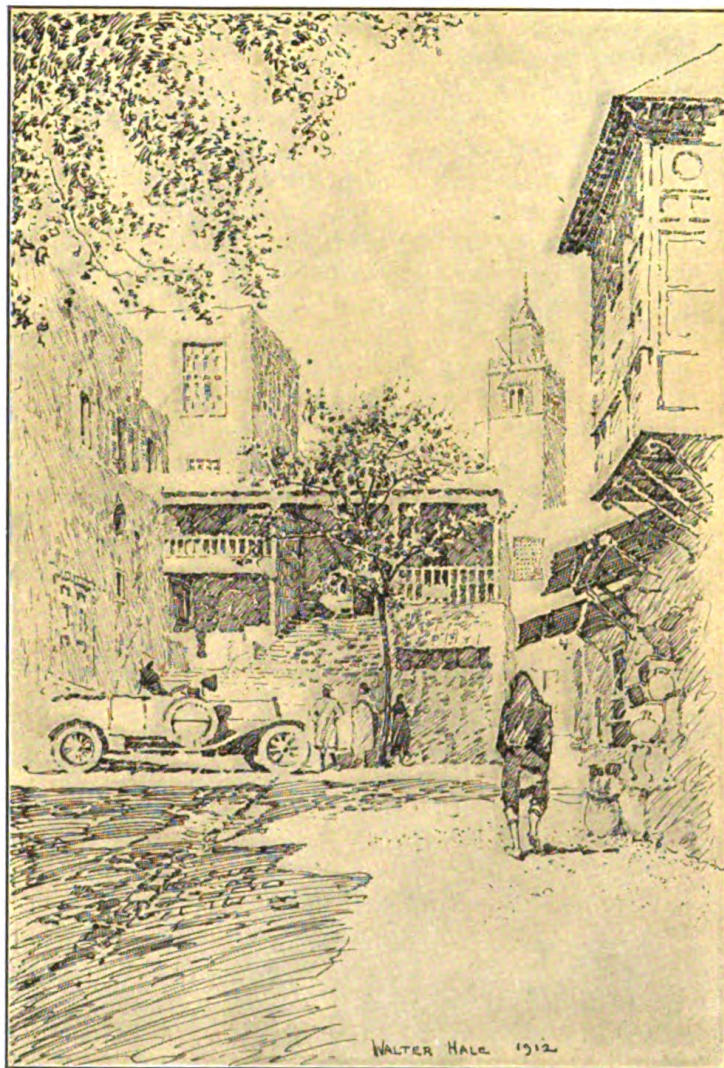
"They live in the ground," I hastened, glad I had read up on them.

"They live in the ground," I hastened, glad I had read up on them.

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"Oh yes," said Gregory, "they are troglodytes. They—"

But Cassy drowned him in a flood of laughter. It was amazing with what courtesy he listened to her. "Troglo-dytes! I can't tell why, but that word



THE CAFÉ AT SIDI BOU SAID

reminds me of frogs. I'm really quite anxious to see them, although I don't suppose there's a thing to buy there. I have a feeling that they will be leaping about. Are you going with us, Mr. George—are you?"

The Illustrator pushed back his chair, that the embarrassment of our friend's refusal might be lessened by conflicting noises. But no sound emanated from the biologist except a very pleasant one,

the sound of a man telling a pretty girl that at first he was a little uncertain about giving the time to the trip, but now he believed he could manage it, "and thank you very much," and all the while he was looking at Cassy while he thanked her for our car. Cassy said, "Not at all," and for a time was distinctly depressed while gazing at Professor George's glasses; but we ourselves cheered up, having noticed her disfavor, and determined for Gregory's sake to keep him to ourselves.

It has always been a sore point with the Illustrator that he did not "twig" from the beginning his friend's interest in Cassy. He can sit now and recount ceaselessly of clever acquaintances of his who have married women mentally inferior. On one moody evening, when he had to change a tire, he was inclined to believe that he himself was of the mad, the bad, and the sad who had sought entrance and been admitted to this Fool's Paradise. But catching a steely, intellectual look in my eye, he hastily decided that, on second thoughts, he had been caught

peeping into the Paradise and I had rescued him.

Our tardy suspicions grew as Gregory became, in a way, unsatisfactory as a guest. His kindness remained, but, even before leaving Tunis, his excellent knowledge of conditions around us for which we, like parched creatures, thirsted, was giving way to Cassy's flouting of his encyclopædic mind.

We had arranged a sort of compromise with Cassy—a secret one of which she knew nothing. It was decided that we would accompany her on her eternal trips to the bazaars, and that we would derive as much information as we could while sitting about the shops sipping the coffee which was served us, and looking at the various articles of men's apparel which the foreign woman takes to herself. The biologist was full of an easy knowledge of the antiquity of these garments, of the prices paid for making them, of the law of the Prophet that first brought them into use. It was an excellent plan, but it didn't work. Cassy absorbed Gregory. It was fearful to see the emi-

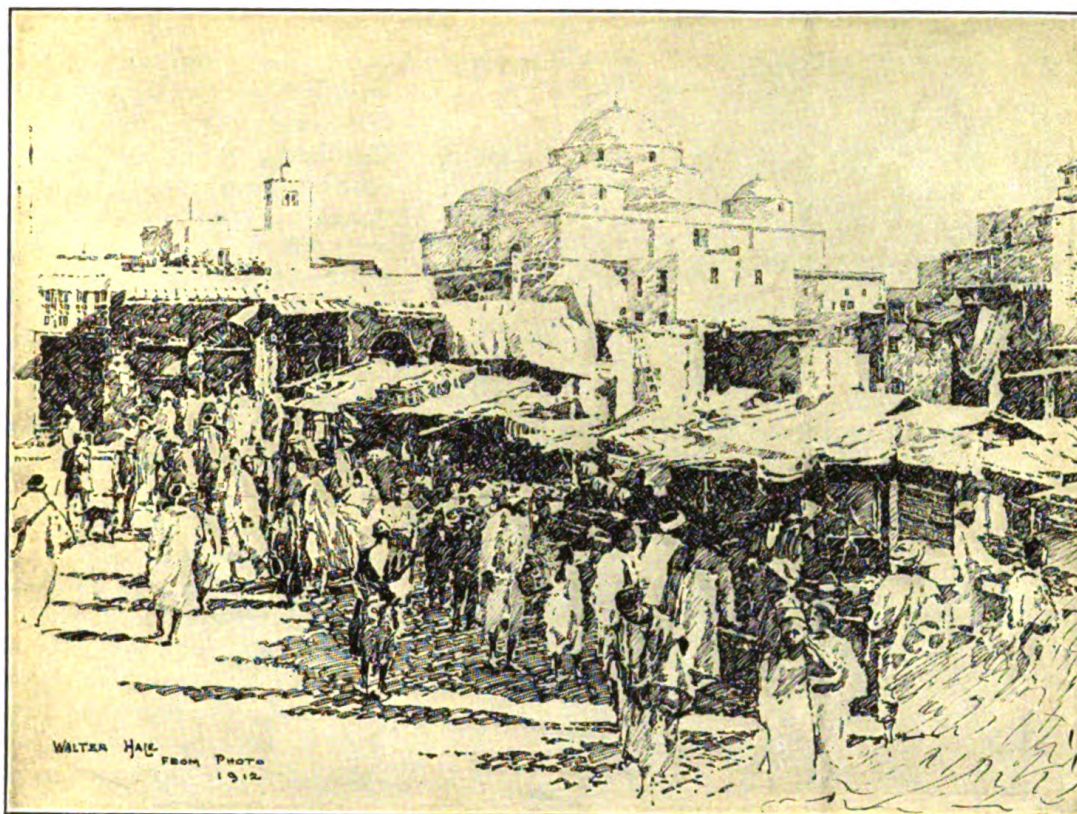
nence of such as he brought low by the imminence of such as she. He juggled cups for her, delicate ones; he tried on hats too small for him; he allowed himself to be draped in costumes to see if they would be becoming to her. We protested, we stormed, we took her aside.

"Why, he doesn't mind; he likes it!" the girl insisted.

And as time went on, the truth was made certain that he did like it. His controlled, educational laughter developed now and then into a college yell, his gray eyes grew blue, and he had a way of taking off his glasses, when he saw her coming up the street.



TUNISIAN FISHING BOATS



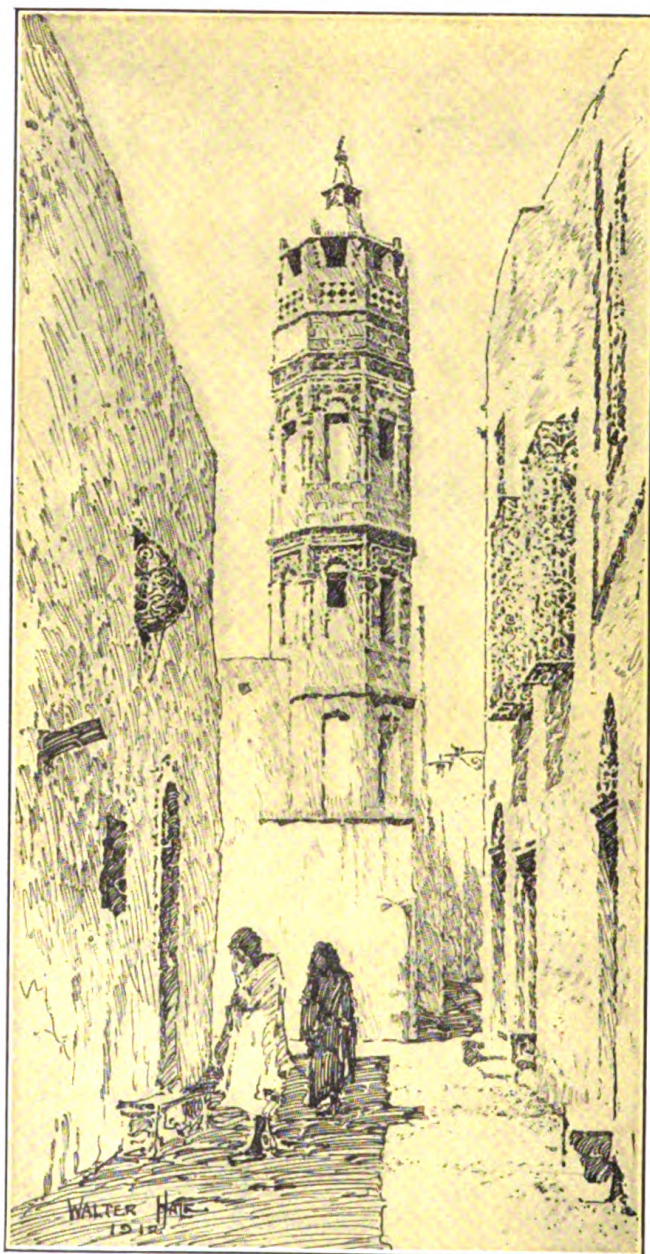
BAZAARS NEAR THE MOSQUE SIDI MAHREZ—TUNIS

that was strongly akin to the pluming of the male pheasant in the spring. The Illustrator and I—off in corners, whispering—admitted our disappointment in that we were obliged to abandon all hopes of motoring along a higher intellectual plane of culture, and yet, after several conferences, we confessed that the opportunity for philosophical reflection in observing this old young man shuffle off his husk was a fair exchange for statistics.

What followed we could divide into four distinct conclusions—each one being final. From Tunis to Sousse we were of the mind that he would soon get over it if he saw enough of her, so we gave them the back seat and drove away, looking sternly along the magnificent French road which blazes the country like a ray of the sun. We hadn't wanted to go to Sousse on that day, as the French President was there, and we saw no reason for motoring through a desert to witness an every-day occurrence in the Bois. But Cassy begged for it, because she would never know if the President freckled or tanned unless we saw him

under Southern skies, and the biologist, laughing in great gusts, urged us on.

It was noteworthy that almost anything this mad young woman and maddened young man proposed turned out successfully. Although the hotel proprietor met us with the cheerless information that there were no accommodations in the town unless we were the party that wired for rooms, they assured him in a single voice that we were those same; and although we ate the excellent luncheon prepared for the other party with apprehension, still nothing happened so far as we know to prove us impostors. More than that, the sun was warm, the sky was blue, and the walls of the citadel were glistening white. The Spahis, magnificent in red and blue and gold, waited on their nervous little horses while the ruler lunched in the blank walled house of the kadi. The Arabian women, dressed and veiled in black—for economy's sake, the guide told us—squatting along the route; and sweeping past us came the *meharis*, the courier camels, their white-clad drivers urging the huge



A STREET IN THE OLD QUARTER OF SOUSSE

beasts to greater speed as they took their "warming up" previous to a race of many miles.

The Illustrator and I pinched each other, which is as much show of affection as those who have seen their wooden-wedding dare permit themselves, and both of us felt pity for the biologist, because his love must live—and die—in so appealing an hour. But it didn't die, not in that hour, although when the President appeared Cassy clapped her hands against her mouth, emitting what the

Arabian women call applause, but we call a war-whoop; nor later in the day, when she ate fried cakes in the kasbah with the Moors, and dribbled syrup over her pretty face; nor later than that, when we sat at our own café looking out over the waters of the bay.

"The reason I like it all," she summed up, "is because you don't have to think in this country. It's just like the first day of summer vacation—after you know you've 'passed.'"

"Yes," said Gregory, deeply, comprehendingly.

"Yes," we echoed, understanding Gregory. It was vacation-time, but we saw a wintry term ahead for him, with but remembrance, like dead flowers in a book, for consolation.

After Sousse, by some weaving about, came Kairouan. It was out of our way, but Cassy feared if we didn't go there shortly there would be no room left in the motor for rugs. "You shouldn't buy rugs in Kairouan," we reminded her. "It is a holy city. If a Moslem makes seven pilgrimages there it is the equivalent to one to Mecca, and he will see Paradise."

"He will see it if he goes but once to Kairouan," murmured Professor George, parenthetically, although he was seeing nothing at the time

but the mist of Cassy's hair.

The young lady was insistent that rugs could be found in the city of mosques. "Who would have thought that there would have been inlaid tables at Sousse?" she asked, wedging her purchase more firmly into the back seat.

"We're going to 'do' the mosques," I replied, severely.

"I think we can do both," hastened the Illustrator, who was much braver in the disciplining of Cassy when he was alone with me.

"Buy a rug," outlined the child, "sit on it, and be pulled to these mosques." Her flippancy ended the matter, for the frivolous always gain their point.

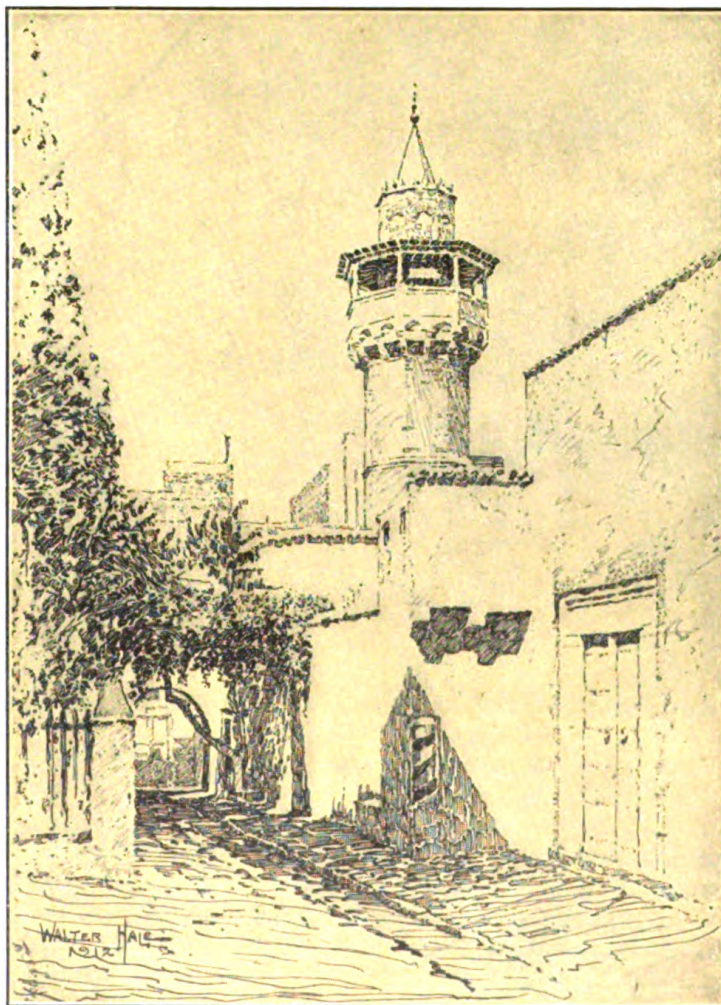
It was after arriving in Kairouan that we had agreed upon the second conclusion of the Professor's love affair. Since he was not going to fall out of love with her, he was going to have his heart broken instead—and that soon. A more adept man in the business could have delayed a proposal of marriage for months of exquisite uncertainty, but we were sure that the end was near, and looked forward gloomily to hours of silent motoring to the troglodytes and back. What the Illustrator called the "acid test" was applied to the Professor's love in Kairouan, and he stood it, and this was what carried us into the second conviction.

The mosques, we will acknowledge, made some impression on Cassy. She loved beauty, and besides, in the Great Mosque there were two engaging marble pillars set closely together, which, if we women were to see heaven, must be passed successfully. My consort was but mildly interested in my attaining this altitude, but Gregory urged his plump little lady through the heavenly gates, so slightly ajar, and Cassy twisted like a dancing-girl of the Ouled Nail, while her hair fell down delightfully. Near by, upon the carpet of the Faithful, a student squatted opposite his instructor, a blind old priest who chanted the Koran with him. The old man's face remained impassive, but the young student laid down his tablets of wood, and his voice

faltered, as though for a moment the saying of the Prophet had small place on the page of life.

After that, by agreement, there was some mighty bargaining for rugs in the Souk. Cassy, pale with excitement, named her price and remained firm, the merchant lifted his hands to Allah, and cried, with Shylock, "What these Christians are!" The venders in the adjoining stalls flapped dusty antiques up and down alluringly; we parted from the merchant; he was hurt; we were hurt. We withdrew to a near-by Café Maure—according to custom. He, folded his hands and awaited our return—according to custom.

Some musicians were playing their strange lament in the coffee-house; various Arabs were engaged in the *jeux des dames*; a dervish who was studying the



THE MOSQUE IN THE NARROW STREET—TUNIS

refinements of self-torture in the mosques offered to entertain us, and we, with our coffee-cups before us, permitted him to show his strange rites. His painful accomplishments were not new to us, yet never quite old, and always dismaying to the Western mind. And when, in a greedy rapture, he offered to "eat the serpent," we found that there were chills of horror remaining in our spine. Cassy was tranquil. "Do you know," she said, above the screeching of the flutes, "I don't think that's expensive for the rug?"

Yet that night Gregory asked her to marry him. It took place on the long veranda that connected the windows of

I am asking you to live," he replied, passionately. With this he went away, and after a long while she crept into her room.

Our third and fourth final conclusions of the whole matter developed so rapidly that it is hard to say which came before the other. Possibly the next in order was my insistence that a girl who a man thought was good enough for him generally was—the mere fact of his wanting her defined the man himself—and I was inclined to insist that she was generally better, but the Illus-

trator induced me to retract this. Besides, my dormant sympathy had gone out to the Cassy who had crept to her room, and who, in the warm blackness of the desert night found herself softly weeping from an experience which was the inevitable portion of her charming womanhood. So I went over to her side. It was my intention to sit on the back seat and protect her in case she really had no place for a biologist in her family, and it was this attempt which caused us to arrive at the fourth conclusion. We expressed the development only by the rolling of eyes at first, for the Professor would not permit me the back seat, would not permit me Cassy at all, and gave every indication that it was his plan to win her by the well-applied forces of his intelligence.

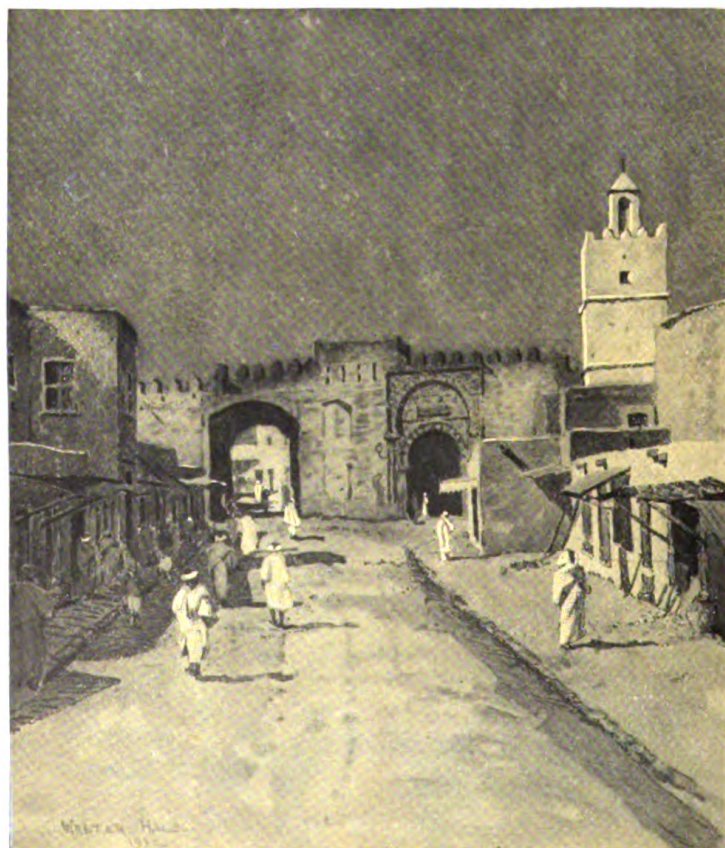
"She still buys curios—awful ones," I

confided to the Illustrator at Sfax, forgetting the while to drive away the Arabs who gathered about the sketching one.

"I've great faith in the intellect," he replied.

"But it will be breaking a butterfly."

"Not at all," very coolly, as though he



THE TUNIS GATE—KAIROUAN

all the apartments. And Cassy said she couldn't dream of it. Then we waited in the darkness for the snapping of Gregory's heart, but the noise was not audible. He was always surprising in the making of sounds.

"I am not asking you to dream.



A MOONLIGHT NIGHT—THE HOLY CITY OF KAIROUAN

had done the same thing once himself. "It takes mind to know how to reach her type. It takes mind to do anything—to drive away these pestering Moors, for instance," looking at me reproachfully.

I charged at the mob, and as they cleared, the young couple were discovered on the outskirts of the crowd, she very happy, and he as happy as one could be who was staggering under the weight of a large hat-rack painted green. I endeavored to flash a triumphant glance at the Illustrator, who refused to see it, for it would seem that Gregory had not as yet applied his mind to breaking up her curio habit, and I had a notion that her little heart was well wrapped in the mysterious delights of the bazaar.

It was at Matmata that Cassy saw a silver anklet on the brown leg of a troglodyte. She bought it because it was the only thing among these curious people that she could buy, and having one, she was mad for the other; but the girl who wore it said that could never be.

The girl rose to dramatic heights—for a troglodyte—as she described the finding of the anklet. We stood within the center of a hill which had been hollowed out like a bear-pit into a court, and her husband's relatives were gathered about her, for each headman owned a hill, and all his people lived in separate rooms which were burrowed off this court. It was not a wise way of living. They did not protect the brow of the hill after it was hollowed out, and an enemy could throw things down on them if he became sufficiently heated, or the householder himself might fall a victim to his own architecture by tumbling in should he come home late. Still, their forefathers had lived this way from the time they swung down out of the trees and began to use their forelegs for arms; and when the girl's husband, with his family, decided to build a new house, they continued conservative.

The one tremendous advantage in this new home was the unearthing of Cassy's anklet. It was a Roman anklet, related

the daughter of the most primitive of races, a Roman anklet of great antiquity, worth much money; but the mate—ah, where was it? The husband's family shook their heads sorrowfully, yet dug a little with their toes into the ground,

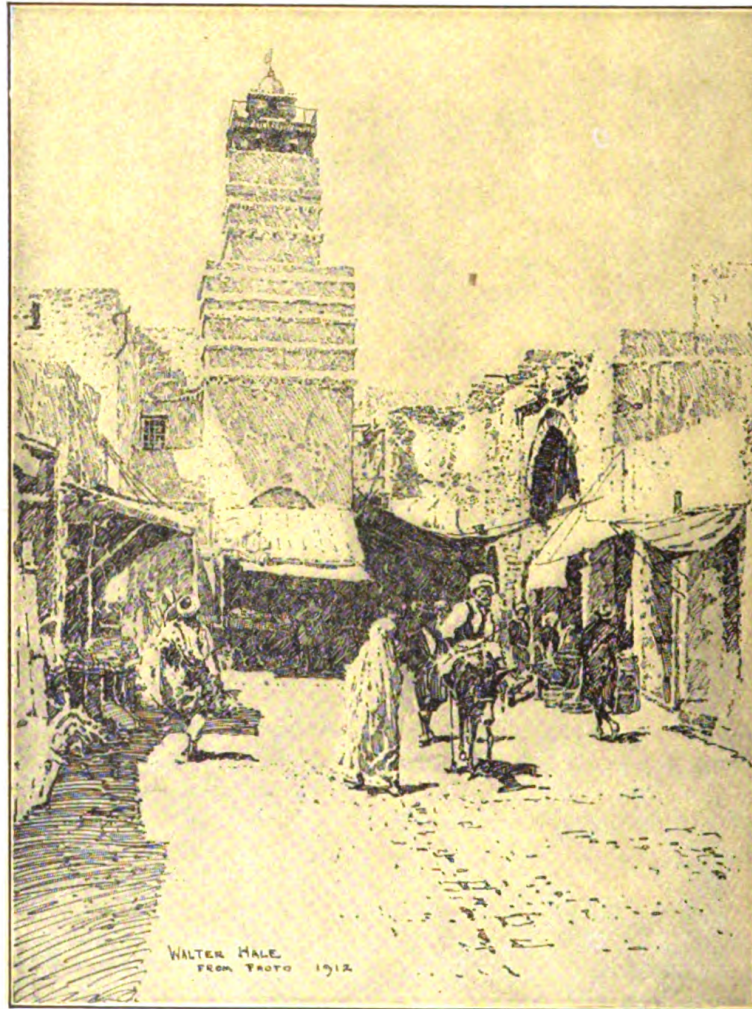
Gregory, into the precepts of William Morris: "Now if I had two anklets I could shir a piece of tapestry around them, making a bag, and go out shopping with the silver handles on my arm. It is perfectly simple, but with only one—"

Her lip quivered; she wanted so fearfully to have the other.

I looked at the biologist. I had expected to find him a mass of sympathetic jelly, but there was that in his eyes which must have smoldered in Napoleon's when he planned conquering the world.

We left Matmata and its village of mounds, and journeyed back, over twisted, tortured roads and the gravel-beds of streams long since dry, to the highway, and on to more strange peoples. The next day saw us at Medenine, the end of the French road, the end of the long, creeping arm of the French protectorate, the end of the French soldier's ambition—it must be—for it must die in this vast solitude and inactivity.

A mile from the fort another curious tribe had scorned an earth-worm existence, and had built rooms of clay one above the other



THE KASBAH AT SFAX

as though such precious ore might yet be discovered. And Cassy clasped her trophy to her breast, imploring the biologist to encourage her in the belief that she might somewhere find a fitting match for it.

She had developed a way of asking advice of the Professor and not of us, which was a little trying, and caused me to ask tartly why she needed two anklets, anyway. But she was ready for this, and replied with the air of one who had recently been introduced by a crafty being, like

which were reached by rough outside steps. They were poor beyond description, yet with camels in the market-place and trafficking in the shops. Cassy hurled herself upon the inhabitants and demanded anklets.

Professor George, speaking Arabic, aided her in the search. And yet, *did* Professor George do that? We have only his word for it. But he is a good man, and Cassy is now happy—let us doubt not. Only—there were no Roman anklets to be found; only—he talked apart with

a vender who had sought to show his wares, and was hindered; only—when the sun was setting and the bugles at the caserne were playing it to sleep he slipped away from all of us; only—when we met at dinner he had found an anklet that was the mate to Cassy's. Only—(and this is the last only of them all)—when he refused to sell his trophy, we recognized his Gargantuan use of Cassy's weakness. To quote the Illustrator's pitiable summary: as Gregory's bangle was the sole mate to the other, so was he Cassy's soul-mate.

Cassy ate her dinner with a shock of fair hair over her eyes, peering at him through the meshes. She sang little songs that delighted us; she slipped her own anklet over her pretty foot and danced before the king; took little walks with the biologist and returned exasperated; took little walks with me and cried. At midnight, although the moon was pleading, I summoned her from my window. We were to leave at daybreak on a mighty run to Tunis, yet she came in unwillingly, and the battle was still waging. I peeped through the persiennes, conscienceless; her anklet was on her arm, his on his. He bent to kiss her hand, and Cassy softly permitted the caress, and sighed as she went lingeringly within. Yet the hidden sorrow was not suggestive of the sad merchant whose day had been profitless, but rather the expression of a joy that was so exquisite it became a grief.

At four the faint cry of bugles brought to my consciousness a world so lovely that I thought even the banished officer may find consolation in his daily awakening as his proud ambitions die. The vast parade-ground stretched quietly before me, the sky was of the gentlest early

green; one star hung low like a huge tear, as though, by its own weight, it must soon roll down the cheek of the heavens and splash upon the earth.

A lonely Moor, wrapped in his bur-noose, stalked majestically across the waste, and took up a place beside the gates of the hotel. There was no other life until that moment when Cassy stepped from her long window upon the terrace, and at that same moment Gregory joined her. The beauty of the scene was in their faces. He stretched out his arms, and Cassy slipped into their shelter; a tinkling sound of clashing silver reached my ears.

An hour later we were in the car and ready for the start. They had tried to tell us their great secret, but, failing, we had told them instead, and the Illustrator was heard to boast that he had planned it from the first. As Professor George tucked the rug around his prize, the majestic Moor of the earlier morning tugged at his sleeve. Cassy was intent upon wedging in her curios, the driver was running up the spark, but Gregory and I turned to the man, who suddenly presented a long arm hung with fine, new Roman antiques such as the simple troglodyte had dug out of his house, and greeting the wily lover as an old friend, besought him to buy "more"!

It was a perilous moment, but the mind of Gregory was equal to it. At the flinging of a five-franc piece behind us on the road, the Medenine merchant of yesterday turned his back upon us, and in that swift moment we rushed on toward Tunis.

The biologist looked imploringly at me, I looked compassionately at Cassy, but she was looking blissfully at her anklets. So I let the matter rest forever.





NO PURSUERS WERE YET IN SIGHT

“Little Feller”

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

THE fugitive breathed his horse on the summit of the Little Ten Pins. Through the heat-dance of the tenuous Arizona atmosphere his spy-glass revealed the five flat-roofed adobes of Escovedo, forty miles to the south. He had breakfasted there that morning.

No pursuers were yet in sight. But “Kentucky” Harrod had no illusions on this score. The four Tollivers were human bloodhounds when aroused, and they had sworn not to cut their hair or shave their cheeks or sleep in a bed or sit down to a table for meat until their murdered brother Larkin was avenged.

“A fool oath, too, as I look at it,” soliloquized Kentucky. “Whiskers won’t help ’em none to ketch me.”

He nibbled a cracker and took a swallow or two of tepid water from a bottle labeled “Old Bluegrass Pride.” He then drew from its holster a revolver that resembled a baby cannon—a forty-eight-ounce Colt, with a seven-and-a-half-inch barrel—and slowly turned the cylinder.

The six huge, blunt-nosed bullets which nestled in the chambers brought a glow to his black eyes. *They* were friends that would never fail him. So, too, was his Winchester repeater, and after inspecting it also he closed his dust-caked, broken-nailed fingers around the rusty-brown receiver with something like affection.

“Gid-ap, Petey!” said he at last. “You and me air due to go some ’twist now and night.”

This habit of talking aloud to himself and his horse broke the oppressive silence of the fastnesses in which he spent a good share of his time, playing hide-and-seek with the minions of the law.

A mile-long declivity let him down to the plain again, and he was adjusting his impedimenta for a canter when he suddenly gave the reins a pull that nearly set the startled Petey on his haunches. In the middle of the trail, all but under the horse’s hoofs, lay a baby, vigorously kicking its pink-socked feet, waving its

fat hands in a jerky, uncertain fashion, and squinting its blue eyes at the dazzling, cloudless sky.

After emitting a sonorous and somewhat profane ejaculation Kentucky slowly dismounted, dropped to one knee, and stared blankly at his find. Not since leaving his old home back in Kentucky, twenty-five years before, when his mother stood at the gate with his tiny sister in her arms, had a baby been presented directly and imperatively to his attention. Therefore, no monster, real or mythical, could have astounded him more than this atom of humanity, alone and yet alive, in the midst of this inhospitable solitude.

"Bah-bah!" cooed the little one, at sight of Kentucky's sharp, leathern face and drooping black mustachios.

"What's that?" demanded the startled man.

"Bah-bah!"

Kentucky was speechless for a moment.

"Damme, if he didn't say 'papa'! Why, little feller, I ain't your papa! I ain't nobody's papa. I don't know whar your papa is, nuther. Nur your mommy. How come you hyer, anyway? Did you drap out of a wagon, unbeknownst? If you did, I reckon your mommy will be back-along soon to git you. I'll loaf around a spell, anyhow, to see. This is my busy day or I'd lope you down to Gentryville right off, where there's women folks that know how to take keer of small fry like you."

The trail through the Little Tens is a short cut from Antelope to Gentryville, seldom used on account of its roughness, however, except by gentlemen in a hurry, like Mr. Harrod himself. Yet some one else had unquestionably used it, and that very recently. But what mother could be so careless as to lose her baby? Or was this bantling one of those shuttle-cocks of misfortune whom mothers are sometimes willing to lose? An outcast himself, Kentucky gazed at the innocent face with a quickened interest.

"Yes, little pard," he repeated, "I'll loaf around a spell, just as I said. Meanwhile, your folks may come. If they don't, why— But, pshaw! what's the use of borrowin' trouble—eh?"

He led his horse behind a boulder the size of a house, a few rods aside from the trail. Here he waited an hour. No one

came. In his heart he had expected no one to come. He had waited merely to salve his conscience and to decide upon which horn of this unexpected dilemma he should impale himself.

"Little Feller," said he, soberly, as if talking to an adult, as he again knelt by the foundling, "it's you or me. Ef I stay hyer, waitin' for your mommy to come, the Tollivers will git me sure. Ef I leave you hyer, and the Tollivers don't come before to-morrow mawnin' and find you, you'll be dead from cold and starvation. Ef I take you with me, you'll die anyway. *You* can't eat jerked meat. You ain't got no teeth to speak of. Them two little grains of rice in your upper goom air no good fer chawin'. Thar's nothin' below fer 'em to hit ag'inst."

He touched the child for the first time, gently pushing back its upper lip to take a look at the tiny teeth he had observed when it laughed.

"Bah-bah! Bah-bah!" it exclaimed, lustily, and tossed its legs and arms in ecstacy.

The man drew back as if stung.

"The little cuss thought I was goin' to pick him up!" he murmured, and wiped a sweat from his brow that no mere heat had produced.

As he arose his quick eye discovered a foreign object on the landscape, three or four hundred yards away. His telescope resolved it into a dead Indian. The mystery of the babe's presence immediately cleared. The red devils had attacked a party of whites; the whites had repelled them, but in their hurried retreat had lost the babe.

"Little Feller," said Kentucky, presently, "I've got a better plan for you. I'll take you on a piece."

It was a strange sight that the burning Arizona sun looked down upon—Kentucky Harrod, cattle-rustler, horse-thief, three-card-monte sharp, and all-round "bad man," riding along with a babe in his arms. He held it gingerly, as if it were a case of eggs, fearful that the limp little body would part in the middle or the head come loose from the neck.

For a time he dared not let Petey move faster than a walk. But, gaining confidence in the stability of the little body and realizing that this slow pace was

courting death for himself, he presently spurred the animal into a canter. To his surprise Little Feller accepted the wave-like motion with a spread of his rosebud mouth into an unmistakable grin. Kentucky then ventured another touch of the rowels, whereupon the youngling actually gurgled with joy and, reaching out a fat little hand, fastened it upon Kentucky's piratical mustache.

"Cuss me!" ejaculated Harrod. "Who'd'a thought the little skeesicks could have retch that fur!" And he bowed his head so as not to loosen the baby's grasp, for, strange to say, there was something soothing about it.

But finally the hand fell away; the white lids, with their long, dark fringe, slowly closed over the blue eyes; the lips met and formed a crescent. Little Feller was asleep.

The plan of which he had spoken was to deposit his charge at the crossing of the Patterson ranch trail. Charlie Patterson's factotum, Candido Muñoz, nicknamed Gallinito (Chicken-heart), made almost daily trips to Antelope for the mail, or a strap, or a bottle of whiskey. He *might* come along that afternoon, or early the next morning, and thus find the babe in time to save its life.

On reaching the cross-trail, Kentucky slipped gently from his saddle and laid Little Feller in the shadow of a rock, close to the path, but not in it, lest the hoofs of Candido's pony work cruel havoc. Then he fumbled with his clumsy fingers at a couple of safety-pins until the babe's white quilt was snugly adjusted about its

feet, hands, and head, for, though the days were hot, the nights were cool.

At this juncture Little Feller stirred and began to make a sucking sound with his lips. Kentucky paused. In spite of his inexperience with paternity, the sign was unmistakable.

"He's a-dream-in' of his mommy's breast!" he whispered.

The sight and sound were too much for him. He drew a cracker from his pocket, ground it to dust in his dirty palm, and added water, drop by drop, until he had a starchy paste. This he applied with his forefinger to the moving lips. But Little Feller turned his mouth aside and whimpered.

"Tain't no delicacy, I know, but it's all I got," observed Kentucky, sadly. Then, after a moment of silence: "Little Feller, I hate to do it, but I got to leave you. You're on'y a baby and

I'm a man. Ag'in, life ain't nothin' much to you, while to me it air considerable sweet, though you mightn't believe it. You git my p'int? Now all you got to do is just to go to sleep ag'in. Maybe Candido or some one else will find you. And if they don't, the angels shorely will."

He hesitated a moment. Then, as if fleeing from a plague, he leaped into the saddle, sank his spurs into Petey's flanks with a savagery which surprised that animal, and clattered away.

At a hundred yards he stopped short. His conscience was not a delicately adjusted instrument. Fleecing a tenderfoot with loaded dice or stacked cards was the



KENTUCKY HARROD

pastime of a summer hour. Rustling a bunch of mavericks was merely a flip to his spirits—a kind of emotional cocktail. Larkin Tolliver was merely the last of several men whose souls he had hurled into eternity. Yet at this moment he heard a still, small voice speak from within.

"But I cain't take the little cuss along!" he argued with the Voice. "I cain't feed him. Don't know as I kin feed myself. And I've lost a powerful lot of time as it is."

Again the Voice spoke, and again the man listened.

"Yes, it does look as if I war playin' it low-down on the little feller," he admitted, slowly. "And when he wakes up it will be dark and cold, and he'll say 'Bah-bah!' and wonder where I've gone."

Tears suddenly filled his eyes; his heart leaped within him, and standing in his stirrups, with his hat removed and his eyes fixed upon a snowy cloudlet, he cried, "I'll take him to Patterson's if the coyotes pick my bones fer it!"

Patterson's lay thirty miles to the west. The detour involved a delay and an exposure which might spell death for a man with a price upon his head. But just one thought kept tap-tapping at his consciousness: Little Feller had called him papa and clung to his mustache.

When he reached the ranch it was long after dark, with the lop-sided moon lifting an inflamed, dull-red face above the eastern horizon. But, alack! no lights shone from the house, and Kentucky bitterly conjectured that Patterson and his crew were out on the round-up and might be absent several days.

One hope remained. Charlie Patterson, being of a luxurious nature, kept poultry and milch-cows, and somebody might have been left behind to take care of these—perhaps Gallinito or the Chinese cook. Neither of these gentlemen would make ideal nurses, but beggars must not be choosers.

Leaving babe and horse at a short distance until he could ascertain the lay of the land, Kentucky cautiously advanced. No one was in sight. Doors and windows were locked. The bunk-house was empty, and there were no horses in the shed or corral—conclusive evidence that the place was tenantless.

The outlaw paused, swearing softly at the tangled skein of his fortunes. Can-dido was probably over at Crossman's, playing chuck-a-luck. Yet he would certainly be back in the morning to milk, for Kentucky made out the dark bulk of two cows in their corral; and if the little one were left in the right spot—say the kitchen, where the milk-pails were doubtless kept—he would almost certainly be found.

Kentucky returned for Petey and Little Feller, and rode boldly up to the rear of the house. The kitchen door yielded to his weight. Lighting one of the half-dozen lanterns which hung on the wall, he proceeded to look about, for of course the babe would have to be fed to stay him through the night. Luckily, the milk was right at hand, three pails of it standing in a cooling-trough of water. Half filling a dipper, he laid Little Feller in the hollow of his left arm and tendered him a teaspoonful of the inviting fluid. But the babe impatiently rejected it as he had the cracker.

"He wants it warm, of course!" ejaculated Harrod. "I've fergot all I ever knew about nussin'."

The big range was stone cold, and there was no time to fire it up. So the resourceful Kentucky took down another lantern, removed the globe, and twisted off the frame, thus converting it into an oil-stove. Meanwhile Little Feller, who, according to all traditions, should have been bawling lustily, merely whimpered in a subdued, minor key which strangely stirred the man's heart. It reminded him of the aftermath of a flogged puppy's grief.

In five minutes the milk was warm, and Kentucky, with hands that fairly trembled—for the child was evidently too weak from starvation to cry—again filled the spoon. Little Feller had presumably not before been introduced to a spoon, and seemed not anxious to make its acquaintance. But presently, getting a taste of the milk, his lips began to work vigorously; he sucked and nuzzled like a little pig, one hand tightly clasping his nurse's left forefinger, the other slowly opening and closing.

The feeding was a twenty-minute operation. Then Kentucky, with a smile on his face that rivaled that on the babe's

for contentment, laid his charge on the floor and rose to straighten his cramped back. As he did so there came simultaneously the report of a rifle outside and the crashing of a bullet through the window which fanned his cheek.

Instantly extinguishing the lantern with a blow from his hand, Kentucky sprang to the door—in time to see Gallinito, whose sombrero betrayed his identity, putting spurs to his horse. For the fraction of a second Harrod hesitated. Then realizing that he must have been recognized, and that the Mexican's escape would set the whole Patterson outfit hot-foot upon his trail within a few hours, he drew his six-shooter and fired.

The light was very bad, but he aimed by instinct rather than sight, and Gallinito somersaulted from the saddle in ghastly simulation of an acrobat. For a moment the slayer watched the dark, formless object on the ground; then, when it remained motionless, he stepped inside again, apparently as unmoved as if he had only put a period to a coyote's yapping. But after relighting the lantern he passed over to the shed, emerged with a horse-blanket in his hand, and covered the dead man.

"You made me call your hand, Gallinito," he murmured. "Playin' fer the price on a man's head requires a stidder nerve than yourn was."

He re-entered the kitchen and gazed at the babe long and steadily, one-half of his thin face and hawk's-bill nose in deep shadow. Sadness rather than badness was the dominating expression.

"I've tuck a life. The least I kin do now is to try to save one. Little Pard, there'll be no Gallinito hyer to-morrow mawnin' to milk and find you. So I'll take you, fer better or fer worse, as the sayin' is; and God help your pore little soul, fer better will be bad enough."

He emptied the water from his bottle and filled it with milk. Next, foraging through the kitchen and adjoining store-room, he collected a loaf of bread, a fitch of bacon, a can of corn, and several cans of sardines. Then blowing out the lantern, he strode off with his passenger and his plunder.

He would have liked to ride all night, to make up lost time, but it was imperative that Petey be rested and grazed. So

he went into camp about four miles away, near one of Patterson's wells, tethering Petey and sharing his poncho with the babe.

Sleep, however, did not come as readily as usual. For almost the first time in his devil-may-care, neither-look-before-nor-after career he worried. But the source of his worry was not himself; it was Little Feller. After reaching his haven in the Wolf Den country and building himself a shanty, or sharing that of some other fugitive, he felt sure of his ability to care for the child. But *en route*, when he had to keep moving up to the limits of Petey's endurance, what then—after the present supply of milk was gone?

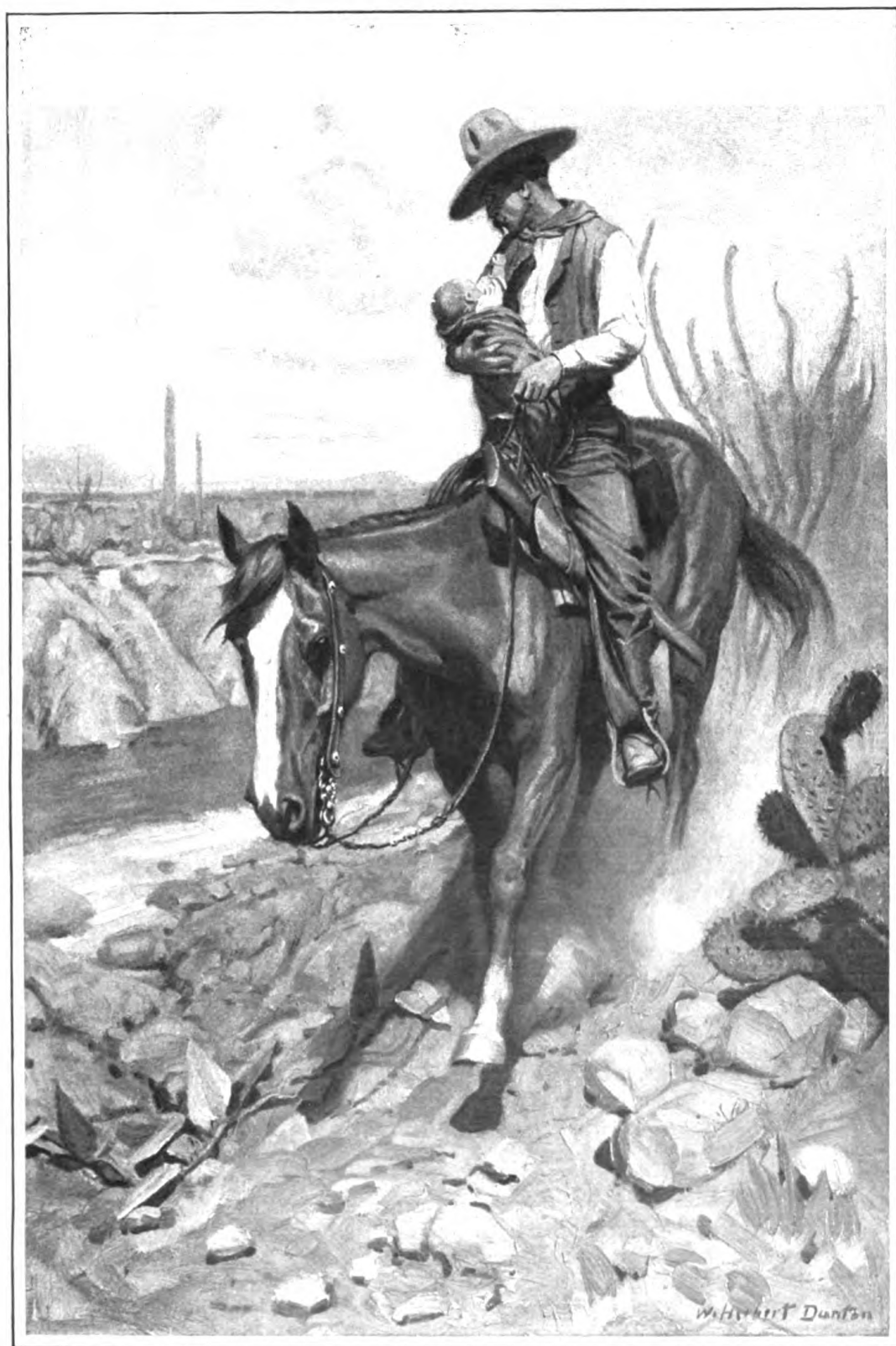
He rose at dawn, heated the milk with shavings and splinters from the well-curb, fed the babe, and was swinging rhythmically across the grassy plain before the Ten Pins had fairly shaken the mist from their peaks. With his glass he made out smoke in the west, which he supposed rose from Charlie Patterson's camp; but nowhere, not even in the south, was a horseman to be seen.

The day was hot, and about noon, when he thought another feed due his ward, the milk came forth from the bottle slowly, in a thick and lumpy condition. Even Kentucky knew better than to put such stuff into a baby's delicate stomach.

In the variegated course of his life Harrod had never before suffered such a depression of spirits as at this moment, with Little Feller sucking at the empty air and jerking his clenched hands to and fro. A lump rose in his throat, and suddenly, almost involuntarily, he laid his weathered lips against the little one's velvety cheek, and murmured, thickly, "My pore little pard!"

He rode on until he reached a stream—the last stream in forty miles—and then went into camp. It was only three o'clock by the sun, and by rights he should have ridden until midnight; for in his mind's eye he could see the Tollivers, the relentless, unforgiving Tollivers, spurring doggedly on toward the north, with a minimum of food and sleep for both man and beast.

He camped because he knew that Little Feller was failing—starving. He no longer cooed, dimpled, and laughed when Kentucky snapped his fingers and whis-



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

IT HAD NOT YET LEARNED TO LOVE THE GAME CALLED LIFE

tled and crowed like a rooster, and called him all the pet names he could think of—Little Feller, Little Pard, Skeesicks, Tadpole, and so on. Also, in spite of the heat, there was a coldness about his hands and feet which Harrod had observed in grown men when the life-flame was burning low.

So, with his rifle in his hand, he crept through the willows fringing the stream, looking for some living thing—anything that could be converted into broth.

After about an hour he spied a ground-squirrel sitting upright beside its burrow, its little paws folded across its buffy breast, its big eyes glistening in the sun. Three successive times the man drew a bead on it, but his hands—hands that were strangers to unmanly tremors, even where a fellow-being was his target—shook so that he dared not risk a shot. At last, however, gritting his teeth and rendering his whole body rigid, he reduced the weaving motion of the front sight to a minimum, and pulled the trigger. At the same instant he closed his eyes, like the rankest tenderfoot.

With infinite pains, that nothing might be wasted, he dressed his pitiable quarry, built a fire, and soon had a stew going in the dipper. He held the vessel in his hands, not daring to trust it to a support of stones, which might crack from the heat and spill the precious contents. So, skimming and stirring and adding water almost drop by drop, lest he thin it too much, he watched the cooking with eyes which streamed and smarted from the smoke, now cursing his trembling fingers, now murmuring words that sounded like a prayer.

At last, after allowing himself several infinitesimal tastes to test it, he judged the concoction to be done; and taking Little Feller on his lap, he anxiously offered him a few drops of the broth in a spoon. The babe accepted the strange food—even tried to swallow the spoon itself, and fairly quivered in eagerness for more. Kentucky could not see to give a second helping until the mist cleared from his eyes.

"Feelin' pretty good now, eh, Little Feller!" he observed, when the child was satisfied. "Course you air. You got a good nuss, though he don't wear no lace cap. He ain't none of your one-idee'd

people. If there ain't no milk he's got sense enough to try sunthin' else, and he war bright enough to guess that gopher soup would just about hit the right spot. Most people wouldn't call me good company fer a young feller like you. But I ain't the worst you might have—not by no means. I won't deceive you. I ain't no Sunday-school boy. But I want to explain one thing.

"I didn't want to kill Lark Tolliver no more'n I did Gallinito. I had nothin' agin him—not a thing. In fact, I liked him. But we had a little quoll over cyards, and after he got good and drunk he made his brags he'd shoot me on sight. I knowed he'd think better of it when he sobered up, so I kept away from him—rid out of town. I didn't come back till the next day. But he hadn't sobered up as soon as usual. I seen that as soon as he stepped out of the Hot Rivet with his face all flushed. So I watched him out o' the tail of my eye. I waited till he drewed his gun, which is the last second a feller kin wait. Then I knowed it was him or me.

"Little Pard, it was him. But could I 'a' done anything else? You'd say no yourself if you could talk a little plainer. But Lark was a man of prop'ty, paid taxes and holped elect the shureff. And me—well, I war just Kentucky Harrod. So the shureff placards the county, and the remainin' four Tollivers, sworn in as deputies, goes on a still hunt fer me.

The babe smiled and said, "Gloo-gul-gool!"

"That's it. I see you git my drift. But it's too late fer you and me to set up and talk politics any longer. We got to git an airly start in the mawnin'. So I'll just build you a little wickiup out of these willers, to keep off that breeze, and we'll turn in and git a good night's sleep."

But again he could not sleep. A strange excitement pervaded him. His pursuers, oddly enough, scarcely crossed his mind. He kept thinking how nearly he had missed that ground-squirrel at thirty feet, and began to doubt his ability to hit the next one.

About two o'clock he slipped his hand into the babe's wraps and felt its feet. To his dismay, they were cold; so were the little hands. His first thought was to ad-

minister some more hot broth. Then it occurred to him that possibly the broth had not digested properly. For a moment his heart sank. A sick baby on his hands, alone on the wind-swept plains, leagues upon leagues from a human habitation, and no medicine!

Then, like a flash of inspiration, there came to him a scene he had once witnessed in an Apache village, in which a mother and her child were the two actors. Taking the hint, he mended the fire until it was burning briskly, and laid around its edge a dozen or more stones the size of a cocoanut. Next he dug a bowl-shaped hole in the earth and filled it with water carried from the stream in his hat. It took many hatfuls, for until the walls became soaked they absorbed the water almost as fast as he could supply it. By this time the stones were hot. He kicked them into the water, one by one, until it began to steam.

Then undressing Little Feller, he laid him in the bath. When his whole body was pink, Kentucky lifted him out, quickly dried him with his red neckerchief—the softest garment at hand—dressed him again, pinned him up in his blanket, and laid him away in the poncho. His reward—ample enough, indeed—was one of Little Feller's smiles.

In stripping the roly-poly body Kentucky had noticed for the first time a chain and locket which had hitherto been concealed by the babe's clothing. He tossed it aside at the time; but after the little one was asleep, having nothing else to do, he idly examined the trinket. On it was engraved the word "Willie."

This simple bit of information about the hitherto nameless babe affected the man strangely. It gave his charge a place in the world, as it were; definitely linked him with the great human family, from which he had been as isolated before, in his finder's mind, as an aerolite out of the heavens.

"Willie!" he murmured, gazing at the graven letters. "'William' is the hull of it, I s'pose, and some day, mebbe, they'd 'a' called him Bill."

Kentucky was not familiar with lockets, and it was some minutes before he discovered that this one was hinged and jointed, and could therefore be opened. Presently, inserting his thick thumb-nail,

he opened it. On the inside were two photographs—one of a man, the other of a woman—doubtless Willie's parents.

The man was Anson Tolliver.

Kentucky stared at the likeness a long time, without the movement of an eyelash. Then he laughed, not mirthfully, but with a harsh, cracked note, like the tame magpie down at Gentryville. The joke was on him. He recalled seeing Mrs. Anson Tolliver and a hired man drive off in a buckboard the morning of his trouble with Larkin; and Lark, before the quarrel, had told him that she was bound for Antelope, to visit her brother. Doubtless it was the news of Lark's death which had induced her to return to Gentryville by way of the short cut through the Ten Pins, where she had been attacked by the Indians.

So Little Feller, for whom he had jeopardized his life, was the son of a man who would shoot him down as ruthlessly as if he were a sheep-killing dog. In Anson Tolliver's eyes Kentucky Harrod was of no more account than a rattlesnake or a Gila monster; of less account even, for Anson shot these reptiles only as chance threw them in his path, while to shoot Kentucky he and his three brothers had abandoned business and all the ordinary pursuits of life, and had sworn to go unshorn until their man was under the sod.

For seven days now Kentucky had led the life of a wild beast, fleeing before his pursuers, hiding in solitary places, living on whatever food fell into his hands, often hungry, often thirsty, until at last the closing coils had forced him to play his last card—make a dash for the Wolf Den country, a region so desolate that even the Indians dreaded it. By this time, had it not been for the delays which the little foundling had forced upon him, he would have been within the purlieus of that haven where no sheriff dared show his face.

What was a babe's life, after all? Left where he had found it, this one would have quietly sunk into that sleep from which there is no awakening. It had not yet learned to love the game called life. When hungry, it puckered its lips; but food not forthcoming, it would gently slip into the great Unknown, without suffering, without regret.

But life, even such a life as he had lived, was sweet to Kentucky Harrod. He joyed in its adventures and hair-breadth escapes. To overcome an enemy, either by cunning or mere brute force, brought satisfaction. But beyond and better than all this was the dream that some day he might come into his own; that some day, somehow, he might hold up his head among other men, might stand on an equal footing with the Tollivers, for instance, and others of their kind.

This life, these dreams, he had now put in jeopardy for the sake of this babe. To provide it with milk he had lost precious hours. To ward off its chill of death he had built up a fire which might have emblazoned his whereabouts for miles across the level plain to a sleepless enemy. And this babe (the idea tapped at his brain over and over) was a son of Anson Tolliver. It would grow up—if it ever grew up—to remember him, not as its savior, but as the slayer of its uncle Larkin.

Dark thoughts flitted through his brain like ugly phantoms. Yet his innate nobility delivered him from temptation. The smoldering spark of paternity in his breast had been fanned to a flame and was not easily extinguished. And, presently, when he had parted the folds of the poncho and peeped at the innocent face within, an almost painful tenderness suffused him. What did it suspect of murder and revenge? It had laughed and cooed at him as at its own father; it had called him "Bah-bah." It clung to the hand that fed it. That the same hand had laid its uncle in the dust was of no significance.

So, when the man mounted Petey at break of day, Little Feller was in his arms—Little Feller, who required milk and broth in a land where men had sucked putrid bones; who wilted under the noonday sun and chilled by night; who asked so much and gave so little.

Yet that little was wonderfully sweet to Kentucky Harrod, whose motto had so long been, "It is more blessed to take than to give." Now, when he was giving all and taking nothing, he was strangely happy. Indeed, an ecstasy, a kind of delirium, possessed him. The way was smoothed before him. No more doubts,

no more temptations, assailed him. No shadow of regret tinged his reflections. The hour when he had pondered the abandonment of the little one seemed to have receded into a remote past.

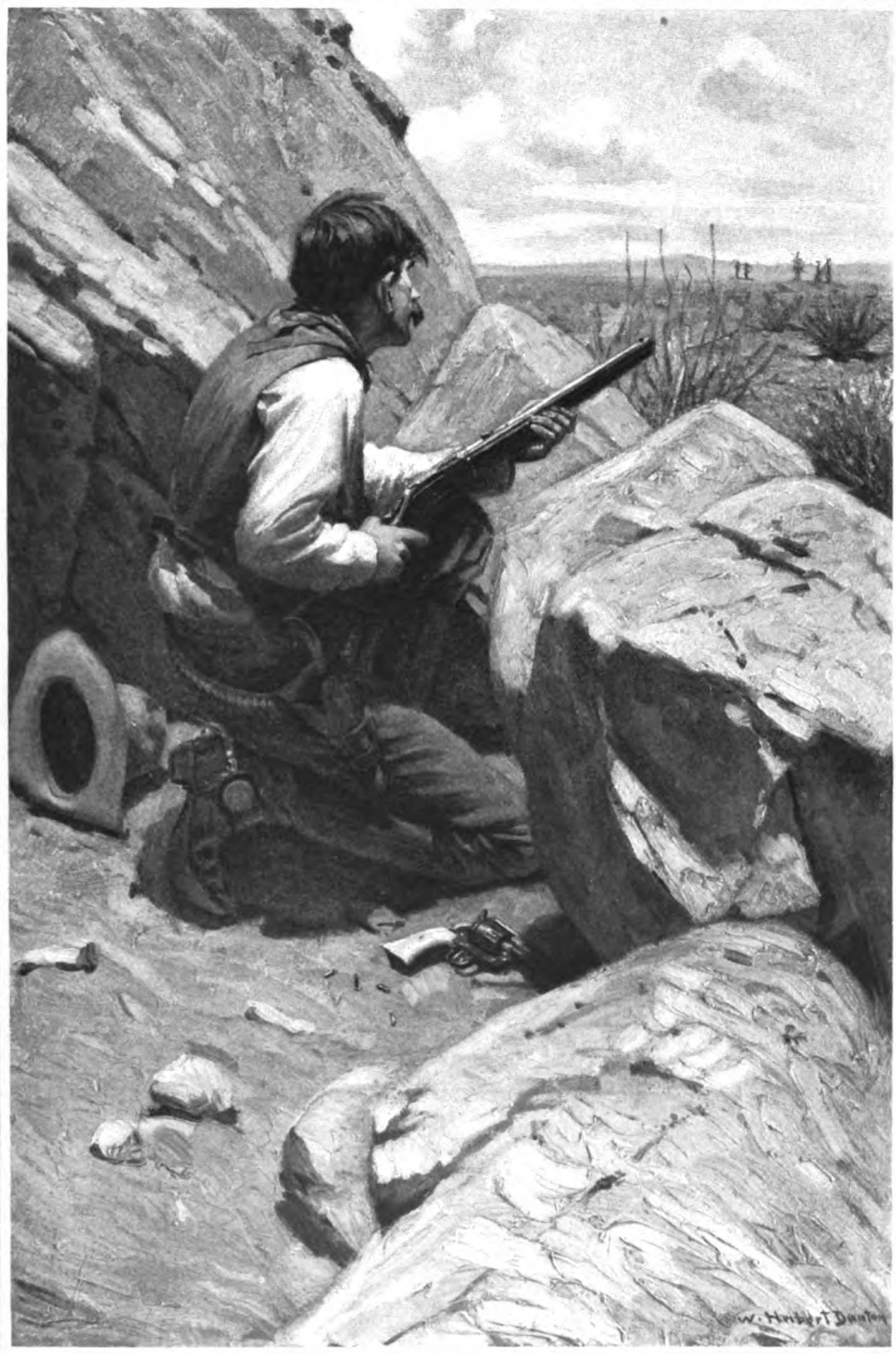
That his refuge was still a hundred miles away seemed a trifle, not because he believed Providence would reward his good deed by seeing him safely through, but because he now cared so little whether he got through or not. It was not his getting through, but the babe's, which had become paramount. He was beginning to suspect that the babe's way through was south, not north; and more than once he halted his horse with the half-formed resolution of turning back.

Hence, when at noon, after feeding Little Feller half the remaining broth, he swept the landscape to the south with his glass, and descried four horsemen, at a distance of perhaps fifteen miles, his pulse scarcely quickened. He had no intention, however, of sacrificing himself. He still believed that justice was on his side, and he intended to sell his life as dearly as possible—to die by a bullet, not a rope.

He considered the feasibility of leaving the child where the father would find it. Such a stratagem would detach at least one of the party, and send him flying back to the land of baby-food. Yet the risk to Little Feller would be great. There was no trail here. The Tollivers, guided only by the creeks and springs which they knew the fugitive must follow, might easily pass the baby by, for there was no way of conspicuously marking its resting-place.

Moreover, the finding of the baby would only whet their appetites for vengeance. The Tollivers had been out on their man-hunt for a week now. Anson might or might not have learned of the loss of his babe. If he had not, he would naturally assume, on finding it here, that Kentucky had kidnapped it. If he had, he would assume that Kentucky had instigated the dastardly Indian attack.

So Harrod rode on, without haste, until he came to a depression in the ground inclosed by a circle of boulders—an ancient site of Indian ceremonials. A better fortress could scarcely have been devised, and here he calmly made ready for his enemies.



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

BEFORE HIS FOES CAME WITHIN RIFLE-SHOT, THEY HALTED



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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He built a hollow rectangle of stones in which Little Feller would be safe from stray bullets from any quarter. He led Petey inside, roped up a front foot, and threw him. Otherwise, the horse would be the first victim of the Tollivers' fire, and without him Kentucky's victory, should he by a miracle win, would be but a barren one. Moreover, with the horse concealed there was a bare chance of the party not discovering him. Then he sat down to wait.

An hour or so later his foes galloped out from behind a swell of ground half a mile away. Before they came within rifle-shot, however, they halted, and one of them lifted a field-glass. They were veteran campaigners in this grim business, and the Indian pow-wow place had evidently caught their attention. After a brief council they dismounted and proceeded on foot. They, too, realized the necessity of protecting their horses.

Kentucky waited, rifle in hand. He could not afford to waste a single cartridge by firing at an unduly long range; yet he wanted to get in one shot before the men dropped into the grass, as he knew they were likely to do at any minute. They had separated as widely as possible without endangering one another by cross-fire, and finally Kentucky picked out the man whom the sun made the fairest target of and lifted his rifle to his shoulder.

"Bah-bah!" he heard the babe babble.

The sound all but cost the startled man a premature shot. Lowering his weapon, he leveled his spy-glass upon his intended victim. It was truly papa—it was Anson Tolliver.

"All right, Little Feller!" he murmured. "I'll pick out your Uncle Bill, if it suits you better, though the sun air liable to blur my sights a little."

He shifted his position, aimed and fired. Big Bill Tolliver dropped, but not as a dead man drops, Kentucky perceived with a wave of chagrin. At the shot the other brothers had also dropped, and as the fugitive glanced about the field there was no sign of human presence.

Nevertheless a rifle cracked a few seconds later, and the besieged man's left arm suddenly became as numb and helpless as a paralytic's. It was a chance shot, of course, for he was not exposed;

but, deflected by a rock, the bullet had done its work.

"The cyards air stacked agin mel!" muttered Harrod. "I'm due to lose."

In his bones he felt that his end was near. Still he was not afraid—merely vastly puzzled. Though sirocco and blizzard, alkali and whiskey, had given him the appearance of a man past his prime, he was only forty-two. He was young in both body and spirit. In spite of hard knocks, fortune had always smiled upon him. When it came to a show-down, he had always held the winning hand. Now he was due to lose.

His injured arm was useless, and whenever he changed position it swung back and forth with a curious creak. But it did not pain him much as yet, and he managed, shooting from a prone position, to manipulate his rifle fairly well with one hand. He shot deliberately, for the Tollivers in their dusty clothes were almost the color of the tall grass, and it was only now and then that he discovered anything to draw a bead against. Indeed, he half wished they would "rush" him and give him a chance to do some fancy work with his revolver, which was his favorite weapon.

The foe, on the other hand, could see even less of him. One or more of them usually fired when a shot of his gave them a clue to his position. Now and then they would pour in a fusillade, trusting to luck for a hit.

It was immediately after one of these broadsides that the sky suddenly streamed with what seemed millions of rockets, shoals upon shoals of them, like minnows back in the meadow creek in old Kentucky, swinging gracefully through their appointed arcs, and dropping showers of stars in their flight. Then quite as suddenly came blackness, as if an invisible hand had drawn a jetty veil across the empyrean dome.

Stunned and bewildered, hardly conscious of the act, Kentucky crawled over to the babe's bullet-proof and lifted him out with his one serviceable arm. Then getting his back to a rock, for he was very weary, he closed his eyes.

"Little Feller," he murmured, sleepily, "I just had a bad dream. If you'll put your hand agin my cheek I don't believe it will come ag'in. I ain't troubled with

dreams much, but it's so dark, and somehow so close to-night that—that I cain't breathe good; and it seems—it seems—"

He placed his hand over his aching chest, but it did not occur to him that the dampness there was from his own blood, for the Tollivers and his duel with them had faded from his consciousness.

Hours later—so he imagined—he awoke. It was still dark, but he could see figures moving about, now near, now far, now one, now a dozen. Finally one of them forced a flask between his teeth and he gradually became conscious of a pillow of some kind beneath his head and a blanket spread over his cold body. But still he could not make out what one of the men was whispering in his ear.

"Louder!" he exclaimed, impatiently.

The man still whispered, so it seemed, but after a second draught of whiskey the dying man caught the words.

"Kentuck! Kentuck! How did you come by that baby?"

"Little Feller?" he asked, with a supreme effort. "Found him in the Ten Pins. Injuns. He's a Tolliver. I've got to git him back home some way."

He moved his right arm, feeling for the babe. It was gone.

"Where is he?" he cried. "Bring him back. He's my pard. Bring him back, I say, or I'll pump you full of lead."

One of the men, sitting with his head between his knees, seemed to be weeping; but another one restored the babe to Kentucky's side.

"Now I'll tell you just how to take keer of him, fer I've got to ketch some

sleep, so we kin git an airy start. Make him some gopher soup. He likes milk best, but gopher soup will do. But it must be just so, not too hot ner too cold, not too thick ner too thin. And feed it out of the teaspoon, and not too fast. And ef he gits cold, give him an Injun bath, and rub him down with your bandanner."

The man who was weeping now fairly sobbed aloud, much to Kentucky's annoyance; but he was too weak to make any remonstrance. He was also too weak to figure out just how he had fallen into this strange company. So he went to sleep.

When he awoke he was rational. He recognized the four Tollivers. One by one they silently pressed his limp hand. Anson, with red eyes, tried to speak, but failed.

"Just one request, boys," said Kentucky, in a piping voice that he could scarce believe his own. "When he grows up and people tell him that Kentucky Harrod killed his uncle Lark, you—you tell him about—about this. I—I'd like to hold him just a minute, ef you don't care. You know, him and me has been campin' together fer several days, and he—he likes me."

They again laid Little Feller by his side. A faint smile lit Kentucky's pale, dewy face. He turned his head slightly until his lips rested against the curl of the baby's head, and then closed his eyes.

"Little Feller!" he murmured, contentedly.

Thus he passed into his long sleep.



Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

TWELFTH PAPER

AS Mark Twain in the earlier days of his marriage had temporarily put aside authorship to join in a newspaper venture, so now again literature had dropped into the background, had become an avocation, while financial interests prevailed. There were two chief ventures—the business of Charles L. Webster & Co. and the promotion of the Paige type-setting machine. They were closely identified in fortunes; so closely that in time the very existence of each depended upon the success of the other.

Susy, in her biography, which she continued through this period, writes:

Mamma and I have both been very much troubled of late because papa, since he has been publishing General Grant's books, has seemed to forget his own books and works entirely; and the other evening, as papa and I were promenading up and down the library, he told me that he didn't expect to write but one more book, and then he was ready to give up work altogether, die, or do anything; he said that he had written more than he ever expected to, and the only book that he had been particularly anxious to write was one locked up in the safe downstairs, not yet published.

The book locked in the safe was *Captain Stormfield*, and the one he expected to write was *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. He had already worked at it in a desultory way during the early months of 1886, and once wrote of it to Webster:

I have begun a book whose scene is laid far back in the twilight of tradition; I have saturated myself with the atmosphere of the day and the subject and got myself into the swing of the work. If I peg away for some weeks without a break I am safe.

He could not peg away. He had too many irons in the fire for that. But he worked at the *Yankee* now and then, and Howells, when some of the chapters were

read to him, gave it warm approval and urged its continuance.

The success of the Grant Life had given the Webster business an immense prestige. It was no longer necessary to seek desirable features for publication. They came uninvited. Other war generals preparing their memoirs naturally hoped to appear with their great commander. *McClellan's Own Story* was arranged for without difficulty. *A Genesis of the Civil War*, by General Samuel Wylie Crawford, was offered and accepted. General Sheridan's *Memoirs* were in preparation, and negotiations with Webster & Co. for their appearance were not delayed. Probably neither Webster nor Clemens believed that the sale of any of these books would approach those of the Grant Life, but they expected them to be large, for the Grant book had stimulated the public taste for war literature, and anything bearing the stamp of personal battle experience was considered literary legal-tender.

Moreover, these features, and even the Grant book itself, seemed likely to dwindle in importance by the side of *The Life of Pope Leo XIII.*, who had consented to the preparation of a memoir, by Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D., to be published with the Pope's sanction and blessing. Clemens and Webster—every one, in fact, who heard of the project—united in the belief that no book, with the exception of the Holy Bible itself or the Koran, would have a wider acceptance than the biography of the Pope.

It was one day in 1887 that Clemens received evidence that his reputation as a successful author and publisher—a man of wealth and revenues—had penetrated even the dimness of the British Tax Office. A formidable envelope came, inclosing a letter from his London pub-

lishers and a very large printed document, all about the income tax which the Queen's officers had levied upon his English royalties as the result of a report that he had taken Buckenham Hall, Norwich, for a year, and was to become an English resident. The matter amused and interested him. To Chatto & Windus, his English publishers, he wrote:

I will explain that all that about Buckenham Hall was an English newspaper's mistake. I was not in England, and if I had been I wouldn't have been at Buckenham Hall anyway, but Buckingham Palace, or I would have endeavored to have found out the reason why. . . .

But we won't resist. We'll pay as if I were really a resident. The country that allows me copyright has a right to tax me.

Reflecting on the matter, Clemens decided to make literature of it. He conceived the notion of writing an open letter to the Queen in the character of a rambling, garrulous, but well-disposed countryman, whose idea was that her Majesty conducted all the business of the empire herself. He began:

MADAM,—You will remember that last May Mr. Edward Bright, the clerk of the Inland Revenue Office, wrote me about a tax which he said was due from me to the Government on books of mine published in London—that is to say, an income tax on the royalties. I do not know Mr. Bright, and it is embarrassing to me to correspond with strangers, for I was raised in the country and have always lived there, the early part in Marion County, Missouri, before the war, and this part in Hartford County, Connecticut, near Bloomfield and about 8 miles this side of Farmington, though some call it 9, which it is impossible to be, for I have walked it many and many a time in considerably under three hours, and General Hawley says he has done it in two and a quarter, which is not likely; so it has seemed best that I write your Majesty.

The letter proceeded to explain that he has never met her Majesty personally, but that he once met her son, the Prince of Wales, in Oxford Street, at the head of a procession, while he himself was on the top of an omnibus. He thought the Prince would probably remember him on account of a gray coat with flap pockets which he wore, he being the only person on the omnibus who had on that kind of a coat.

"I remember *him*," he said, "as easily as I would a comet."

The letter, or "petition," as it was called, was published in the *Harper's Magazine* "Drawer" * and widely copied. It reached the Queen herself in due time, and the Prince of Wales, who never forgot its humor.

Those notable Browning readings in the Clemens home belong to this period. Just what kindled Mark Twain's interest in the poetry of Robert Browning is not remembered, but very likely his earlier associations with the poet had something to do with it. Whatever the beginning, we find him, during the winters of 1886 and 1887, studiously, even violently, interested in Browning's verses, entertaining a sort of club or class who gathered to hear his rich, sympathetic, and luminous reading of the "Parleyings"—with "Bernard de Mandeville," "Daniel Bartoli," or "Christopher Smart." Members of the Saturday Morning Club were among his listeners, and others—friends of the family. They were rather remarkable gatherings, and no one of that group but always vividly remembered the marvelously clear insight which Mark Twain's vocal personality gave to those somewhat obscure measures. They did not all of them realize that before reading a poem he studied it line by line, even word by word; dug out its last syllable of meaning, so far as lay within human possibility, and indicated with pencil every shade of emphasis which would help to reveal the poet's purpose. Once, at a class-meeting, after finishing "Easter Day," he made a remark which the class requested him to "write down." It is recorded on the fly-leaf of "Dramatis Personæ" as follows:

One's glimpses & confusions, as one reads Browning, remind me of looking through a telescope (the small sort which you must move with your hand, not clock-work). You toil across dark spaces which are (to your lens) empty; but every now & then a splendor of stars & suns bursts upon you and fills the whole field with flame.—Feb. 23, 1887.

In another note he speaks of the "vague, dim flash of splendid humming—

* "A Petition to the Queen of England" now included in the "Complete Works."

birds through a fog." Whatever mental treasures he may or may not have laid up from Browning, there was assuredly a deep gratification in the discovery of those splendors of "stars and suns" and the flashing "humming-birds," as there must have been in pointing out those wonders to the little circle of devout listeners. It all seemed so worth while.

There were other pleasant things. The farm life never failed with each returning summer; the winters brought gay company and fair occasions. Sir Henry and Lady Stanley, visiting America, were entertained in the Clemens home, and Clemens went to Boston to introduce Stanley to his lecture audience. Charles Dickens's son, with his wife and daughter, followed a little later. Robert Louis Stevenson came down from Saranac, and Clemens went in to visit him at his New York hotel, the St. Stephen's, on East Eleventh Street. Stevenson had orders to sit in the sunshine as much as possible, and during the few days of their association he and Clemens would walk down to Washington Square and sit on one of the benches and talk. They discussed many things—philosophies, people, books; it seems a pity their talk could not have been preserved.

Stevenson was a great admirer of Mark Twain's work. He said that during a recent painting of his portrait he had insisted on reading *Huck Finn* aloud to the artist, a Frenchman, who had at first protested, and finally had fallen a complete victim to Huck's yarn. In one of Stevenson's letters to Clemens he wrote:

My father, an old man, has been prevailed upon to read *Roughing It* (his usual amusement being found in theology), and after one evening spent with the book he declared: "I am frightened. It cannot be safe for a man at my time of life to laugh so much."

Clemens was in good standing at Washington during the Cleveland administration, and many letters came, asking him to use his influence with the President to obtain this or that favor. He always declined, though once—a few years later, in Europe—when he learned that Frank Mason, Consul-General at Frankfort, was about to be displaced, Clemens, of his own accord, wrote to baby Ruth Cleveland about it:

MY DEAR RUTH,—I belong to the Mugwumps, and one of the most sacred rules of our order prevents us from asking favors of officials or recommending men to office; but there is no harm in writing a friendly letter to you and telling you that an infernal outrage is about to be committed by your father in turning out of office the best Consul I know (and I know a great many) just because he is a Republican and a Democrat wants his place.

He went on to recall Mason's high and honorable record, suggesting that Miss Ruth take the matter into her own hands. Then he said:

I can't send any message to the President, but the next time you have a talk with him concerning such matters I wish you would tell him about Captain Mason and what I think of a government that so treats its efficient officials.

Just what form of appeal the small agent made is not recorded, but by and by Mark Twain received a tiny envelope, postmarked Washington, inclosing this note in President Cleveland's handwriting:

Miss Ruth Cleveland begs to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Twain's letter and say that she took the liberty of reading it to the President, who desires her to thank Mr. Twain for her information, and to say to him that Captain Mason will not be disturbed in the Frankfort Consulate. The President also desires Miss Cleveland to say that if Mr. Twain knows of any other cases of this kind he will be greatly obliged if he will write him concerning them at his earliest convenience.

Clemens immensely admired Grover Cleveland, also his young wife, and his visits to Washington were not infrequent. Mrs. Clemens was not always able to accompany him, and he has told us how once (it was his first visit after the President's marriage) she put a little note in the pocket of his evening waistcoat, which he would be sure to find when dressing, warning him about his deportment. Being presented to Mrs. Cleveland, he handed her a card on which he had written "He didn't," and asked her to sign her name below those words. Mrs. Cleveland protested that she couldn't sign it unless she knew what it was he hadn't done; but he insisted, and she promised to sign it if he would tell her immediate-

ly afterward all about it. She signed, and he handed her Mrs. Clemens's note, which was very brief. It said:

"Don't wear your arctics in the White House."

Mrs. Cleveland summoned a messenger and had the card she had signed mailed at once to Mrs. Clemens at Hartford.

In the summer of 1889 Mark Twain first met Rudyard Kipling. Kipling was making his tour around the world, a young man wholly unheard of outside of India. He was writing letters home to an Indian journal, *The Pioneer*, and he came to Elmira especially to see Mark Twain. It was night when he arrived, and next morning some one at the hotel directed him to Quarry Farm. In a hired hack he made his way out through the suburbs, among the buzzing planing-mills and sash-factories, and toiled up the long, dusty, roasting east hill, only to find that Mark Twain was at General Langdon's, in the city he had just left behind. Mrs. Crane and Susy Clemens were the only ones left at the farm, and they gave him a seat on the veranda and brought him a glass of water or cool milk, while he refreshed them with his talk—talk which Mark Twain once said might be likened to footprints, so strong and definite was the impression which it left behind. He gave them his card, on which the address was Allahabad, and Susy preserved it on that account, because to her India was a fairyland, made up of poetry and magic, airy architecture and dark mysteries. Clemens once dictated a memory of Kipling's visit:

Kipling had written upon the card a compliment to me. This gave it an additional value in Susy's eyes, since, as a distinction, it was the next thing to being recognized by a denizen of the moon.

Kipling came down that afternoon and spent a couple of hours with me, and at the end of that time I had surprised him as much as he had surprised me—and the honors were easy. I believed that he knew more than any person I had met before, and I knew that he knew that I knew less than any person he had met before—though he did not say it, and I was not expecting that he would. When he was gone Mrs. Langdon wanted to know about my visitor. I said:

"He is a stranger to me, but he is a most remarkable man—and I am the other one. Between us we cover all knowledge; he

knows all that can be known, and I know the rest."

He was a stranger to me and to all the world, and remained so for twelve months, then he became suddenly known, and universally known. From that day to this he has held this unique distinction—that of being the only living person, not head of a nation, whose voice is heard around the world the moment it drops a remark; the only such voice in existence that does not go by slow ship and rail, but always travels first-class—by cable.

About a year after Kipling's visit in Elmira George Warner came into our library one morning in Hartford with a small book in his hand and asked me if I had ever heard of Rudyard Kipling. I said, "No."

He said I would hear of him very soon, and that the noise he was going to make would be loud and continuous. The little book was the *Plain Tales*, and he left it for me to read, saying it was charged with a new and inspiring fragrance, and would blow a refreshing breath around the world that would revive the nations. A day or two later he brought a copy of the *London World* which had a sketch of Kipling in it, and a mention of the fact that he had traveled in the United States. According to this sketch he had passed through Elmira. This remark, with the additional fact that he hailed from India, attracted my attention—also Susy's. She went to her room and brought this card from its place in the frame of her mirror, and the Quarry Farm visitor stood identified.

An unusual dramatic interest developed in the Clemens home. Abby Sage Richardson had dramatized *The Prince and the Pauper*, and Daniel Frohman had secured Elsie Leslie (Lyde) to take the double rôle of the Prince and Tom Canty.

The play was produced at the Park Theater, Philadelphia, on Christmas eve. It was a success, but not a lavish one. The play was well written and staged, and Elsie Leslie was charming enough in her parts, but in the plurality lay the difficulty. The strongest scenes in the story had to be omitted when one performer played both Tom Canty and the little Prince. The play came to New York—to the Broadway Theater—and was well received. On the opening night there Mark Twain made a speech, in which he said that the presentation of "The Prince and the Pauper" realized a dream which fifteen years before had possessed him all through a long down-

town tramp, amid the crowds and confusion of Broadway.

Pretty Elsie Leslie became a favorite of the Clemens household. She was very young, and when she visited Hartford Jean and she were companions and romped together in the hay-loft. She was also a favorite of William Gillette. One day when Clemens and Gillette were together they decided to give the little girl a surprise—a unique one. They agreed to embroider a pair of slippers for her—to do the work themselves. Writing to her of it, Mark Twain said:

Either one of us could have thought of a single slipper, but it took both of us to think of two slippers. In fact, one of us did think of one slipper, and then, quick as a flash, the other of the other one. It shows how wonderful the human mind is. . . .

Gillette embroidered his slipper with astonishing facility and splendor, but I have been a long time pulling through with mine. You see, it was my very first attempt at art, and I couldn't rightly get the hang of it along at first. And then I was so busy that I couldn't get a chance to work at it at home, and they wouldn't let me embroider on the cars; they said it made the other passengers afraid. They didn't like the light that flared into my eye when I had an inspiration. And even the most fair-minded people doubted me when I explained what it was I was making—especially brakemen. Brakemen always swore at it and carried on, the way ignorant people do about art. They wouldn't take my word that it was a slipper; they said they believed it was a snow-shoe that had some kind of disease.

VOL. CXXV.—No. 749 .96

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Flood-tide is a temporary condition, and the ebb in the business of Charles L. Webster & Co., though very deliberate, was not delayed in its beginning. Most of the books published—the early ones at least—were profitable. McClellan's memoirs paid, as did others of the war series.


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PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN SIX LANGUAGES.

LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII.

From an Authentic Memoir Furnished by His Order.
WRITTEN WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT, APPROBATION, AND BLESSING OF
HIS HOLINESS THE POPE,
BY BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D., L.D. (LAVAL).

ELEGANTLY AND
PROFUSELY
ILLUSTRATED.

EVERY CATHOLIC
IN THE LAND SHOULD
POSSESS THIS VOLUME,
AS IT IS ENDOWED
WITH THE
APPROBATION
AND
BLESSING
OF
THE POPE,
AS A SOUVENIR OF HIS
GOLDEN JUBILEE
YEAR, 1887.



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CHROMOS
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IN ONE VOLUME, ROYAL OCTAVO, OF ABOUT 600 PAGES.
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A POSTER ADVERTISEMENT OF THE "LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII."

Even *The Life of Pope Leo XIII.* paid. What a statement to make, after all their magnificent dreams and preparations! It was published simultaneously in six languages. It was exploited in every conceivable fashion, and its aggregate sales fell far short of the number which the general agents had promised for their first orders. It was amazing, it was incredible, but, alas! it was true.

A variety of books followed. Henry Ward Beecher agreed to write an auto-

biography, but he died just when he was beginning the work, and the biography, which his family put together, brought only a moderate return. A book of Sandwich Island tales and legends, by his Hawaiian Majesty King Kalakaua, edited by Clemens's old friend, Rollin M. Dagget, who had become United States minister to the islands, barely paid for the cost of manufacture; while a whole volume of reminiscences by General Hancock was still less fortunate. The running expenses of the business were heavy. On the strength of the Grant success Webster had moved into still larger quarters at No. 3 East Fifteenth Street, and had a ground floor for a salesroom. The force had become numerous and costly. It was necessary that a book should pay largely to maintain this pretentious establish-

ment. A number of books were published at a heavy loss. Never mind their titles; we may forget them, with the name of the bookkeeper who presently embezzled thirty thousand dollars of the firm's money and returned but a trifling sum.

By the end of 1887 there were three works in prospect on which great hopes were founded—*The Library of Humor*, which Howells and Charles Hopkins Clark had edited, a personal memoir of General Sheridan's, and a *Library of American Literature* in ten volumes, compiled by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. It was believed these would restore the fortunes and the prestige of the firm. It was necessary to borrow most of the money required to build these books, for the

profit made from the Grant Life and less fortunate ventures was pretty well exhausted. Clemens presently found a little drift of his notes accumulating at this bank and that—a disturbing condition, when he remembered it, for he was financing a type-setting machine by this time, and it was costing a pretty sum.

Meantime, Webster was no longer active in the management. In two years he had broken down from overwork, and was now desperately ill with an acute neuralgia which made it necessary for him to abandon the business altogether.* Its burdens had fallen upon his assistant, Fred J. Hall, a willing, capable young man, persevering and hopeful, lacking only years and experience. Hall worked like a beaver, and continually looked forward to success. He explained, with each

month's report of affairs, just why the business had not prospered more during that particular month, and just why its profits would be greater during the next. He reduced expenses, toiled desperately, and managed to keep the craft afloat.

The Library of Humor, *The Life of Sheridan*, and *The Library of American Literature* all sold very well; not so well as had been hoped, but the sales yielded a fair profit. It was believed that if Clemens himself would furnish a new book now and then the business might regain something of its original standing.

By 1889 Clemens had a new book ready. *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's*

* He retired permanently at the end of 1888. He died in April, 1891.



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND

From a photograph presented to Susy Clemens

Court. From every point of view it seemed necessary to make this an important and pretentious publication. It was Mark Twain's first book after a silence of five years; it was a book badly needed by his publishing business with which to maintain its prestige and profit; it was a book which was to come out of his maturity and present his deductions, as to humanity at large and kings in particular, to a waiting public. It was determined to spare no expense on the manufacture, and that its illustration might be of a sort to illuminate and, indeed, to elaborate the text. Clemens had admired some pictures made by

Daniel Carter ("Dan") Beard for a Chinese story in the *Cosmopolitan*, and made up his mind that this was the man for the *Yankee*. The manuscript was sent to Beard, who met Clemens a little later in the office of Webster & Co. to discuss the matter. Clemens said:

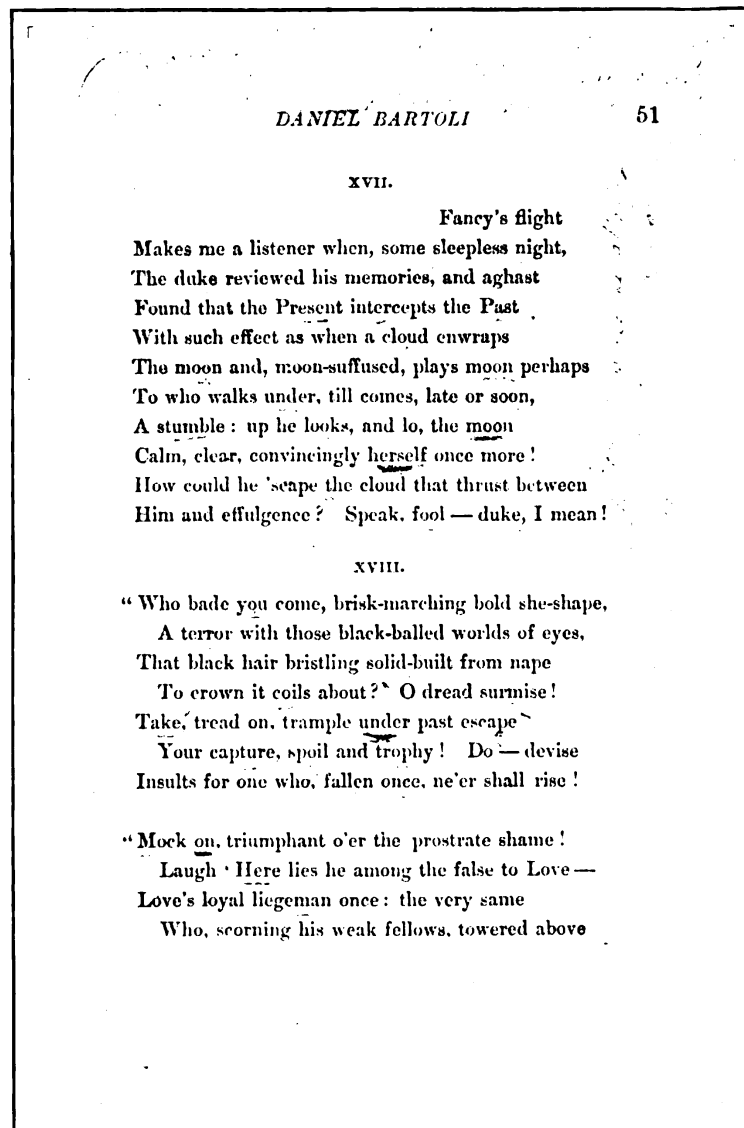
"Mr. Beard, I do not want to subject you to any undue suffering, but I wish you would read the book before you make the pictures."

Beard replied that he had already read it two or three times.

"Very good," Clemens said; "but I wasn't led to suppose that that was the usual custom among illustrators, judging from some results I have seen. You know," he went on, "this Yankee of mine has neither the refinement nor the weakness of a college education; he is a perfect ignoramus; he is boss of a machine-shop; he can

build a locomotive or a Colt's revolver; he can put up and run a telegraph line; but he's an ignoramus, nevertheless. I have put all the vulgarity and coarseness into the book that it will stand. I rely upon you for its refinement and delicacy. I am not going to tell you what to draw. If a man comes to me and says, 'Mr. Clemens, I want you to write me a story,' I'll write for him; but if he undertakes to tell me what to write I'll say, 'Go hire a typewriter.'"

Beard's pictures for the *Yankee* justified the author's faith in him, and remain the finest examples of Dan Beard's symbolic work.



A PAGE FROM MARK TWAIN'S "BROWNING"

Showing the annotations and markings which he employed when giving his readings

Clemens had submitted his manuscript to Howells and to Stedman, and had read portions of it, at least, to Mrs. Clemens, whose eyes were troubling her so that she could not read for herself. Stedman suggested certain eliminations, but on the whole would seem to have approved of the book. Howells was enthusiastic. Its sociology and its socialism seemed to him the final word that could be said on those subjects. When he had partly finished it he wrote:

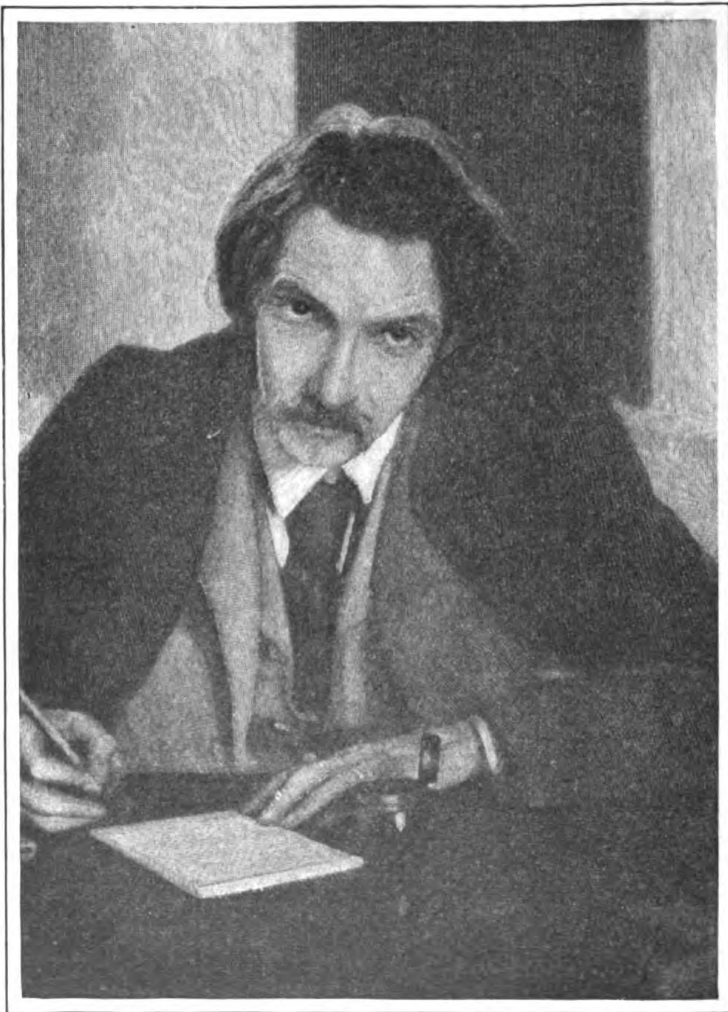
It's a mighty great book, and it makes my

their English readers. Clemens wrote that he had already revised the *Yankee* twice, that Stedman had critically read it, and that Mrs. Clemens had made him strike out many passages and soften others. He added that he had read chapters of it in public several times where Englishmen were present, and had profited by their suggestions. Then he said:

Now, mind you, I have taken all this pains because I wanted to say a Yankee mechanic's say against monarchy and its several natural props, and yet make a book which you would be willing to print exactly as it comes to you, without altering a word.

We are spoken of (by Englishmen) as a thin-skinned people. It is you who are thin-skinned. An Englishman may write with the most brutal frankness about any man or institution among us and we republish him without dreaming of altering a line or a word. But England cannot stand that kind of a book written about herself. It is England that is thin-skinned. It causeth me to smile when I read the modifications of my language which have been made in my English editions to fit them for the sensitive English palate.

So the *Yankee* was published in England just as he had written it, and the criticisms were as plentiful as they were frank. It was referred to as a "lamentable failure" and as an "audacious



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

From the wood engraving by Henry Wolf after a photograph by Lloyd Osbourne

heart burn with wrath. It seems that God didn't forget to put a soul in you. He shuts most literary men off with a brain, merely.

The London publishers of the *Yankee* were keenly anxious to revise the text for

sacrilege" and in terms still less polite. Not all of the English critics were violent. The *Daily Telegraph* gave it something more than a column of careful review, which did not fail to point out

the book's sins, with a good deal of justice and dignity, but the majority of English papers joined in a sort of objurgatory chorus which, for a time at least, spared neither the author nor his work.

These things must have begun to gravel Clemens a good deal at last, for he wrote to Andrew Lang at considerable length, setting forth his case in general terms—that is to say, his position as an author—inviting Lang to stand as his advocate before the English public.

Lang's response was an article published in the *Illustrated London News* on the art of Mark Twain. He began by gently ridiculing hyperculture—the new culture—and ended with a eulogy on *Huck Finn*.

In the brief column and a half which it occupies this comment of Andrew Lang's constitutes as thoughtful and fair an estimate of Mark Twain's work as was ever written.

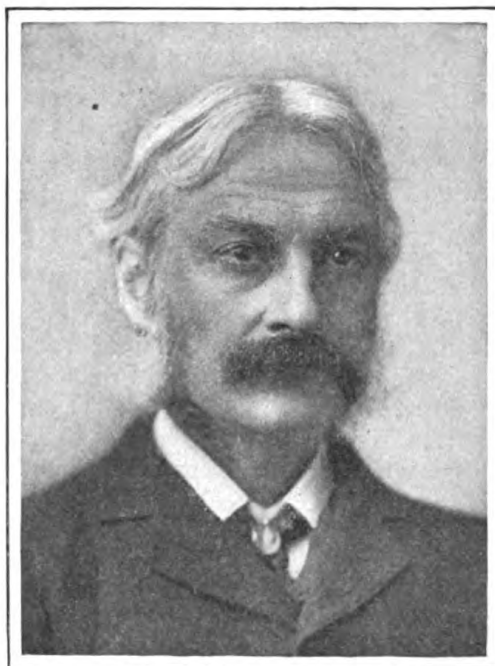
By the beginning of 1891 Mark Twain's finances were in a critical condition. The publishing business had managed to weather along. It was still profitable, and could have been made much more so if the capital necessary to its growth had not been continuously and relentlessly absorbed by that gigantic vampire of inventions, that remorseless Frankenstein monster—the Machine—which for more than half a score of years Mark Twain endeavored to finance.

The beginning of this vast tragedy (for it was no less than that) dated as far back as 1880, when Clemens one day had taken a minor and purely speculative interest in a patent right which was to do away with setting type by hand. In

some memoranda which he made more than ten years later, when the catastrophe was still a little longer postponed, he gave some account of the matter. He said:

This episode has now spread itself over more than one-fifth of my life, a considerable stretch of time, as I am now 55 years old.

Ten or eleven years ago Dwight Buell, a jeweler, called at our house and was shown up to the billiard-room—which was my study; and the game got more study than the other sciences. He wanted me to take some stock in a type-setting machine. He said it was at the Colt's Arms factory, and was about finished. I took \$2,000 of the stock. I was always taking little chances like that, and almost always losing by it, too. Some time afterward I was invited to go down to the factory and see the machine. I went, promising myself nothing, for I knew all about type-setting by



ANDREW LANG

Who was Mark Twain's most ardent champion in England

practical experience, and held the settled and solidified opinion that a successful type-setting machine was an impossibility, for the reason that a machine cannot be made to *think*, and the thing that sets movable type *must* think or retire defeated. So the performance I witnessed did most thoroughly amaze me. Here was a machine that was really setting type, and doing it with swiftness and accuracy, too. Moreover, it was distributing its case at the same time. The distribution was automatic; the machine fed itself from a galley of dead matter and without human help or suggestion, for it began its work of its own accord when the type channels needed filling, and stopped of its own accord when they were full enough. The machine was almost a complete compositor; it lacked but one feature—it did not “justify” the lines. This was done by hand.

I saw the operator set at the rate of 3,000 ems an hour, which, counting distribution, was but little short of four casemen's work. William Hamersley was there. He said he was already a considerable owner, and was going to take as much more of the stock as he could afford. Wherefore, I set down my name for an additional \$3,000. It is here that the music begins.

It was the so-called Farnham machine that he saw, invented by James W. Paige, and if they had placed it on the market then, without waiting for the inventor to devise improvements, the story might have been a different one. But Paige was never content short of absolute perfection—a machine that was not only partly human, but entirely so. Clemens used to say later that the Paige typesetter would do everything that a human being could do except drink and swear and go on a strike. He might properly have omitted the last item—but of that later. Paige was a small, bright-eyed, alert, smartly dressed man, with a crystal-clear mind, but a dreamer and a visionary. Clemens writes of him: "He is a poet; a most great and genuine poet, whose sublime creations are written in steel."

It is easy to see now that Mark Twain and Paige did not make a good business combination. When Paige declared that, wonderful as the machine was, he could do vastly greater things with it, make it worth many more and much larger fortunes by adding this attachment and that, Clemens was just the man to enter into his dreams and to furnish the money to realize them. Paige did not require much money at first, and on the capital already invested he tinkered along with his improvements for something like four or five years; Hamersley and Clemens meantime capitalizing the company and getting ready to place the perfected invention on the market. By the time the Grant episode had ended, Clemens had no reason to believe but that incalculable wealth lay just ahead, when the newspapers should be apprised of the fact that their types were no longer to be set by hand. Several contracts had been made with Paige, and several new attachments had been added to the machine. It seemed to require only one thing more, the justifier, which would save the labor of the extra man. Paige could be sat-

isfied with nothing short of that, even though the extra man's wage was unimportant. He must have his machine *do it all*, and meantime five precious years had slipped away. Clemens, in his memoranda, says:

End of 1885. Paige arrives at my house unheralded. I had seen little or nothing of him for a year or two. He said:

"What will you complete the machine for?"

"What will it cost?"

"Twenty thousand dollars; certainly not over \$30,000."

"What will you give?"

"I'll give you half."

Clemens was "flush" at this time. His reading tour with Cable, the great sale of *Huck Finn*, the prospect of the Grant book were rosy realities. He said:

"I'll do it, but the limit must be \$30,000."

They agreed to allow Hamersley a tenth interest for the money he had already invested and for legal advice. Hamersley consented readily enough, and when in February, 1886, the new contract was drawn they believed themselves heir to the millions of the Fourth Estate.

By this time F. G. Whitmore had come into Clemens's business affairs, and he did not altogether approve of the new contract. Among other things it required that Clemens should not only complete the machine, but promote it, capitalize it commercially. Whitmore said:

"Mr. Clemens, that clause can bankrupt you."

Clemens answered: "Never mind that. Whitmore; I've considered that. I can get a thousand men worth a million dollars apiece to go in with me if I can get a perfect machine."

He immediately began to calculate the number of millions he would be worth presently when the machine was completed and announced to the waiting world. He covered pages with figures that never ran short of millions, and frequently approached the billion mark. Colonel Sellers in his happiest moments never dreamed more lavishly. He obtained a list of all the newspapers in the United States and in Europe, and he counted up the machines that would

be required by each. To his nephew, Sam Moffett, visiting him one day, he declared that it would take ten men to count the profits from the type-setter. He realized clearly enough that a machine which would set and distribute and do the work of half a dozen men or more would revolutionize type composition. The fact that other inventors besides Paige were working quite as diligently and perhaps toward more simple conclusions did not disturb him. Rumors came of the Rogers machine and the Thorn machine and the Mergenthaler linotype, but Mark Twain only smiled. When the promoters of the Mergenthaler offered to exchange half their interests for a half-interest in the Paige patent, to obtain thereby a wider insurance of success, it only confirmed his trust, and he let the golden opportunity go by.

Clemens thinks the thirty thousand dollars lasted about a year. Then Paige confessed that the machine was still incomplete, but he said that four thousand dollars more would finish it, and that with ten thousand dollars he could finish it and give a big exhibition in New York. He had discarded the old machine altogether, it seems, and at Pratt & Whitney's shops was building a new one from the ground up—a machine of twenty thousand minutely exact parts, each of which must be made by expert hand-workmanship after elaborate drawings and patterns even more expensive. It was an undertaking for a millionaire.

Paige offered to borrow from Clemens the amount needed, offering the machine as security. Clemens supplied the four

thousand dollars, and continued to advance money from time to time at the rate of three to four thousand dollars a month, until he had something like eighty thousand dollars invested, with the machine still unfinished. This would be early in 1888, by which time other



THE SLIPPER EMBROIDERED BY MARK TWAIN FOR ELSIE LESLIE
Reproduced from *St. Nicholas* by permission of the Century Company

machines had reached a state of completion and were being placed on the market. The Mergenthaler in particular was attracting wide attention. Paige laughed at it, and Clemens, too, regarded it as a joke. The moment their machine was complete all other machines would disappear. Even the fact that the *Tribune* had ordered twenty-three of the linotypes, and other journals were only waiting to see the paper in its new dress before ordering, did not disturb them. Those linotypes would all go into the scrap-heap presently. It was too bad

people would waste their money so. In January, 1888, Paige promised that the machine would be done by the 1st of April. On the 1st of April he promised it for September, but in October he acknowledged there were still eighty-five days' work to be done on it.

By the end of '88 the incomes from the books and the business and the investments no longer satisfied the demands of the type-setter, in addition to the household expense, reduced though the latter was, and Clemens began by selling and hypothecating his marketable securities. The whole household interest by this time centered in the machine. What the Tennessee land had been to John and Jane Clemens the machine had now become to Samuel Clemens and his family. "When the machine is finished, everything will be all right again," afforded the comfort of that old long-ago sentence, "When the Tennessee land is sold."

They would have everything they wanted then. Mrs. Clemens planned benefactions, as was her wont. Once she said to her sister:

"How strange it will seem to have unlimited means, to be able to do whatever you want to do, to give whatever you want to give without counting the cost!"

Straight along through another year the three thousand dollars and more a month continued, and then on the 5th of January, 1889, there came what seemed the end—the machine and justifier were complete! In his note-book on that day Mark Twain set down this memorandum:

EUREKA!

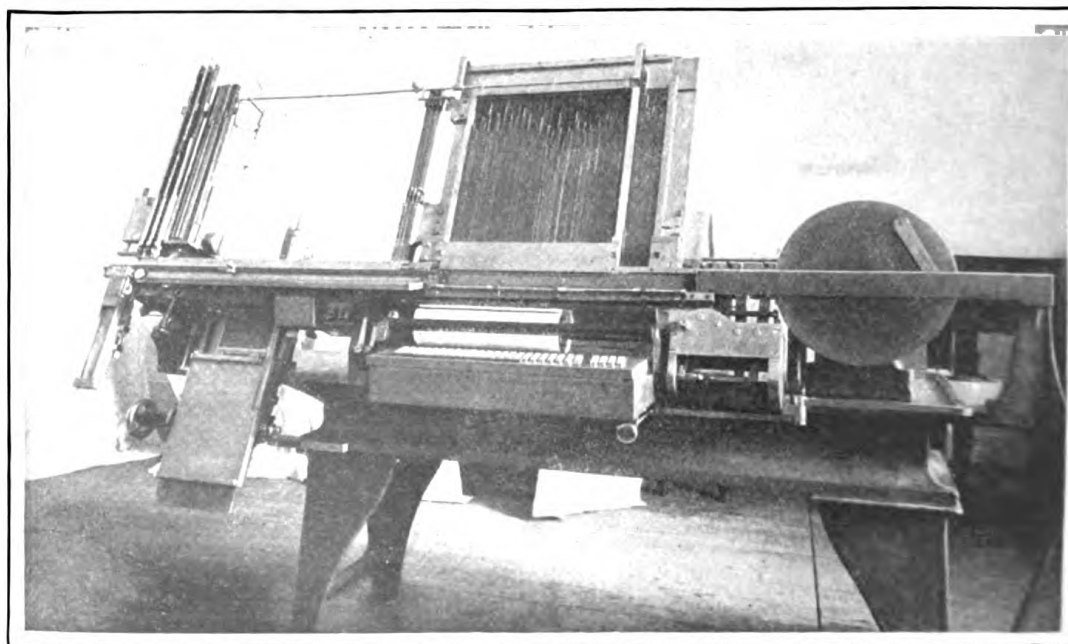
Saturday, January 5, 1889—12.20 P. M.
At this moment I have seen a line of movable type *spaced and justified by machinery!* This is the first time in the history of the world that this amazing thing has ever been done. Present:

J. W. Paige, the inventor;
Charles Davis { Mathematical assistants
Earl { & mechanical
Graham { experts
Bates, foreman, and
S. L. Clemens.

This record is made immediately after the prodigious event.

It seemed to him that his troubles were at an end. He wrote overflowing letters, such as long ago he had written about his first mining claims, to Orion and to other members of the family and to friends in America and Europe.

But what is the use of remembering all these bitter details? The steady expense went on through another year, ap-



THE PAIGE TYPE-SETTING MACHINE

In perfecting its 20,000 parts Mark Twain spent nearly \$190,000

parently increasing instead of diminishing, until, by the beginning of 1890, Clemens was finding it almost impossible to raise funds to continue the work. Still he struggled on. It was the old mining fascination—"a foot farther into the ledge and we shall strike the vein of gold."

He sent for Joe Goodman to come and help him to organize a capital stock company, in which Senator Jones and John Mackay, old Comstock friends, were to be represented. He never for a moment lost faith in the final outcome, and he believed that if they could build their own factory the delays and imperfections of construction would be avoided. Pratt & Whitney had been obliged to make all the parts by hand. With their own factory the new company would have vast and perfect machinery dedicated entirely to the production of type-setters.

Nothing short of two million dollars capitalization was considered, and Goodman made at least three trips from California to the East and labored with Jones and Mackay all that winter and at intervals during the following year, through which that "cunning devil," the machine, consumed its monthly four thousand dollars—money that was the final gleanings and sweepings of every nook and corner of the strong-box and bank-account and savings of the Clemens family resources. With all of Mark Twain's fame and honors his life at this period was far from an enviable one. It was a fevered delirium, often a veritable nightmare.

Goodman remembers that when they were in Washington, conferring with Jones, and had rooms at the Arlington, opening together, often in the night he would awaken to see a light burning in the next room and to hear Mark Twain's voice calling:

"Joe, are you awake?"

"Yes, Mark. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing, only I can't sleep. Won't you talk awhile? I know it's wrong to disturb you, but I am so damned miserable that I can't help it."

And then he would get up and talk and talk, and pace the floor and curse the delays until he had refreshed himself, and then perhaps wallow in millions until breakfast-time.

Jones and Mackay, deeply interested, were willing to put up a reasonable

amount of money, but they were unable to see a profit in investing so large a capital in a plant for constructing the machines.

Clemens prepared estimates showing that the American business alone would earn thirty-five million dollars a year, and the European business twenty million dollars more. These dazzled, but they did not convince, the capitalists. Jones was sincerely anxious to see the machine succeed, and made an engagement to come out to see it work, but a day or two before he was to come Paige was seized with an inspiration. The type-setter was all in parts when the day came, and Jones's visit had to be postponed. Goodman wrote that the fatal day had "sicklied o'er the bloom" of Jones's original enthusiasm.

Mark Twain was grabbing at straws now. He offered a twentieth or a hundredth or a thousandth part of the enterprise for varying sums, ranging from one thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. He tried to capitalize his machine royalties, and did dispose of a few of these, but when the money came in for them he was beset by doubts as to the final outcome, and, though at his wits' ends for further funds, he returned the checks to the friends who had sent them. One five-thousand-dollar check from a friend named Arnot, in Elmira, went back by the next mail. He was willing to sacrifice his own last penny, but he could not take money from those who were blindly backing only his judgment and not their own. He still had faith in Jones—faith which lasted up to the 13th of February, 1891. Then came a final letter, in which Jones said that he had canvassed the situation thoroughly with such men as Mackay, Farewell, Don Cameron, Whitney, and others, with the result that they would have nothing to do with the machine. Jones put it more politely than this, and added that there was no doubt as to the machine's future—an ambiguous statement. Clemens realized that for the present at least the dream was ended. The family securities were exhausted. The book-trade was dull; his royalties were insufficient even to the demands of the household. He signed further notes to keep business going, left the matter of the machine in abeyance, and turned once more to the trade of

authorship. He had spent in the neighborhood of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars on the type-setter—money that would better have been thrown into the Connecticut River, for then the agony had been more quickly over. As it was, it had shadowed many precious years.

For the first time in twenty years Mark Twain was altogether dependent on literature for support. His need was imminent, and he lost no time. He dug out from his pigeon-holes such materials as he had in stock, selecting a few completed manuscripts for immediate disposal—among them an old article entitled "Mental Telegraphy," written in 1878, when he had hesitated to offer it, in the fear that it would not be accepted by the public otherwise than as a joke. He added to it now a supplement and sent it to *Harper's Magazine*. Psychic matters had progressed in twelve years; also Mark Twain had come to be rather more seriously regarded. The article was accepted promptly. Another sketch, "Luck," also found its way to *Harper's Magazine*, and other manuscripts were looked over and furbished up with a view to their disposal. Even the history game was dragged from the dust of its retirement, and Hall was instructed to investigate its chance of profit.

Then Mark Twain went to work in earnest. Within a week after the collapse of the Jones bubble he was hard at work on a new book—the transmigration of the old "Claimant" play into a novel.

Ever since the appearance of the *Yankee* there had been what was evidently a concerted movement to induce him to write a novel with the theories of Henry George as the central idea. Letters from every direction had urged him to undertake such a story, and these had suggested a more serious purpose for the *Claimant* book. A *motif* in which a young lord renounces his heritage and class to come to America and labor with his hands had in it something valuable, and had the author developed this element further, and abandoned Colonel Sellers's materialization lunacies to the oblivion they had earned, the result might have been more fortunate.

But his faith in the new Sellers had never died, and the temptation to use scenes from the abandoned play proved

to be too strong to be resisted. The result was incongruous enough. The author, however, admired it amazingly at the time. He wrote Hall that the book would be ready soon, and that there must be seventy-five thousand orders by the date of issue, "not a single one short of that."

Early in May he was arranging for its serial disposition, and it was eventually sold for twelve thousand dollars to the McClure Syndicate, who placed it with a number of papers in America and with the *Idler* magazine in England. W. M. Laffan, of the *Sun*, an old and tried friend, combined with McClure in the arrangement. Laffan also proposed to join with McClure in paying Mark Twain a thousand dollars each for a series of six European letters. This was toward the end of May, when Clemens had already decided upon a long European sojourn.

There were several reasons why this was desirable. Neither Clemens nor his wife were in good health, and a council of physicians had agreed that Mrs. Clemens had some disturbance of the heart. The death of Charles L. Webster in April—the fourth death among relatives in two years—had renewed her forebodings. Susy had returned from Bryn Mawr far from well. The European baths and the change of travel it was believed would be beneficial to the family health. Furthermore, the maintenance of the Hartford home was far too costly for their present and prospective income. The house with its associations of seventeen incomparable years must be closed. A great period had ended.

They arranged to sail on the 6th of June by the French line. Mrs. Crane was to accompany them, and came over in April to help in breaking the news to the servants. It was a sad dissolution.

The day came for departure, and the carriage was at the door. Mrs. Clemens did not come immediately. She was looking into the rooms, bidding a kind of silent good-by to the home she had made and to all its memories. Following the others, she entered the carriage, and Patrick McAleer drove them together for the last time. They were going on a long journey. They did not guess how long, or that the place would never be home to them again.

Flower o' the Road

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

IT was all long ago, when Ireland had her own Parliament and Dublin was a capital. All over the country bread and laughter were close to the lips of the poor, and the rich played their game of life as if all the world would stand forever waiting on youth and happiness. They rode to hounds and danced and met love with lips aglow. The young bucks dealt in wild wagers, fought for a glance, and, in the back of their minds, were ready to pay the piper, who yet never seemed to call on them for his debt.

In our own part of the country we were as gay as they were in Dublin, for, after all, it was the south of Ireland that was first settled by the great old families, and the town of Wexford clung fast to its ancient traditions. During the months when the assizes were held the people of the big estates moved into their town houses and we knew the last word of jollity. For the barracks were there then and the flower of the Irish officers were quartered there. The young captains and lieutenants would come up also from Duncannon and New Ross, and they even came down from Dublin to our great balls, for some of the beauties most toasted in Ireland lived in Wexford County.

So the old Coach Road from Wexford to Dublin was well frequented. It was a rare windfall for the highwaymen when they had a clear chance to rob it, for there were days when scarce a rod of it was untraveled. It was the heart of Wexford, and romance was the flower it bore. North on it rode the gentlemen of Wexford as far as Arklow, to meet the incoming judge. Brave enough they looked in their red coats, and brave enough were the big, swaying coaches in which the ladies drove, the postilions in their handsome liveries astride the near horses. Across the road, on a hunting-day, it was no uncommon occurrence to see a fox scudding, the pack after it in full cry. And southward over the road came the lovers, great and humble, to

seek the women to whom love or fancy urged them. The peasants sat under the hedges by the road and made love, for all the world to see. The gallants went on to some sequestered garden or drawing-room where women waited, pretending not to be won.

But for every woman's heart that is won there can always be counted another woman's heart that waits. And there was a beauty in Wexford who had never been toasted, whose beauty none recognized because it was of an odd sort, marred, it may be, by a bitter temper, but more surely concealed by poverty; for despite what the romances say, the lattice-work of poverty, of inconspicuousness, is the harshest concealment ever invented for beauty.

Her name was Kathleen Gore, and on one side she could claim kin with the Aran family, than whom none held their heads higher. Her grandfather had been Thurston Gore, the black sheep, and he had married a peasant girl to spite his father, and had produced a half-sir, another Thurston, who had married a peasant. Their child was Kathleen, taken none too willingly, when her parents died, and reared among her second cousins, the Cressly Gores. If Lady Cressly Gore had been alive it may be that Kathleen would not have been allowed to feel alien. But Lady Gore was dead and a housekeeper and a governess were in charge, who were not at all pleased at having another child to care for, and, being of no degree themselves, were quick to scorn the peasant strain in Kathleen. Cressly Gore was a mere man, who patted the black head of his little cousin in the same way that he patted the blond heads of his own children, and so considered that his goodwill had been amply demonstrated. The young Gores were good-natured enough, but it was only to be expected that they should absorb the attitude of their governess and the servants.

So it was that Kathleen grew up, socially a background figure, but sufficiently to the fore when there was any work to be done. As she grew older, the governess, growing older too, put into her hands some of the teaching of the younger children, and the housekeeper gave her the family linen to mend, and because she had a fostering hand the servants came to her with their ailments, so that she was by way of being a skilled leech.

But to be useful is not always to be happy, and it was natural that Kathleen Gore, who had been reminded often enough by the servants that she was a charity charge on the bounty of the Gores, none too rich, should begin to see that she was paying well her way. And also because she felt the terrible loneliness of those who have few rights by birth, she set up a guard for herself in a sharp tongue, no doubt an inheritance from the peasant strain in her. So it fell out that where she was most respected she was least liked, and no one knew that if her cousins had but once made her really a part of themselves she would have died like a dog for any of them.

Not that Jane and Sheila and Anne realized the hunger she felt; if they had they would have tried to satisfy it, and indeed, in the after years, when she had really come into her own, they were by way of finding continually fresh virtues in her. But they were used to her place in the background. They saw her walking in the garden with the youngest child, who adored her, and they assumed that she was happy—as if sunshine and flowers were enough for a wild-hearted Irish girl! And she was not always left out of their gaieties. Sometimes one of her cousins stayed home from a hunt that Kathleen might ride. But it was not in cross-country riding that romance seeks its own; rather when the brush has been taken, and the young people are gathered together in the great drawing-room, and are eating and drinking close to the fireplace. That was the hour always denied Kathleen. When the Gores gave a garden party, or in the winter filled their house with guests for a mid-week, she was present indeed, but always with a golden-haired child clinging to her arm, or pouring the tea, or in some way show-

ing her position as a dependent. So the guests of the Gores, though they knew vaguely her relationship to the family, scarce gave her a thought or a glance.

The Gores were all good-looking, but the fourth girl, Diana, was a beauty almost past believing. Even when she was a child the young men borrowed the blue of the sky that her eyes might shame it, and the gold of the guinea that her hair might dim it, and all the music of the birds to sing small before her voice. And as the Gores were determined that their jewel should have a worthy setting, at fifteen she was sent to school in France, and at seventeen she was taken to London, and presented, and given a year in the great world. At eighteen she was come home, a trail of admirers behind her, with naught on her heart but the difficulty of choosing the marriage most pleasing to the Gores.

That winter was the gayest Wexford had ever known, for the young men of the county were mad about Diana, and the girls ready to catch hearts on the rebound. And the Great Coach Road sent down a steady procession of gallants from Dublin, eager to see the beauty of the south. The only young buck in all Ireland who had not paid his respects to her was Sir Anthony Cokeley, who had gone traveling the world while she was yet a child, and who was now the pride of the Hell-fire Club in Dublin, and renowned for his leap from the second-story window of Daly's Café upon the top of a galloping coach and four. It had come to Diana's ears that when he was reminded that she had returned home he remarked that the filly would have to wait till his luck in cards changed before he tried his luck in love. But now it seemed he had stopped winning in cards, and was minded to try his fortune in love, for he was close to thirty, a great age for a bachelor in those days, and Cokeley Hall was crying aloud for a mistress, and he was tired of the excitement of the world, and ready to settle down on his own estate. When it was known that he was coming south to spend a month in Wexford many hearts beat faster with curiosity and perhaps with hope.

Even Diana Gore, used to triumphs, was moved to eagerness as she took her

place in the family coach which was to drive thirty miles to Beresford Hall, where Cokeley was to be, at the greatest ball of the season. The coach was well filled, for Kathleen was going too, not to dance, but to play cards with the old grandaunt of the Beresfords, a hearty dame of ninety, who could lose a crown-piece gallantly, and was prone to cast her cane at the head of any relative who suggested the hour of sleep.

It was almost four o'clock, and well darkening, when the coach set forth, fat old Dugan, the coachman, on the box, the two Surretts as postilions. The coach lamps were aglow, and Thady Surret, riding a foremost horse, carried a flambeau to help light the road. The ladies were well wrapped in heavy cloaks and veils, partly to shut out the cold, and partly to protect their frocks and complexions. Old Dugan had set inside a goodly supply of hot-water jars and warming-pans, for it was the time of year when he feared a big wind, and the old coach was none too weather-proof. The horses went over the hard ground at a brisk pace, the postilions whistled, and Dugan cracked his whip and watched the dark road.

Kathleen stared silently out of the window, watching the black shadows of hedge and tree. She had a keen imagination, and scarcely felt surprise when she heard a murmur, that presently became shouting, when she heard the cracking of whips, the impact of blows, and when the coach rocked back on its creaking springs. Almost as soon as her cousins began to scream the coach door was opened and a deep, gruff, disguised voice begged them to alight. Kathleen stepped out first, ignoring the hand that was offered to assist her. She stepped to the head of the coach, where she saw old Dugan, wild-eyed but unhurt, being neatly trussed on his own box-seat. One of the Surretts lay insensible, his head in his brother's lap. Kathleen stepped back to her cousins, now all dismounted, weeping or screaming, holding out their jewels or trying to conceal them, as their disposition prompted. Three masked, frieze-clad men, excellent of figure despite their rough garments, stood over them, and communicated with one another in dumb show above the feminine clamor.

Over the hedge there leaped a masked man on horseback, who just cleared the ditch, barely escaping the rear wheels of the coach. Kathleen noted his horsemanship even as she was wondering whether he came as protector or assailant. She was not alarmed; adventure passed her way all too rarely not to be tasted fully, whatever its form. The rider surveyed the screaming women; then he rode to Kathleen's side, and, bending toward her, said, half-excitedly and quite whimsically:

"For the love of Heaven, madam, which of these Niobes fearing to lose those children of their souls, their jewels, is Diana Gore?"

Now it may be that Kathleen had an inkling of what the whole matter meant, and spoke with calculation, or it may be that she spoke from impulse, but she said, composedly:

"I am Diana Gore."

"And that suits right well the situation," said the rider.

He bent still closer, and Kathleen felt herself lifted from the ground. She gloried in the strength of the arm that set her across the saddle, and she did not struggle. She sat still even when the rider put spurs to his horse, and they galloped northward along the Great Coach Road. But her heart was beating so heavily that she dared not look into the masked face above her. She listened to the cries of her cousins growing fainter, to the hard beat of the horses' feet, and to the wind. Presently from a high hill ahead they heard a faint rumble.

"The coach from Dublin," said the man. "It is scarcely well met." He made as if immediately to leap the hedge to his left. "Nay, my freight is too precious for the risk," he said, aloud, and galloped on until they reached a gate, within which he swung, not five minutes before the Dublin coach rattled by.

Kathleen's pulses had slackened somewhat, and she turned her head slightly, to see if she knew where she was. Somewhere between Enniscorthy and Killmuckridge, she guessed, with the wind rising, and carrying with it the salt tang of the sea.

"You have not swooned, madam," said the rider, in a faintly puzzled tone, "for your weight is not dead in my arms."

"I am the mistress of my senses," said Kathleen, but she spoke in a whisper.

"Yet you do not weep or scream?"

"Because I am not afraid," she said, and now her voice was full and steady, and if it were not as sweet as Diana's, yet it had a brave, deep note of its own.

"She is not afraid," said the man, musingly, and then there was a silence between them. Presently he began to hum in a musical voice:

"'Oh, how shall I win thee, Eileen Aroon?'"

And then a strange sense of power came upon Kathleen Gore. Whom she was with she knew not; where she was going she knew not.

They rode with the wind; almost it seemed to her that they rode on the wings of the wind, that the surging sounds about her were the voices of strange beings in some way kin to her. Her blood went wild; she felt that for the first time she was alive, that her hour had come, and she did not believe that it would ever end.

Her voice rose above the wind in passionate, sweet song. She sang, tenderly, heart-breakingly, a world-old lullaby:

"'Sleep, my child,—

The morning sleeps on a bed of roses,
The evening sleeps on the tops of the dark hills;

The wind sleeps in the hollow of the rocks.
Sleep in quiet, sleep in joy, *acushla*,—
May thy sleep never be the sleep of sorrow;

Sleep, my child.'"

She was murmuring the last notes, and salt spray was tingling against her cheek, when the spent horse stumbled over the last stretch of the road and they turned in at a broken wall and rode up to a ruined tower in the upper window of which a light twinkled. And well she knew where she was, and whose was the old, broken sea-castle. She lay quiet in her bearer's arms till he had taken her to the upper room, set her inside, locked the door, and gone down again, presumably to care for his horse. She looked about the room, every foot of which she knew; its outer wall was crumbling, and a gap in the ceiling showed the black sky. A fire burned on the hearth, a supper was laid on a table, and two chairs

faced each other comfortably, one on each side of the fireplace.

Smiling, she opened the bag that hung from her wrist. She tore down the plain bands of her hair and dressed it, as Queen Mæve may have dressed hers, in heavy braids that fell far below her waist. She turned her cloak, so that the red velvet lining brought out the fairness of her skin. Then, as she heard him coming, she hastily put on her veil and retreated, trembling now, close to the broken, deep window.

He entered, locked the door, and approached her, where she stood with head bent. He lifted her passive hand and gave her the key.

"Diana," he said, softly, "the abduction was a base adventure, but 'twas the short cut to my desire—I hope, to yours. I am your prisoner, not you mine. Rest a little, brave girl, and then walk with me to the sea-shore, take a boat, and we'll crown the adventure with our marriage in Gretna Green."

For only a moment Kathleen hesitated. Then she lifted her hand and tossed the key out of the window; they heard it click on the stones below.

"By gad! madam, and what does that mean?" he cried, raspingly.

She tore the veil from her face, and he looked down on a woman beautiful in shame, in anger, in defiant pride; but she was a dark woman, with none of the blue and gold and ivory of Diana Gore. The sheen on the long braids that rose and fell with her stormy breathing was purple-black; her eyes were like stars set in murk, and her parted mouth a deeper red than any color in Diana's veins.

"Who are you?" he breathed.

"Not Diana Gore," she said, proudly, "but one you have looked at often enough, unseeing, as one looks at the crows or the trees, Sir Anthony Cokeley!"

His brows were knotted, and he spoke with growing anger, like a man slowly finding himself tricked.

"I do not know you," he said; "I have never heard your voice before."

"Yet I have said to you, 'Tea, Sir Anthony?'" Half scornfully, she mimicked her own subdued drawing-room manner.

"Ah, the half-strain cousin," he mur-

mured, and would have bitten back the words if he could.

"The half-strain cousin!" she cried, with proud indignation. "And carried here in the arms of Sir Anthony Cokeley—a gentle scheme of abduction, hatched no doubt at Daly's when the fumes from your cups made the terror of a woman a light thing!"

Raging, Cokeley strode up and down the room. He felt that he had been played with, that he would be ridiculous in the eyes of his Dublin fellows, that this woman herself was laughing at him. He hated her, and even as his rage rose he remembered her wild singing voice, and how he had told himself that he could ride to the very stars on the strains of it.

"Why did you throw away the key?" he cried, furiously. "What do you mean?"

"Aye, what do I mean?" said Kathleen, and in her voice was the bitter note her cousins had come to fear. "You are locked alone in a room with me, a dozen miles from a neighbor. You were seen to carry me off, and for all your wild ways, Sir Anthony, you cannot deal with me as you would with a wench by the roadside. That world that has put me outside the joys of girls who are loved and cherished will protect me, because, for all my half-strain, I am a Gore."

"Would you force me to marry you?" he said, brutally. "When my friends come here in the morning to care for my horse, as I bade them, they will find us. And if I say, 'I meant to carry off Diana, and found in my arms the little cousin'—then they will laugh at me indeed; but if I go on to plead my love of Diana, if I press my suit home, then I shall win her, and they will forget their laughter, and applaud the lover who won. But you—their laughter for you will hold more than ridicule. The woman whom no man noticed will have been in far better case than the woman whom one man scorned. I dare anything; but you—what dare you? What power have you?"

Her cheeks, which had not changed color under the sting of the wind and the frost, reddened now under the shame of his words. Her hands locked themselves together, but she spoke bravely.

"There is chivalry in Ireland yet. There are young men in Wexford with whom I played as a child. They will remember that; they will not let you—"

"You have not only them to reckon with," he interrupted. "There is Diana. Would you take another woman's lover—and he unwilling?" She made no answer, but as if her strength failed her she went to one of the chairs by the fire and sank into it. Cokeley threw himself into the other with an angry laugh.

"We shall keep vigil here, madam, till my friends come," he said.

Outside the wind raved and they could hear the thunder of the surf. Now and then some stones of the old castle wall crashed to the ground. Five feet away from her sat Cokeley, but Kathleen had never felt more lonely, more desperate. For a long time there was silence between them. Then suddenly she cried:

"What do you know of Diana Gore—only that she is cold, has been won by no man! Do you know whether she could sing to you when you were in the mood for music, could talk when you craved that, could be silent when you wanted only gentle peace? Has she the hand to serve you, or the soul to cherish you? Could she watch by you in sickness, or comfort you in sorrow?" And to this she added, in a very weary, sad voice: "I have loved you, Anthony Cokeley, since I was a little child, when you showed me some careless kindness, and never looked at me after, and I should have loved you had you run away with Diana, and somehow I should have crept in under your roof and done for you all she would fail to do."

"Since when are women so bold as to woo?" said Anthony Cokeley, scornfully.

She did not speak again. Cokeley left his chair and paced up and down the room. Now again he looked up at the broken roof of the tower and the crazy wall, but he knew he dared not scale it. And all the time the storm waxed higher, and, strangely enough, as it thrived his mood changed, and it seemed to him that there existed a great silence, and in it only he and she in all the world. He wished that she would speak to him, and he tried to frame some gentler words. He stood by the window, with his back against the wall, and looked at her, with

the dying firelight bringing out the sheen of her hair and the deep color of her cloak. And when she raised her head to look at him he strode a step forward to speak to her. But what he would have said she never heard, for at that moment a fragment of the roof sagged and fell and Cokeley was struck down at her feet.

She made no outcry. She dragged the stones from his shoulder and wiped the bright blood from his forehead. Tremblingly she felt for his heart. She drew him close to the fire and put her cloak under his head. Then she rose, and, going to the table, found the wine and a glass, water and a napkin. She bathed and bound his head, and, opening a bag at her wrist, she found her salts, and gave him the full strength of the pungent vapor, calling to him gently, as a mother calls to her child.

After a long time Cokeley opened his eyes, and saw her face, wild and lonely, leaning close to his own. And at first he thought they were still riding, and she singing:

"Sleep, my child,—

The mist sleeps on the bosom of the valley,
The stars sleep on the yellow of the clouds."

But presently he realized that she was not singing, but was speaking.

"There is another key, Sir Anthony, for we often played here as children, and I hid it myself under a loose stone in the hearth. When you have drunk a little wine you will feel stronger."

She had a glass to his lips, and the liquor cleared his aching head and brought a little strength to his veins. But he lay as if still helpless, because he liked the feel of the strong arm under his head.

"Higher," he said, and she lifted his head against her shoulder.

"We can go soon," she said, gently, "and you may forget a lonely girl's madness. You shall even get credit for it all if you will. You shall tell them that you set upon the highwayman that was carrying me off, and got these wounds in

my defense. That will save me shame—and win you Diana."

There was no bitterness in her voice; the sweetness and renunciation of it seemed to fill the room and to rise above the storm. And then he found that the wind had died down, and that the surf was sighing softly against the shore, and that a moon had come from behind the clouds and was shining down into the ruined tower and silvering the floor in front of the hearth.

Once more she gave him wine, and this time he rose to his feet, and she with him, tender of his weight. He looked down on her as if measuring her care.

"There was some music I didn't understand—before I awoke, Kathleen," he said, "for under my wildness I had always dreamed of the woman who would know when to be silent and when to give me the music of speech or song, who would foster my joys and take away my sorrows. Is my blindness, is my cruelty, to lose me something far greater than any romance, any adventure my fancy has ever played with? You do not understand," he said, and there was a querulous note in his voice. "It is to you I am speaking. I know you now, thank God. By chance has come to me the thing men have died in trying to find."

Her face was piteous. Her quick imagination, her riotous heart surged with the interpretation she longed to read into his words. He swept her close to him with the same strong arm that had lifted her to the horse.

"It is not a dazed, wounded child that speaks to you, Kathleen," he said, with a voice all compounded of tenderness and remorse and wonder, "but a man, and your lover."

An hour later Sir Anthony's boat was making for Scotland and Gretna Green, and sheltered within the cabin were two who were to go down in Wexford lore as lovers whose romance never dulled, and whose daily realities were as rare and sweet as dreams.

The Secret

BY FORREST CRISSEY

HESTER was bending over the bed of lilies-of-the-valley, in the cool corner where the ell and the up-right joined, when the hand she outstretched toward the sprays of delicate white bells stopped short, arrested by the sound of light feet scurrying over the gravel walk.

Yes; they had run away from her again—Nell and Kate Wyckoff and Belle Kramer.

It was no new thing for Hester to be left in the lurch by her sister and her sister's chums; but this time it hurt with a new sting, an unaccustomed sense of cruelty that made her stiffen, catch her breath, and retreat to her favorite spot in the back yard of The Jungle.

This name had been bestowed upon the old Dart place by other inhabitants of Maple Avenue—the one strictly “aristocratic” street of Strawberry Point. They considered its wood-colored Gothic house and its unkempt yard a reproach to their own smartly shorn lawns and their neat “residences” shining in fresh coats of cottage colors. And the shaggy woodiness of this unmowed, untrimmed thicket of grass, shrubbery, and close-set trees stood out in rebellious conspicuousness because it lay between the banker's smug lawn and the General Farnsworth place—the one as brightly new as a piece of French plate, the other a splendid old landmark as rich and soft to the eye as a breadth of antique damask.

Only a low hedge drew a dividing line between The Jungle and the General Farnsworth place, and Hester's retreat was between the clumps of lilacs, just at the little break in the hedge. She had chosen the spot and made it her own by right of pre-emption because the bushes shut off the view from the house and because the yard dipped cozily a little short of these, thus adding to the seclusion of the vernal shelter into which she withdrew when the world pressed her too heavily. And now she knew that the hour

of her desolation had come: Nell had grown up, and had cut her off.

With the pained eagerness of a sufferer reaching for a familiar remedy, the hands of Hester quickly lifted the scrap of carpet that draped the front of a weather-beaten box, drew forth a doll and hugged it impetuously to the breast of her white frock. At first her tightened lips twitched and quivered, the mist in her brown eyes threatened to precipitate into tears, and she swallowed with nervous resoluteness. There was just a brief moment when an outburst of grief was imminent—then the dew on her long, curling lashes distilled, a brave control touched her drawn lips, and she impetuously confessed to the bisque infant at her breast:

“It never did hurt so before, never!”

Gradually a dusk of dreams crept into her great, dark eyes, and she stared abstractedly at the pigeons preening themselves on the ridge-pole of the banker's barn.

“I guess it's because I'm getting so much older,” she said aloud, arousing from her abstraction. Her fingers strayed caressingly over the smooth, tinted cheek of her doll, and she continued: “Anyhow, I'll never, never treat you that way. *You* wouldn't like to be run away from—I should say not! And you won't be, either—never! *never!* NEVER! When you grow up there'll be somebody to know how it feels and to understand that ‘little’ girls can want to go to picnics an' things as much as girls that have just let down their dresses, an' that giggle and whisper about boys an' . . .”

But Hester's assertive motherings suddenly ended in a startled “Oh!”—and she found herself looking up into the azure, smiling eyes of a young woman who stood hesitatingly in the gap of the hedge, holding up the skirt of a flowing morning dress of wonderful fabric and fashion. Hester's cheeks flamed scarlet: she had been caught playing with a doll—and what girlish shame is quite equal to that

of being discovered "doll playing" after one has passed that mysterious meridian of adolescence charted as "too old for dolls"? Now her childish weakness was blazoned before the eyes of *Mrs. Jack Dowling!*

Mrs. Jack Dowling? A princess is a poor figure by which to suggest the dizzy altitude of distinction that this name marked in the feminine world of Strawberry Point. The mere fact—as Hester well knew—that Mrs. Jack Dowling had been seen to pause on the street and turn for a backward glance at Irma Dillingham had been enough to crown the storekeeper's classic-featured young girl as the undisputed "Beauty" of the Point.

The daughter of an earl who had disappeared as a child and had finally returned in the blush of radiant young womanhood to restore the ancestral estate to its ancient glory, would have been a dull and lusterless being in the eyes of a devoted tenantry by comparison with the only daughter of "the General" as seen through the dazzled vision of the women of Strawberry Point. In her confusion Hester did not even think of fleeing, but sat quivering, inert, bereft of all volition.

And then she heard a voice exquisitely soft, gentle, eager, saying:

"Oh, she has lovely dark eyes just like yours! I wish I had my Doris here—perhaps you'd let me come over and play with you? I'd so love to! I'll tell you a secret: sometimes I lock my door and get out all my doll things and, down on the floor, where nobody can see, I have a perfectly splendid time. Isn't it stupid of folks to think that just because one's grown up a little—and perhaps wears long dresses and is married—that it's a shame to play with dolls? If you'd wait, and would like to have me"—her voice was almost pleading—"I'd run back to the house and get my Doris, and we could have just a beautiful time here."

In her amazement Hester could only smile shyly and nod her head. But as her princess made dainty haste across the arched rustic bridge and up the billowing lawn toward the Great House she gave the stoic Isabel Marie a hug calculated to start the sawdust from her seams, and exclaimed:

"Isn't she heavenly! Oh, I just love

her! What if I'd gone to the picnic and missed— Oh, I can't *think* of it!"

The lilac nook of The Jungle had never known such an hour of ecstatic bliss for Hester as that in which she and the runaway mistress of the Great House exchanged maternal chatter, held a grand reception, organized a mothers' club, and finally planned, with delicious detail, what they would do at their next clandestine meeting.

"And remember," cautioned the Princess, who had somehow transformed into the Playmate, "that nobody must know. I'd be in awful disgrace, and people would talk if they knew. Of course I *may* tell my husband when he comes back from his cruise to see me—he's such a nice boy, and *he understands*. If he's very good, maybe we'll sometime let him play with us—but not unless you want him."

And when the young and lovely mistress of the Great House reached her room she wrote a letter to Lieutenant Jack Dowling, on a far-away battle-ship, that said:

"I've found the most adorable little playmate, with dark, dream-haunted eyes and the heart of a Madonna! She is half child, half woman, and her smile is a thing to warm frozen hearts."

As Hester slowly arranged Isabel Marie in her bed and drew down flaps of carpet, her ardent heart was filled with a rare and almost supernal glory. The daughter of the General, the mistress of the Great House, was her playmate! What story, of all she had ever heard or read, could compare with this wonderful thing that had happened to her—Hester Elizabeth Dart—and at the very moment when Nell and Kate and Belle had given her the cruelest cut that she had yet known! They couldn't hurt her any more; she was sure of that! Now she was clad in an invisible coat of mail that could turn the point of any lance of desertion, neglect, or superiority that they might hurl against her. To be deserted now and "given the slip" would be only a passport to secret joys which, were they known to her deserters, would transform the "Little Tagtail" into a being envied beyond anybody in Strawberry Point—yes, or in the whole world!

And soon she realized that her secret



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

SHE HAD BEEN CAUGHT PLAYING WITH A DOLL

joy was constantly to be fed by hands that knew not what satisfying meat they offered. In the millinery shop that very evening, as her mother was "trying on," she heard Mrs. Gray, the banker's wife, say to Mrs. Dillingham, who was buying special roses for Irma's second-best hat:

"I'm just *dying* for a look into the General's house, aren't you? Richard was told that the new furnishings alone cost ten thousand dollars. And goodness only knows what the decorations and the new sun-room over the library have cost! They've simply poured money into that old house."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Dillingham, "they certainly are enormously rich. I heard that the General's mine turns out *three thousand dollars a day*. But I do wish that Mrs. Jack Dowling wasn't quite so exclusive. So far as I know, there isn't a woman in Strawberry Point that she's spoken to since she came back—not one!"

"It seems hardly human," returned the banker's wife, "for a young woman to shut herself away so—even if she has been brought up abroad and is used to titled society. I caught sight of her face the other day as she was driving past in her car, and I must say that I thought her *lovely*. I couldn't believe that a woman with that sort of a face would be snobbish or stuck up."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Dillingham, as she drew on her gloves, "there are some women in Strawberry Point that pretend they're not interested in whether Mrs. Jack Dowling calls on them or not; but they're the very ones that rush to the window every time they hear an automobile. They'd lie down in the street and let Barbara Dowling drive right over them if she'd only ring their door-bells!"

And as Mrs. Dillingham passed out the door the banker's wife laughed and commented:

"And I'm not sure but Julia Dillingham would. For my part, I'm quite crazy about her. Richard says that he doesn't believe that the duchess whose picture you saw in the same Sunday supplement that had the likeness of 'Young Mrs. Jack Dowling, the American Beauty, the Chum of the Duchess,' could turn a town topsy-turvy in the way that the old General's daughter has. But I tell him

that a young woman with all her wealth and brains and beauty who has made London and Paris and New York take notice can do most anything with Strawberry Point."

And Hester, picking up scraps about the trimming-table, listened with a glowing and secret joy that she could not wholly keep from her earnest face. Her mother's hand reached out and smoothed back the loose coils of black hair that swung forward about her face as she stooped.

"Child," said the tired milliner, "your eyes are very bright,—is anything—"

But the entry of a customer left the question unfinished, and Hester peacefully pursued her dreams of what Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Dillingham would have said if she had told them that the Princess of Strawberry Point was her playmate—her dearest and only "chum."

"I don't believe," Hester mused, "that she ever played dolls with that duchess. At times, when Nell and her friends whispered importantly and moved on if she came near them, Hester longed to let them know how pitifully small were their petty secrets and to tell them:

"Stand by the lilacs Saturday morning, at ten, and *see my Secret!*"

And although her loyal lips instinctively closed tight at such times of temptation to "tell," she was not denied the joy of thinking what they would say. A hundred times, by the eye of imagination she had watched the confusion of their faces as they peered in amazement from behind the bushes and heard Mrs. Jack Dowling, with dainty Parisian Doris in her arms, exclaim:

"Now, Playmate, let's have the best time ever! Do you know it seems an age since last Saturday—but I've watched you pass each day, dear!"

As Mrs. Dart was absently serving the cereal one Saturday morning and mentally retrimming Mrs. Gray's "shape," Nell, whose seat at the table commanded a view of the street, suddenly exclaimed:

"Mother! There comes the Farmworths' butler. Do you suppose he *can* be coming here?" Then, gliding into the front hall, she called back, in penetrating undertones:

"He *is!* He's turned in at the *est*. What do you suppose *can* be the mat-



ONE GLANCE AT THE CARD SENT THE BLOOD IN GLAD BOUNDS TO HER VERY FINGER-TIPS

ter? Maybe Mrs. Jack Dowling wants you to do work for her? Mother! That would be the greatest luck you've ever had."

"Hi'm to wait for a hanswer, miss," said the stout, red-faced butler, standing very stiff and looking several sizes too large for his clothes, as he handed out a small, corn-tinted envelope bearing the Dowling monogram.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Dart, "this is addressed to *Hester*!"

"I wonder what she can have *done*!" exclaimed Nell, sinking tragically into a chair. "Here, let me open it. He's waiting."

"It's Hester's," was the quiet answer; and the eager, trembling hands of the least member of the family received the unopened note.

For one brief instant there was a lurking fear in the heart of Hester that "something had happened" to break the blissful perfection of her secret. But one glance at the dainty square card and its clear, bold writing sent the blood in glad bounds to her very finger-tips.

Peering over her shoulder, the sister in her first let-down skirt read aloud:

"Mrs. John Stanley Dowling desires the pleasure of Miss Hester Elizabeth Dart's presence at one o'clock luncheon this sixth day of September."

There was a choke in the voice of the neglected sister as she paused a moment. Then she caught wildly at the one remaining straw of hope.

"Look inside again, Hess. There may be another there—oh, joy! There is! There is! There is! Read it quick."

From the smaller envelope Hester drew forth another card. Silently Nell read:

"DEAREST PLAYMATE,—Please come—and stay all day. We shall be quite alone. Have you forgotten that this is your birthday? Send word by Bagot. I shall expect you not later than twelve.

"BARBARA."

An unprecedented dumbness fell upon the elder daughter of the widow Dart's

household. She stared across her plate with the dull, uncomprehending eyes of one who has received a blow.

Mrs. Dart arose with decision, went to the front door, and said to the waiting butler:

"Please say to Mrs. Dowling that Hester is glad to accept her invitation."

Then, as she returned to the breakfast-table, she murmured:

"Mrs. Jack Dowling!"

Her faded, widowed eyes suddenly sparkled with a show of the spirit that had once made her known as the liveliest girl in Red Oaks, and she smiled as she thought: "The first social function given by 'the Princess of Strawberry Point,' a birthday luncheon to Miss Hester Elizabeth Dart, of The Jungle!" Then to Hester she said:

"And how long has my little girl been moving in the society of Mrs. Jack Dowling, who could have been a countess or anything like that if she'd been a mind to?"

"Isn't it splendid?" answered Hester, with a quick glance at her staring sister. "It all began the very day when Nell and the girls ran off to the picnic and left me. You don't know how lovely and beautiful and—"

"But you must get ready," suddenly interrupted the mother. "I've simply got to go to the shop; Mrs. Gray is coming for her hat this afternoon. Nell will help you dress. If she doesn't she will be among those missing from Kate Wyckoff's party! Have her do your hair simply, just as you always wear it for church—no foolishness or frills! And put on your new muslin; that's neat and simple."

"Have her do your hair!" Was triumph ever more exquisite?

As Mrs. Dart went out the door she smiled at what the banker's wife would say at the incidental statement that: "My Hester is taking luncheon to-day with Mrs. Jack Dowling. Yes; they're great friends. Why, Mrs. Dowling calls Hester 'my little playmate.'"

The eager, humble, almost worshipful solicitude of her helper was eloquent of the abjectness of Nell's defeat; but the shining face of the one-time "Little Tag-tail" held no hint of any thought save of the wonderful joy that had come to her. Even the white, slender little arms that

flashed and arched to her head as she combed her dark, shining hair seemed vibrant with a song of happiness. When the last touch had been given to the toilet of the guest of honor, her servitor stood back and exclaimed:

"There, Hess! You do look nice, and not fussy, either. It's almost twelve, now, and you'd better be going. I can at least watch you from the window."

But the elect of the gods did not turn back to see that the face of her former oppressor was suddenly withdrawn from the bow-window—withdrawn to suffer a teary burial against the sofa pillow. Hester's face was set toward Paradise, toward her Princess, her incomparable Playmate; and her demure feet might have been treading the blue cloud over the eastern hills beyond the Great House, so far as conscious contact with the earth was concerned. Oh, it was good to be so happy, to have such a wonderful secret!

Suddenly she stopped short, just at the beginning of the Farnsworth wall—that low, vine-grown wall that had held so many village lovers. Secret? *Her secret was gone!* Mother knew it, Nell knew it, and by night everybody in the Point would know it. What if every girl, maid, and woman in the whole town *would* look at her with envious eyes—*her secret was gone*—that precious thing that she and her Princess-Playmate had held between them in happy concealment from the whole deprived world had somehow slipped from her grasp! Her jewel had been suddenly struck from her hand and a strange new loneliness gripped her.

"I don't know what I'll do now," she whispered to herself.

Perhaps she would again have fled to the lilac nook and Isabel Marie—but that instant she caught the assuring flash of a handkerchief at an upper window of the Great House.

Anyhow, she would still have her Playmate, her Princess!

As she passed hesitatingly between the heavy pillars of the stone gateway and walked slowly toward the Great House she was glad that she had seen the friendly flutter of that signal at the upper window, for the house suddenly came to seem very great, almost like a palace or a castle—and she herself felt exceedingly small. The heavy, carved doors appeared

to be looking frowningly down upon her through their panels of beveled plate. But her feet had hardly touched the top step before the door swung open and the bowing Bagot was saying:

"Come right hin, Miss 'Ester. Right hin! Hi'll show you hup to th' mistress."

Then from the landing of the great stairway came the voice of comradeship calling:

"Hello, Playmate!"—and the next instant she was being kissed by the Princess:

"One for each year, you know—and one to grow on!"

Hand in hand they wandered away into the conservatory, and there the Princess picked a few white, starry flowers and set them in the dark hair of her small playmate—whose eyes seemed to ask: "Is it a real Princess? Is it Strawberry Point?"

When they were back again in the white-and-blue chamber from which they had started, the Princess placed in Hester's astonished hands a small jewel-box.

"Open it, dear; it's for you. I bought it in Florence before I had found my Playmate, but the corals will go perfectly with your coloring. And the locket was made just for you. Let me put it on you for the first time!"

And then Hester stood very straight and slender and still—except for the wild, happy beating of her heart that shook the breast of her white frock—while the Princess looped coil after coil of the pink chain about her throat and then opened the locket that held an exquisite miniature of the giver. And there, upon the smooth concave disk of gold that closed down over the softly brilliant face when the locket was snapped shut were the words:

HESTER

FROM HER PLAYMATE

B. F. D.

"I shall never take it off," whispered Hester, "not even when I bathe. I can be very careful. Mother has never taken off her wedding-ring—not once."



SHE TOOK COUNT OF THE WONDERS IN WHICH AT THAT MOMENT SHE WAS LIVING

"I'm afraid you'll have a hard time to manage it," laughed Playmate, "but it will be just the same if you can't. And now I hear Bagot coming to tell us that luncheon is ready."

There was a quick clutching of the

mellow strokes. Hushed and quivering, Hester sat tensely erect in the high, carved chair that somehow slid noiselessly into place to receive her, under the deft guidance of Bagot.

Swiftly Hester's eager heart took count of the wonders of that day: the invitation, the transformation of Nell, the necklace and the locket, the birthday cake, and the enchantments of the scene in which she—Hester Elizabeth Dart—was at that moment living! But in this supreme instant a sudden and perverse shadow fell upon the rapt face of the guest of honor.

"And what," asked the Princess, as she tilted the chocolate-pot, "is my Playmate thinking about just now?"

"I—we," she shyly stammered—"we haven't any secret any more."

But just then Bagot pushed open the swinging door and advanced with neatly balanced tray, and the mistress made no answer, but her eyes flashed a quick, comprehensive glance.

After the birthday feast was over, the Playmates explored the Great House with a searching abandon that did not stop at closets or even the fragrant cedar ward-



SHE HEARD THE "GREATEST SECRET OF ALL"

robe hung with orderly rows of gowns that made Hester's eyes leap with wonder. And in her wise little heart she knew that there was almost no price that the banker's wife or Mrs. Dillingham or any other of her mother's best customers would not have paid for the privilege of being shown the draped and dazzling mysteries of that cedar room. But, when the Princess had hung the last lacy creation back in its place, she saw that the shadow still lingered hauntingly in the

hand that Hester had given to the Princess as they entered the darkened dining-room, and she saw in the center of the round table the snowy birthday cake bristling and splendid with its bright array of candles—their reflected flames flashing and gleaming from the polished sides of the silver service. And everywhere were flowers and fragile creeping vines. Somewhere in the soft, fragrant, shadowy depths of the room, a clock was ticking away the seconds with stately,

depths of the loving eyes that looked so like the twin pools that she and the Nice Boy had once found in the Black Forest.

"There's nothing else to see, Playmate," said the Princess, "excepting the sun-room. Shall we go there?"

"Yes," was the quiet answer. "I never saw a sun-room." And as the door was pushed open and they walked into the bright, alluring space, Hester exclaimed:

"Oh, isn't it dear and clean and sweet! It's such a happy-looking place!"

"Yes," responded the Princess, with a strange little note of seriousness in her voice. "I expect to be very happy here. No one has ever been in it excepting the maid since it was done, until now."

And then the Princess, with a quick, startled movement, swept a tiny thing of sheer white cloth from the little reedwork table and whisked it deftly into the tall standing basket.

It was very still in the sun-room with Hester standing silently by the big palm looking out toward the east as steadfastly as an Arab who hears the sound of the muezzin from the distant mosque—the Princess leaning back in the woven chair, her perplexed eyes studying the slender, virginal figure before her. But as one of the white blossoms loosened from Hester's hair and fell to the floor, she heard the low voice of the Princess calling:

"Playmate—dear."

When Hester turned she was beckoned to a seat on the wide arm of the woven chair, and there, with the soft, beautiful hand of the Princess coiling and uncoiling her hair, she heard the "greatest secret of all"—heard it in the sweet chosen words in which only her Princess could tell it!

The broad coping of the old wall was cushioned with snow and the pines along the driveway looked like giant Christmas trees when Bagot came out of the Great House and hastened toward the gate into The Jungle at a most unbutleresque pace, puffing laboriously into the frosty air at every stride. As Mrs. Dart admitted him by the front door he seemed to fill the narrow hall with repressed and swelling importance. The mask of impersonal and polite attentiveness that had always seemed to be his face was gone. He was,

for the moment, forgetfully human—like a big boy bursting with stupendous news. Then, suddenly, he recovered himself, bowed to the eager-eyed Hester, and delivered his historic greeting:

"Th' mistress sends 'er best compliments to Miss 'Ester, and will she come and see the heir of th' 'ouse? 'E's a fine, stout man babby as hi ever looked hon—'e his! 'Is Grace th' young Juke of Battersea wasn't th' babby that my mistress 'as got. 'E wasn't—that. And hi hought to know—has 'eld 'im hout to 'is Grace as his dead now. Ah, 'e's got a heye like my lady's hown—an' legs to set a 'orse with!"

Hester darted up the stairs to her room, and Bagot, lowering his voice, confided to Mrs. Dart and the subdued Nellie:

"The General, 'e's stalled hin the mountains, and th' marster 'e's hon the 'igh seas—and hit's hup t' 'er she calls Playmate t' do th' honors. But she's hequal to it. My heyes, but th' lady does dote hon Miss 'Ester!"

"Mrs. Jack Dowling—a baby!" exclaimed the astounded Nellie. "Why, ma, I haven't heard a syllable so much as whispered! There isn't a woman in the Point that—"

"That explains—" began Mrs. Dart. But she suddenly remembered the presence of Bagot and stopped abruptly.

The lips of Hester, who had returned unnoticed and stood in the hall door, twitched with the hint of a smile.

"Oh, I've known it for months," she quietly remarked, in an obviously incidental tone—and then opened the outer door for Bagot, who lightly touched the shoulder of her scarlet coat and chuckled:

"Quite right, miss. Hit's little that the mistress 'ides from 'er Playmate. You're th' happle of 'er heye!"

After Hester had gazed long and adoringly at the tiny, squirming human mite that blinked wonderingly from its soft nest in the bassinette, she drew from under her coat the carefully attired Isabel Marie and shyly deposited that incomparable treasure on the bed beside the young mother.

"But, Playmate!" exclaimed the pale Princess, "you mustn't give her up. You'll want—"

"Oh no!" came the eager protest. "Why, you—you see *we've* got *him* now!"

Editor's Easy Chair

THEY were sitting on the veranda of the hotel in the summer afternoon, which was as cool and bright as they could have asked. The titular mountain of the Ponkwasset House lay blue in the middle distance, propped on some lower hills and pillowed against the range of peaks that paled into the horizon behind it. In the foreground stretched the different blue of the water which had been, for a Victorian generation, Lake Ponkwasset, but had now resumed its earlier name of Ponkwasset Pond. Over the face of the water scuttled many motor-boats, bearing groups of laughing and screaming young girls, and battering the air with their unmuffled exhausts, which echoed across the pond into the nearest uplands and clattered against the sides of the veranda. In a new-mown field a team of half-grown boys were shouting and cheering at a game of baseball; from a tennis-court beside the hotel rose the self-mocking cries of elder youth of both sexes. In front of the hotel ran the ancient post-road, and over this whirled in swift succession automobiles of all types, from the stately five-thousand-dollar touring-car of the rich to the rattle-bang second-hand delivery-runabouts of the natives bringing the hotel its supplies from the neighboring village. The house stood on a knoll between two valleys, and as each motor mounted from the hollows, the driver cut out his muffler for speed, and passed with guttering, shuddering, and gasping noises that shattered the air hanging full of the malodorous yellow dust which the landlord's enterprise in oiling the track failed to hold down.

His guests had come out from their endeavors to get naps after the midday dinner, and as they gathered one after another on the wide veranda, and were struck down by the smells and noises into their rocking-chairs, one of the gentler of the ladies timidly ventured to another,

"Doesn't it seem to you that it's rather noisy here? I mean for the mountains?"

"Yes, it does," the other assented. "My husband came up here because he's had a nervous breakdown, and thought he couldn't bear the sound of the surf and the bell-buoy and the fog-horn and the siren at the seaside, but—"

The lady in the rocking-chair beyond the first lady said: "Did you think the junction was *quite* so near? We got rooms at the back because I thought my daughter would be quieter there, although I knew we should have the kitchen and pantry under us. But they seemed to be shifting the trains all night; it was just as if we had the locomotives in the room. Her poor baby never got a wink." They all lapsed into a hapless silence; but presently that gentlest one of them noted:

"The worst of it is that the people are noisier than they used to be. Their voices are louder and harsher; they shriek and shout more. Just hear those baseball-players! If it were only the voices," she went on, sadly, "but the people in those autos, it seems as if their very looks were making a noise."

Two men who sat side by side beyond the doorway were apparently arrested in their own talk by their interest in hers. But at their stopping she shrank from saying more, and one of the men went on:

"Yes, it seems to have produced a type, in wonderful abundance, as if by a sort of intensive culture. We used to have jokes about the bicycle face; perhaps the automobile face is so awful we can't joke about it."

The two were leaning forward and studying the autos that whirled or scuttled by at five-minutely intervals. "It's extraordinary," the other said, "how almost instantly the motor habit vulgarizes. Some of those people must be ladies and gentlemen, but they have ceased to look it much sooner than the bicyclers and bicyclelesses did, though *their* decline and fall was rapid enough. The bicycle itself

declined and fell as swiftly as the refinement of its riders. The monkey-back and the reversed cap had scarcely come in before the wheel began to go out. You still find it in country-places, where it's seriously used for errands, and it's with us in hideous survival as the motor-cycle, but the bicycle, the dreadful 'bike' of other days, whether for tandem-riders or 'built for two' abreast, is quite archaic now."

"And you don't think the auto will pass, too?"

"No, the auto is more practicable, with infinitely less exertion—with none at all, in fact. We Americans don't like physical exertion. Just watch the people in those autos: male and female loafers in bare heads and poke hats and caps; they have only to roll into and roll out of the luxurious seats, except when the car does the rolling and gets them under it and mashes them."

"They can't all deserve such a fate," the milder of the talkers suggested.

"I don't say they do. But many of them are outlaws, or law-breakers. Last summer I was driving along the Maine coast, where there are a good many crooks and turns, you know, and every now and then one of those machines would dart over a rise of ground or out of a piece of woods and bear down on us without a note of warning. We are bitter on the chauffeurs, in the newspapers, when something happens, but those cars were driven by their owners, or the people who had hired them; and they couldn't have all been ex-convicts, though they ought to have been. *Look at that!*" A dusty car came whizzing by, with its muffler open, and young girls and young men lolling at different slants in it; pennants were fluttering from staffs in front, lettered with the names of the places it had passed through.

"Pretty bad," the milder man owned. "But was the old-fashioned Concord wagon with a cargo of college-yelling collegians any better?"

"It wasn't so universal. It didn't infect the whole country. Few could afford it; but anybody can afford an auto like that, though it costs so much more, and the people who run it are no richer than they used to be."

"Yes, where does all the money come from that goes into automobiles?"

"Mostly out of people's mortgaged houses, I believe."

"Oh, but come! There *are* people of refinement who can afford to own cars and drive them. I have seen them, and so have you. We know them."

"I admit that there are exceptional instances. There are motorists who sometimes ask me to drive with them. Whenever I accept, I approve of motoring. But when I am outside of a car I see motoring in its true perspective."

The two men laughed together, and the milder urged, "Well, they are doing a good work in abolishing the horse, with his danger to health and morals."

"Oh, the horse is a beast, and he must go, and his friend the house-fly with him, I hope. The horse has been the cause of more lying and cheating in the human race than any other agency; but he has never, in the whole course of his evolution from the eohippus, been the cause of such wide-spread demoralization as the automobile in the few years of its invention. As to the financial embarrassments and the destruction of values, the race-horse himself can't be compared to the motor-car. The savings of a lifetime are wasted in its purchase, and its operation entails wretchedness upon the hapless people who live on the high-roads it ravages and on the owners of the summer cottages which will not let within reach of its noise and dust."

The ladies who had been talking ceased, and were leaning in the direction of the speaker, spellbound by the interest of his alarming opinions.

The milder man seemed to have some diffidence in suggesting: "I'm afraid the motor, or auto, or whatever we call it, has come to stay, just like the high cost of living. What you want to do is to regulate it, just like the trusts—"

"Do you think," the other interrupted, "that we have been shiningly successful in regulating the trusts?"

The mild man laughed. "No. What I think is this. We complain of the noise and dust. Well, then, we've got to have noise and dust reservations, and we've got to prevent the autos from coming into those reservations or going through them by law."

"By law! We've laws forbidding a high rate of speed and requiring the use of signals. Are these laws obeyed?"

"This is an age of the world when people want to go fast. The way is to fix an area where they can go fast, and an area where they can't go at all. Live in that area and build in it, and your lives will be quiet and your summer cottages will be let. But the auto has come to stay. We must accept the *status quo*."

"I see that you are a philosopher," the other said. The ladies contrived the appearance of listening to him rather than his friend, and he had an effect of easy self-confidence in continuing: "Well, I agreed with you that the horse must cease to be, with his filth and the house-flies mainly bred of it, and the city dust which it is pulverized into. But the motor, as we have it, ought to go, too. We must have some sort of machine for the work and pleasure which we used to get out of the horse. We did begin in the right way, with electric motors, which were safe, clean, and so simple in use that anybody could manage them. But we went off into steam-motors, and then into these pestilently practicable petrol-motors which now infest the whole world. We must retrace our steps, our missteps; we must fall up the precipice which we have fallen down. We must invoke the help of the Good Genius of the age, and prevail with the beneficent Edison to invent an electric-motor, so cheap, so safe, so portable, so light and beautiful that when once launched upon the world it will devour all the petrol-motors, as the phagocytes in our blood devour the germs of disease that lurk in it."

"You'll never," the philosopher defied him, "have an electric-motor that will begin to make the speed of the automobiles now in reach of anybody who—"

"Couldn't afford to keep a horse and buggy in the old days? Well, I think we don't want the speed. It's never safe, either for the people in or out of the motor. And it's far more depraving than the horse at his worst. The auto doesn't result in so much lying and cheating, but it's far more homicidal. It tempts men if not women to take chances of maiming and killing people, for the sake of getting quickly over the ground, which no humane person will consciously take."

"Do you say that of the automobilists

who invite you into their cars?" the philosopher asked.

"Of all. Without knowing it, when the speed habit is once fixed in them, they take chances that once they would not have dreamed of taking. In the delirium of going-some, as the vulgarer of them phrase it, they become potentially homicidal and suicidal, though I don't hold those who invite me into their cars so responsible as I do the joy-riders who take out their masters' cars for a clandestine spin and kill themselves or others. One distinguishes, of course."

"The speed habit has come to stay," the philosopher remarked. "It's the spirit of the age."

"No," the other said, "not every evil that comes, comes to stay, and I deny that the speed habit is the spirit of the age. There may be some excuse of business or duty in the speed of an express train; but these people who tear through the land at from twenty to fifty miles an hour pretend to be doing it for pleasure in the scenery they ignore and insult. It's the same as pretending to read a poem in fluttering the leaves of the book, or to enjoy a gallery while you run by the pictures as fast as you can. No, the motor habit is a madness, a disease, a scourge, like the gipsy-moth or the brown-tail moth. We must get a parasite which will devour the mania for speed with all its attendant inhumanity."

"Perhaps," the philosopher suggested with a smile, "some inoculation of the tsetse-fly virus might do, just enough to induce repose, without going so far as the sleeping-sickness."

"Yes, the tsetse-fly might do," the moralist allowed. "But it would be better to use some form of serum evolved from the electric-motor. I don't object to mechanical locomotion. The horse must go, for the reasons we've all agreed on, but that's no reason why the speed habit must remain. The law is helpless against it. The process of its extinction must be educational. Some sort of university extension must teach that it is vicious, cruel, and stupid, and finally destructive of civilization. It's—"

A gentleman had come out of the doorway behind the moralist, and, as if knowing him by his voice, laid his hand playfully on his shoulder. He looked up

and called to the face smiling down into his, "Why, Doctor! What in the world brings you here?"

The doctor's smiling face clouded. "I'm here with Alverly—to get him away from himself. But I'm afraid I've come to the wrong place," he said, glancing at the roadway where the autos were streaming to and fro. "I've left him lying down in a room at the back of the house, where he can't see them, but as soon as he does we shall have to move on. But where to?"

The doctor spoke in a low tone, dividing his address between the two friends sitting together.

"Do you mean he hasn't got the better of it yet?" the milder man asked.

"Has got the worse of it," the doctor answered, and at the same time he turned as if from some psychic intimation and confronted a haggard face that showed itself at the door. "Oh, come now, Alverly! This isn't playing the game."

"Do you call it playing the game to bring me here for *those*?" He pointed rigidly at the whirring and whizzing and guttering motors.

"I hoped we shouldn't find so many of them at this elevation," the doctor coaxed. "But now we must try the sea-level; we must make a voyage; we will go to Bermuda or Mount Desert, where these things are not allowed. Go in now, and I'll get away with you by the next train."

Alverly did not reply; he saw the two friends, and came out to give a hand to each. "Oh yes; I know I'm crazy. But whenever I see one of these infernal machines I see myself in it, and I see the face of that little child before it; and I see his face change from the joy in his play to that deadly terror before I ran him down and crushed his life out." He put up his quivering hands to his eyes; the sensation of his anguish imparted itself to the whole group.

The moralist rose from his chair and laid a compassionate hand on Alverly's arm. "But, my dear Alverly, you did everything that a man could do. You took the child up in your own arms and

rushed him to the hospital at the highest speed of your car. You've pensioned his mother, and provided for the schooling and employment of all his brothers and sisters. You're morbid! Why, the child died in your arms! Besides, he had no right to be playing in the crowded street." Alverly took down his hands and looked his consoler sternly in the face.

"I murdered him. He *had* the right to play in the crowded street that every little one has to play *somewhere*, and he had no other place. But I had no more right to drive my car at ten miles an hour through that street than I had to drive the locomotive of an express train. *Oh!*" He gave a wild cry and ran into the hotel.

A magnificent touring-car of the latest type, and large as an old-time railroad coach, swept over the rise of ground south of the hotel, and, plunging into the hollow, swept up again and halted under the hotel porch and came to a noiseless stop. Seven or eight people, powdered to their eyebrows with yellow dust, dismounted and came up the steps, where the landlord bustled forward in welcome, as if he expected them. The party, in spite of their different disguises, revealed themselves ladies and gentlemen in voice and manner. The evident owner of the car took out his watch and showed it to the mild, spectacled old gentleman at his shoulder. "Well, what do you think of that, Dominie? We made the last fifty miles in one hour and twelve minutes! Will you ever preach against motoring after this?"

"No," the dominie said, with a laugh which all the party shared, "I'm completely converted."

"And I," a gentle old lady said, who seemed authorized to speak as the dominie's wife, "and I never want to go slower after this."

The owner of the car threw back his head in the laugh that all shared again. "Well, landlord, what about that lunch?"

"All ready as soon as you are, sir," and he named the name of a rich man whose charities cover perhaps a greater multitude of sins than the charities of any other rich man in the world.

Editor's Study

IN a living procedure there can be, or come to be, nothing absolutely static. A machine may stop; that is, considered as a machine, it may come to a standstill. But it cannot rest. The metals composing a watch may become tired or even diseased, since there is in minerals enough simulation of life for them to have a kind of pathology; so they may rest or be cured. But, as a machine, the watch cannot have weariness or rest, any more than it can have sleep.

When we are walking and stop, it is not as a machine stops. The act of volition is involved as much in staying our footsteps as in going on; our outward motion ceases, so to speak, "of our own motion," and we may become weary from standing as from walking. Our bodily motions may be obstructed against our wills, but it is the obstruction that is mechanical, not our volition nor any action we may call our own.

Should death result from the obstruction of some vital functioning, as when a bullet is shot into the heart, it is the shot that is foreign and accidental; death itself, however occasioned, is intimate and natural, part of a living procedure. A machine cannot die; it may be broken in pieces, and these fragments, wood or metal, will then be left to their own natural fashion of decay and dissolution.

In the last month's Study we were considering this universal fashion of dissolution as the concomitant, or rather the obverse aspect, of new becoming. We saw that it is the urgency of creative life that makes the passing, the vanishing; that what is drawing on compels the withdrawal; that new integration determines the character of disintegration, so that, in the qualitatively real change forever going on, what is ending derives positively from what is beginning, though in some apparently lethal interval like that of sleep. It was no merely negative obliviscence which, in the ancient myth, attended the renewal of the child dipped

in the waters of Lethe, and so made immortal. In the early pagan regard, darkness was not merely the absence of light; some creative power was lodged in it, and Night was the mother of the gods.

In our ordinary experience we are acquainted with physiological and mental phenomena which lead us to associate freshness in the exercise of power with interruption and release. Persistent tenacity ends perforce in impotence and atrophy. There is a positive virtue in the weariness which compels rest or change and finally brings us to sleep. We find it necessary to seek relief in seasons of rest, which we significantly call vacations. The concentrated gaze upon a bright object induces hypnosis; if the object has color, the concentration involves a process of decomposition in the eye itself, rendering that color invisible, and its complement is seen instead. Here we have a signal illustration of the positive character of all weariness—of something tropic in it, connoting a qualitatively real change.

Thus the ordinary phenomena of our experience have a suggestive significance, pointing to facts of life which lie deeper, beyond our definitely conscious notice. We note the signs of weariness; we see the eyelids close in sleep, and we leap beyond these indices to the deeper indication of something in the aversion and withdrawal which we do not see and of which we have an imaginative, though imageless, intuition; or, rather, such leading images as we entertain seem themselves to vanish, giving place to the intuition.

Our conscious intelligence, both as to things outside of us and as to our states of mind or feeling, becomes a definite awareness through changes in these things and states. If light had no cessation or interruption we should take no note of it and have no name for it. If we never forgot anything, how should we define to ourselves memory? Thus con-

sciousness, being itself, so to speak, the mind's wakefulness on the broken surface of its sleep, bears witness to the dynamic virtue of elusion and oblivion, in that tropic movement of all life which is ever at once a rising and a setting. No door is opened, but another door is shut.

Our study of life is mainly a pursuit of vanishing things and of shadowed intimations; finally it resolves itself into a study of death. Certainly our mortality shadows intimations of life to come more impressive than are suggested by any other ruin known to us in the whole scheme of normal decadence—more impressive because they are so purely and absolutely psychical. When we consider lesser and more partial transmutations involving decomposition—as in the case we have instanced of the substitution of a complementary color for one exhaustively regarded—we may attribute to some bodily organ a share in the transaction. We may associate some decomposition of brain tissue with the oblivion of forgetfulness, which is an essential part of memory, though the brain can neither forget nor remember. But we may not associate the body's decay and dissolution with the complete psychical withdrawal; that is, as being any part of it. This dissolution is not even physiological; it is a chemical transaction. But there is something in death which is not visible and which is a release and withdrawal, intimate to the soul, the vanishing side of its resurgence. This, also, is not physiological; it is, as we have said, purely psychical, out of the body.

Here, if we attempt to be logical, we come to a blank wall; the circles of our dialectic are closed. The soul has escaped, even beyond the reach of our metaphors. If we will not hear the Master's voice, our lesser consolation comes from the poet, singing that "Nature still remembers what was so fugitive."

But even before this final vanishing, is not the soul just as elusive? Do we catch it in the toils of our logic or by the utmost reach of even our scientific imagination? It informs the body and interpenetrates our outward lives, individual and social, creating our humanism as something distinct from animalism; but in all this creation, is it not hidden and forever folding us away with itself in its

own eternity when it is most intimately the inspiration of expansive activities and sympathies and of spiritual intuitions, all independent of outwardly derived suggestion from our nervous system or from any physical environment?

If our ever freshly mounting aspirations in the life of Faith, Imagination, and Reason can ever find full human realization, this perfect expression of them could have no outward explication, though it might be disclosed as indivisibly the complement of a harmony inclusive of Nature—of Nature also newly realized to our perfected insight.

Such fullness and perfection are not terms pertinent to Nature or to creative life, where beginning and ending are in every moment, and there is never an absolute end or beginning. All those negative terms, such as "infinite," "absolute," "immutable," by which we seek discernment of psychical being and becoming by contrast with the ever-dissolving and evanescent world we are acquainted with, are infertile and unreal. In these terms we find no such thoroughfare of interpretation as in the term "eternal," since eternity is the positive and essential quality of creative life.

Indeed, the idea of sameness and changelessness is conveyed to us rather in visible phenomena than in any real contemplation of the hidden psychical tension and ascension. The Preacher (*Ecclesiastes*), contemplating the ways of the natural and human world, found "nothing new under the sun." The turning movements of winds and clouds and waters, as of the sun itself, of the moon, and of the stars, returned ever to the point of their starting; and so one generation of men passed away and another generation came, and the same thing happened to all—to both man and beast.

We demur to this paralyzing arraignment. Yet we are unduly partial to things which keep their places and their rounds, finding too much comfort in stabilities and conformities, and cherishing a hollow faith in the control of human currents and in social conservation through arbitrary arrests and adjustments. Our scientific formulations, accepted as axioms, too readily crystallize into statements like that by which we express in terms of quantity the conser-

vation of energy—statements as inert and sterile as those of the Preacher.

There is, indeed, in normal decadence an apparent arrest of change through long periods; and, in cellular organisms, brief allotments of time and space not merely for dwelling, but for growth, each after its kind and type. In the mind and heart of man is permitted, by virtue of this suspense in a world of falling things, another kind of dwelling and development, which, as associated with the body and through that with the human and natural world, have expansion within a definite scope, and in measured terms of crescence, maturity, and decline, but to which, as informed by the indwelling soul, we can ascribe no such fixed terms and limitations.

If the psychical were merely a parallel annex to the physiological, having no activities or interests purely its own, no aspirations not directly referable to the sensori-motor nervous system, then humanity would present the same aspects and be expressed in the same fixed terms from generation to generation. It could not be consciously progressive, even in a material sense, its intelligence being neither reflective nor prophetic. Death would be no challenge to man, any more than to any other organic species. He builds in the invisible world against his mortal ruin before it occurs to him to build against that ruin in visible memorials and monuments. Religion precedes art, and the embodiments of both faith and imagination are abundantly and impressively apparent long before there is any development of that scientific research upon which material progress depends. Men worshiped their ancestors ages before they thought of the importance of heredity or devoted themselves to the study of eugenics for the benefit of posterity. But the fact that they have done any of these things—that they have believed in the unseen; have been poets and artists; have searched the hidden recesses of Nature for her most secret intimations of truth for human welfare, incidentally, but most of all for the satisfaction of high curiosity; and have cherished ideals reaching beyond the immediate and visible present—shows the immense angle of departure from the

assumed parallelism between psychosis and neurosis, a departure, also equally impressive, from the changeless rounds of close naturalism into that open kingdom of the soul, the realm of freedom, of choice, and of real change which is not permutation, but transmutation—creative transformation. In this purely psychical region, beyond all visible horizons, rest and serenity, the calm of contemplation, are the suspense of tension, like the bird's poise in flight, a resultant of velocities.

Where Nature meets man in elementary intimacies only, as in the earliest period of the race, and always in the strictly physiological aspects of his existence, she seems to take him wholly in hand, leading him forcefully whither she will. If the human soul finds at length its own ways to the eternal, ways of ascent and of mastery over external circumstances, yet it can never quite say with Coleridge,

"O Lady, we receive but what we give
And in our life alone doth Nature live."

Whether in silent docility at first accepting Nature's compulsion or finally with equal sincerity acknowledging her descent and service, it is loyal to the mutual bond of partnership, turning away but to return, ever freshly and with deeper meaning accepting the conditions of its earthly dwelling.

There is no individual consciousness known to us except in connection with a nervous system; but neither the simultaneity of interaction nor the intimacy of the partnership of the soul with the body and, through the body, with the world—an intimacy the depths of which our philosophy has never sounded—establishes the assumption of parallelism in the "materialistic" sense. The onset of life in both Nature and humanity is psychical and only psychically to be apprehended.

It is the indwelling soul that anchors us in our dwelling, yet in an element not fixed, but flowing. It prompts to eager but quick seizure of the world. If it holds us to the full exhaustion of obvious living values and is to that degree *tenar propositi*, it is forever translating the values by its own alchemy and preparing us for release from our most cherished terms. It loosens all conclusions.

Hearts Astray

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

OUR Town grew up so fast that it has become bandy-limbed, and the shocking simile that has been applied to the numerous avenues which twine in loops about these limbs is the only indecorous thing that has ever marred Our Town's reputation. From the new Town Hall, at the lower end, to the old cemetery, nineteen minutes' car ride away, by any of the lines, Our Town is a model of respectability. And of all its civic adornments the most conspicuous is the Mayor, Henry Altemus.

Henry Altemus descended according to his wont from the street-car which had carried him from the railroad terminus to his destination in front of the Town Hall. He glanced up at the clock. He was unpunctual—that is to say, he was four minutes early. Mayor Altemus was distressed, for he endeavored to set an example in all things to the people who had so signally honored him, and not the least in punctuality. During his four years' tenure of office he had never been late. He had never taken leave of absence. Mayor Altemus carried the reputation of Our Town on his shoulders. Now he had four minutes to wait.

Standing at the intersecting point where all the street-cars converge, to be shunted along their various lines, he fell to watching the point-shifter, Frank Smith by name, leaping from track to track with incredible agility and setting things right. Smith had grown up with Our Town. Sprung from its oldest families, instinct supplied him with the knowledge which others, of finer mold, could never have attained. Smith never blundered.

"A faithful public servant," mused the Mayor, "and none the less worthy because his grammar betrays occasional solecisms. On this one man depend the punctuality, happiness, and welfare, I might add,

of this great city—on this one man whom I now see before me, running, point-shifter in hand, with bronzed, bare throat and coating of tan, from track to track. Suppose he erred! Suppose he sent a Joy Street car to Shakespeare Avenue, or a Prince Albert Avenue car. . . ." The thought dismayed him and a shudder convulsed his frame.

"Good morning, Smith," said Mayor Altemus, cordially, as the point-shifter made a flying get-away from before a Socrates Avenue car and settled, light as thistledown, beside him.



"YOU MOVE ME STRANGELY," MURMURED MR. ALTEMUS

"Good morning, Mr. Mayor," answered the point-shifter.

"Smith," said the Mayor, with a sudden impulse, "did you ever think of getting married?"

He thought he heard a whispered "yes," but when he looked round Smith had disappeared. A moment later he came leaping back from a Swedenborg Avenue car, a vivid blush mantling his tan coat.

"Yes, I thought on it," he stammered, hanging his head.

"Then why don't you do it?" inquired the Mayor, glancing up at the clock over the Town Hall, which now indicated that it was twenty-eight minutes past eight.

"I'm going to," whispered Smith, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he vaulted over a Sam P. Hudnut Avenue car. "But—"

"But what?" inquired the Mayor, kindly, addressing that point in the atmosphere which seemed most full of suppressed self-revelation.

"I'm saving up to buy a street-car of my own," murmured the point-shifter overhead.

"To buy a street-car of your own?" repeated the Mayor in surprise. "You mean to be a capitalist on your own account, then, and knuckle down no longer to the proud street-car company. There's many a nickel makes—"

At that moment, however, his musing ceased, for Smith pulled him, just in time, from before a car labeled "Cemetery."

"You move me strangely," murmured Mr. Altemus. "For I too—I am to be married; and to-day."

"You, Mr. Mayor?" Smith shouted in surprise from under a Higginbotham Avenue car.

"Yes," said the Mayor. "and to a young lady of Our Town. 'O Lucy Pratt!' he soliloquized. "Lucy Pratt, pride of 999 Prince Albert Avenue, how I adore you!"

Soliloquizing thus, Mayor Altemus did not perceive the imperceptible start which Frank Smith gave as he turned a somersault in front of a car from Broadway, nor the fiendish scowl that flitted across his face, to be replaced immediately by the inscrutable cunning of a mask. At that instant the first quaver of eight-thirty began to chime from the Town Hall clock, and Mayor Altemus, overleaping the beds of young geraniums in the park, which had begun to sprout under his fostering care, surmounted the steps and fell into his chair just as eight-thirty had ceased to announce itself.

It was evident that he was working under restraint that morning. Several times Miss Di Capello, his stenographer, looked at him in wonder, suspecting that some secret pain gnawed at his heart. But it was not until 11.30 that the Mayor sighed heavily and swung round in his swivel chair.

"Mr. Mayor," faltered Miss Di Capello, "forgive my girlish presumption—if, indeed, I do offend—but you are indisposed?"

"Thank you," replied the Mayor, picking up her hand absently, and dropping it hastily

as he remembered. "Miss Di Capello," he continued, with sudden self-abandonment, "you see me now a single man."

"Yes," whispered Miss Di Capello, studying her new shoes.

"When you return from luncheon, Miss Di Capello," said the Mayor, "you will see me double."

"Sir!" exclaimed Miss Di Capello, freezing.

"I mean, Miss Di Capello," said the Mayor, "that I am to commit matrimony during the lunch interval."

Miss Di Capello braced herself against her typewriter, and the figure of Mr. Altemus went out in a fiery mist. He, cruelly kind, continued, ignorant of her emotion:

"Her name is Lucy Pratt. She is a young lady of Our Town. She resides at 999 Prince Albert Avenue. Oh if only I could describe her to you as she is, with her firm and yet sweet nature, her raciness of speech! The wonder, the magic of it all! But you are indisposed, Miss Di Capello."

"Oh no, no," laughed Miss Di Capello, hysterically. "Pray go on, Mr. Altemus. You have your ring, of course?"

"Lucy has it," answered Mr. Altemus, more seriously.

"And the license?"

"Of course. I took it out four years ago, and it is still valid."

"Four years ago!" re-echoed Miss Di Capello; and all at once a load seemed lifted from her heart. But why—why, Mr. Mayor—

"Why have I let the thief of time bite into the apple of my happiness? Listen, Miss Di Capello," said Mr. Altemus, very earnestly. "Since my inauguration, four years ago, I have not had time to get married. As you know, I reside at Babbling Brook, and there is only one train to Babbling Brook—the 6.07. Consequently I have been confronted with the dilemma of taking leave of absence or else postponing my wedding until I go out of office. The former, as a man and a Mayor, I cannot do. Therefore I proposed to await the hour when I should evacuate this chair."

"Yes," said Miss Di Capello, breathlessly.

"But Lucy Pratt is firm as well as sweet. She's got to get married. She fears I may be re-elected, and it was for my sake that she dismissed her former lover, who was, I understand, connected in some way with the street railroads. During the past four years we have met frequently in the noon hour under the statue of Eli Higginbotham, and at our last meeting she presented me with an ultimatum. She said that if she couldn't get me she might as well take a dead one. Those were her very words, Elizabeth—I mean, Miss Di Capello. And either I have got to marry her before one minute past one this afternoon or she will get somebody else. Therefore I have acceded to her demand. At twelve o'clock I leave my desk; at 12.05 I board a Prince Albert Avenue car; at 12.25 the minister, the witnesses, myself, and the cake arrive simul-

taneously at 999 Prince Albert Avenue; at 12.30 we are made one; at 12.35 we start on a brief honeymoon tour of the Town Hall Park; at 1.30 I shall be at my desk again; and at 5.30 we leave to catch the 6.07 train for Babbling Brook, our future home.

"Gee!" said Miss Di Capello. "Maybe she won't take the dead one, after all."

At five minutes after the noon hour Mayor Altemus, sprucely arrayed, erect, stern, and sacrificial of mien, plucked a geranium from its bed in the Town Hall Park and placed it in his buttonhole. One minute later he was standing before a Prince Albert Avenue car, prepared to board as soon as his fellow-passengers, comprising a clergyman, two fine old ladies, and a messenger-boy who carried a large parcel, had entered. In another minute the car was moving slowly down the tracks, gathering momentum. Mr. Altemus, filled, though he was, with the joy of the approaching event, looked round to bid Frank Smith a cordial good afternoon, but he was nowhere in sight and a strange point-shifter was on duty. The Mayor looked with dispassionate interest upon the clergyman, a large man wreathed in smiles, at the two fine old ladies, and at the messenger-boy; he also noticed that the motorman wore a large muffler, strangely out of place on that hot August day, and that the part of his face which this did not conceal was hidden by a large cap, the peak of which reached to the tip of his nose. Then the conductor pulled the rope and the car started with a series of playful jerks which at once set its occupants upon a bowing acquaintance with one another.

Time flew; the car flew. Lost in thought, Mayor Altemus allowed time to fly unnoticed until, pulling out his watch with a subconscious movement, he saw that it lacked only twenty-five minutes of one.

"When do we reach Prince Albert Avenue?" he called to the conductor.

"What number?" asked the conductor.

"Number 999," answered Mr. Altemus—and suddenly he became aware that the attention of all the passengers was riveted on him.

Before the conductor could respond, one of the fine old ladies took up the interrogation.

"Conductor, are you sure this is a Prince Albert Avenue car?" she asked.

"Can't yer read?" inquired the conductor.



"WHEN YOU RETURN FROM LUNCHEON, MISS DI CAPELLO," SAID THE MAYOR, "YOU WILL SEE ME DOUBLE"

The second nice old lady burst into tears. "Something's gone wrong," she sobbed. "We shall never arrive at 999 Prince Albert Avenue."

The sound of her sobs penetrated to the ears of the motorman and touched his heart. Leaving the vehicle to follow its own devices, he came into the middle of the passengers, pulled his muffler from his throat, lifted his cap, and, standing sternly before Mr. Altemus, revealed the tan-coated features of Frank Smith, the point-shifter.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"Frank Smith, the point-shifter!" exclaimed the Mayor in amazement.

"The same," replied the other. "That lady has guessed the truth. This car does not proceed to Prince Albert Avenue."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the Mayor, heatedly. "Did you not know that I was to be married—had to be married before one minute past one. and that it is now three minutes after the hour? O Lucy Pratt, have I indeed lost you!"

"You have!" sneered Smith. "Why? Because she is my lady friend, and no man shall take her from me, nor no Mayor neither, believe me. Am I right or wrong?"

"Wrong!" thundered Mr. Altemus.



"WELL, MAKE YOUR CHOICE," SAID MISS PRATT

"Where are we going, then, mister?" broke in the voice of the messenger-boy.

For a moment the point-shifter looked into the face of the young fellow; then his eyes fell. "You'll soon know," he answered, laughing hellishly, and, hurrying back, threw over his lever as far as it would go. The car leaped forward at the speed of five miles an hour, rocking and wheezing over the rails. It thundered past a hearse—two hearses—three hearses; and, rounding a curve, came to a standstill before a large wrought-iron gateway, over which was inscribed the word CEMETERY.

But even as the passengers looked at one another in dismay they saw a light figure that tripped toward the gate, and, with an exclamation of utter joy, the Mayor leaped forward and gathered it into his arms.

"Lucy Pratt! My pride!" he exclaimed, fondly. "My pride—my bride! How did you come here?"

"Well, you're a nice feller to keep a girl waiting, ain't you?" answered Miss Pratt, as she disengaged herself from her lover's embraces. "How did I come here? I told you I was going to get a dead one, didn't I?"

"Then now you are mine," said the Mayor, tenderly.

"Mebbe I am and mebbe I ain't," answered Miss Pratt, undecidedly.

"Of course, if you would rather take Mr. Smith—" the Mayor suggested, hesitating.

"No," shouted the point-shifter, springing into the air. "No! At last I realize the wrong that I have done our honored Mayor by my insane jealousy. I have robbed him of a faithful spouse. I renounce her."

"Well, stop the Alphonse and Gaston act and make your choice," said Miss Pratt, coyly. "I got to get married."

"You take her," said Mr. Altemus. "After all, you were her first love."

"It's such a plunge," faltered the point-shifter.

"Ah, come on. I got the ring. I got to get married," said Miss Pratt, demurely.

"There is really no reason why you shouldn't get married," said Mr. Altemus, as the two men faced each other, both filled with the fires of self-renunciation. He pulled out his watch.

"Ten minutes past one," he exclaimed in dismay. "In one minute I must start for my office."

"I fear that settles it," the Mayor continued. "You must marry Miss Pratt. She has the ring and here is the minister."

"And we are the witnesses," piped up the fine old ladies.

"Then this boy—" began the Mayor, turning to the messenger.

"I got the cake," answered the boy, and, opening his parcel, he displayed a sugar-coated confection which immediately made his mouth water.

"Hold! Wait a minute!" cried Frank Smith, desperately. "I can't afford to get married, believe me. I'm saving up—"

"To buy a car," replied Mr. Altemus, blandly. "Take this car," he continued, handing it to the ex-pointsman. "It is my gift to you. Heaven bless you all."

Then, with his hands spread forth in benediction, the Mayor leaped aboard a passing street car.



A Willing Slave

The Rector's Assistants'

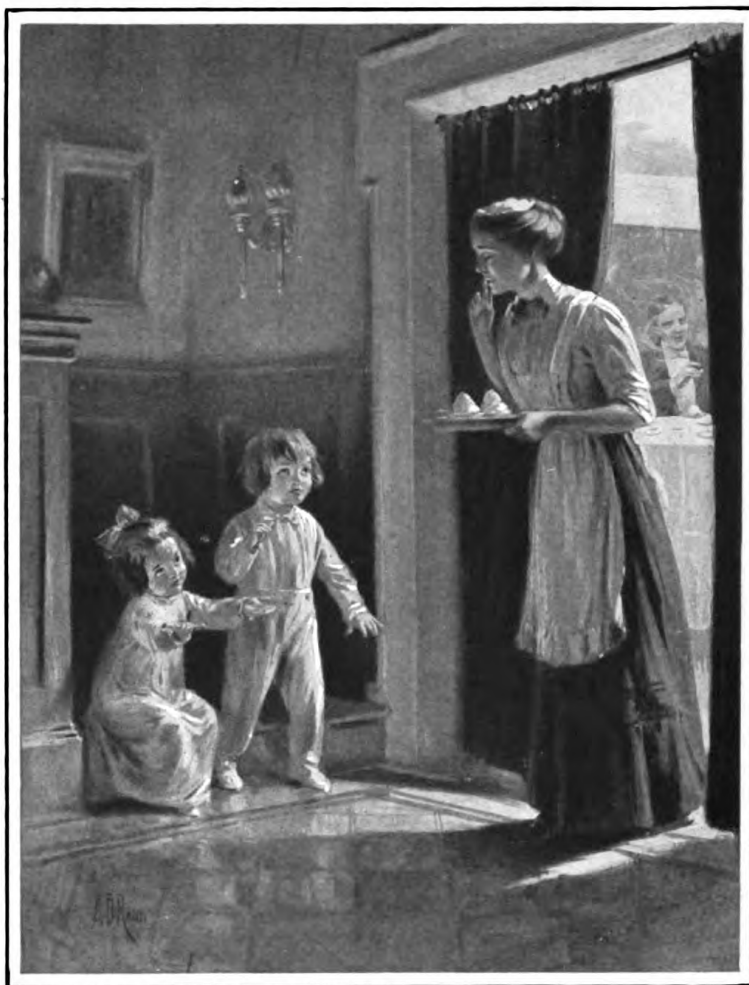
MARGARET was five years old and was partly graduated from the nursery, where her small brother held full sway.

She was allowed to go to the table when dessert was served; and was much interested in the conversation between her mother and the young clergyman whom she was enter-

taining while he attended a convention held in their town.

Mother was telling him about her former rector, who had been called to a very large parish. "Why," she said, "he has two assistants under him."

Whereupon, small Margaret, who had not so far taken part in the conversation, burst in with, "They're his legs!"



A Friend in the Commissariat

The Wind's Tales

AT night when everything is still
The wind it speaks so loud and shrill,
And tells the strangest tales to me,
I wonder how such things can be.

It says the moon man comes at night,
And walks the streets till morning light,
Then when he can no longer stay
He goes home by the Milky Way.

It says a black and ugly bear
Is living on our dark hall stair,
To chase me up to bed at night,
Though never yet has caught me quite.

And oh! the very worst of all,
It says the gray bat on the wall
At night creeps underneath the sheet,
To nibble at my tired feet.

The wind it tells strange tales to me,
I wonder if they true can be.

HELEN M. HUTCHINSON.

Wasted Sympathy

AN English actress, crossing the Atlantic for the first time, received a great shock from seeing one of the ship's officers knock one of the crew down, who had been inclined to mutiny. So much did the sight affect her that she retired to the cabin and did not appear on deck again until land was sighted. Then she perceived at the wheel the man whom she had seen knocked on the head. With deep sympathy she asked him—

"How is your head now?"

"West-and-by-north, ma'am," was the answer.

Thrift

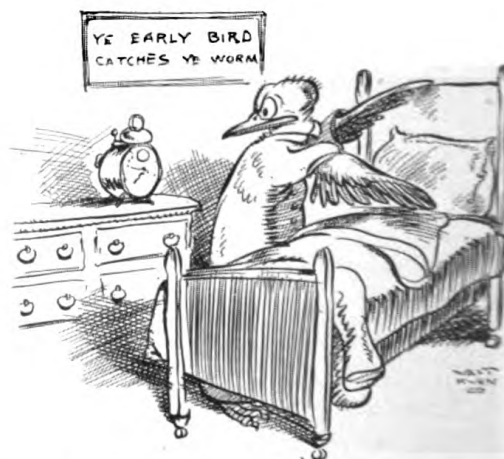
A LITTLE maiden of tender years came into a dry-goods store the other day and asked the price of some collars.

"Two for a quarter," answered the clerk.

"How much would one cost?"

"Thirteen cents." She thought for a while and then said,

"That would make the other one cost twelve cents, so I guess I'll take that."



MR. ROBIN. "So—and now, with the alarm set for 2 A. M., I ought to be able to solve that old 'early-bird' question."



Our Domestic—and Foreign Relations

Iconoclasm

KING SKEPTIC wears his modern crown, his stern, destructive law prevails; he's tearing all our idols down, disproving all our fav'rite tales. Is there a legend you hold dear, some legend of the long ago? King Skeptic hears it with a sneer, and digs up history to show that things of that sort never chanced, and never could, and never will. "We have," he says, "so much advanced, that fairy tales don't fill the bill. No faked-up tales of knightly acts, no Robin Hood romance for me; the only things worth while are Facts, Statistics, and the Rule of Three.

With diagrams he shows full well that old-time tales are things to scorn; that such a man as William Tell, in likelihood, was never born. If Gessler lived and had a hat, he didn't hang it on a pole; the rules of Euclid show us that—so goes King Skeptic's rigmarole. But, granting that he had a lid, and hung it on a pole awhile, and granting that the people did bow down to reverence that tile, this does not prove that William shot an arrow through an apple's core, and so the anecdote is rot—don't let us hear it any more.

One-eyed Horatius never held the bridge beside his comrades bold, while Sextus and the foemen yelled—because there was no bridge to hold. With Fact King Skeptic pounds your head, and prods you with it to the hilt, and shows Horatius had been dead ten years before the bridge was built. "He fell not in the Tiber's foam, performed no feats of arms sublime. I know! The city clerk of Rome sent me the records of that time!"

Mazeppa's ride was all a joke, as all the statisticians know; the horse he rode was

city broke, and stopped when'er he whispered "whoa." Most luckily, the village vet wrote down the facts with rugged power; Mazeppa simply made a bet the horse could go three miles an hour; he wasn't strapped upon its back, no perils dire did him befall; he rode around a kite-shaped track, and lost his bet, and that was all.

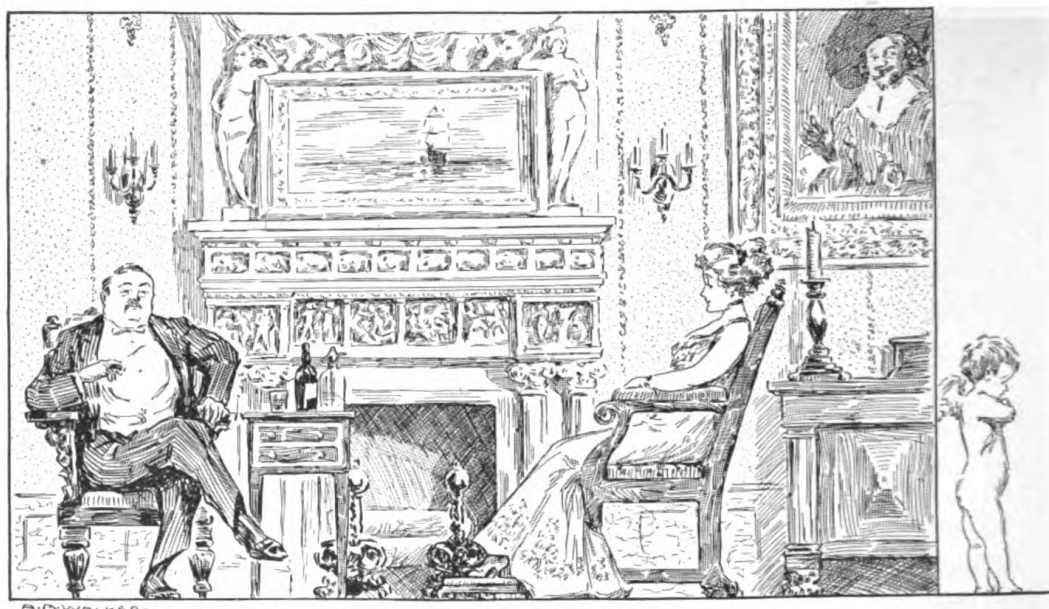
And so it goes; you can't relate a legend of heroic acts but that the Skeptic then will state objections based on Deadly Facts. Romance is but a total loss, and all the joy of life departs; we've nothing left but Charlie Ross, and he'll turn up, to break our hearts.

WALT MASON.

The Last Straw

A CITY-WEARY spinster, more familiar with symphony concerts than with woodland sounds, was being rowed across an Adirondack lake by an old and seasoned guide in the dusk of a July evening. She listened in rapt silence for a time to the owls and whippoorwills and then began in subdued tones to talk to her companion of the melancholy that hung over the woods at twilight, of the appropriateness of the night-birds' notes, of how they voiced the eternal sadness inherent in the nocturnal solitudes of Nature. "Are you not," she concluded, "often struck by all this poignant sadness? How can you endure these melancholy sounds so constantly? Which of them all seems to you the most melancholy you have ever heard?"

"Well, I guess the melancholiest sound I ever heard," came the matter-of-fact voice from the other end of the boat, "was my wife scrapin' the bottom of the flour-barrel with an old sasser."



Poverty

A Free Field

A YOUNG graduate in law, who had had some experience in Chicago, wrote to a prominent practitioner in Arkansas to inquire what chance there was in that section for one such as he described himself to be.

"I am a Republican in politics, and an honest young lawyer."

In a few days he received this encouraging reply:

"If you are a Republican, the game laws here will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."

More Profitable

LITTLE IRVING had never been to a circus in all his life, and he was recently taken to one by his father. His delight knew no bounds, and he came home round-eyed and apoplectic with joy.

"Irving, dear," asked the mother, "how did you like the circus?"

"Oh, mother," the boy cried out, earnestly, "if you would go to the circus just once, you would never want to fool away any more time on church work again."

The Tables Turned

TWO-YEAR-OLD Priscilla had been trying all day to get one or the other parent to take an active part in her play, only to be told again and again, "Father's busy," "Mother's busy." Accordingly she resigned herself to solitary occupation with her Noah's ark, and when toward five o'clock her mother manifested an interest in the baby by inviting her up-stairs to bed, Priscilla shook her head and remarked, with a malicious twinkle, "Stairs busy, Nightgown busy."

A Fellow-feeling

I NEVER liked young Tommy Brown,
For Tommy Brown, you see,
Is just the kind my people think
As good as good can be.

They say to me: "Now, Tommy Brown
Would never muss *his* hair,
Nor stamp his feet when things go wrong,
Nor strew things everywhere."

How tired I grew of Tommy Brown,
He seemed so very good!
The things he should not—never did,
But did the things he should.

Then once I went to Tommy's house
And heard his mother say:
"Now, Tommy, stop! Why, Teddy White
Would never act that way!

"You'd never see him leave *his* shoes
Around the floor like that,
Nor cry when asked to pick them up,
Nor tease the poor old cat."

So when I now meet Tommy Brown
I try to be polite;
I like him better than I did,
For I am Teddy White.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

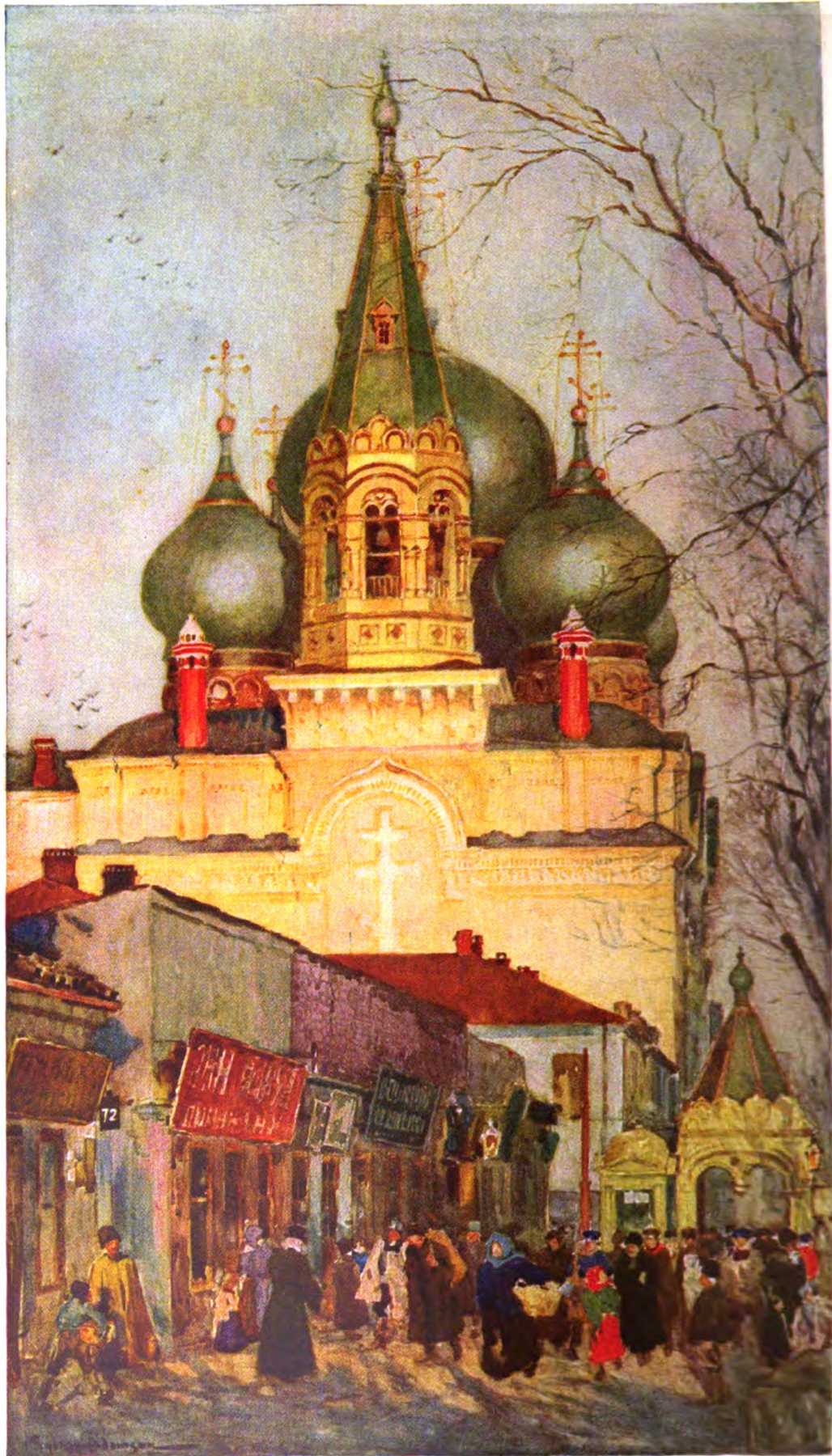
Embarrassing

A TRAMP knocked at the door of a lonely spinster's home.

"Kind lady, arst yer 'usband if 'e ain't got a old pair o' trousers to give away."

The spinster, not wishing to expose her solitude, replied:

"Sorry, my good man, he—er—er—never wears such things."



Painting by Sydney Adamson

Illustration for "Odessa—The Portal of an Empire"

Digitized by Google A CLUSTER OF FIVE GREEN DOMES LOOMED AGAINST THE SKY

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Your United States

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

HUMAN CITIZENS

NOTHING in New York fascinated me as much as the indications of the vast and multitudinous straitened middle-class life that is lived there; the average, respectable, difficult, struggling existence. I would always regard this medium plane of the social organism with more interest than the upper and lower planes. And in New York the enormity of it becomes spectacular. As I passed in Elevated trains across the end of street after street, and street after street, and saw so many of them just alike, and saw so many similar faces mysteriously peering in the same posture between the same curtains through the same windows of the same great houses; and saw canaries in cages, and enfeebled plants in pots, and bows of ribbon, and glints of picture-frames; and saw crowd after dense crowd fighting down on the cobbled roads for the fearful privilege of entering a surface car—I had, or seemed to have, a composite vision of the general life of the city.

And what sharpened and stimulated the vision more than anything else was the innumerable flashing glimpses of immense torn clouds of clean linen, or linen almost clean, fluttering and shaking in withdrawn courtyards between rows and rows of humanized windows. This domestic detail, repugnant possibly to some, was particularly impressive to me; it was the visible index of what life really is on a costly rock ruled in all material

essentials by trusts, corporations, and the grand principle of tipping.

I would have liked to live this life, for a space, in any one of half a million restricted flats, with not quite enough space, not quite enough air, not quite enough dollars, and a vast deal too much continual strain on the nerves. I would have liked to come to close quarters with it, and got its subtle and sinister toxin incurably into my system. Could I have done so, could I have participated in the least of the uncountable daily dramas of which the externals are exposed to the gaze of any starrer in an Elevated, I should have known what New York truly meant to New-Yorkers, and what was the real immediate effect of average education reacting on average character in average circumstances; and the knowledge would have been precious and exciting beyond all knowledge of the staggering "wonders" of the capital. But of course I could not approach so close to reality; the visiting stranger seldom can; he must be content with his imaginative visions.

Now and then I had the good fortune to come across illuminating stories of New York dailiness, tales of no important event, but which lit up for me the whole expanse of existence in the hinterlands of the Elevated. As, for instance, the following. The tiny young wife of the ambitious and feverish young man is coming home in the winter afternoon.

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She is forced to take the street-car, and in order to take it she is forced to fight. To fight, physically, is part of the daily round of the average fragile, pale, indomitable New York woman. In the swaying crowd she turns her head several times, and in tones of ever-increasing politeness requests a huge male animal behind her to refrain from pushing. He does not refrain. Being skilled, as a mariner is skilled in beaching himself and a boat on a surfy shore, she does ultimately achieve the inside of the car, and she sinks down therein apparently exhausted. The huge male animal follows, and as he passes her, infuriated by her indestructible politeness, he sticks his head against her little one and says, threateningly, "What's the matter with you, anyway?" He could crush her like a butterfly, and, moreover, she is about ready to faint. But suddenly in uncontrollable anger she lifts that tiny gloved hand and catches the huge male animal a smart smack in the face. "Can't you be polite?" she hisses. Then she drops back, blushing, horrified by what she has done. She sees another man throw the aghast male animal violently out of the car, and then salute her with: "Madam, I take off my hat to you." And the tired car settles down to apathy, for after all the incident is in its essence part of the dailiness of New York.

The young wife gets home, obsessed by the fact that she has struck a man in the face in a public vehicle. She is still blushing when she relates the affair in a rush of talk to another young wife in the flat next to hers. "For Heaven's sake, don't tell my husband," she implores. "If he knew he'd leave me forever!" And the young husband comes home, after his own personal dose of street-car, preoccupied, fatigued, nervous, hungry, demanding to be loved. And the young wife has to behave as though she had been lounging all the afternoon in a tea-gown on a soft sofa. Curious that, although she is afraid of her husband's wrath, the temptation to tell him grows stronger! Indeed, is it not a rather fine thing that she has done, and was not the salute of the admiring male flattering and sweet? Not many tiny wives would have had the pluck to slap a brute's face. She tells the young husband. It is an

error of tact on her part. For he, secretly exasperated, was waiting for just such an excuse to let himself go. He is angry, he is outraged—as she had said he would be. What—his wife, *his*—etc., etc.!

A night full of everything except sleep; full of Elevated, and rumbling cars, and trumps of autos, and the eternal liveliness of the cobbled street, and all incomprehensible noises, and stuffiness, and the sense of other human beings too close above, too close below, and to the left and to the right, and before and behind. the sense that there are too many people on earth! What New-Yorker does not know the wakings, after the febrile doze that ends such a night? The nerves like taut strings; love turned into homicidal hatred; and the radiator damnably tapping, tapping! . . . The young husband is afoot and shaved and inexpensively elegant, and he is demanding his fried eggs. The young wife is afoot too, manœuvring against the conspiracies of the janitor, who lives far below out of sight, but who permeates her small flat like a malignant influence. . . . Hear the whistling of the dumb-waiter! . . . Eggs are demanded, authoritatively, bitterly. If glances could kill, not only that flat but the whole house would be strewn with corpses. . . . Eggs! . . .

Something happens, something arrives, something snaps; a spell is broken and horror is let loose. "Take your eggs!" cries the tiny wife, in a passion. The eggs fly across the table, and the front of a man's suit is ruined. She sits down and fairly weeps, appalled at herself. Last evening she was punishing males: this morning she turns eggs into missiles, she a loving, an ambitious, an intensely respectable young wife! As for him, he sits motionless, silent, decorated with the colors of eggs, a graduate of a famous university. Calamity has brought him also to his senses. Still weeping, she puts on her hat and jacket. "Where are you going?" he asks, solemnly, no longer homicidal, no longer hungry. "I must hurry to the cleaner's for your other suit," says she, tragic. And she hurries. . . .

A shocking story, a sordid story, you say. Not a bit! They are young; they have the incomparable virtue of youthfulness. It is naught, all that! The point of the story is that it illustrates New York—



A SPELL IS BROKEN AND HORROR IS LET LOOSE

a New York more authentic than the spaciousness of upper Fifth Avenue or the unnatural dailiness of grand hotels. I like it.

You may see that couple later—or a couple that have been them—in a suburban house—a real home for the time being, with a colorable imitation of a garden all about it, and the “finest suburban railway service in the world” just round the corner: the whole being a frame and environment for the rearing of children. I have sat at dinner in such houses, and the talk was of nothing but children; and anybody who possessed any children, or any reliable knowledge of the ways of children, was sure of a respectful hearing and warm interest. If one said, “By the way, I think I may have a photograph of the kid in my pocket,” every eye would reply immediately: “Out with it, man—or woman!—and don’t pretend you don’t always carry the photograph with you on purpose to show it off!” In such a house it is proved that children are unmatched as an exhaustless subject of conversation. And the conversation is rendered more thrilling by the sense of partially tamed children—children fully aware of their supremacy—prowling to and fro unseen in muddy boots and torn pinafores, and

speculating in their realistic way upon the mysteriousness of adults.

“We are keen on children here,” says the youngish father, frankly. He is altered now from the man he was when he inhabited a diminutive flat in the full swirl of New York. His face is calmer, milder, more benevolent, and more resignedly worried. And assuredly no one would recognize in him the youth who howled murderously at university football matches and cried with monstrous ferocity at sight of danger from the opposing colors: “Kill him! Kill him for me! I can’t stand his red stockings coming up the field!” Yet it is the same man. And this father, too, is the fruit of university education; and further, one feels that his passion for his progeny is one of the chief causes of American interest in education. He and his like are at the root of the modern university—not the millionaires. In Chicago I was charmed to hear it stoutly and even challengingly maintained that the root of Chicago University was not Mr. Rockefeller, but the parents of Chicago.

Assuming that the couple have no children, there is a good chance of catching them later, splendidly miserable, in a high-class apartment-house, where the entire daily adventure of living is taken

out of your hands and done for you, and you pay a heavy price in order to be deprived of one of the main interests of existence. The apartment-house ranks in my opinion among the more pernicious influences in American life. As an institution it is unhappily establishing itself in England, and in England it is terrible. I doubt if it is less terrible in its native land. It is anti-social because it works always against the preservation of the family unit, and because it is unfair to children, and because it prevents the full flowering of an individuality. (Nobody can be himself in an apartment-house; if he tried that game he would instantly be thrown out.) It is immoral because it fosters bribery and because it is pretentious itself and encourages pretense in its victims. It is unfavorable to the growth of taste because its decorations and furniture are and must be ugly; they descend to the artistic standard of the vulgarest people in it, and have not even the merit of being the expression of any individuality at all. It is enervating because it favors the creation of a race that can do absolutely nothing for itself. It is unhealthy because it is sometimes less clean than it seems, and because often it forces its victims to eat in a dining-room whose walls are a distressing panorama of Swiss scenery, and because its cuisine is and must be at best mediocre, since meals at once sound and showy cannot be prepared wholesale.

Some apartment-houses are better than others; many are possibly marvels of organization and value for money. But none can wholly escape the indictment. The institution itself, though it may well be a natural and inevitable by-product of racial evolution, is bad. An experienced dweller in apartment-houses said to me, of a seeming-magnificent house which I had visited and sampled: "We pay six hundred dollars for two poor little rooms and a bath-room, and twenty-five dollars a week for board whether we eat or not. The food is very bad. It is all kept hot for about an hour, on steam, so that every dish tastes of laundry. Everything is an extra. Telephone—lights—tips—especially tips. I tip everybody. I even tip the chef. I tip the chef so that, when I am utterly sick of his fanciness and prefer a mere chop or a

steak, he will choose me an eatable chop or steak. And that's how things go on!"

My true and candid friend, the experienced dweller in apartment-houses, was, I have good reason to believe, an honorable man. And it is therefore a considerable tribute to the malefic influence of apartment-house life that he had no suspicion of the gross anti-social immorality of his act in tipping the chef. Clearly it was an act calculated to undermine the chef's virtue. If all the other experienced dwellers did the same, it was also a silly act, producing no good effect at all. But if only a few of them did it, then it was an act which resulted in the remainder of the victims being deprived of their full, fair chance of getting eatable chops or steaks. My friend's proper course was obviously to have kicked up a row, and to have kicked up a row in a fashion so clever that the management would not put him into the street. He ought to have organized a committee of protest, he ought to have convened meetings for the outlet of public opinion, he ought to have persevered day after day and evening after evening, until the management had been forced to exclude uneatable chops and steaks utterly from their palatial premises and to exact the honest performance of duty from each and all of the staff. In the end it would have dawned upon the management that inedible food was just as much out of place in the restaurant as counterfeit bills and coins at the cash-desk. The proper course would have been difficult and tiresome. The proper course often is. My friend took the easy, wicked course. That is to say, he exhibited a complete lack of public spirit.

An apartment-house is only an apartment-house; whereas the republic is the republic. And yet I permit myself to think that the one may conceivably be the mirror of the other. And I do positively think that American education does not altogether succeed in the very important business of inculcating public spirit into young citizens. I judge merely by results. Most peoples fail in the high quality of public spirit; and the American perhaps not more so than the rest. Perhaps all I ought to say is that according to my own limited observation, public spirit is not among the shining

attributes of the United States citizen. And even to that statement there will be animated demur. For have not the citizens of the United States been conspicuous for their public spirit? . . .

It depends on what is meant by public spirit—that is, public spirit in its finer forms. I know what I do *not* mean by public spirit. I was talking once to a member of an important and highly cultivated social community, and he startled me by remarking:

“The major vices do not exist in this community at all.”

I was prepared to credit that such commandments as the second and sixth were not broken in that community. But I really had doubts about some others, such as the seventh and tenth. However, he assured me that such transgressions were unknown.

“What do you *do* here?” I asked.

He replied: “We live for social service—for each other.”

The spirit characterizing that community would never be described by me as public spirit. I should fit it with a word which will occur at once to every reader.

On the other hand, I cannot admit as proof of public spirit the prevalent American habit of giving to the public that which is useless to oneself—no matter how immense the quantity given, and no matter how admirable the end in view. When you have got the money it is rather easy to sit down and write a check for five million dollars, and so bring a vast public institution into being. It is still easier to leave the same sum by testament. These feats are an affair of five minutes or so; they cost simply nothing in time or comfort or peace of mind. If they are illustrations of

public spirit, it is a low and facile form of public spirit.

True public spirit is equally difficult for the millionaire and for the clerk. It is, in fact, very tedious work. It implies the quiet daily determination to get eatable chops and steaks by honest means, chiefly for oneself, but incidentally for everybody else. It necessitates trouble and inconvenience. I was in a suburban house one night, and it was the last night for registering names on an official list of voters before an election; it was also a rainy night. The master of the house



TO FIGHT PHYSICALLY IS PART OF THE DAILY ROUND



WOULD TELL EXCELLENT MURDER STORIES BY THE HOUR

awaited a carriage, which was to be sent up by a candidate, at the candidate's expense, to take him to the place of registration. Time grew short.

"Shall you walk there if the carriage doesn't come?" I asked, and gazed firmly at the prospective voter.

At that moment the carriage came. We drove forth together, and in a cabin warmed by a stove and full of the steam of mackintoshes I saw an interesting part of the American Constitution at work—four hatted gentlemen writing simultaneously the same particulars in four similar ledgers, while exhorting a fifth to keep the stove alight. An acquaintance came in who had trudged one mile through the rain. That acquaintance showed public spirit. In the ideal community a candidate for election will not send round carriages in order at the last moment to induce citizens to register; in the ideal community citizens will regard such an attention as in the nature of an insult.

I was told that millionaires and presi-

dents of trusts were chiefly responsible for any backwardness of public spirit in the United States. I had heard and read the same thing about the United States in England. I was therefore curious to meet these alleged sinister creatures. And once, at a repast, I encountered quite a bunch of millionaire-presidents. I had them on my right hand and on my left. No two were in the least alike. In my simplicity I had expected a type—formidable, intimidating. One bubbled with jollity; obviously he "had not a care in the world." Another was grave. I talked with the latter, but not easily. He was taciturn. Or he may have been feeling his way. Or he may have been not quite himself. Even millionaire-presidents must be self-conscious. Just as a notorious author is too often rendered uneasy by the consciousness of his notoriety, so even a millionaire-president may sometimes have a difficulty in being quite natural. However, he did ultimately talk. It became clear to me that he was an extremely wise and sagacious man.



The lines of his mouth were ruthlessly firm, yet he showed a general sympathy with all classes of society, and he met my radicalism quite half-way. On woman's suffrage he was very fair-minded. As to his own work, he said to me that when a New York paper asked him to go and be cross-examined by its editorial board, he willingly went, because he had nothing to conceal. He convinced me of his uprightness and of his benevolence. He showed a nice regard for the claims of the Republic and a proper appreciation of what true public spirit is.

Some time afterwards I was talking to a very prominent New York editor, and the conversation turned to millionaires, whereupon for about half an hour the editor agreeably recounted circumstantial stories of the turpitude of celebrated millionaires—stories which he alleged to be authentic and undeniable in every detail. I had to gasp. "But surely—" I exclaimed, and mentioned the man who had so favorably impressed me.

"Well," said the editor, reluctantly, after a pause, "I admit he has *the new sense of right and wrong* to a greater extent than any of his rivals."

I italicize the heart of the phrase, because it is italicized in my memory. No words that I heard in the United States more profoundly struck me. Yet the editor had used them quite ingenuously, unaware that he was saying anything singular! . . . Since when is the sense of right and wrong "new" in America?

Perhaps all that the editor meant was that public spirit in its higher forms was growing in the United States, and beginning to show itself spectacularly here and there in the immense drama of commercial and industrial policies. That public spirit is growing, I believe. It chanced that I found the basis of my belief more in Chicago than anywhere else.

I have hitherto said nothing of the "folk"—the great mass of the nation, who live chiefly by the exercise, in one way or another, of muscular power or adroitness, and who, if they possess drawing-rooms, do not sit in them. Like most writers, when I have used such phrases as "the American people" I have meant that small dominant minority of the American people which has the same

social code as myself. Goethe asserted that the folk were the only real people. I do not agree with him, for I have never found one city more real than another city, nor one class of people more real than another class. Still, he was Goethe, and the folk, though mysterious, are very real; and since they constitute perhaps five-sixths of the nation, it would be singular to ignore them. I had two brief glimpses of them, and the almost theatrical contrast of these two glimpses may throw further light upon the question just discussed.

I evaded Niagara and the Chicago stock-yards, but I did not evade the "East Side" of New York. The East Side insisted on being seen, and I was not unwilling. In charge of a highly erudite newspaper man, and of an amiable Jewish detective, who, originally discovered by Colonel Roosevelt, had come out first among eighteen hundred competitors in a physical examination, my particular friend and I went forth one intemperate night to "do" the East Side in an automobile. We saw the garlanded and mirrored core of "Sharkey's" saloon, of which the most interesting phenomenon was a male pianist who would play the piano without stopping till 2.30 A.M. With about two thousand other persons, we had the privilege of shaking hands with Sharkey. We saw another saloon, frequented by murderers who resembled shop assistants. We saw a Hebraic theater, whose hospitable proprietor informed us how he had discovered a great play-writing genius, and how on the previous Saturday night he had turned away seven thousand patrons for lack of room! Certainly on our night the house was crammed, and the play seemed of realistic quality and the actresses effulgently lovely. We saw a Polack dancing-hall, where the cook-girls were slatterns, but romantic slatterns. We saw Seward Park, which is the dormitory of the East Side in summer. We saw a van clattering off with prisoners to the night court. We saw illustrious burglars, "gunmen," and "dukes" of famous streets—for we had but to raise a beckoning finger, and they approached us, grinning, out of gloomy shadows. (And very ordinary they seemed, in spite of slashed faces!)

We even saw Chinatown, and the

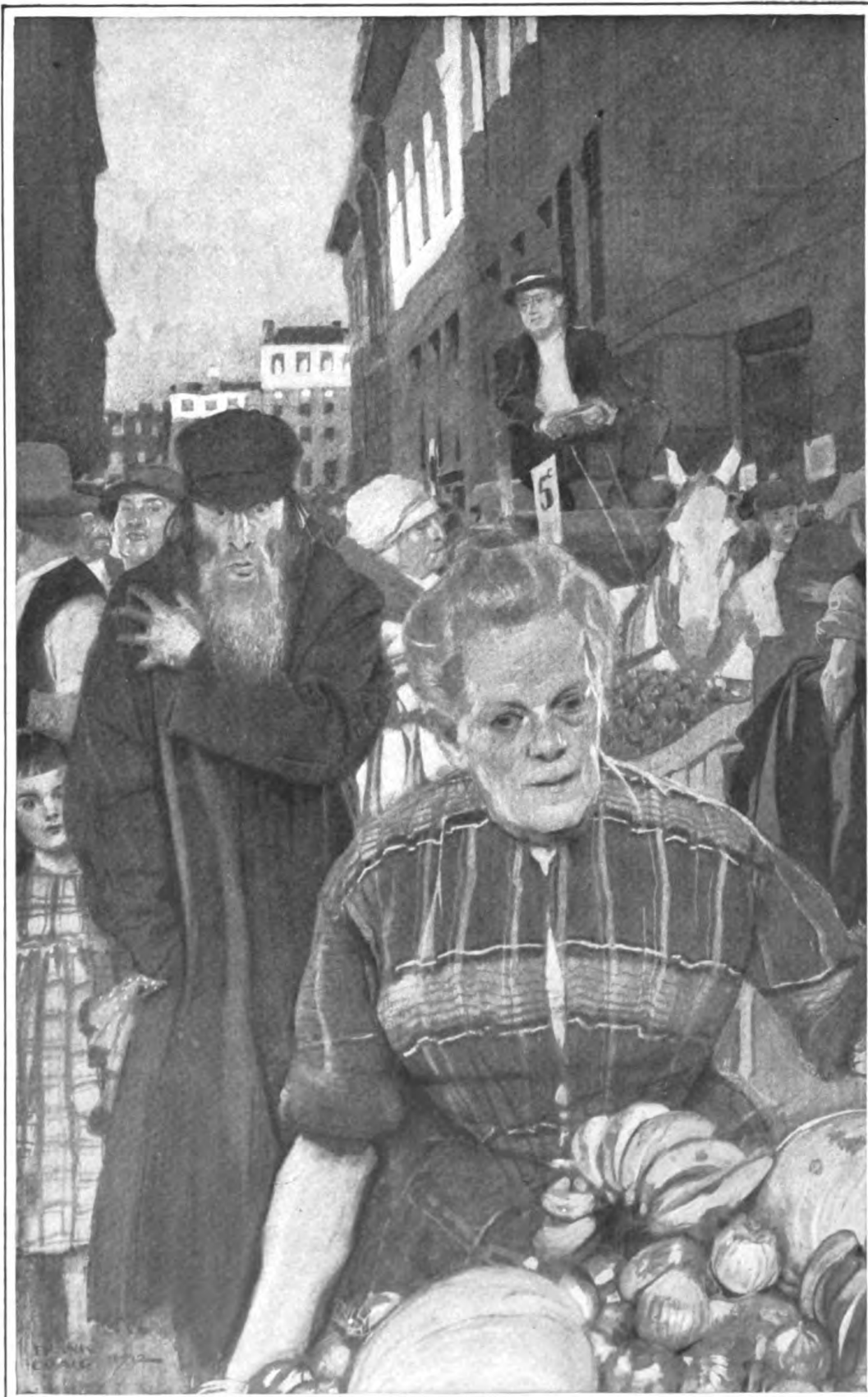
wagonettes of tourists stationary in its streets. I had suspected that Chinatown was largely a show for tourists. When I asked how it existed, I was told that the two thousand Chinese of Chinatown lived on the ten thousand Chinese who came into it from all quarters on Sundays, and I understood. As a show it lacked convincingness—except the delicatessen-shop, whose sights and odors silenced criticism. It had the further disadvantage, by reason of its tawdry appeals of color and light, of making one feel like a tourist. Above a certain level of culture, no man who is a tourist has the intellectual honesty to admit to himself that he is a tourist. Such honesty is found only on the lower levels. The detective saved our pride from time to time by introducing us to sights which the despicable ordinary tourist cannot see. It was a proud moment for us when we assisted at a conspiratorial interview between our detective and the "captain of the precinct." And it was a proud moment when in an inconceivable retreat we were permitted to talk with an aged Chinese actor and view his collection of flowery hats. It was a still prouder (and also a subtly humiliating) moment when we were led through courtyards and beheld in their cloistral aloofness the American legitimate wives of wealthy Chinamen, sitting gorgeous, with the quiescence of odalisques, in gorgeous uncurtained interiors. I was glad when one of the ladies defied the detective by abruptly swishing down her blind.

But these affairs did not deeply stir my imagination. More engaging was the detective's own habit of stopping the automobile every hundred yards or so in order to point out the exact spot on which a murder, or several murders, had been committed. Murder was his chief interest. I noticed the same trait in many newspaper men, who would sit and tell excellent murder stories by the hour. But murder was so common on the East Side that it became for me curiously puerile—a sort of naughtiness whose punishment, to be effective, ought to wound, rather than flatter, the vanity of the child-minded murderers. More engaging still was the extraordinary frequency of banks—some with opulent illuminated signs—and of cinematograph shows. In

the East End of London or of Paris, banks are assuredly not a feature of the landscape—and for good reason. The cinematograph is possibly, on the whole, a civilizing agent; it might easily be the most powerful force on the East Side. I met the gentleman who "controlled" all the cinematographs and was reputed to make a million dollars a year net therefrom. He did not appear to be a bit weighed down, either by the hugeness of his opportunity or by the awfulness of his responsibility.

The supreme sensation of the East Side is the sensation of its astounding populousness. The most populous street in the world—Rivington Street—is a sight not to be forgotten. Compared to this, an uptown thoroughfare of crowded middle-class flats in the open country—is an uninhabited desert! The architecture seemed to sweat humanity at every window and door. The roadways were often impassable. The thought of the hidden interiors was terrifying. Indeed, the hidden interiors would not bear thinking about. The fancy shunned them—a problem not to be settled by sudden municipal edicts, but only by the efflux of generations. Confronted by this spectacle of sickly-faced immortal creatures, who lie closer than any other wild animals would lie; who live picturesque, feverish, and appalling existences; who amuse themselves, who enrich themselves, who very often lift themselves out of the swarming warren and leave it forever, but whose daily experience in the warren is merely and simply horrible—confronted by this incomparable and overwhelming phantasmagoria (for such it seems), one is foolishly apt to protest, to inveigh, to accuse. The answer to futile animadversions was in my particular friend's query: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

My second glimpse of the folk was at quite another end of the city of New York—namely, the Bronx. I was urgently invited to go and see how the folk lived in the Bronx; and, feeling convinced that a place with a name so remarkable must itself be remarkable, I went. The center of the Bronx is a racket of Elevated, bordered by banks, theaters, and other places of amusement. As a



Drawn by Frank Craig

THE SUPREME SENSATION OF THE EAST SIDE IS THAT OF ITS ASTOUNDING POPULOUSNESS

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spectacle it is decent, inspiring confidence but not awe, and being rather repellent to the sense of beauty. Nobody could call it impressive. Yet I departed from the Bronx very considerably impressed. It is the interiors of Bronx homes that are impressive. I was led to a part of the Bronx where five years previously there had been six families, and where there are now over two thousand families. This was newest New York.

No obstacle impeded my invasion of the domestic privacies of the Bronx. The mistresses of flats showed me round everything with politeness and with obvious satisfaction. A stout lady, whose husband was either an artisan or a clerk, I forget which, inducted me into a flat of four rooms, of which the rent was \$26 a month. She enjoyed the advantages of central heating, gas, and electricity; and among the landlord's fixtures were a refrigerator, a kitchen range, a bookcase, and a sideboard. Such amenities for the people—for the *petits gens*—simply do not exist in Europe; they do not even exist for the wealthy in Europe. But there was also the telephone, the house exchange being in charge of the janitor's daughter—a pleasing occupant of the entrance-hall. I was told that the telephone, with a "nickel" call, increased the occupancy of the Bronx flats by ten per cent.

Thence I visited the flat of a doctor—a practitioner who would be the equivalent of a "shilling" doctor in a similar quarter of London. Here were seven rooms, at a rent of \$45 a month, and no end of conveniences—certainly many more than in any flat that I had ever occupied myself! I visited another house and saw similar interiors. And now I began to be struck by the splendor and the cleanliness of the halls, landings, and staircases: marble halls, tessellated landings, and stairs out of Holland; the whole producing a gorgeous effect—to match the glory of the embroidered pillow-cases in the bedrooms. On the roofs were drying-grounds, upon which each tenant had her rightful "day," so that altercations might not arise. I saw an empty flat. The professional vermin exterminator had just gone—for the landlord-company took no chances in this detail of management.

Then I was lifted a little higher in the social-financial scale, to a building of which the entrance-hall reminded me of the foyers of grand hotels. A superb negro held dominion therein, but not over the telephone girl, who ran the exchange ten hours a day for \$25 a month, which, considering that the janitor received \$65 and his rooms, seemed to me to be somewhat insufficient. In this house the corridors were broader, and to the conveniences was added a mail-shoot, a device which is still regarded in Europe as the final word of plutocratic luxury rampant. The rents ran to \$48 a month for six rooms. In this house I was asked by hospitable tenants whether I was not myself, and when I had admitted that I was myself, books of which I had been guilty were produced and I was called upon to sign them.

The fittings and decorations of all these flats were artistically vulgar, just as they are in flats costing a thousand dollars a month, but they were well executed and resulted in a general harmonious effect of innocent prosperity. The people whom I met showed no trace of the influence of those older artistic civilizations whose charm seems subtly to pervade the internationalism of the East Side. In certain strata and streaks of society on the East Side, things artistic and intellectual are comprehended with an intensity of emotion and understanding impossible to Anglo-Saxons. This I know.

The Bronx is different. The Bronx is beginning again, at a stage earlier than art, and beginning better. It is a place for those who have learnt that physical righteousness has got to be the basis of all future progress. It is a place to which the fit will be attracted and where the fit will survive. It has rather a harsh quality. It reminded me of a phrase used by an American at the head of an enormous business. He had been explaining to me how he tried a man in one department, and if he did not shine in that, then in another, and in another, and so on. "And if you find in the end that he's honest but not efficient?" I asked. "Then," was the answer, "we think he's entitled to die, and we fire him."

The Bronx presented itself to me as a place where the right of the inefficient to expire would be cheerfully recognized.

The district that I inspected was certainly, as I say, for the fit. Efficiency in physical essentials was inculcated—and practised—by the landlord-company, whose constant aim seemed to be to screw up higher and higher the self-respect of its tenants. That the landlord-company was not a band of philanthropists, but a capitalistic group in search of dividends, I would readily admit. But that it should find its profit in the business of improving the standard of existence and appealing to the pride of the folk was to me a wondrous sign of the essential vigor of American civilization and a proof that public spirit, unostentatious as a coral insect, must after all have long been at work somewhere.

Compare the East Side with the Bronx fully, and one may see, perhaps roughly, a symbol of what is going forward in America. Nothing, I should imagine, could be more interesting to a sociological observer than that actual creation of a city of homes as I saw it in the Bronx. I saw the home complete, and I saw the home incomplete, with wall-papers not on, with the roof not on. Why, I even saw, farther out, the ground being leveled and the solid rock drilled where now, most probably, actual homes are inhabited and babies have been born! And I saw farther than that. Nailed against a fine and ancient tree, in the midst of a desolate waste, I saw a board with these words: "A new subway station will be erected on this corner." There are legendary people who have eyes to see the grass growing. I have seen New York growing. It was a hopeful sight, too.

At this point my impressions of America come to an end, for the present. Were I to assert, in the phrase conventionally proper to such an occasion, that no one can be more sensible than myself of the manifold defects, omissions, inexactitudes, gross errors, and general lack of

perspective which my narrative exhibits, I should assert the thing which is not. I have not the slightest doubt that a considerable number of persons are more sensible than myself of my shortcomings; for on the subject of America I do not even know enough to be fully aware of my own ignorance. Still, I am fairly sensible of the enormous imperfection and rashness of these articles. When I regard the map and see the trifling extent of the ground that I covered—a scrap tucked away in the northeast corner of the vast multicolored territory—I marvel at the assurance I displayed in choosing my title. Indeed, I have yet to see your United States. Any Englishman visiting the country for the second time, having begun with New York, ought to go round the world and enter by San Francisco, seeing Seattle before Baltimore and Denver before Chicago. His perspective might thus be corrected in a natural manner, and the process would in various ways be salutary. It is a nice question how many of the opinions formed on the first visit—and especially the most convinced and positive opinions—would survive the ordeal of the second.

As for these brief articles, I hereby announce that I am not prepared ultimately to stand by any single view which they put forward. There is naught in them which is not liable to be recanted. The one possible justification of them is that they offer to the reader the one thing that, in the very nature of the case, a mature and accustomed observer could not offer—namely, an immediate account (as accurate as I could make it) of the first tremendous impact of the United States on a mind receptive and unprejudiced. The greatest social historian, the most conscientious writer, could not recapture the sensations of that first impact after further intercourse had scattered them.



Ambush

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

THROUGH a gap in the houses on the opposite side of the street, Anna, the ancient yellow woman, could see from her seat on her doorstep the calm face of the harbor, with its strip of pale beach and its palms curving forth against the evening sky. It was the season which, in the little cities of Mozambique, atones for the day, composing earth and air to a mood of gentle and grateful repose after the long hours of stagnant heat. Old Anna, bunched in her doorway, lifted her face to the soft airs out of the east, fresh with coolness from the sea.

At her right side Domingos, the peddler, sat upon the ground with his back against the wall and drew gently at his cigarette. On her left, Gil, the grave-digger, squatted on his heels like a kaffir, yet preserved his mien of mild gravity and responsibility. The spell of the evening was over them all; they sat in a communion of ease and ruminative leisure, and watched the night rising into the sky.

Across the flat roofs and narrow, intricate streets there came to them at intervals the sound of a church bell, slow, single strokes whose music lingered on the air. Domingos, the peddler, cocked an ear.

"Some one is dying, then?" he inquired, languidly.

It was Gil's business to know such matters. "Yes," he answered. "A woman. Doña d'Ulloa her name is. I have been making ready for her in the church all the afternoon."

"Digging her grave, do you mean?" asked the peddler.

"Opening her grave," corrected Gil. "It is a family tomb, not a hole in the earth."

Domingos sniffed. "You all seem to have made very sure of her," he said. "You open her grave, you ring her bell, and she is not dead yet. In her place I should not like these attentions; they are an invitation to bad luck."

The ancient Anna stirred and removed her eyes from the contemplation of the distance and the approaching darkness. The face which she turned upon Domingos was covered with a lace of fine wrinkles, as though the passions and experiences of her life had written themselves in lines on her features.

"Somewhere," she said, in a voice surprisingly rich and full—"somewhere in this land there is a piece of earth which is your grave. Perhaps you tread upon it every day. What does it matter?"

"But when one is ill," protested Domingos, "one desires to get well, not to have grave-diggers and bell-ringers spoiling one's chances."

Gil smiled, leaving the matter to Anna.

"One's chances! There are no chances," said the old woman. "In some hour a moment lies in wait for you. I have seen a man when his moment came; he was not willing, but it had come. He had a wine-glass in his hand and a lady sat at the table with him. He was smiling at her when he saw, close by him, near and drawing nearer, his moment. I remember his face and how his smile fell to pieces like the glass that dropped from his fingers. It was his moment, and he had to go."

"Was it the plague?" asked Domingos.

"No, it was not the plague," replied Anna. "This dying woman of yours," she asked of the complacent Gil, "is she young?"

"Some eighty years old, I was told," answered the grave-digger.

"Eighty! Then it is not she who will be sorry, at all events," said the old woman. "The poor soul; may she have rest at last!"

Then a single stroke of the bell, as though to answer and confirm the wish. Domingos shuffled himself to a position of greater ease and lit a fresh cigarette from the butt of the last.

"If it was not plague, what was it, then?" he inquired.

Old Anna put out a hand from under her shawl and took the freshly lighted cigarette from his lips. Domingos let it go without protest, and felt in the bosom of his shirt for another.

"A woman who has memories instead of joys is no longer truly alive," said the old woman, letting the smoke trickle from her mouth as she spoke. "Such a one am I, but when I saw the thing of which I am telling you I was different. There was a taste in my mouth then, the strong flavor of life, and I had other concerns in the world than to sit on a doorstep and look at it.

"Those were the days of my service in the great stone house of Doña Fé at Sao Lourenço, down the Coast. Ah, but that was a house! In the evenings when we had dressed her, Doña Fé would come down to the *patio*, and the gate to the street would be set open, and there would come visitors, to sit about the little fountain in the mild light from the windows, with the sky like a gold-spangled roof above them, and make their court to Doña Fé. We girls had our place in the door of the house, to be ready if the Senhora should have need of any trifle, and we saw how the gentlemen strove against one another to take her eye. But there was no quarreling, and none disobeyed her."

"Was she old?" inquired Domingos.

"Old!" cried Anna. "Am I a grave-digger, to tell stories of old women? She was in the noon of her youth, a thing to look at with wonder when one came upon her suddenly. She was not tall, but there was a slenderness of her body and something darkling behind the quiet of her face which gave her power over God's creatures. And she was beautiful, a ripe and delicate piece of womanhood shaped to set men at enmity! Black was her wear—a gown of smooth, shimmering black always, with the shine and softness of her black hair. But there was also a scarf of red that went about her neck and hung down to her knees, with a fringe of gold at its ends. Often, when she came down to the *patio* where the officers were awaiting her, I, walking behind her with the other girls, have seen their faces as she came through the doorway to their view—quickenings with a sort of exultation at

her dark and wonderful beauty. Even the shabby little soldiers in the streets, sweating in their heavy clothes, adored her in the distance as they slouched past the open gate. There were always a few about in the afternoons, making compliments to us girls and telling us of their hardships under their captain. There was a corporal, I remember, to whom I used to give drink; he desired to marry me, he said.

"The captain of whom they spoke was the most constant of Doña Fé's visitors. Captain Boaventura de Sa was his name, and all the soldiers in Sao Lourenço were under his orders. A short, stout man he was, with the walk and manner of a tall man, slow eyes, and a harsh, sluggish face. I saw him once go along the street and pass a couple of little soldiers who were aware of him suddenly. They stood aside, saluting in haste, but Captain de Sa did not return the salute. His eyes dwelt on them arrogantly, and I saw how his mouth flickered with amusement as they cringed under his gaze. When he was gone, one turned to the other.

"'Last night,' he said, 'I dreamed I had him by the throat.' And he sighed."

"Was it this captain who died of the plague?" queried Domingos.

"There was no plague, son of a fool," retorted Anna. "Give me another cigarette and cease your 'plague, plague'!"

Domingos hastened to obey, and did not refuse one to Gil when that dignitary stretched a hand across Anna's knees. Poor Domingos had once had a wife among his few possessions; she had gone down in the open street as though she had been bludgeoned, the first to die in a town in which plague had appeared; and it was his only story. He surrendered his chances of telling it as meekly as he gave up his pungent, brown cigarettes.

"Remember, now, that there was no plague," commanded Anna, "and do not annoy me again. I was telling you about this tyrant, this Captain de Sa. Even with us he played the tyrant as far as he could. He was always finding duties for his lieutenants which would keep them away from our *patio*, rough work in the hills, where a man can be killed without credit. But there was one of our visitors whom he had no power to daunt



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

THE SPELL OF THE EVENING WAS OVER THEM ALL



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or oppress. Stewart was his name, and his friends addressed him as 'Jock'—a young, tall man, very serious, making no show of manners and pretending to no valor, but dangerous for all that. He had affairs with ivory and gold-dust and such merchandise in the secret lands of the interior, where he broke many laws and made much wealth, and soon it was to be seen that when his blue eyes sought Doña Fé's face, her dark ones lit to meet them. Even to me it came as a surprise when I knew that Doña Fé counted the minutes till his coming and forgot them till his departure.

"There was an evening when the captain had to learn it, too. He and this Senhor Stewart were together in the *patio* with Doña Fé, and talk had languished. Only such a heavy animal as the captain could have failed to perceive that what was lacking was his absence; he talked on and on, babbling like the fountain, till at length the Senhora rose. It was thus she always gave the signal of dismissal. The two men rose also, and the captain, tight and formal in his uniform, with his great sword trailing at his heels, bent over her hand.

"'Senhora, for all your favors a thousand thanks,' he said, while the tall Stewart stood apart, with fingers to his little straw-colored mustache, and gazed across his bent back at Doña Fé.

"'Go with God, Senhor,' replied Doña Fé, and the captain straightened himself to strut forth. But he had not taken two paces before he stopped and looked doubtfully at Stewart.

"'You—you are coming, too?' he asked.

"The tall youth had not moved. 'No,' he answered.

"It seemed that the captain could not at first believe that he, Captain Boaventura de Sa, was dismissed while another was permitted to remain. He looked from Stewart to Doña Fé.

"'But,' he protested—'but I understand—the Senhora—'

"'Go with God, Senhor,' said Doña Fé again.

"She and the tall youth were still motionless; there was in their quietness a hint of patience, of forbearance with an intruder. The captain, I think, perceived it. There was light enough from

the window of the *salao* to see his face, strained in a gigantic astonishment, with fury rising through it. He stood for a breathing-space, planted in stupefaction. Then, as though something had stung him, he jerked into the motion of a salute.

"'I will come back with the devil,' he said, and turned and marched forth. I looked to see Stewart go after him to have an explanation in the street of those words, but he waited till the captain had gone without a sign of having heard. Then he turned to Doña Fé and held out his arms.

"They had forgotten us girls, peering and nudging in the doorway; those high people who are served by such as we fall easily into a way of looking upon us as mere furniture. For them the *patio* was empty and blind; they were alone with the miracle of their love; she went to his arms, and her splendid head bent to his breast, and they spoke to each other, heart against heart. Ah, pitiful saints promenading in glory, but I am a very old woman, and the juice is dry in my body. But through the mist of my eyes I can see them yet, glowing together, melted into one, with their love burning in them like a flame."

Anna was silent upon a note of poignancy, and sat, her head sunk between her big shoulders, gazing before her. The evening hour was drawing to its close; over the harbor night stood in its fullness, upholding a sky full of bold, white stars. The church bell uttered its single, slow, resonant note.

The wretched Domingos judged that his opportunity had arrived. He sighed feelingly.

"Yes," he said. "When I was in love, I frequently felt a glow in me."

"Fool!" said Gil, softly. "Give her another cigarette and let us forget that you glowed. This is a very different affair from yours."

Anna, by good fortune, had not heard. She had dipped into the pit of years before Domingos was born to sorrows. Her fingers closed absently but accurately on the cigarette he had put in their way, and she came back to the present as he offered her a light in his cupped hands.

"There was never another woman like our Doña Fé," she said; "and there can-

not have been many men like that Senhor Stewart. Presently we heard them talking; it was of marriage they spoke. Nothing so easy as to bid me slip round the corner and fetch a priest; it would not have taken a minute; but no! He knew of some *clerigo* of his own queer kind, a missionary, and they were to wait till he turned up from his place among the wild kaffirs.

"And till then I'll have to lie low," he said. "I've broken laws enough in the back country to hang me ten times over, and this is where my sins will find me out. That captain's going to make trouble."

"You shall be safe here," said Doña Fé, opening her arms.

"He swept her off her feet like a child—her, our proud and languid lady! When he set her down again, she put a hand to her side.

"Oh, Jock," she said, "you have something very hard in your pocket. What is it?"

"Eh?" He smiled and put his hand to his pocket and drew forth the big pistol he had there, a great, blunt weapon, very clean, and yet appearing as though it had had much use.

"It's just this," he said. "I'd not care to be without it in this country of yours. It's been a good friend to me."

"She looked at it and flicked with her finger at its iron nose as it lay in the palm of his hand, and spoke in her pretty, halting English.

"You leetle child," she said. "Put your ugly toy away. I—I am your friend, not that!"

"You're a wonder and a glory," he cried.

"Presently she put him from her again, and bade him talk soberly, and they sat down in their chairs close together, with her hands in his. Much of this talk was in murmurs and I could not hear it, and when they spoke aloud again it was still of Senhor Stewart's danger.

"I must get out of the town," he was



HIS EYES DWELT ON THEM ARROGANTLY AS HE STRODE BY



"SENHORA, FOR ALL YOUR FAVORS A THOUSAND THANKS"

saying. 'That captain means mischief, and I can't fight the whole garrison.'

"'I can,' said Doña Fé. 'Jock, stay here. The captain dines with me to-morrow night; he will not violate my house.'

"'I wouldn't trust him,' said Stewart.

"'But you will trust me,' she cried, quickly. 'Listen, Jock. To-morrow you come here again; you dine with us; and it is upon my life and my salvation that you shall be safe, Jock. Jock, it is when you go to guard yourself with your big pistol that I am sick with fear for you. You must do what I say; I ask this trust of you.'

"He could be gallant, too, that very serious young man, who would wait a month for a lady ready to marry him in an hour. I saw the glint of his white teeth in his brown face as he lifted his head and smiled.

"'Oh, if you ask it,' he answered, 'that's the end of the matter. I'll do it, of course.' And there they were embracing again.

"For my part, my mind was with Senhor Stewart. I did not trust Captain Boaventura de Sa, for I had eyes

in my head and knew the shape of a traitor when I saw it, and it seemed to me possible that within twenty-four hours we might have an English corpse on our hands. The danger was the greater since both the captain's lieutenants were away fighting kaffirs in the bush, whither he had sent them, and there was none in all Sao Lourenço to put a check on what it should please him to do. But I did not fully know Doña Fé.

"It was while I was braiding her hair that night that I saw she was not without resource. She was smiling into her great mirror, and sometimes there came into her face a kind of anger.

"'Anna!' she said of a sudden, 'your corporal drinks a great deal.'

"I was taken by surprise, and gaped instead of answering. She laughed.

"'I am not blaming,' she said. 'Can you bring him to the gate to-morrow, so that I may speak to him? For I must speak to him.'

"'He shall be here, Senhora,' I said. 'I will attend to it.'

"She was looking at me in the big mirror, and now she nodded.

"'You must not forget,' she said, in

the voice in which she gave her orders. 'And you must not fail. See to it, Anna.'

"My corporal, as Doña Fé called him, was a little, wiry son of misfortune, with a lively ape's face and a certain manner of gaiety not common among the soldiers in that town. He would come sweating and heartbroken from some grievous parade in the sun, where he had been sworn at and beaten with a sword, with tears on his face and bruises on his body; and within five minutes he would be kissing and drinking and laughing as though life were a festival. Only one thing he hated unswervingly, so that at its name he was narrow-eyed and tight-throated; and that was Captain de Sa. I have heard him so curse at that name that I looked up to see the sky open and let fall a judgment upon his feverish blasphemies.

"Of course, when I bade him come to the archway in the morning, and spoke a wise word concerning liquor, he came, and I gave him a cupful to occupy his mind. Then Doña Fé, with her morning flush on her face, came from the *patio* and stood smiling, and the little man jumped to salute. Doña Fé motioned me away, and stayed to speak to him alone. And afterward, when she left him, that little devil was stirred by pride to tell me nothing of what had passed.

"This is an affair of your betters, my child,' he said, with an insufferable air. 'Ask me nothing, but go on fetching liquor till I tell you to stop.' And he winked his cunning eye at me.

"Later in the morning Doña Fé spoke also with two soldiers who competed for the favors of a girl named Brigida; and during the siesta my corporal returned with another corporal, and there was a further interview. But from the Senhora no word to explain till we were dressing her for the dinner. We built her hair on her head in gleaming coils like burnished black metal; we shod her with the little shoes of silk; we touched and settled to its place the great scarf of scarlet with its heavy gold fringe, against which her shoulders and her slender arms were like mellow old ivory. Then we stood aside that she might pass before her mirror in the light of the tall candles, as her use was, and

see what we had made of her. She was never other than wonderful, but upon this night there was a spirit in her that made her vivid beyond the common, something quick and dangerous which I did not understand. There was a space in her belt, hidden by the scarf, where a dagger could lie concealed, and I thought it would be wanted. I found the weapon, a pretty thing of gold and steel, but she made me lay it down.

"Not that,' she said. 'Listen, all of you, to what I say. To-night, while we dine, the gate will stand open, and men—soldiers—will come quietly into the *patio*. I have learned by chance'—she saw me smile at that—'by chance, that this is to happen; the Senhor Capitao de Sa has so ordered it. You will appear not to see it; you will make no sound; you will be passive while they do their business. See that you are obedient in this.'

"The girl Brigida, whose wits were like a tide of the sea, as heavy and as slow, spoke to me as we followed the Senhora down the stairs. 'Then Senhor Stewart is to be betrayed, after all,' she whispered.

"You are an unprofitable cow,' I answered, in anger, but for my soul I could not see light in this business, and my temper was balanced on its edge.

"In the great *salao*, a room vast and echoing like a church, there awaited her the two men, under the lights of the tall candles. Senhor Stewart was it, white, a slim and youthful figure; the captain wore his uniform, tight and trim, with its gleaming braids and buttons. The swarthy mask of his face was touched for once with a certain liveliness; there was humor and pleasure in it; before we reached the door I heard him babbling with a sort of amiability to Stewart. Mischief and sin were boiling over in the man.

"He greeted the Senhora with a bow—too deep a bow, as though he made a burlesque of courtesy, and printed a loud, gross kiss on the slender hand she gave him. While Stewart greeted her in his turn with formalities which his eyes dwarfed to nothing, the captain stood aside and twirled the end of his thick mustache. Then he pressed forward and offered her his arm.

"The Senhora will do me so much honor?" he grinned, glancing sideways at Stewart.

"She nodded her head. 'So much, certainly,' she replied, and let her hand rest on his arm as far as the dining-room.

"It was an uneasy spectacle, that dinner, for us who had nothing to eat, but merely the office of looking on. Doña Fé sat at the end of the table; the captain faced the window that gave upon the *patio*, and opposite to him was Stewart, with his back to it. There was also present the captain's soldier-servant, as the custom was, to aid in waiting and lend the splendor of his uniform to the occasion. A slavish, mute, sidelong creature he was, a spy and a tale-bearer, a fit man for such a master. And when I saw him behind the Senhora's chair, with his mean snake's face and his restless, pale eyes, I thought of the dagger which she had not put in her belt, and I was disturbed; I am a believer in taking precautions when the wind smells of trouble.

The captain was full of talk.

"I fear I detained the Senhora last evening," he began. "I stayed overlate; I omitted to consider that the Senhora might have other occupations. I am full of regrets."

"Doña Fé smiled, her eyes very bright, her lips seeming to hold back mockery.

"Regrets should not be wasted," she replied. "But you are forgiven."

"I breathe again," he said, and laughed to himself. I saw how he glanced across the lighted, white table to the darkness of the *patio*.

"You expect to make a long stay in Sao Lourenço?" he asked of Stewart next.

"It is possible," replied the young man. "The place suits me very well."

"He smiled at Doña Fé, and she colored and smiled back, all her face flying the flag of her heart. The captain's smile narrowed as he watched them.

"Ye-es," he said. "It is my own belief that you will not go away for some time, Senhor."

"Brigida nudged me with a thumb like the horn of a bull; in my agitation and annoyance I set my heel on her flat foot and shifted my weight to it. She had so little sense of what was due to the service of the Senhora that she vented a curious, short squeal.

"Presently the captain made lumbering talk of travel in the interior, of gold-hunting and adventure, and so rambled round to the affairs of Senhor Stewart. At a point, Stewart shook his head to deny something. The captain laughed.

"Ah, Senhor, you are too modest," he cried. "You must not think we have not heard of you! The tale of your doings has spread even to headquarters; I have had many questions to answer about you."

"I hope you had the answers ready," replied Stewart.

"Not always," said the captain. "Sometimes the questions were so strange; one gathered that the Administration, which propounded them, had the most unflattering views of you."

"Stewart was watching with cold,



DOÑA FÉ STAYED TO
SPEAK TO HIM ALONE

steady eyes and a little smile. 'Lucky for me, no doubt, that it was you they came to for information,' he said.

"'Oh, you must not thank me,' jeered the captain. 'I always told the truth.

into the farther darkness. At my ear a breath taken harshly showed that the fool Brigida had likewise seen; I turned my head to snarl silently at her that she might not further disgrace herself.

It was not that I was willing that Senhor Stewart should be dragged out and pounded to death with gun-butts in the caserne—not at all; he was a limber and lover-like man whose children I would have been glad to nurse; but I had my Senhora's orders, and there was no choice left to me. I will not say that there was no doubt in my mind; but it chanced that Senhor Stewart shifted his chair, and the hem of his white jacket swung away from his body, and I had a glimpse of something black projecting from a pocket on his hip, and remembered the big pistol. Thereafter I was more content to be passive.

"The captain talked on; Stewart continued to smile and watch him; Doña Fé sat in her

place, silent and serene. May I never attend upon such another dinner! It drew on, in this same barbarous fashion, to its moment of climax.

"'Senhora,' the captain was saying at last—his eyes were alight with malice—'consider what this young gentleman stands for. A visitor, a guest, a new figure in our little town; to you, we will hope, an agreeable friend.'

"'Oh yes,' returned Doña Fé.

"'But to me,' went on the captain, 'the obstacle to a dinner alone, tête-à-tête, with Doña Fé. How shall I feel affection for such a young gentleman! Who can expect it?'



THE GLASS FELL FROM HIS FINGERS AND BROKE

And now that I have you here, there will be an end to questions.'

"'Oh?' began Stewart, leaning forward. Doña Fé's hand touched his where it lay on the table, and she caught his eye, reminding him of her promise to hold him safe, possibly. He sat back, smiling.

"The captain glanced past him again at the *patio* through the open window. A strip of light traversed it from the candles within the room, and as my eyes followed his I saw what he was waiting for. Out of the blackness a soldier in uniform crossed the light, going noiselessly on bare feet, and vanishing again

"Stewart laughed. 'I am sorry for you,' he said.

"'Are you?' said the captain. 'You need not be. Such an obstacle is easy to remove.'

"His soldier-flunky' was waiting for the nod he gave and went out at once. Stewart, a little puzzled, looked to Doña Fé, and received from her a glance of reassurance. The captain filled his glass, spilling wine on the table-cloth as he did so.

"'Oh, easy,' he repeated; 'most easy. Do not waste your sorrow, Senhor Stewart; you are about to have occasion for much sorrow.'

"His big face, with a shine of sweat on it and the light of an uneasy, embarrassed triumph in his cold eyes, was creased in mirth; it was so he would look, I heard, when he tormented his wretched men. He glanced at the door and laughed again. In the opening stood my corporal, grinning sheepishly, bare-headed and barefooted; and behind him, crowding the corridor, grinned perhaps a dozen other soldiers.

"Stewart uttered a noise like a short hiss, and his hand went back to his hip. Doña Fé leaned to him swiftly and whispered. He gave her a searching look; the fierce appeal of her face answered him; and he sat back in his chair, easy, unconcerned, as though nothing were happening.

"'Oh, quite easy,' crowed the captain. 'A trifle one blows out of one's way. Puff! and it is gone. You see? No? Then—obey your orders, corporal!'

"The corporal grinned afresh and came over the threshold, and after him crowded the shabby, dusty soldiers into that grave, ordered apartment, with its equivalent of luxury. Stewart and Doña Fé gave them no attention; they sat as though a pause in the conversation had left them thoughtful, without moving. The captain leaned over the table, his glass in his hand, and he was trembling with the stress of his emotions.

"'Ah, Senhor Stewart!' he began again, and stopped suddenly. The corporal had come round the table and was at his side, and he looked up into the little man's lively, brown face. The

others closed in behind his chair, and suddenly he knew fear. It was terrible and funny at once to see how his countenance changed, and all the cruel joy in it went to ashes and left it the color of ashes—gray, aghast, twitching. The glass fell from his fingers and broke, and wine spread on the cloth like blood on a stabbed man's shirt. The soldiers waited, but some of their mouths were working as though they held themselves under a strain.

"It endured, this stillness, for nearly a minute. Then the captain tried to speak.

"'Corporal,' he began, 'what—'

"He got no further, for the corporal swung his bony hand and struck him on the mouth.

"It was then that Brigida, the she-baboon, began to cry, and I had to hold her and kick her ankles to save her from shaming us. So that I had but a glimpse of that bunch of men, with the limp, paralyzed captain in their midst, go bumping through the door and out to the *patio* and through the arch—only a glimpse, with nothing clearly seen but a round, staring face, with blood on the mouth, and eyes that saw, in their startled glare, that the moment—the great moment—had come. His lieutenants were away; there was none to question a tale of his death from sun-stroke; there was none in all the city to raise a voice for him. All that he perceived; it was in his face; and Doña Fé and Stewart sat, without raising their eyes, as the men dragged him out."

The bell from the church sounded its distant note as Anna paused.

"And in due season they were married?" suggested Gil, amiably. The old woman shook her head in the darkness.

"No," she answered. "For them, too, a moment lay in wait. The missionary did not come, but instead of him there came to the city an affliction, a pestilence, and Doña Fé bowed her head in her chair one afternoon, and raised it no more upon this world of misfortunes."

Domingos roused. "Ah!" he said. "I know—the plague."

"Well, yes," admitted old Anna, unwillingly.

The Reservoirs of Contagion

BY CARL SNYDER

SUPPOSE that ten or twenty years ago some one, not too high in the seats of authority, should have written of the endless maladies which plague the human race in a fashion like this:

"Disease is a kind of substance—for all practical purposes almost as definite as water, and like water having a considerable variety in its composition and effect. Thus as water varies from the brine of the ocean and the salts of the mineral springs to the almost chemically pure springs whose crystal liquid often acts as a violent poison, so the substance we call disease attacks now one tissue, now another, showing itself at one time as a fever, another as a slow wasting, and so on. And just as the total *quantum* of water on the surface of the earth may vary owing to the variations of the rainfall, so the *quantum* of disease may show some variations, but probably over broad periods remains at a nearly constant level. Like water again, this substance, disease, is stored in an enormous number of reservoirs, some great, some small, and flows from these through definite channels over the habitable lands to harass and cripple mankind."

Twenty years or more ago such ideas would have been looked upon as near lunacy. Even now, and even by the larger part of the great army which all over the earth is, as we say, fighting disease, they would be regarded as highly figurative speech. Yet if we put together all that we know of the sources and the nature of infection and try to picture how these sources have been perennially replenished, through thousands and tens of thousands of years, we shall see that such a concept is not a metaphor, but very close to reality.

Ideas often come to us in strange ways. When, half a century ago, Dr. David Livingstone went to South Africa as medical missionary among the Bechuana, probably he had little thought of becoming the pioneer in the opening-up of the

Dark Continent. Infinitely less probably did he dream that his explorations would finally bring a great light to that profession of which he was a humble practitioner, and that from the consideration of one of his earliest discoveries should come new ideas as to how contagions are kept alive.

A strange thing that Dr. Livingstone found was a wide belt in the equatorial regions in which domestic animals—horses, cows, beasts of burden, dogs, etc.—were almost non-existent. The reason for this became clear enough as soon as Livingstone and his party attempted to cross this belt with their own animals. The latter sickened and died under the sting of a fly. This was the now famous tsetse-fly, cousin to and closely resembling our common stable-fly, which often causes so much discomfort just before a rain, when it is said that "the flies are biting." These insects made of this belt almost a desert so far as mammals are concerned.

Dr. Livingstone and those who followed in his footsteps for a long time considered this fatal issue to be the direct result of a poisoned bite, like a snake's. So long as there was a supply of flies, this curious area presented no obvious mystery. It was different when, half a century later, Colonel Bruce, an English physician, went to Africa to work upon the "fly disease," or *nagana*, as it is known among the natives, and found that the bite of the fly is in itself as harmless, let us say, as the chance playful bite of a pet dog. Like the dog, the tsetse-fly is deadly only when it is itself infected.

What Colonel Bruce found was that the disease is due to the entry into the body of microscopic little wrigglers with a corkscrew-like motion, and called for that reason *trypanosoma*, or "boring bodies." These minute wrigglers swarm in the blood of the cattle, horses, dogs, etc. that are infected, and are sucked out

when the fly drives his sharp-edged little pump through the skin in search of his daily bread. In the fly the wrigglers undergo a stage of development just as the yellow-fever and malaria germs do in the body of the mosquito, and after a number of days are ready to invade another and perhaps healthy animal, upon which the fly may alight in quest of his provender. The fly is thus the unwitting and perhaps the unwilling host, and nothing more.

But now consider these two further facts. Practically all of the domestic animals which are bitten die. But there is no evidence that the tsetse-fly lives to a much greater age than the ordinary fly, nor, on the other hand, that it can transmit the infection to its offspring, as do the pestiferous ticks in spotted fever, Texas fever, and the like. To keep up the infection the fly must feed constantly upon live animals whose blood is reeking with the trypanosomes. But if the disease itself destroys that supply, how can the infection remain alive, as it were, through all the years?

It was the consideration of this problem, here formulated more sharply than had ever been the case in any European epidemic, which forced investigators to look for a concealed reserve supply, or "reservoir," for the disease. One of the strange things we note about disease is how it will strike down one man and leave another, how it will strike one breed and leave another, how, for example, pneumonia is deadly for mice and not for rats. The one is susceptible; the other is, as we say, "immune." More strangely still, it is found that some breeds and some animals, and even some persons, may harbor the germs of a given infection without any disagreeable effects. They become carriers and "reservoirs."

In the case of the fly disease, or *nagana*, it was thought that these harborers were the wild antelopes and other animals of Africa. The blood of perfectly healthy animals was sometimes loaded with the trypanosomes, and yet there was no evidence of any great mortality from this cause. As these animals exist in great troops, here, then, seemed literally a vast fund or store of trypanosoma upon which the tsetse-fly might draw and then carry its devastating blight to animals

which did succumb to the invasion of these mites. Just how far the wild antelopes are really implicated is still a matter of doubt. But that such a reservoir must exist seems clear.

There is much to suggest that what is true of *nagana*, in all its forms, is more or less true also of its first cousin, the horrible "sleeping sickness" which little by little has come to be known as the great scourge of tropical Africa. Here, however, the duration of the disease is much longer, and although the termination has been nearly always fatal, the months and even years during which the persons infected with this malady may go about their work and mingle with their kind serve to provide a great human reservoir for the dissemination of the disease.

Dating usually from a severe attack of fever—"Gambian fever," as it was called for a time—the blood of the victims in sleeping sickness is found to contain a trypanosome very much resembling the minute bodies found in fly disease; and, as is now well known, the disease is usually carried from host to host by the same tsetse-fly. It was for a time supposed that it was carried exclusively by a single variety of the tsetse, *Glossina palpitans*, and not by *G. morsitans*, which is the usual infective agent in *nagana*, but later researches have implicated not only the latter, but the mosquito as well.

Outside of the great human reservoir of the sleeping-sickness parasite, it seems probable that there are others, conceivably of vast extent. Following his work on this disease, Dr. Koch put forward the view that the crocodile was perhaps the chief great storehouse outside of man, and that the destruction of the crocodiles and the careful herding of the infected natives might do a great deal toward reducing the prevalence of the disease. For it is obvious that the extermination of the tsetse itself is now, and probably for a long time will be, a superhuman task. The fly exists in almost incalculable numbers, and probably little headway could be made toward its eradication until tropical Africa has been repopulated with a fly-hating race.

The problem here, then, is not, as in the case of the mosquito, the extermina-

tion of the carrier, but its sterilization, and, so far as possible, the reduction of the reservoirs from which the supply of disease germs is drawn.

We have a malady in North America which if it had ever become very widely disseminated might have presented a problem almost as difficult for us as the sleeping sickness for Africa. That is the curious disease known as Rocky Mountain fever. This likewise is a plague of the ticks, and here again is the now famous "third host." It appears that the great reservoir of the contagion is the ground-squirrels, chipmunks, and similar rodents of the Rocky Mountain States. It is only incidentally that the ticks leave the animals and assail our human kind. It is possible that dogs and other domestic animals to some extent act as the carriers, not of the germs, but of the ticks, from the rodents to man.

The relapsing or recurrent fevers, varying in form with the continent which is their theater, appear likewise to be tick fevers. This seems to be certain for the African variety already mentioned, Gambian fever, or *trypanosomiasis*, which now appears to be the first stage of the sleeping sickness. But here we meet with a new variety of "storage." It is of interest to know that in the case of the first and best-studied of the tick maladies, the Texas cattle fever, it was found that some of the cattle appeared to acquire a certain immunity, and that it was rather in the freshly imported cattle that the disease assumed its most virulent form. But it was found that this immunity was not due in any way to a freedom from the germs of the disease. On the contrary, many of the healthy animals were found carrying the pear-shaped organism, or piroplasma, as it is on this account called, in great numbers. This pear-like delicacy is drawn out of these animals by the blood-sucking ticks, and carried by them to other animals which have not acquired those peculiar blood substances that apparently confer protection.

In other words, it would seem as if inventive nature had devised a way to make the piroplasmas harmless to certain brands of cattle in order that the piroplasmas might have a safe and secret place of refuge, so that if, for example,

ruthless man might come along and for his own reasons attempt to exterminate the infected cattle, the disease might still be preserved. But, to pursue a little further the old language of the "argument from design," it would seem that the ingenuity of nature had not stopped here. In the case of mosquitoes, fleas, and many other carriers of disease, and likewise in the case of man himself, the germs which they harbor are not transmitted by these organisms to their progeny. Here, as in man, hereditary disease is practically unknown. But in the case of the ticks the reverse is true, so much so that it is the second generation of ticks, deriving the disease germs from their parents, which seem the active agents of inoculation to the cattle they attack. The successive generations of ticks therefore serve, so to speak, as the chain of accessory reservoirs to assist benevolent Nature in its endeavor to keep the price of beef as high as possible.

While dwelling upon Nature's marvels it might be worth while to recount one curious instance where another form of adaptation has directly contributed to the maintenance of a contagion. This is a protozoal disease of rats. The transmitter in this case is not a tick, but a blood-sucking mite. The latter derives its infection by pumping into its stomach the blood of diseased rats, but here the direct exchange of germs from rodent to mite appears to cease. There is no evidence that healthy rats in turn become infected by the bite, but rather by eating the mites themselves! The rats appear to regard them as a delicacy. Here the rat is the victim, the mite the reservoir.

But in the deadliest contagion known to man it is the rat which is the chief reservoir, man the victim. This is the bubonic plague. Over wide areas the disease appears to be chronic in rats, and disseminated from the diseased to the healthy rats by the same agent as that which carries the malady to man—namely, the familiar flea, so long tolerated as a harmless and often amosin' little cuss!

It is one of the marvels of human obtuseness that the bubonic plague has flourished as long as it has, for the concurrence of the rat with the appearance of the epidemic has been known certainly for thousands of years. One might have

supposed therefore that a war upon rats, not a procedure of enormous difficulty, would have been almost the first of protective measures against the oncoming of the contagion. It needed no knowledge either of germs or antitoxins to develop and, in the hands of Jenner, to perfect our prophylaxis against smallpox. It is to be said, however, that the bubonic form of the plague is in itself only one manifestation, and that possibly its greatest ravages have been when it has assumed the so-called pneumonic form, and this has tended immensely to complicate the problem. Furthermore, it is possible that the rat is not the only great reservoir. In the recent epidemic in Manchuria it appears that the carrier may have been the little tarbagan, which is sought at certain seasons of the year by great numbers of coolie hunters.

Nevertheless, it somehow seems as if the new ideas of disease storage ought not to seem as new as they do. Thus, for example, anthrax is familiarly a disease of cattle and sheep, and is relatively rare in man—so rare, indeed, that it is evidently through animals rather than man that the disease is kept alive. In a similar way it was long ago clear that trichinosis came from infected hogs, and that the hog was literally the reservoir in this instance.

And still more obvious was the case of a disease that must be nearly as old as the human race itself, for man must very early have domesticated dogs and perhaps cats as well. This is hydrophobia. An outbreak of this disease in an animal is usually like an explosion. Where the animal comes in contact with man it does not, as a rule, survive more than a few hours, or at best a day or two, after it has, as we say, "gone mad," before it is promptly killed.

The microbe which produces the virus that breeds this insanity is still unknown, but it has long been clear that the disease is transmitted only by a bite, or, in some very rare cases, by licking a hand where there may be a scratch of the skin. It was equally obvious that healthy animals acquire the disease in some definite way, and plain observation must have shown that this way is simply by being bitten.

Now if the mad dog or cat has been promptly destroyed, as it usually is, it

is quite equally difficult to understand how the disease could have been perpetuated unless there was some source of reserve. Primitive man was a hunter and a close observer, and must often have seen cases of "mad" wolves, foxes, and the like, and if he had not been given over to every variety of superstition, from which we are as yet only in slight part free, he would have realized that the virus must be maintained by means of the wild animals. He would have had here a splendid basis from which to build up a general theory of contagion.

So, too, it must have been clear that the virus of itch mites, once so prevalent but now happily disappearing, must have had some other haven of refuge than man himself, and some other carrier, in order that they might live and be as widely disseminated as they once were. Here again very slight observation would have put the domestic animals, especially pets, under suspicion.

To these familiar examples has recently been added another of a different type. This is the obscure malady long known as Malta fever, but now better known as Mediterranean fever. It has recently made its appearance in our Southern States. That this is frequently a disease of goats' milk is now established; that is, that the unknown germ of the disease is carried by goats, is distributed by the goats' milk, and that the suppression of the supply from diseased goats often suffices to terminate the outbreak.

But around the most wide-spread of all human contagions obscurity still reigns. Recent discoveries in the field of tuberculosis, so far from clearing up its problems, seem to have done precisely the reverse; so that in spite of much textbook and legendary wisdom its transmission and hence its reserve sources are still largely conjecture. This is due in large part to certain features of the disease which only recently have come to light or found clear confirmation.

One of these is the length of time which may elapse between the infection and the appearance of any symptoms of the malady. This may be years and apparently even decades. Another is that the chief period of infection lies in childhood if not in infancy. And a third is the universality of the disease.

Two decades ago the civilized world was shocked to learn that, as careful autopsies showed, practically no one who had reached the age of thirty had escaped an attack of tuberculosis. Later investigation served to increase the amazement by reducing the age limit to about eighteen years. Now new work, especially by Vienna investigators, lowers the limit age to fourteen and even less.

It has been the especial merit of Hamburger to show that the percentage of children attainted rises steadily with the years, so that at twelve years of age more than ninety per cent. show indisputably the marks of invasion. This he has established by the double proof of revealing the actual evidence of the disease in autopsies, and, second, by the use of the now well-known tuberculin reaction, which as a test is of exceeding delicacy.

But these results of Hamburger and his fellow-workers appear to set merely an upper limit to the period of primary infection. How far back of this it may reach we have at present simply no idea. This is clear from the work of Harbitz in Christiania, and of Weichselbaum and Bartels in Vienna, which has shown that the neck, bronchial, and mesenteric glands of very young children may be apparently free from every trace of tuberculosis and likewise of the bacillus, and yet when the macerated extract of these glands is injected in guinea-pigs, the latter often develop the disease. These cases for the most part escape the delicate tuberculin test, and there is therefore nothing but the inoculation test to reveal the presence of the disease.

Now consider that in the results of Hamburger and others more than half of the children at five years of age show clear signs of the invasion, and put with this the fact that most of these cases may have taken some years to develop, and it would seem as if the contention of Von Behring, that the beginnings of consumption are in infancy and in the period when the child is largely fed upon milk, would prove to be the reality. If this were the case, then the "milk question"—that is, the bovine origin of human tuberculosis, which seemed largely settled in the negative—would have its day in court again. For this is clear,

that in spite of the universality of the disease, the number of "open" or virulent human cases which may be active agents in direct infection is relatively small; in any event, it seems difficult to believe it sufficiently large so that one-half of the children could be infected directly by human means before five years of age.

That our human kind represents one great reservoir of the disease probably admits of no question. Certainly this is true as regards what Hamburger styles the "tertiary stage," of which phthisis, or "consumption," is the familiar type—that is, the more typically adult form of the malady. Such at least is the present-day supposition among competent inquirers. But even this supposition may prove wholly or in part ungrounded. In the light of present-day knowledge it seems clear that the tuberculosis of adults and adolescents is a secondary or reinfection, and owes its virulence to the fact that the soil has been prepared by the primary infection of childhood; for while it does seem that the attacks of childhood, especially when repeated, confer a certain immunity, this latter is dearly paid for if the reinfection be sufficiently severe. This is what is known in scientific parlance as anaphylaxis, or allergy, and means that a light infection may in some cases confer immunity, while in others it sensitizes the body so that even a mild secondary infection may have the most disastrous results.

Another phase of the matter is that the outbreaks of acute tuberculosis seem largely consecutive to an attack of scarlet fever, measles, or some other similar contagion—that is, they seem often the direct result of a "cross-infection." The chronic or long-standing malady often seems "precipitated" by the intervention of some mild fever or the like. It may readily be, therefore, that even the reinfection of adolescents and adults may be due, not so much to association with the human carrier, but rather to a flaring-up of a smoldering "hearth," or focus, as the doctors say; and that contact with human carriers may have relatively little to do with the perpetuation of this great scourge.

Perhaps this is as yet only a possibility. But meanwhile it is to be noted

that many of the old arguments against the theory of infection from tuberculous cattle have fallen to the ground. This at least is clear, that the most delicate laboratory reactions, the so-called agglutination and opsonic tests, fail to reveal any difference between the tubercle bacillus of cows and of human beings. An animal inoculated with the human bacillus may react equally well against the virus of either the cattle or the human type. Next, both may be experimentally so transformed as practically to reverse the characteristics which are supposed to distinguish them. In other words, it is possible to obtain cultures of the human bacillus which are as virulent or more virulent for cattle than any which can be derived from the cattle themselves. And, reversely, the typical cattle bacillus may be cultivated in such a fashion as to become as poisonous for the human organism as any of the so-called human strains. And, finally, the virulence of both varieties may be so reduced—attenuated, as we say—as to cause their characteristic reactive powers to disappear. In a word, there is little in present-day knowledge to indicate that the two are anything more than different types of the same variety. If this needed any further confirmation, it would lie in the fact that such slender degree of immunity as may be established by the tubercular virus may be set up equally well by the one as by the other.

There no longer seems to be any doubt that Von Behring was right in his contention that our human kind may be and to some extent is infected from tuberculous cattle. The question is as to the extent. It is only a year or so ago that investigators came to a sharp consciousness of the main incidence of the disease—namely, that it is upon the little children. Now that we know this, the whole direction of inquiry will change, and we may hope speedily to bring amelioration to a malady for which no serum or specific has yet been found, and which the much-vaunted sanatoria seem merely to palliate rather than to cure.

Just as our ideas of tuberculosis have had to undergo within a few years a complete *volte-face*, so have our notions regarding two other of the great human scourges, cholera and typhoid. I have

spoken a little as if the reservoir theory of disease was entirely new. In reality it is old enough. The fact that there *must* exist some means or places of storage probably was clear to the first of men who reflected seriously upon the problem. But it is one of the mysteries of the human mind that here, as in countless other cases, instead of building upon some sure fact near at hand, as, for example, some clear case like hydrophobia or some of the skin diseases, men gave free rein to the imagination. Doubtless it is easier to fancify (*phantasieren*, as the Germans say) than toilsomely to weld together the available facts. So when the Evil Spirit theory had died away it was the malignant miasms and the deadly night air and infected food and infected clothing which came in its stead. And, finally, when this in its turn had begun to dwindle into twilight, came the filth theory and the typhoid fly and its like.

The revelation of the mosquito and other biting insects as disease-carriers has forever purged the anciently mephitic air; we now know that night air or swamp air is as pure and wholesome as any other—provided we have screens. Along with the miasms went the fomites theory—the yellow-fever blanket and the scarlet-fever ribbon and all their kindred. But typhoid and cholera still came down the river, and ran thence into the milk-cans as familiarly as of old. All this despite the example of the German professors who drank enough cholera bacilli to destroy a regiment, and typhoid epidemics that occur despite water-supplies and dairies which are marvels of cleanliness. It is now known that typhoid is primarily a blood infection, that it may run its course with no intestinal manifestations whatever, that, indeed, one of its not uncommon forms is the “pneumonic,” and that in any event the bacillus usually appears in the blood stream before any intestinal symptoms develop. This latter fact is indeed the basis of the new “typhoid tests,” which reveal the nature of the disease before it has had time to show its familiar colors.

Analogy would suggest that the same is probably true of cholera, although this is not as yet firmly established. But it is almost certainly true in the case of ordi-

nary lobar pneumonia, where the familiar pneumococcus seems the principal agent of the disturbance. Indeed, it is possible that almost all of what physicians love to call the *exanthemata*, or "flowering diseases"—that is, the eruptive fevers—must be primarily blood infections, and there are a few venturesome minds who would go so far as to say that this is true of all diseases whatsoever.

Be this as it may, what has come out of the mass of new work and investigation, which has often involved the expenditure of almost incredible effort, is that the pneumococcus, the plague bacillus, the diphtheria bacillus, and countless others are to be found in the mouths and nasal cavities of the great majority of healthy people. It seems fairly clear that in typhoid, cholera, smallpox, diphtheria, pneumonia, and perhaps a great number of other maladies, one main carrier is the healthy human body, and one main reservoir the healthy human being.

It would be absurd to put forward this latter view as a finality, though it is just now gaining great vogue. There is, to begin with, a very great difficulty in understanding how the disease is transmitted from the healthy carrier to his victim, for the simple reason that the mucous membrane which lines the throat, nose, and lungs is more or less antiseptic, and even the direct smearing of the bronchial tubes of sheep, for example, failed to infect the animals with pneumonia, although they are normally extremely susceptible. In the case of insect-carried contagions and hydrophobia and familiar skin diseases, the mechanism of infection is perfectly clear, and in view of the rapid advance of our knowledge in this field, and the fact that this is the only method of transmission which is *experimentally* known, a certain reserve toward the healthy human-carrier theory is not unreasonable.

But where direct contact exists there is no mystery. And this much at least is sure, that more deadly disease has been carried by promiscuous kissing than by all the infected milk-supplies or water-supplies or drains or foods or oysters that ever existed. This is especially true as regards the infernal and disgusting practice of "kissing the baby." How any

sane mother can expose a child wantonly to every disease that may be afloat, knowing well the facts, is beyond human comprehension; and yet this abominable custom appears to be almost a social rite. The day when this practice is done away with will probably see infant mortality drop by at least one-half.

I have alluded in another paper to the curious observation that in Massachusetts, last year, an epidemic of hog paralysis preceded an outbreak of infantile paralysis. It is still but a suggestion that our domestic pigs may be the reservoir for this devastating contagion, but it is in line with all the sure knowledge we have gained in the last quarter of a century, and if the intermediary between the host and the child victim be, as the Massachusetts authorities were inclined to believe, the common biting stable-fly, we should have another disease where a sure prophylaxis would be as simple to set up as in malaria or yellow fever.

Meanwhile, Uhlenhuth and his co-workers have shown that the intestines of pigs and also of calves contain normally quantities of bacilli that cannot be distinguished from the group which in humans cause the typhoid-like "paratyphoid" and "enteritis" and the familiar "food-poisoning" cases. These bacilli tend to invade the organs and meat of the animals as soon as they are killed, although the animals show no signs of disease while living, or outwardly when killed. Perchance this may clear up a series of obscure maladies, and if so, the need of careful meat-inspection will be obvious, let us hope, even to a politician.

All of which illustrates vividly enough how great has been our ignorance, how recent our knowledge of the reality. Out of it all emerges this much of clear fact: the reservoirs of disease are living reservoirs; the lowly organisms which cause our human ills are true parasites; their life outside the living host is brief, and so far as we can see, almost negligible. The nightmare of disease germs everywhere, in books and brooks, and through all the ambient air, need plague us no more. It is our fellow-man and our pets and the disease-spreading insects and vermin, that we should learn to fear.

Shorty Smith's Widows

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

HANGING Shorty Smith was mostly Cherry's notion—along with Cherry being so dead set, after the trouble he'd taken to purify it, on keeping Palomitas plumb pure. Some of the rest of us was less certain. All that Shorty'd done was to shoot Hart's nephew—Shorty not being sober at the time, and Hart's nephew more than ordinary aggravating—and I guess the feeling was general that instead of hanging Shorty we ought to give him a vote of thanks. That little runt of a Hart's nephew was a dose if ever there was one—a bigger sneak and a bigger fool than usually is found mixed in one sample—and having got rid of him at any price was a decree of Providence that nobody wanted to kick at. He was the sort that could be spared.

And Shorty wasn't no kind of a fellow for hanging, anyhow. He was a real down humorous little cuss, so smack full of his queer talk and his queer doings he kept all hands all the time on a full laugh. He was more fun, that little man was, than a basketful of monkeys—and when it come to setting up rigs on anybody he took the cake every time. As I've told before, Shorty had the center of the stage for the last act when we set things up on the Englishman—him sort of inviting attention by his black frock-coat and silk hat, and the fussy ways he had—who come down to Palomitas to look into railroad doings for the London stockholders. He had a full day of wild Westernness handed out to him, that Englishman had—winding up with lynching Shorty on a telegraph-pole for him to look at from the back platform of the Pullman as the train pulled out: and he thinking every bit of it was the real thing. Shorty done his part of the lynching so natural it was enjoyable to look at him—and nobody really hadn't any heart to start him at doing it all over again smack in earnest on the same pole.

Cherry, I reckon, right down in his boots, felt the same way. But he had his record to look after—and so he had to keep his feelings in his boots, or anywhere else where they couldn't be got at. It was Cherry, you see, who led off in the purifying business, and pretty much run the show. Palomitas did need a clean-up for sure. Till Cherry got to work it was about the cussedest town in New Mexico—and that's saying considerable when you remember what the Territory was like in them days when the railroads had just come in. Anybody could see that something had got to be done about it; and what he called "the better element" was agreed with him that purifying was required.

But it was Cherry himself, same as I've said, who done most of the job. It was him got up the Regulating Committee and wrote out the Regulations that was posted on the door of the deepo; and it was him made out the list, posted along with the Regulations, of them that was give to choose between leaving town quick or being attended to by the Committee and planted in the sage-brush; and it was him helped the slow ones to get a move on by starting to make a telegraph-pole example out of Santa Fé Charley—Charley deserving it, having shot Bill Hart, who was a good fellow and as little like his nephew as good whiskey is like bad mescal. He just bossed the whole job, Cherry did—and when he and the Committee'd got through, they had Palomitas that blame pure nobody felt at home in it.

Having a record like that, Cherry couldn't go back on it nohow—no matter how much he felt obliged to Shorty, same as the rest of us, for what he'd done. And he was the more dead set on putting Shorty through regular because he'd had all the funny business about hangings he could hold. He was sore all over, Cherry was—and he had a right to be—about the rig the Sage Brush Hen

put on him to save Santa Fé's neck from stretching: the Hen, dressed so queer there was no knowing her, romping in just as Charley was being roped for business purposes and pretending she was Charley's wife come sudden from back East; and begging Cherry most pitiful to save her dear husband's life for the sake of keeping their precious children from being orphans; and hugging away at Cherry's knees till she got him a-most sick; and so working on all hands that we ended off by unroping Charley, and taking up a collection for them make-believe children, and sending off the Hen and Charley to Santa Fé in Hill's coach—Hill run the coach between the track-end and Santa Fé till the road got built through—with their pockets full of money and giving 'em three cheers. As was to be expected, Cherry never heard the end of the way them two fooled him—and he got so stickly over it you only had to say "How's orphans?" to him to start him off swearing for an hour. Feeling that way, and having his record to keep up, trying to put any brakes on Cherry was no use. It didn't matter what his name was, Cherry said, nobody was going to get two bites out of him. He'd been fooled once, but it wasn't going to happen again. The Regulations had been made for business purposes and wasn't to be monkeyed with. Shorty'd broke 'em—no matter if he had done the town a benefit doing it—and that settled it that Shorty'd got to swing.

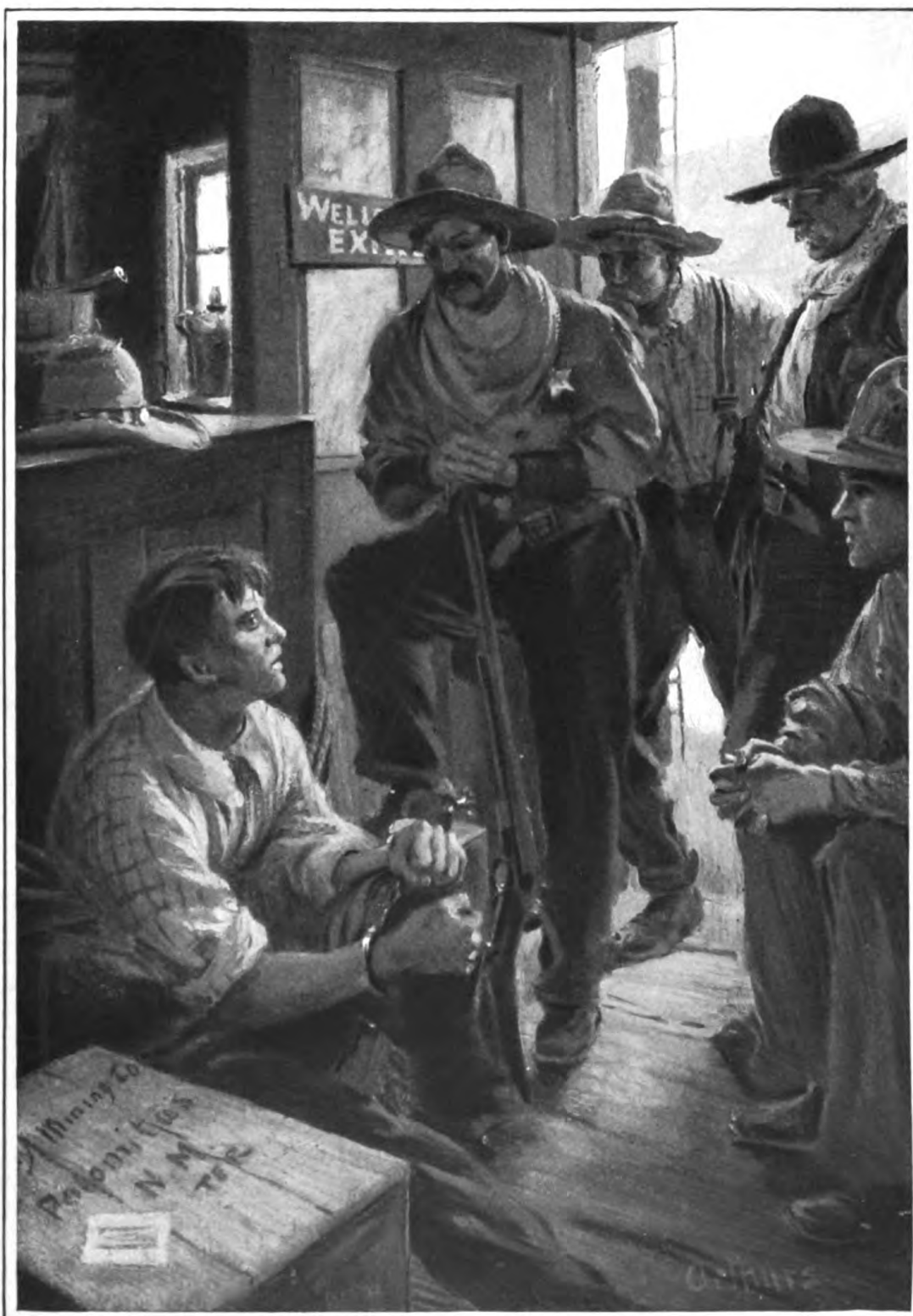
At first Shorty couldn't believe he and telegraph-poles really was to get acquainted. He hadn't no clear notion about the shooting—he not being sober, as I've said, at the time—and when he come to and found he was hitched fast to the iron safe in the express office, that being the best we could do to jail him, and was told what he was up against, he thought the boys were putting a rig on him and only laughed. When he did ketch on, the thing being so rubbed in on him he had to, he kicked hard. If he really had shot Hart's nephew, he said, he didn't know nothing to speak of about it, and so oughtn't to be telegraph-poled for what was an accident that might happen to anybody. And all hands knowed well enough, he

said, that shooting Hart's nephew, or getting shut of him anyway, was a blame good thing—seeing what a comfort doing without him was going to be. And since things was that way, he said, it wasn't a case where telegraph-poles ought to come in.

The sense of the community was in harmony with Mr. Smith's presentation of the matter on both counts, was the way Judge Wilson put it. (He could talk well, the Judge could. Likely his name wasn't Wilson, and he got called Judge because he'd been a lawyer back East before he had to quit in a hurry for something he'd done there.) But Cherry stuck it out resolute there wasn't going to be any back-down. And so, seeing there was no budging him, and he having most of the rights on his side anyway, the proceedings was allowed to go on.

After Shorty'd fairly got the facts jammed into him he behaved well. He was a sandy little man, Shorty was, and he showed it. What was going on, he said, wasn't a square game; but since nobody seemed to think squareness mattered, and he not being the squealing kind, he'd go right along with the procession and take his medicine without making any row. He talked like a man Shorty did; and some of the boys, liking his sandiness, asked him to shake hands. Shorty shook, and he looked pleased.

All he did ask for, Shorty said, was a chance to write to his wife before the telegraph-poling came along. It was only fair she should know what had happened to him, he said, and should get it positive—so she might take a fresh start when she got through fussing over it, by getting married to somebody else. And what was more, he said, he wanted to have his claim and what little he'd got out of it—seeing it was hers by rights anyway, and would help to keep her a-going till her new husband took hold. It wasn't much he had on hand about four hundred dollars, he reckoned, but the claim was worth something, and selling that would bring her in enough to make things easy for quite a while. So what he wanted to do, he said—seeing it was Cherry was most set on making a widow of her—was to turn the dollars and the claim over to Cherry to take



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs

HE SAID IT WASN'T A PLACE WHERE TELEGRAPH-POLES OUGHT TO COME IN



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care of till she got there. And he said Cherry was to put a post-office order for a hunderd dollars in his letter, so she could come right on down to Palomitas and rake in her pile. "Likely, too," said Shorty, "she'll want to be took out to where I'm planted in the sage-brush to drop a tear. She's a terrible tender-hearted woman, and it's going to worry her having me hung."

Cherry kicked against taking the job; but all hands was agreed he ought to—seeing it was him, just as Shorty said it was, was most set on the widow-making—and he ended by giving in and telling Shorty he'd put the whole thing through. So Wood—he was the station-master, Wood was—settled Shorty comfortable at the desk in the ticket-office, with both his legs tied together to keep off surprises, and Shorty set to work at his letter-writing: the boys standing round, sort of casual, helping matters along by telling him things he ought to put in. He was a powerful long time at it—Cherry, being nervous anyway, got to fussing over the time he took—but he did finish off at last. When he got through he said, as sandy as ever, he'd a little explaining to do—and after that the band might begin to play.

"As you see, gentlemen," said Shorty, "I've written four letters"—and he showed 'em to us—"and you may be surprised, till you think a little, to find they all seem to be written to different folks pretty well scattered round in the States. But when you've done your thinking I reckon nobody in this crowd—where names isn't as fixed as they might be—will see much in it that's queer. Same as the rest of you, gentlemen, I've had to make some quick changes now and then myself—and whenever I needed to draw a fresh name from the pack my dear wife got her share in whatever it happened to be. That's the whole story—and I reckon there ain't more'n about three of you who haven't found it useful, off and on, to do the same thing.

"The scatteriness of the letters comes from my not being dead sure just where my dear wife happens to be. She's fond of visiting round among her old friends; and when she strikes 'em—in Omaha, or Denver, or wherever she happens to blow

in—she has to call herself what they knowed her by when she lived there. I'm not much of a hand at corresponding, and it's a good while since I heard from her; so she may be in any of them places, and wearing any of them old names. All the letters is sent to somebody's care, and she'll get one of 'em soon for sure; and them she don't get, being marked that way, will come back all right to Cherry here. So Cherry's to put a hunderd-dollar order in each of 'em made out to the name on the envelope. The one she gets will give her the money to come on down here with; and the ones that come back to Cherry he'll cash and pay over to her. I do hate to give Cherry all that bother. But I reckon you'll allow, gentlemen—seeing it's his own fault my having to bother him—attending to this business is up to him square."

Cherry was the only one said it wasn't—but he didn't waste no time arguing about it. Being in a hurry to end off with Shorty, and nervous anyway, he just took the four hunderd dollars and said, snappy-like, he'd go over to Santa Fé next day and get the money-orders and start the letters along. Then we got Shorty to the telegraph-pole and attended to him. Not even Cherry had any real heart in the doings—and the rest of us felt about as mean as we could feel. Shorty was the only one showed any spirit, and he done his part well—keeping sandy right smack to the end. Just afore we h'isted him he winked at Hill and sort of whispered: "I say, Hill. If about two weeks from now Cherry ain't the sickest man you ever laid eyes on I'll eat a whole hog!" And them cheerful words—that was a puzzle to Hill, who couldn't make head or tail of 'em—was Shorty's last.

Cherry'd had all he cared for in doings with widows, along of Charley and the Hen; and to make sure there wasn't anything in the wood-pile that oughtn't to be he went through Shorty's letters careful. As far as he could see—outside the different names, which was accounted for; and the rather fancy price put on the claim, that would settle itself by what the claim sold for—there was nothing to find fault with. All the letters was just alike in what they said, and they went this way:

MY DEAR WIFE,—Owing to an accident on my part with a telegraph-pole, you will be a widow when these few lines reach you. I call it hard luck. But others don't see it that way. With this order for a hundred dollars you can pay your way down here, and you'd better start quick, and get what's coming to you. It's in Mr. Cherry's hands. Mr. Cherry is the leading store-keeper in Palomitas. He'll tell you all that's needed, and when you show him this letter he'll hand over to you. The accident is owing to him, and he owes it to you to treat you well. The claim ought to fetch \$2,000 anyway, and there will be \$300 coming to you in cash, so your clean-up won't be bad. Hoping that this finds you as it leaves me, I am your affectionate in haste

HUSBAND.

So Cherry sent off the four letters with a money-order for a hundred dollars in each of 'em; and then he set down and waited for what Shorty's widow might have to hand out to him when she come along. He didn't look forward with no sort of pleasure to facing the widow—seeing she couldn't be expected to see things his way—but he said it all come in the day's work, and he was ready to make sacrifices for the sake of keeping Palomitas pure. The rest of us, being less set on purity, was real annoyed. Everybody liked that queer little cuss; and Hill—he'd got into terrible bad swearing habits, Hill had, along of his mule-driving—said square out hanging him was a damn shame!

The one soul around town who hadn't nothing to say against it was the Mexican woman—Juana, her name was—Shorty'd made a sort of a wife of. Juana said he'd got just what rightly was coming to him. He'd took away all her money, she said—and, one way and another, she used to get a-hold of considerable—as fast as she made it, and being shut of him that way was a good thing. "*Ahorcado?*" said Juana. "*Nada me gustaria mas!*"—which was her Dago way of putting it that hanging him suited her right down to the ground. She had a lot more to tell, Juana had, that didn't put him much in what you would call a good light—and when she'd

done telling it none of us fussed any to speak of over his having got jerked away.

About a week or so after the hanging, Shorty's regular widow blew in. She was a plain little mouse of a woman—so quiet in her ways, and so pleased over the rake-in a-coming to her, Cherry right away was set easy in his mind. She came along to Cherry's store straight from the deepo, when the Pueblo train got in in the morning, and said she was from Boulder, Colorado, and her name was Mrs. Edward L. Ward—which was right by the record, that being one of the names on Shorty's list. And as she brought along Shorty's letter, all regular, Cherry knew it was a square game.

Cherry'd expected to catch it when Shorty's widow turned up over having made a widow of her, and having done it in a mean sort of way. But he didn't. She said right out—same as Juana—hanging was just what suited Shorty, and it suited her too. She was only sorry, she said, it hadn't happened afore ever she'd laid eyes on him: seeing how he'd only married her for the sake of getting what money she had—and had cleared out as soon as he'd spent it, and she hadn't heard a word about him for more'n six years. But she wouldn't bear no malice, she said, seeing he'd left his pile to her—and then she and Cherry, not bothering any more about what had happened to Shorty, went to talking over what was to be got for the claim. She was reasonable about maybe having to take less'n two thousand dollars for it, and things was pretty well settled when noontime come and she went over to get her dinner at the Forest Queen.

Some kind of a hotel being needed, and nobody else offering, old Tender Foot Sal was allowed to keep on running the Forest Queen after the town got its clean-up—but as the Committee'd shut up the bank Santa Fé Charley'd took charge of, and had put such a cinch on the dance-hall it was like a Sunday-school, her hotel-keeping was a poorish job. But victuals that could be eat if you was hungry enough, and beds that on a pinch could be slept in, was to be had there—and the widow fixed with Sal to stay over till next day.

In the afternoon she and Cherry took

matters up again, and things went on smooth as butter atween 'em till they got along to talking about the cash Shorty's letter'd said was a-coming to her. Right there they struck a snag. Cherry told her about having sent off to her a bunch of letters with money-orders in 'em all, and why he'd done it—so one of 'em would strike her quick wherever she happened to be, and whatever name she happened to have on when it struck her; and he said the three she hadn't got wouldn't be long in coming back to him and then he'd settle up. That brought her square to a stand. Such doings, she said, was more'n she could make head or tail of. Shorty—or Edward, as she called him—never'd been known as far as she could tell, she said, by no such names as Nellwood or White or Williamson, them being the names on the other three letters; and it looked to her, she said, as if something was all wrong.

The two of 'em kept a-talking away about it till supper-time, and all the time not getting nowhere; and then the widow, saying they'd have to let it go till morning, went over to get her hash and stay the night at the Forest Queen. The only thing she could think of, she said, was that Edward had been up to some of his joking—he was a great hand for joking, she said—and likely them letters hadn't been sent to real folks at all.

Bright and early next morning over come the widow to Cherry's store, and at it they went again—and things begun to get spirited right away. Now she'd slept on it, the widow said, and was seeing things clear, she wasn't worrying any. Whether them folks was real or wasn't real, she said, didn't make no difference—but what did count was Cherry's having spent three hundred dollars of her money without any orders from her for spending it. That being so, she said, it was up to him to pay her back that three hundred dollars without no more fuss over it. If he got it back himself from wherever he'd seen fit to send it to, she said, she'd be glad—but his getting it or his not getting it hadn't nothing to do with his settling up with her short off. Cherry, of course, wasn't going to stand talk like that; and he told her he was let

out because the money wasn't hers but Shorty's, and he'd only done with it what Shorty ordered. And she told him back it stopped being Shorty's, and right away got to be hers, the very minute he'd yanked Shorty up the telegraph-pole—and if he didn't hand it smack over to her she'd know the reason why.

While they was arguing that point, and Cherry getting anxious over it, the Pueblo train come in—they not paying no attention to it—and when it got down to the deepo a couple of women landed from the Pullman. As much as one woman at a time coming to Palomitas wasn't usual, and having as many as two coming together drew attention. Both of 'em went up to Wood—keeping as wide apart as they could—and asked him where Mr. Cherry's store was; and Wood he pointed it out to 'em—it was only a dozen rods or so away from the deepo—and off they both set for it; keeping on keeping wide apart, and having their chins up sort of scornful. The Pullman conductor accounted for the way they was behaving. It seems he'd give 'em the same section—they being the only women on board—and they'd set up most of the night rowing over which of 'em would get the lower berth. So they started in, that morning, pretty well ready to go to scratching each other's eyes.

The scratching—only it took the shape of the hottest sort of jawing—begun as soon as they got along to Cherry's; where Cherry and the widow was doing some hot jawing of their own, same as I've said, about that missing three hundred dollars. And them two made matters more interesting by accounting themselves for where two hundred of it had gone. They was a badly matched couple—one of 'em being a tall skinny woman with thin lips, and the other a short bunchy one with snappy black eyes. Both of 'em looked like they could say all they'd a mind to—and it turned out that that was just what they both of 'em everlastingly could do. Cherry always said the gray in his hair begun to come in right then.

"Are you Mr. Cherry?" "Is this Mr. Cherry?" said the two of 'em, speaking both at once. And Cherry—beginning to get scared, though he didn't rightly

know what he was scared at—owned up he was.

"I am Mrs. Tecumseh Sherman Williamson," says the tall one, "and my home is in Kansas City. I have here a letter from my husband that is most perplexing—telling me that I will be his widow by the time I get it, and that you will explain everything to me and will give me the little fortune that he has left for me in your hands. I only hope that he truly is dead, and that the rest of it is true too. He treated me so outrageously that hanging would have been the right ending for him; and the three hundred dollars in cash, and the two thousand more that he says I am to get from his mining claim, won't make up what he got out of me by his cheatings and his stealings before he cruelly deserted me. Here is the letter—and I shall be glad to hear what you have to tell me, sir, and to receive the funds."

The bunchy woman's black eyes kept getting bigger and bigger as the thin woman was a-saying all this, and the little mousy woman's eyes bulged too. They both of 'em tried to speak at once, but the bunchy woman got the lead.

"I'm Robert Nellwood's wife," said the bunchy woman, "and I live in East Saint Louis. I've got here a letter from my Bob telling just the same things this woman says are in her letter—about my being his widow, and his leaving three hundred dollars and the claim to me, and it's being put with you to take care of till I come along. Who this woman is I don't know and I don't care; but if she's after my money I can damn well tell her"—being from East Saint Louis she talked careless—"she's barking up the wrong tree. It looks to me as if likely she's somebody Bob's lived with under the name she gives him; and as if he'd taken it into his head—he was always as full of tricks as a monkey—to fool her with a bogus letter same as the real letter he wrote me. All she's had to tell about this Williamson sounds just like my Bob—he having hocussed me into marrying him, and cleared out and left me as soon as he got a-hold of what money I had, just like this woman says he done with her. Down here it seems, according to what the train conductor last night told me, he went by the name

of Shorty Smith; and it done me real good when the train conductor told me all about how he'd got the hanging this woman says, and I say too, was what he most stood in need of. That part is satisfactory. But any tricks about money matters he's been up to, with her or anybody else, ain't—and I'll not allow 'em to pass. This is *my* game, and don't you forget it. I'm Bob Nellwood's lawful widow. Here's his letter telling me I have a right to his cash and his claim. And so I'll thank you, Mr. Cherry, to hand over the goods to me right away."

The bunchy woman's snappy eyes was a-snapping dangerous, and she'd stuck her two hands on her fat sides with her elbows out, and Cherry said she looked like as if she'd a knife in both garters and meant to use 'em on him if he didn't come to time. He was all broke up by these doings, he said—each of them three widows having Shorty's own letter to show for herself—and how he ever in the world was going to settle matters with 'em, he said, was more'n he could see. But he didn't need to see it immediate—all them widows having things on their minds they wanted to get rid of before much of a chance at talking come round to him. While he was scratching his head for any way likely to be helpful, in comes the tall widow with a regular snort.

"This creature," says the tall widow, looking contemptuous at the bunchy one, and like as if she was more'n ready to eat her, "simply has told untruths from beginning to end—unless it may be about Tecumseh having played a trick in his letter-writing. If her letter really is from Tecumseh—and likely it is, since her letter is exactly like mine—the trick part is true; and I say, just as she says, that it would be like him to play a contemptible trick of that kind. I infer that what she has said about Tecumseh's having been hung also is true. With that piece of news I am delighted. I never knew a man who so well deserved hanging; and I am most glad, as I said I would be, to have got rid of him in that way. But her assertion that she is Tecumseh's widow—having married him under the name of Robert Nellwood—is a mere brazen falsehood; to which, of course, no attention need be paid. I

am the only widow of Tecumseh Sherman Williamson—and the sooner, Mr. Cherry, you pay over to me my three hundred dollars, and arrange with me about the selling of my claim, the better it will be.”

The tall widow stood up straight as the telegraph-pole Shorty went out on, and she glared so terrible at Cherry he said he felt all of a sudden as if he hadn't any insides. “Madam,” said he—being so nervous he used cuss-words—“this is the damndest queerest mess I've ever got up against. All that I can do—”

But what Cherry could or couldn't do didn't get stated—and as I reckon he didn't know himself, and was trying to make it up as he went along, his doings or didn'ts didn't matter much. Before he got beyond that starter, the little mousy widow chipped in—and she done it so quiet, like as if she had a right to, Cherry begun to hope he was let out of trouble with the other two by her really having the cards.

“Mr. Cherry,” says the little mousy widow, speaking gentle, “I do not doubt that these two ladies have been deceived by Edward in just the same way that he deceived me. And I think that the lady from Kansas City,” and she nodded polite-like to the tall widow, “has given us the true explanation of the letters that he has sent to them. I am satisfied that when he had written his letter to me—who, of course, was his only lawful wife, and who now, of course, am his only lawful widow—his disposition to play mean tricks on people, about which both of these ladies have spoken truthfully, overcame him. As he seems to have been acquainted with these two ladies—they not knowing, I hope, that his relations with them were unlawful—he just took it into that queer head of his to send copies of my letter to each of them, and a copy also, as you have told me, to some person named White, by way of playing on all of them what he would regard as a capital practical joke. But deeper than his desire to trick so cruelly these unfortunate ladies,” both of 'em snorted when she said that, “I am very sure, Mr. Cherry, was his desire to revenge himself on you for giving him the hanging that we all are agreed he so richly deserved. Last night, at supper at the Forest Queen, I was talking

with the driver of the Santa Fé coach, Mr. Hill; and Mr. Hill told me that Edward, just before the ending, winked at him and said that he would eat an entire pig if in about two weeks you were not ‘the sickest man’—Edward always spoke coarsely—on whom Mr. Hill ever had laid his eyes. The two weeks now are nearly up, and I fear, Mr. Cherry, that the coming of these pretended widows of Edward,” both of 'em snorted again, “is doing much to justify the evil meaning of his winking and his words.

“But so far as I am concerned,” went on the mousy widow, speaking firm, “of course there is no trouble at all. All the business matters concerning my taking possession immediately of Edward's estate have been settled between us—excepting in regard to the three hundred dollars, about which we were talking when these ladies intruded themselves—and so nothing remains but for you to turn over to me the funds. For your sake I regret that Edward deluded you into sending to each of these ladies a hundred dollars of my money. No doubt they will return it to you; and if—”

“I'd like to see myself return anything!” jammed in the tall widow, looking resolute. And the bunchy widow—talking in a real East Saint Louis way, and them black eyes of hers fairly a-blazing—added on: “Not a damn return from *me*! You shell out the hundred Bob sent *you*—and the other critter the same!”

“—they do not return it,” went on the mousy widow, just as quiet as if they hadn't spoke, “and if the hundred that you have sent to some one named White is not returned, of course, Mr. Cherry, I shall demand three hundred dollars in cash from you—since, without my authorization, you have expended that much of the money that legally is mine. And now, if you will request these unfortunate ladies to leave us—they both have my sorrowing sympathy—we will continue our settlement of Edward's affairs.”

Cherry always said what happened for a while after that was beyond his telling. It was like, he said, having more'n a dozen blasts going off all at once, and charges in all of 'em fit to make a whole quarter-section of bed-rock stand right

up on end. What started things the worst, he said, was the talk about returning; and them three widows—each of 'em wanting to get back the hunderd dollars apiece Cherry'd sent to the other two—just went for one another horns down. And then, when they was tired of rowing among theirselves, Cherry got it in the neck from the whole three of 'em the same way—the bunch of 'em whipping round on him and each of 'em telling him he'd got to give 'em the money he'd sent to the other two, and along with it the extry hunderd he'd sent nobody knowed where.

It was the awfulest thing, Cherry said, he'd ever got into. It made him think, he said, having his knees hugged by the Hen while she was begging-off Charley—which was the sickest time he'd ever had previous—was just the same as fresh eggs and music. Even the little mousy widow, he said, riz up on her hind-legs and talked outrageous to him; and the East Saint Louis widow, he said, slung cusses at him to make you think the genteel little cusses Hill used in his mule-driving likely was words he'd learned in church.

All Cherry could think of for a let-up—it was getting close to noon by that time—was to tell 'em to go over to the Forest Queen for their dinners; and he told 'em he'd think things over while they was at their hashing, and likely he could fix up some sort of a settlement in the afternoon. Being pretty well tired out theirselves, they agreed to that; and so off they trooped—keeping as wide apart as they could manage it—to the Forest Queen. Old Sal said the only way she could set 'em at table to suit 'em was to put one at each end—it was a longish table—and one in the middle; and even at that, Sal said, she felt she had to watch to see they didn't take to letting fly at each other with the tumblers and plates. The tall one and the mousy one, she said, took about a quart of tea apiece, as strong as they could get it; but the East Saint Louis one begun by having three fingers straight at the bar, and went on at dinner with more with water—the water scant.

Cherry hadn't no real notion of keeping on in the afternoon. All he was after was to get shut of them widows

long enough to give him a chance to slide out of town—and he meant to stay out of town till word come to him all of 'em was gone for keeps. So down he went to the deepo, when he'd locked his store up, meaning to borrow Wood's buckboard and get quick away. Some of the boys was setting around there, and he looked so sort of haggard they was real concerned. But it was Judge Wilson who come to the front and was helpful; and when Cherry told about the circus he'd been in, and how getting away on the buckboard was all he could see for himself, the Judge took hold well.

All three of them widows, said the Judge, talking legal, couldn't be the real article; and if there was a fourth one still in the woods—as seemed more'n likely, Shorty having sent off four letters—she classed the same. Taking Juana for a sample, said the Judge, the odds was Shorty hadn't married any of 'em; but even if he'd married, one time or another, the whole bunch—and with a careless little cuss like him it well enough might a-happened that way—the only one that really counted was the one that come first. So what was needed, said the Judge, was to make them put down their cards—first showing as well as they could there'd been any regular marrying; and when that was settled, if it did get settled, which of 'em had done her marrying longest ago. Fixing things that way, he said, was bound 'to clean two of them widows off the dump for sure; and then Cherry could give the pot to the left one—or he could get a hold-up on her by making her wait to settle things the same way with the fourth one, in case that fourth one come to time.

"As I have the honor to be styled a Judge in this community," said Wilson, to end off with, "I shall take it upon myself this afternoon to hold a court—at the bar of which the several widows of the late Mr. Smith shall have opportunity to present their respective claims as against Mr. Cherry; and Mr. Cherry shall have his chance to down two of 'em for certain, and to call a hold-up on the third. And if I don't get you out of this hole somehow or other, Joe," he wound up with, stopping talking legal, "you can kick me a mile through the sage-brush any time you please."

Cherry being more'n ready to ketch at any kind of a straw anybody offered him, and the boys seeing there was likely to be some fun in the court doings, it didn't take long to settle on putting the Judge's plan through. Getting the widows to come into it took longer—but by making out to 'em the Judge was the real thing, and the Judge himself going over to the Forest Queen and talking serious to 'em about submitting to the laws of the Territory, they ended up by coming in too. What with arguing with the widows, and giving some training to the boys that was to be court officers—so the show wouldn't be a give-away by breaks they made—it was well onto five o'clock in the afternoon when the proceedings was ready to begin.

Court was held out on the station platform, on the shady side, where all hands could get their share of the performances—the ticket-office desk and high stool being moved out for the Judge, and three chairs brought over from the Forest Queen for the widows, and the rest of us setting on what boxes and nail-kegs was to be had, or standing around anyway we pleased. The night train for Pueblo was up by the tank—beginning to snort a little with firing-up—all ready to back down to the station for its six-o'clock starting, or as much later as might happen by Hill's coach coming slower'n usual bringing train passengers from Santa Fé.

Judge Wilson, with Wood acting for crier, got the court opened in good shape, with the widows setting in a row—as wide apart as they could get their chairs hiked—in front of him; and when they was settled, and he'd rapped on the ticket-office desk with a six-inch spike for order, he didn't waste no time in getting down to his job.

"Ladies," said the Judge, bowing to 'em dignified, "under the laws of the Territory of New Mexico, of which I am the duly authorized exponent, the seeming conflict of your several claims against the estate of the late Mr. Smith—*alias* Ward, *alias* Williamson, *alias* Nellwood, and probably *alias* White—of which estate Mr. Joseph Cherry is executor, admits of a simple and easy adjustment. Unless all three of you were married collectively to the late Mr. Smith, under all

of his *aliases*, at the same moment on the same day—which could have occurred only in Utah, and is unlikely—it follows that two of you have been the victims of what I may term his trigamy. Whence it further follows that only one of you—the one whom he originally legally married—has any legal standing at the bar of this court. All that is necessary, therefore, is for one of you to show that she was that first one; and whichever of you can establish that point, to the court's satisfaction, will make good her claim upon the late Mr. Smith's estate; always provided, however, that a fourth widow of the late Mr. Smith—of whose existence there is colorable evidence—does not intervene and establish a prior claim as against you all. Having thus exhibited to you, ladies, the law that governs in these premises, I now—acting within my powers—require that you state to this court the dates of your respective marriages to the late Mr. Smith, under any of his several *aliases*; and that you specify with precision where and by whom the rite was performed. Taking you in the order in which you are seated, I ask this question first of the lady who has come here in response to the letter addressed to Mrs. Tecumseh Sherman Williamson. The court, madam, awaits your reply."

The tall widow begun to get her mouth open to do her replying—the other two widows watching her close with their ears pricked up—and then she shut off steam sudden and didn't say a word. All three of 'em give a kind of gulp at the same time—making it plain they'd all ketched on to what they was up against, and how if they didn't get dates far back enough they was in for a give-away sure.

For about a minute things was so still you could have heard a cat washing herself. Then the tall widow got a brace on and said out strong: "I was married to Tecumseh Sherman Williamson in the Methodist church in Denver on August 16, 1857."

"I was married to him, to Edward L. Ward, I mean," cracked in the mousy widow, not waiting for no questioning, "in the Baptist church in Topeka on March 28, 1855."

"Get out the both of you for a pair

of liars," sung out the bunchy widow. "Me and Bob Nellwood was married by Magistrate Walker in East Saint Louis in 1852. And I remember it was the Fourth of July—we was celebrating the day."

"As this is the year 1880," said Judge Wilson, nodding at the bunchy widow, "and as you look to be not much over thirty, I can only say you married young. And as there wasn't any Denver at all, and as Topeka hadn't done much in the way of church-building, at the dates mentioned by the other ladies, I am forced to infer that their memories have gone a little wrong."

The widows all set up stiff and glared at him when he said that, it being a regular squelcher; and the rest of us all set to laughing as hard as we could laugh.

"Order in the court!" says Judge Wilson, rapping hard with his spike. And then he went on, speaking firm but quiet: "As matters stand, ladies, I think that you had better all try again. And this time, instead of responding *viva voce*, I suggest that you write on slips of paper the facts which my duty compels me to require you to lay before the court. The court-crier will provide you with paper and pencils, and I urge you to make your several statements accurate and clear." And Wood he got out the paper and pencils from the ticket-office desk drawer—the Judge squeezing back to let him open it—and handed 'em round.

I reckon if that court still was a-setting, them three widows still would be twisting about them bits of paper and biting them pencils' ends. None of 'em nohow could make her mind up to set down what was wanted—it being clear there wouldn't be no chance for raising whatever turned out to be the highest call. Things got to be sort of teijious, keeping on waiting while they didn't do nothing; and all of us was glad of the break when we heard Hill's coach a-coming along up the slope from the river, with Hill cracking away at his mule-team and cussing 'em fit to blister their hides.

Hill brought up alongside the platform, and as soon as he set eyes on Cherry he sung out: "Hello, Joe. I've got another of them widows of Shorty's for

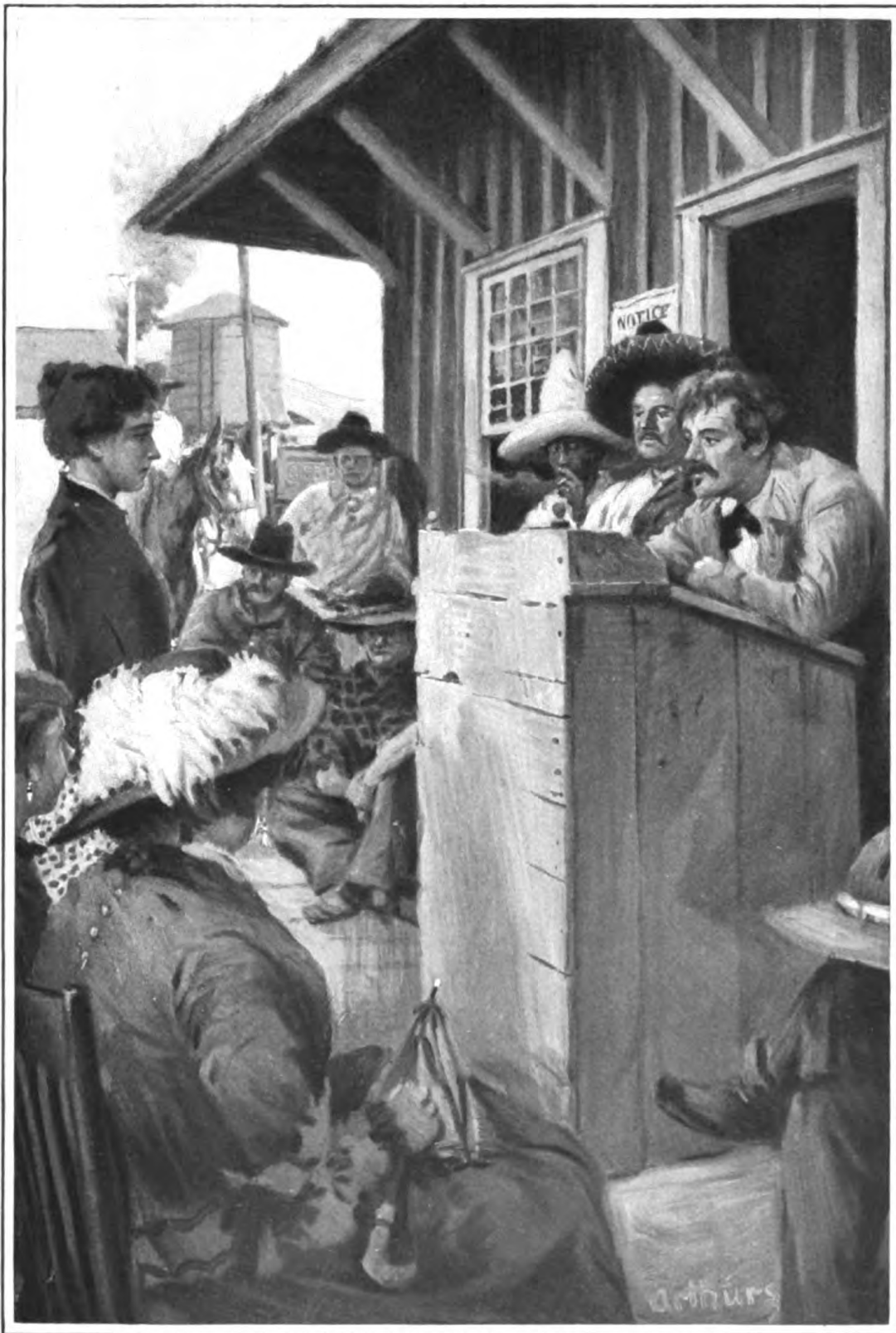
you. And I reckon from what she's been telling me she's the one that has the cards."

Well, you can bet your life there was a jump when Hill said that; and all hands edged up close to the coach as he helped out the fresh widow for Shorty's collection he'd brought along. She'd come down to Santa Fé by the Atchison, it turned out, and that was how Hill come to have her on board. The three widows we had on hand to start with got up with a jerk to have a look at her—all of 'em being ugly with the fix they was in, without her coming to make it fixier—and the bunchy one put in real East Saint Louis words what they all was thinking about her, and about each other, by singing out: "Here comes another damn fraud!"

But, as it happened, she wasn't nothing of the sort. She was the real goods, that widow was; and Hill was dead right about her when he said she had the cards. She was a poor, pale, elderly thing—but with something about her to make you feel she'd likely been good-looking afore she got so wore out and old.

Coming over on the coach she and Hill'd talked considerable: Hill telling her all about Shorty's hanging—it seeming to worry her some, he said, but not enough to hurt much—and she telling Hill a square-sounding story about her marrying him. It all went, Hill said, as straight as a string. She'd got married to Shorty, she said—or George White, as he happened to be calling himself at the time—close to twenty years back; and he'd lived near onto a year with her, spending some money she had. Then, about the time she was having a baby, he'd grabbed all he hadn't spent and run off from her. And she said till his letter come along, with the post-office order in it, she'd never laid eyes on him or knowed where he was.

He'd always been a great hand at joking and tricking, she said; and it was only getting the money paid at the post-office made her think the whole thing wasn't one of his rigs. But having the order turn out to be good, she said, made her feel there likely was something in it worth attending to; and so, having the cash for her car-fare, she'd come right on down from Nashua, New Hampshire—



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs

COURT WAS HELD OUT ON THE STATION PLATFORM



where Shorty'd married her, and where she'd ever since been living with her folks—to have a look around. And she'd brought along, she said, in case there really was any money matter to be attended to, her marriage certificate, and a letter from the minister that done the marrying, so there mightn't be no mistakes made about her not being George White's widow for sure.

Well, she told all that all over—when things quieted, and Judge Wilson got his court to setting again—and some more of the same sort on top of it; and when she'd finished off, and her papers had been looked at, all hands was agreed she had the game. Even the other three widows had to own up she'd downed 'em and they might as well show their hands. It was the East Saint Louis one put her cards down first, and she done it graceful. She wasn't by no means a bad lot, that East Saint Louis widow wasn't: except she took her drinks rather frequent, and was a little careless about slinging around cuss-words, she was a perfect lady all the way through.

"Me and Bob did get married honest," she said, "with Magistrate Walker, same as I've said, doing the business all regular; and Bob did scoop me, and did skip when he'd cleaned me out. But now I come to think things over—I've always had trouble getting dates right—I guess it all happened only about six years ago. So I'm left, and likely this lady takes the cake—and I wish her luck of it, I'm sure. Anyhow, Bob's hung, which is something to be thankful for, and I've had a damn good ride for my money. What's more, I'll have a little cash left over to take home with me—and getting cash out of Bob Nellwood, dead or alive, is more'n I ever looked for in all my born days!" Then she faced round on the sure-enough widow, real polite, and said: "Shake, ma'am." And they shook like they was old friends.

"I think that I made a little mistake

about dates myself," said the mousy widow. "Anyhow, I am certain that Edward and I were married less than twenty years ago. But it is the solemn truth that he did marry me, and that he did run off and leave me as soon as he'd taken all my money—and it is a real comfort to me, as it seems to be to this other lady, that you gentlemen among you have got him hung."

"I won't say how long ago Tecumseh and I were married," said the tall widow; "and it don't matter—as I'll admit that it wasn't as much as twenty years. What these ladies say he did to them—marrying them, and stealing all their money, and deserting them—was what he did to me; and I am as glad as they are that he has been hung for his crimes. Thinking about Tecumseh's hanging," and she set tight them thin lips of hers, "will brighten all my coming days!"

Their remarks of the tall widow's was the end of the proceedings. The train had been a-backing down from the tank while she and the rest was talking; and when it fetched the platform the three that hadn't got their hooks in all went aboard. There wasn't anything much she could see to keep 'em, the East Saint Louis widow said; and for her part, she said, she wanted to get somewhere in a hurry where the drinks was better'n what was to be had at the Forest Queen—which didn't keep her, all the same, from taking a Forest Queen bottle along.

The Pullman conductor said afterward them widows was real friendly together on the run up to Pueblo. Till bedtime come, he said, the three of 'em was all bunched in one section telling each other how their Edward and their Bob and their Tecumseh—listening to 'em, he said, was downright confusing—had treated 'em. And all the time, he said, they kept coming back to how glad they was he was hung. As things turned out, that was about the one point on which all them extry widows of Shorty's was agreed.



Mary and the Marabout

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

ALTHOUGH we had taken Mary to Algeria that she might "forget," the girl had faith that any effort on our part to separate her from a certain charming and therefore ineligible young man would be frustrated by a higher power than ourselves, and that she and the tabooed one would meet in some miraculous way, after we had put several thousand miles of water and desert sands between them.

As a rule, under such circumstances, we would have been on Mary's side. The Illustrator was ever keen to champion a lady's cause, and I, having made some such marriage as our protégée was seeking, and found the result satisfactory, saw no reason why the girl shouldn't have a charming one herself. But what hurt us was the way that Mary granted any higher power than our own high-powered motor-car, even to the point of assuring us that it would outstrip our efforts, and arrange matters to her satisfaction in the very teeth of our perfected mechanical appliances. As the Illustrator said, there was no better engine in the world than ours, nor lamps that threw a farther light, nor tires that could run longer without bursting, and, like Robert of Sicily, "he was the King."

These were not our only assets. The young man, in a fashion, was another. He had gone off in that stubborn, crushed state which is so comprehensible to such of us who live by our hearts, and so perplexing to Mary's family who live by their heads, and had completely broken off with Mary until such time as her people would welcome him as an equal, or—he longed to say, but did not—as a superior. And now, as the girl ever concluded in rehearsing the tale, the thing for her to do was to search him out and talk him over.

The palm-trees outside our windows in Algiers were no more incessant in their whispering than were we in our rooms after Mary was nightly sent to bed.

There was no necessity for aspirates. Lacking an easy-chair at home, the main idea of the Arab is to meet in the square on which our hotel gave, and scream his family scandals to his friends. The noise is unvaried and endless, and any plot from the undermining of a nation to the breaking of a young woman's heart could be discussed at full lung power. But the Illustrator enjoyed intrigue and kept his voice down, hissing platitudes at me like a stage villain.

On this especial evening he gave utterance to the mighty novelty that, as one nail drives out another, the best plan for us was to find a nail that would be of sufficient interest to Mary to drive out all recollection of the charming one, and to prove to her that a girl can be happy even if she doesn't marry an ineligible. I agreed with him, suggesting, however, that the nail be not young, good looking, or a gentleman. And the Illustrator, in turn, accepted my addendum piously. "Besides," he added, "there are many other interests in Africa. For instance, the dancing girls—"

The promulgation of this thought died in his throat in a lame whistle, as he caught my eye. We had been spending that evening among the dancing girls for their "local color," or anything else that the Illustrator could think of calling them, and while they had not been up to the picturesque standards of our Eastern dancers as seen in the Western world, they had afforded him an enjoyment which he had endeavored to conceal beneath a bored exterior.

We had decided at first that Mary was too tired to see the Algerians dance, for the reason that public entertainers in Africa are not the kind of ladies she would meet at afternoon teas, nor do they live in Moorish domiciles whose janitors have scruples. As man and wife we could go, and therefore were not tired, but the girl had better stay in the dull hotel and rest. However, there was a

certain cold deadliness in the way our ward kept putting on her hat that brought us to silence after we had exclaimed over her fatigue several times.

"For you know," concluded Mary, after she had completed her outdoor toilet—"you know, I shall find him somewhere—and it may be there."

The Illustrator had smothered an exclamation of horror, fearing if he suggested that it was no place for a young man it would be no place for us, and followed the girl and the guide, as he wound us in and out of the narrow ways of the Kasbah, the while stoutly maintaining that Mary was right.

The very next morning, however, we found a decent "nail" which attracted Mary and held an enjoyable prospect for us, and I should have been entirely pleased but that my delight was mixed with the uncanny fear that I had made the discovery by some of Mary's white magic. If I could do this so quickly just by wishing it, what could not Mary, with her sublime faith, accomplish?

We had rushed out into the square because the sun was shining and because no guide was looking. Not that these conditions remained with us for any length of time. The sun went behind a cloud, and a moment later a passing Moor with a blind eye and American garters became our guide, unasked, and hurried us off to see something of which he spoke only in an Arabic whisper.

Our direction was toward the mole beyond the white mosque, where, after twelve minutes of vague wandering, he brought up before a low building and urged us to take turns peeking through a hole in the center of the ancient door. It was dark inside, and we could see nothing, but the Arab became very excited. He said it was a marabout.

The announcement created a sensation, for this was the first intimation we had ever received that a marabout was anything but a feather boa, and very poor feathers at that. "Probably the combings of the bird," Mary had decided. We dismissed our old belief without effort, however. As the Illustrator said, no man, not even an Arab, could get so wild over a lady's neckpiece, and following this line of argument, he thought it, meaning the marabout, must be the lady at least.

"Or a harem," I added.

Mary grew intensely interested at this. "Not so much because it is a harem," she said, "but because it may not be, and we will have a lot of fun finding out."

Asking the concierge would have been an easy way of finding out about the marabout, and the Illustrator was going to suggest this when I shoved against his foot.

I explained further to the Illustrator on the way back. Mary, as usual, was with the blind guide and twenty-one beggars. If this nail of the girl's was to remain interesting to her, I warned, then it must continue delicately veiled. And even he, while doubting the attraction of a "nail" which was at all secreted, granted that hunting a marabout held possibilities for absorption.

The plot thickened that afternoon. It was Friday, and on Friday the Arabian women take their airing. They do not go shopping, or to the parks, or to the picture films. Claiming a privilege which many of us would be proud to share, they put on their best trousers or possibly their husbands' best trousers, and in merry bands make their way to the cemetery, there to sit, unveiled, among the dead. This is the most that Mohammed can do for them, and, as far as I can make out, it is the one joy that is withheld from men. The male cannot visit the cemetery on Friday. He is mad to do this, and he goes as far as he dares. In second-best trousers the men squat in circles at the entrance to that Eden and watch the women bitterly as they swish past with a great rustling of starch. We left the Illustrator among them, disputing for the first time the laws of Moslemism, while he watched the serpents that were driven out of the garden writhe to the screeching of a fakir's flute.

Mary and I wandered down over the slope of the hill among the groups of barefaced picnickers who sat upon the graves and cackled of their households and the difficulty of keeping servants. Even at our approach they intuitively drew behind their soiled cheese-cloth draperies. After a time we felt their shyness ourselves as though in the presence of nude women, and, by a common instinct, kept our eyes on the green of the olive branches which were endeavoring to intercept the bold stare of the sun.

Indignant sounds brought us up with a halt before the oldest woman in the world upon whom we were about to tread. The black slaves and the young girls who encircled her berated us in Arabic, and the old lady herself, who sat upon a very fine tomb with the characteristics of a doll's house, peered up at us through spent eyelids.

"Marabout," she explained, majestically.

"Marabout," cried the court, pointing to her.

"A marabout," whispered Mary, "and we were about to step on her!"

I was annoyed with the crone for solving our mystery so early in the game. I was disturbed at my *gaucherie* when she refused my offer to photograph her, unveiled, and I was distinctly embarrassed when she would accept no pennies for the flowers she proffered. We decided that the male Arab was less careful of his dignity. We left the cemetery and the pathetic bundles huddled upon the tombs.

"Marabout, a proud old woman," I defined to the *Illustrator*, who was hanging about pretending not to wait for us.

There was a gleam in his eye which betokened triumph—a triumph over women. He was too polite to be trusted, and assumed a dramatic air which is ridiculous in a man unless he is paid for it by the evening. He suggested that he had not been idle while we were frippering in the graveyard. He led the way down steps, which one is continually doing in the *Kasbah* unless one is walking up them. He would explain nothing. Arriving at a lower level, he stopped before a hut. A filthy beggar lifted her body at our approach, and with skinny fingers indicated a collection of rain-washed ribbons tied upon rings sunk in the mortar of the wall. She lifted a ribbon.

"Marabout," she whined.

Mary and I were indignant. "Stuff and nonsense!" we told her.

"A marabout is a woman," I added.

"Or a harem," continued Mary, doubtfully again.

"Or a hole in the door," the *Illustrator* sneered.

"Marabout," repeated the withered creature, wagging the ribbon.

We left her enriched, and sat upon the steps which go down to the town. Our brains were soft and mushy like the

day. The *Illustrator*, to avoid fierce discussion, essayed a sketch of a muezzin tower rising from an old-fashioned graveyard which did not receive callers. Hadj, the page boy of our hotel, came along—as all Arabs do—and invited us into the courtyard of the mosque. We would be able to hear the cry to prayer very plainly from there. Hadj and his friends were welcome in the court, for he and his mother and little sister lived in part of the building. It was the mother's duty to clean the carpets.

We crouched down upon the lintel of a door, Hadj with us, holding his toes and dropping knowledge in soft French. The cry of the Faithful came. We heard the priest clattering up and down the winding stairs. One by one the white-robed worshipers stole into the church; we could see their bent forms upon the carpets waving through the five posturings of prayer. The voice of Hadj was lifted softly above the priest's cry in the pulpit and the responses.

"No, madame, he could not go into the mosque—not in the uniform of the hotel—yes, it was a pity, in effect—no, madame, he did not like his uniform—he had a fine Arabian costume, all of blue, madame—that is, all but the turban, which was yellow—and the scarf around the waist, that was a mixture—it was a pity he could not wear it always—when he arrayed himself in these so beautiful garments all the world turned around to regard him—his mother had bought them for him—yes, madame, he carried all his wages to his mother—married?—not yet, not quite yet, but it had been arranged—oh yes, he had seen his betrothed—she played with his little sister—she had thirteen years—and he? Oh, seventeen, perhaps—yes, madame, he was well content with life—every night when he came home he could see her playing with his little sister—well content, and if he could but wear his blue burnoose and the *ceinture* of a *mélange* delicious—his uniform would have grieved his father—yes, dead, madame—it was a damage, but it was the will of Allah—his father had been of a so great prominence—he had been a marabout—!"

As Mary said, she would rather it had turned out a feather boa than an office, even one of honor, but Hadj was a truthful boy, considering that he was a boy.

and there was no getting away from the last definition.

"Anyway, it's settled," announced the Illustrator, with the air of a discoverer, ignoring the ribbon that he had led us up to half an hour ago.

Mary hippety-hopped down the steps in an aggressive manner. "Why, I don't feel that it is settled," she announced.

"Why not?" we asked, suspiciously, wondering if she had gathered inside information anywhere.

"I don't know why," she skipped out cheerfully. "But this is a strange, occult country, and I just feel it. The more one says the word 'marabout,' the more significance it has. Rhymes keep coming to me: 'Now, Marabout, oh, tell me true, if I am you, then you are who?' Or I can say: 'Nice Marabout, they're in a stew to find out why I cling to you?' Then: 'Please, Marabout, there's only you, to tell me what my love does do.'"

We had reached the hotel at the end of the third verse, and with a laugh on the mocking order the girl pranced in, giving the Illustrator an opportunity to sink into a chair and order an *apéritif*. He was always fortunate that way.

"She's mad," he said, after he had decided upon an Amer, "stark, staring mad."

"No, she's not," I defended, "she's bravely trying to get some fun out of a situation that—that isn't so very funny, after all," I added, slowly.

"Well, it's an uncanny 'nail' you've chosen," he continued, reproachfully, "and I shall be glad when we get into a healthy motor-car and make for the desert tomorrow, giving up the search forever."

"Do you think

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we're going to leave it behind?" I asked in a smooth voice.

He sprang about anxiously. "Good heavens! If it's a ghost I'll"—he cast about him—"I'll have to have two Amers." And that was my punishment.

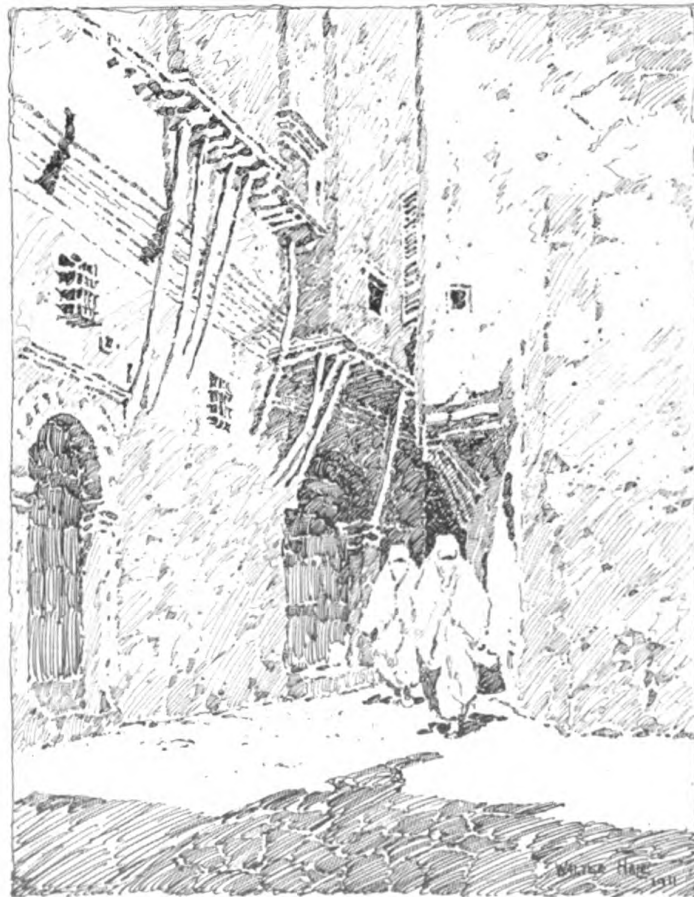
At twelve that night we left the opera-house of Algiers with the pitiful wailing music of "Madame Butterfly" in our ears. At noon the next day, slightly impeded by a train of camels, we drew up alongside a spirit-broken diligence and descended for *déjeuner* at the gateway of the desert.

"Tum - tum - ta - di —" Mary still hummed from the intermezzo of the opera.

I was annoyed. This was not a desert air. "Doesn't this wonderful transition mean anything to you?" I asked.

She turned big eyes upon me. "Don't you see that it does?"

"Then why poor Butterfly?"



THE STREET OF THE RED SEA ALGIERS

"Because I am waiting, too," she oracularly answered.

I betrayed her to the Illustrator. But the long white road had far removed the complexities of modern lovers. "Waiting—waiting for what?"

"Perhaps she's waiting for a marabout," I mumbled.

He edged off uncomfortably. *Déjeuner* was consumed—enjoyed. Mary, growing normal, fed a camel; French officers, admiring her, climbed backward into the diligence; Moors clung to the second-class places on the top, lifting their palms outward as a salute to us. With a roar of the cut-out we passed the slow-going voyagers and made for the rose-and-gold of the desert. "Tum-tum-ta-dá"—hummed Mary as we swept into the future.

Soon we came upon the tents of the Bedouins, lying like gigantic truffles in a yellow field. Their dogs barked, but the men lifted the open palm in their majestic greeting, and the women clapped

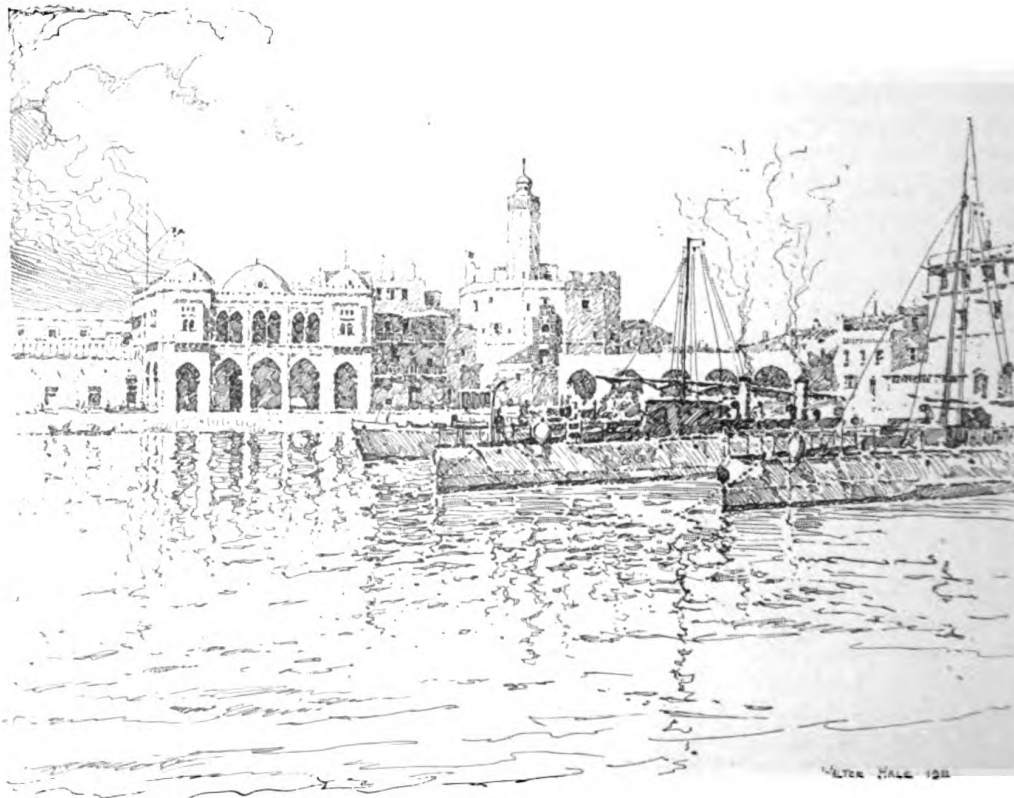
their hands against the mouth emitting the war-cry of our Indians, which is Arabian applause. If camels dodged and donkeys lost their burdens as they ran from us, the caravan found only delicious fun in their retarded journey.

The perfect road stretched toward great violet bluffs; the desert was harrowed as though by a mighty plow. Toward evening the colors changed to heliotrope and softest pink. A moon, built in proportion to the scene, gave a pale warning to the sun. Ahead, a long black line defined the horizon. Ten miles nearer we saw it was the waving palm-trees of the oasis of Bou Saada.

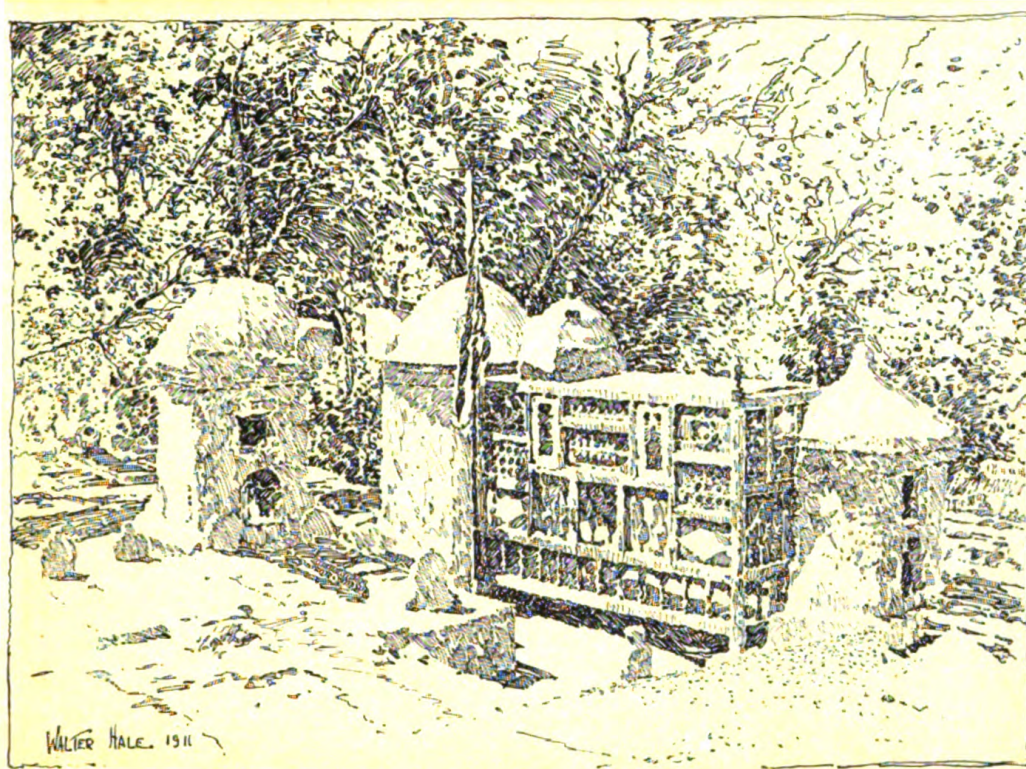
"Journey's end," I whispered to Mary.

She shook her head. "Tum-tum-ta-dá—" suspending her notes maddeningly.

As we entered the purely Arab town in the blue of the early night, white forms rose up around us like lost souls. They wailed in concert as we made the wrong turning, and guided us, as one man, to the market-place. Once there,



THE WHITE MOSQUE BY THE HARBOR



A TOMB WITH THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A DOLL'S HOUSE

we waited to be seized by kindly varlets from rival hostelries. It is the Illustrator's plan to sway with the most amusing runner. There were but two inns in the village. The representative of the Hôtel du Désert addressed us in polite French, but the other tout, an attractive Arab bursting with knowledge, welcomed us in his idea of our own tongue. "Good night," he greeted us.

"Good night," we responded, inviting him to ride upon the running-board.

The motor was backed into the courtyard of a bungalow—the Hôtel de France—and the great gates barred. By some miracle three small guides had crept in with us never more to part. One was a deficient youth in a linen duster and the usual fez, the second a fine Soudanese speaking beautiful French, and the third a minute creature known as the Monkey, hooded and enveloped in a tiny striped burnoose. Mary clung to them, as though all guides would aid her in her quest.

There was white moonlight while we uneasily slept, and the barking of the

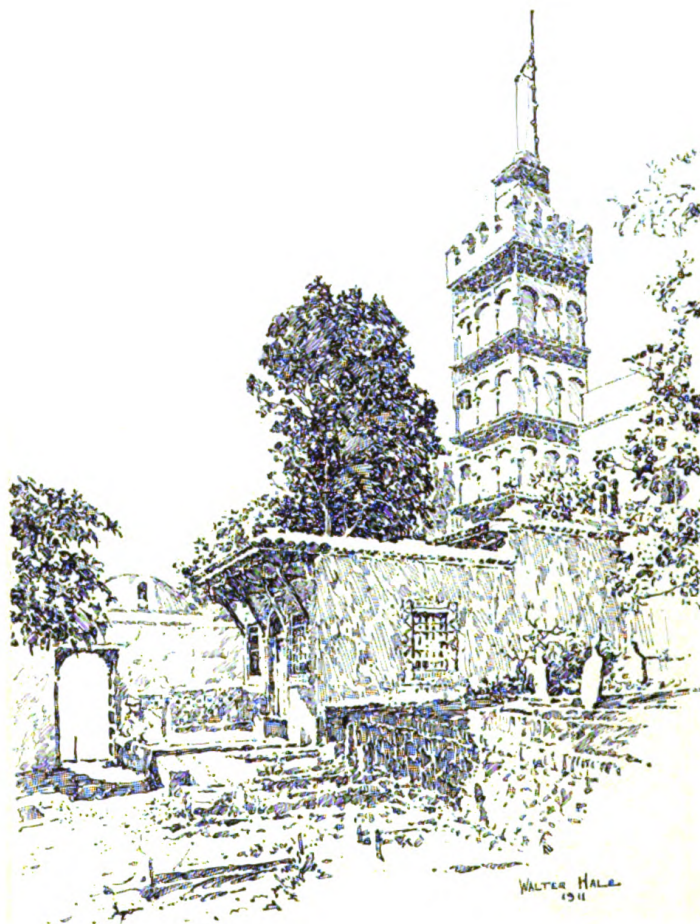
dogs upon the roof-tops, answered by the far-off yelp of the Bedouin curs as they prowled around the lonely watch-fires. At dawn the sound of coughing outside my window was so continual that I at last opened the casement, to find strings of camels slouching by on their way to the market. And, when the sun was up, my last attempt to doze was frustrated by a black man from Timbuctoo, masked and hung with monkeys' paws, who blew upon a bagpipe made of a goat's skin, and in the courtyard gave the *danse du ventre* for early morning worship.

Mary took her coffee at a little table as she watched the dancer, sharing her bread with the Deficient, the Soudanese, and the small Monkey. The Illustrator began his morning with a chuckle as he surveyed the scene.

"And her good, plain mother committed her to this," I groaned.

"But a universe and several planets lie between her and the 'charming one,'" he hastily consoled, fearing I would drive off the Blackamoor.

"Yes," I admitted, doubtfully, "if this



A MUEZZIN TOWER RISING FROM AN OLD-FASHIONED GRAVEYARD

appeal to her senses doesn't keep the flame alive, can't we dwell more upon the mental side of the country?"

"There isn't any mental side," very much excited.

"Well, there's the marabout," I stubbornly recalled.

"Tum-tum-ta-dá—" sang Mary in the uncanny way she had developed.

We walked through the village, in and out of the houses of our three guides. The habitations were unvarying—no chairs, no rugs, no beds, no clothing, and a single pot for the making of the *kous-kous* over a brasier. The women and girls worked at the hand-loom weaving the white burnoose cloth; blind old hags lay on matted straw. The men were in the date-market, and the boys in the school that the French maintain. The Monkey said that he could not attend the school, as he was obliged to work—not this

day, because it was Thursday and the Moabites' Sabbath, nor on Friday, as that was the Moslem day of rest, nor on Saturday, which was the Jewish, and, of course, not on Sunday, so highly did he regard the Christians. He seemed quite a worthless proposition, but even as he finished this explanation of his uselessness he brought us up before the door of an old mosque, and at one side was a grave. It was a poor affair, but with a dome over it; such a tomb, but lacking in ornamentation, as the old lady had sat upon in the cemetery.

"See here a marabout!" said the Monkey.

The Illustrator clutched him, poorly concealing his joy that the thing we sought was safely underground. "It's gone

on long enough," he cried to us. "*Mon fils, expliquez un marabout.*"

We gathered around him while the three explained that when a good man died he became holy, and one revered his tomb and marked it with a dome.

"Sounds right," said the man of our party. "We do the same thing at home! Scorn our heroes until they die, then put them in a marble cheese-box."

"One must die to become good," completed the Deficient, efficiently.

"Could an old lady sit upon a tomb of a marabout?" I inquired, cautiously.

Old ladies could—and did.

"But the ribbons?" asked the Illustrator in a low voice, hoping that we didn't hear him.

"Come with me this day," urged the Soudanese. "Come with me to El Hamel, and I shall show you the most beautiful tomb of the most wondrous marabout in

Africa or the United States—yes, and hung with ribbons!"

"Yes, come with me," echoed the Deficient and the Monkey, as individuals.

"Come with me," invited the Illustrator, and they accepted.

"Tum-tum-ta-dî—" hummed Mary as the motor-car, replete with Arabs, twisted its way over the old camel route into the heart of the desert.

After some miles the dome of the mosque rose out of the sky, a wall of yellow mud bricks surrounding the town. There were no bright reassuring uniforms of the French about, no hotels with a table d'hôte, no pathetic Cercle Militaire of the officers; only myriads of tiny huts where the students of the Koran were freely housed, only a kitchen with an enormous caldron that gave to seven hundred of the poor a meal a day.

Great moments are seldom as stupendous as we think they are going to be. Now that we had arrived in the domed presence of our search, the Illustrator grew petty over minor matters. He had a hard time shuffling about in the slippers that he was obliged to put on at the door to keep his unbelieving feet from off the carpet of the Faithful, and he said things that no man should utter in any church.

His condition of mind did not improve when Mary and I behaved remarkably at the tomb, for, following the custom, as it was explained to us, we added to the cluster of strings and ribbons and shreds of garments that were fastened upon the carving of the sarcophagus.

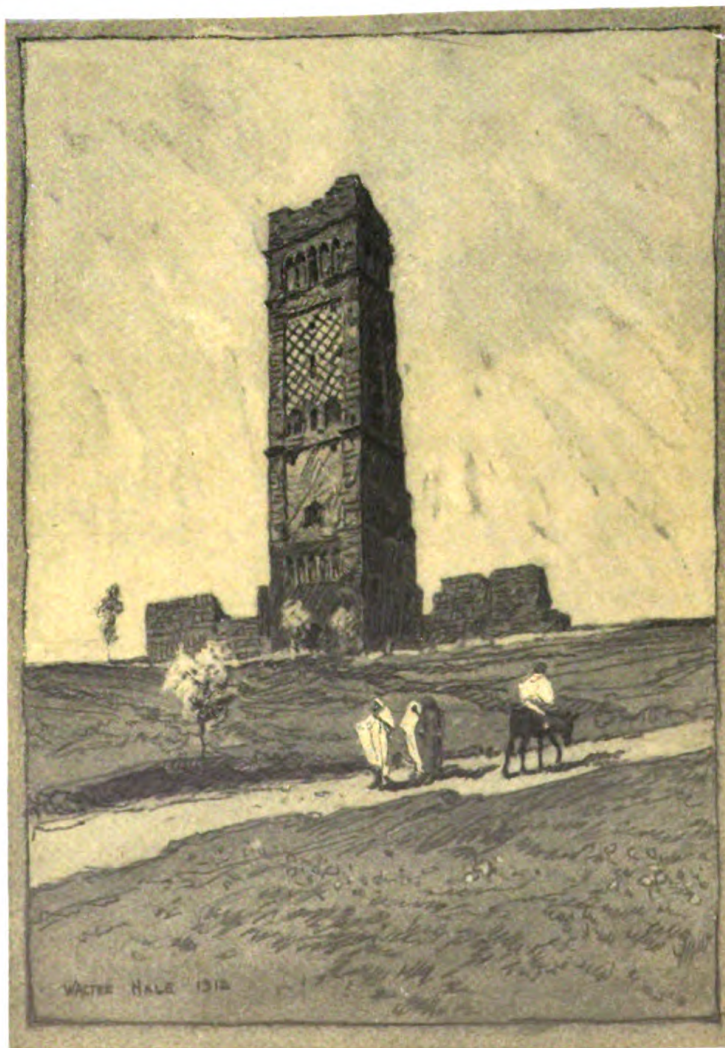
"Tie something on, my ladies," cried the Soudanese, "and make your prayer. For the women do this that Allah may not forget their beseeching—since they *are* women."

So, as children tie strings upon their fingers that they themselves may remember, we silently prayed and raised a timid flag that we might not be quite forgotten. And, being unselfish, I, no doubt, wished what Mary did.

"Anyway, it's all over," said the ominously reminded.

"Nothing is all over until we are," I ominously reminded.

And even with the saying of these words there was a great falling to the floor of the Arabs near us, and a kissing of the rope and hand of a majestic yet



MOSQUE OF ABOU YAKOUB—THE GATEWAY OF THE DESERT



BOU SAADA

undersized Moor, and a sudden flutter of nervousness among our guides, who whispered to us awesomely:

"Behold the marabout."

Then Mary stopped humming and advanced to meet him, unafraid. He touched her hand, and ours. I was relieved to find his warm; and I was pleased to note that my companion was as alarmed as I was over this rising up of the dead. Indeed, we were in such a state of perplexity that we were up-stairs in the drawing-room of this mysterious departed god before we could pinch each other and wake up.

The marabout, with dignity, waved toward gilt candelabra on a shelf. I made gestures expressing admiration. Mary sat at the table, which was covered with a filthy cloth. Her hand rested on an album, a register for signatures, so great is the fame of the marabout.

She was very tranquil, and, after conversing with the servant who acted as interpreter, we were soothed also. For our marabout had never died—as yet. His father had—himself a benefactor—and his son had built the mosque and

fed the poor, and so great is his goodness that he has been proclaimed a marabout before his death.

I gazed at our host reverently, fishing about for something of moment to say. "Never before have I looked upon a man who was *at all* holy," came the truth.

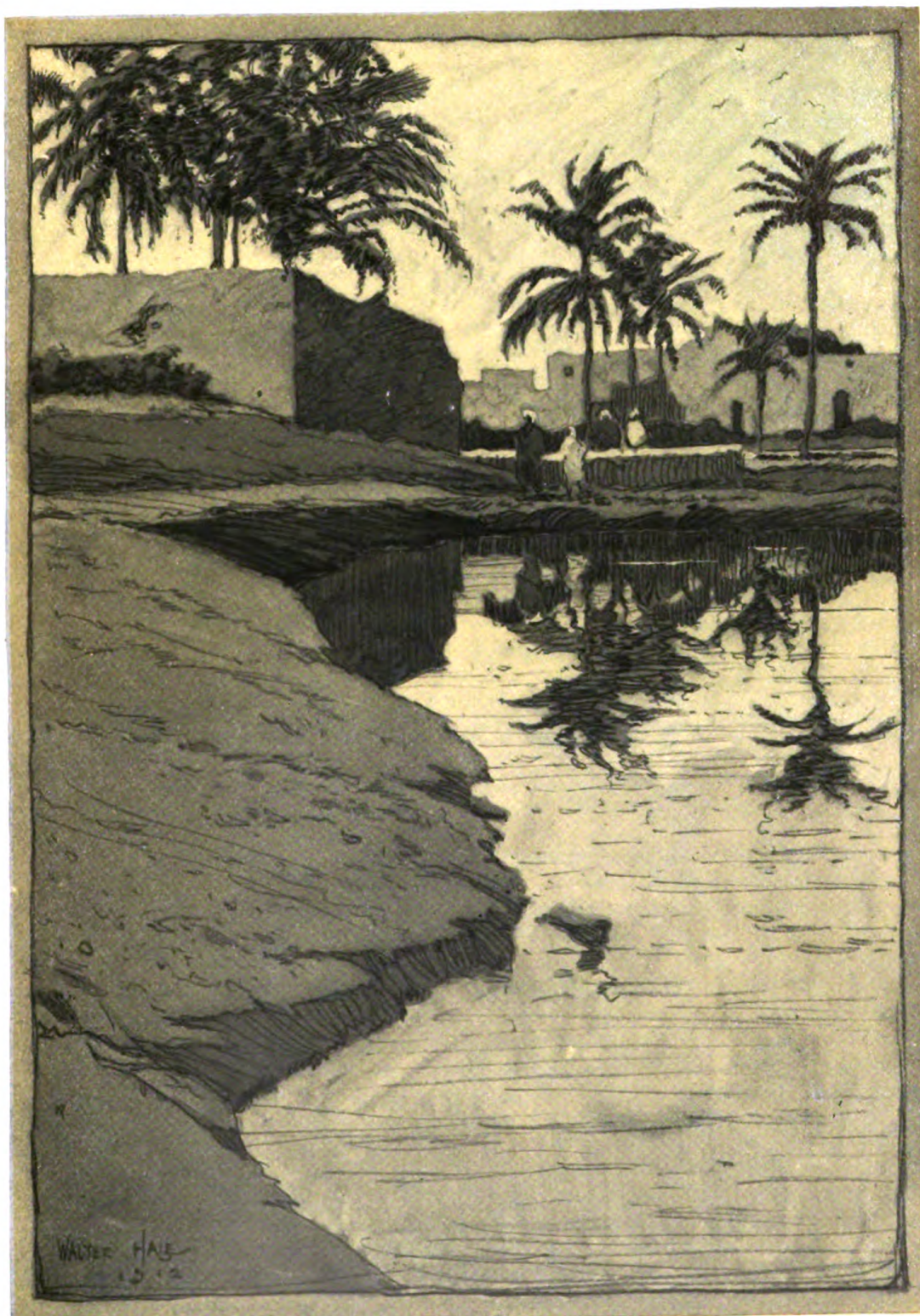
"Yes, madam," agreed the servant, with enthusiasm. "There are few. He brings peace to every one. Even in his harem there is quiet."

The Illustrator sprang from the springs. "His what?"

Mary and I, mouths wreathed in smiles the greater to deceive, admonished him in icy English.

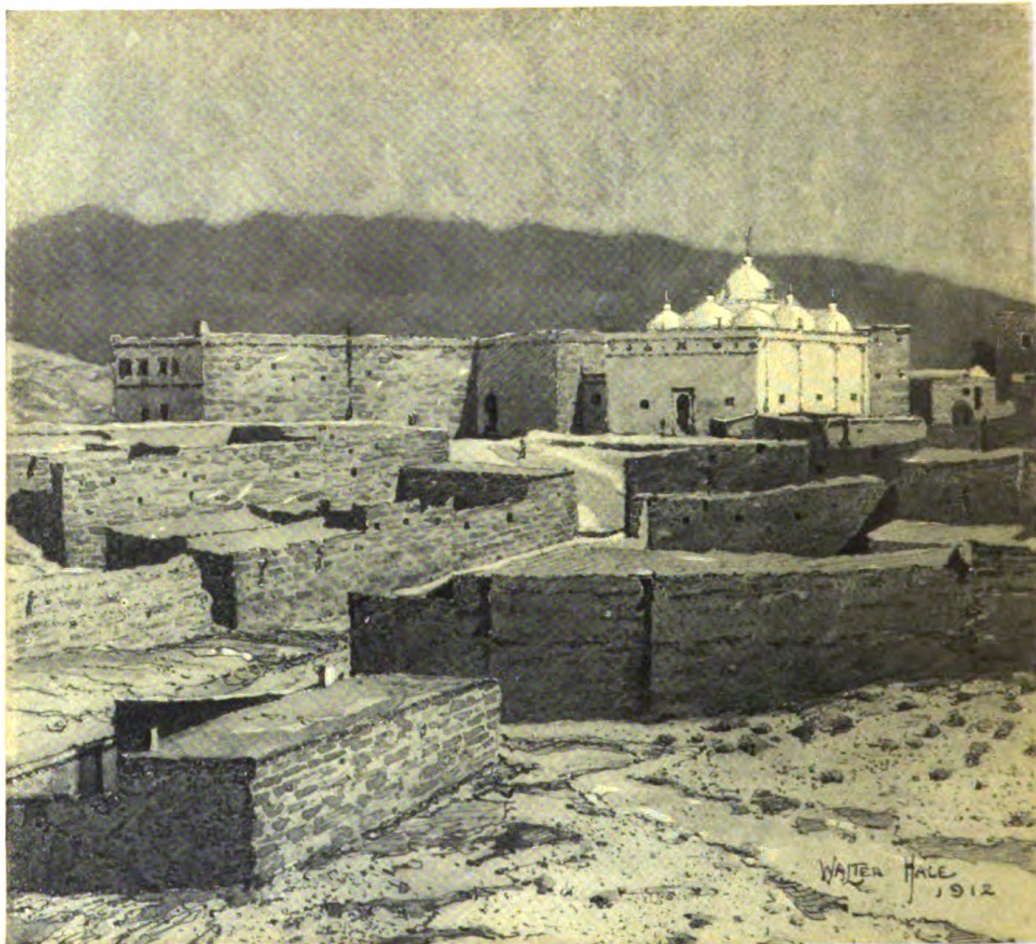
Coffee was brought. The holy man sat at our head, proud of his table-cloth, of the lady-finger cakes, of his sugar-bowl. There were windows in the room—European fashion—that gave upon the open place before the house and mosque. A mute, turbaned throng waited to see those whom the master had honored.

It was Moslemism at its darkest, with a French coffee-cup before us. It was world's end to all appearances, if not the end of the journey. Mary waited no



Drawn by Walter Hale

WAVING PALMS GREETED OUR APPROACH TO THE OASIS OF BOU SAADA



WALLS OF YELLOW BRICK, AND BEYOND THE WHITE DOMES OF A MOSQUE

longer in expectancy; she was seemingly at peace, yet what could she extract from these surroundings, I asked myself, where, in our searching for a "nail," we had been so curiously led?

We had finished our coffee and paid our compliments; we had left a silver bangle for—for the ladies. When we arose to go, our host opened the register and besought our autographs.

It will always annoy me that I took no cognizance of the way Mary behaved from the time she signed the register to the moment she kissed the cheek of the marabout. The kiss one could not fail to notice—it was unnecessary and it was fervid. As the Illustrator reminded her in rapid-fire English, it was dangerous to encourage a man, no matter how good, who had a harem. There is always room for one more in that mysterious quarter.

The marabout was not shocked, he was rather pleased than otherwise, and our

ward's face was glowing like the heart of a rose.

"I don't care," she defended; "he's made me the happiest woman on earth, and I just don't care."

This amazing step was too dreadful, too mysterious to analyze. I sat with the Illustrator on the front seat as we went back through the open country toward Bou Saada. If he had anything to say I preferred to have it over with as he drove, his close attention to the rough road necessarily limiting his flow of words. Still, his vocabulary was not to be despised, and by the time we had neared the village it was impressed upon me that Mary had now fallen in love with the "nail" which I had chosen, and had relentlessly pursued, and no doubt she would shortly slip away from us to become a haremite. This would be all my fault, and what would her mother say?

But, far from crushed, I hissed back

that the girl was in love with but one man, and that she was searching for him, and that her faith would bring her to him. It was a departure from my former allegiance, but the Illustrator had to be punished. He plunged us in and out of a ravine as he stared at me. He wanted to know any good reason for her faith accomplishing what his motor-car didn't want.

"Because," I confessed, "I, too, have faith that her faith can do it."

Then we snorted into Bou Saada with the moon for company again, all three of us ominously silent. Nor was the uneasy peace broken until my consort fell into my room, as I was tidying up for dinner, with the horrible information that Mary had already left the hotel and was making for the marabout. She wasn't difficult to trail, poor dear, for she went, unafraid, in the moonlight, while we skulked along in the shadow—and she took the road toward El Hamel. Yet she did not leave the town, for, reaching the rival Hôtel du Désert, she paused, peering into the coffee-room. It was of the Moorish type, a blue-tiled oven with the copper coffee-pot over the smoldering coals. Some Arabs were playing in one corner, and in another a charming face shone out from a haze of cigarette smoke.

Mary walked over to this corner, and when the occupant saw her he arose and put out both his hands to greet her, and for the second time that day, with just as little fuss, the girl kissed a "nail"—only this was the first one. Then they sat down at the little table hand in hand, and he, like the ineligible that he was, forgot his vow never to return to her except by the bending of the family knee. He could only marvel that both of them, idle wanderers, should have found each other in the waste of the desert. But Mary said it was no trick at all.

At this point, we two, looking into Paradise, ventured to enter, and without preliminaries asked the question that was uppermost.

"How did I know he was here?" repeated Mary. "Why, I saw his name and this address in the dear marabout's register."

"It was faith," I freely admitted.

"It was fate," said her charmed one, romantically.

Then Mary proved the excellence of her creed, for it stretched like rubber that she might grow kind. "No, it was the motor-car—it took me there," insisted Mary, sweetly, to *my* charming one.

So the Illustrator was happy and gave them his blessing.

Late Summer

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

NOW summer sits with folded hands,
Gazing abroad where tranquil lie
Forests and fields and meadow-lands,
Slumbering beneath a cloudless sky.

Dreaming she rests a little space,
The noontide of her labors done,
Then slowly turns her gracious face
To count her subjects, one by one.

Numbering serene each leaf and flower
Or ripening fruit that owns her sway.
Forgetful of her waning power,
And winter nearer by a day.

A Cræsus of Gingerbread Cove

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

MY name's Race. I've traded these here Newfoundland north-coast outports for salt-fish for half a lifetime. Boy and youth afore that I served Pinch-a-Penny Peter in his shop at Gingerbread Cove. I was born in the Cove. I knowed all the tricks of Pinch-a-Penny's trade. And I tells you it was Pinch-a-Penny Peter's conscience that made Pinch-a-Penny rich. That's queer two ways: you wouldn't expect a north-coast trader to have a conscience; and you wouldn't expect a north-coast trader with a conscience to be rich. But conscience is much like the wind: it blows every which way; and if a man does but trim his sails to suit, he can bowl along in any direction without much wear and tear of the spirit. Pinch-a-Penny bowled along, paddle-punt fisherman to Gingerbread merchant. He went where he was bound for, wing-and-wing to the breeze behind, and got there with his peace of mind showing never a sign of the weather. In my day the old codger had an easy conscience and twenty thousand dollars.

Long Tom Lark, of Gingerbread Cove, vowed in his prime that he'd sure have to even scores with Pinch-a-Penny Peter afore he could pass to his last harbor with any satisfaction.

"With me, Tom?" says Pinch-a-Penny. "That's a saucy notion for a hook-an'-line man."

"Ten more years o' life," says Tom, "an' I'll square scores."

"Afore you evens scores with me, Tom," says Peter, "you'll have t' have what I wants an' can't get."

"There's times," says Tom, "when a man stands in sore need o' what he never thought he'd want."

"When you haves what I needs," says Peter, "I'll pay what you asks."

"If 'tis for sale," says Tom.

"Money talks," says Peter.

"Ah, well," says Tom, "maybe it don't speak my language."

Pinch-a-Penny Peter's conscience was just as busy as any other man's conscience. And it liked its job. It troubled Pinch-a-Penny. It didn't trouble un to be honest; it troubled un to be rich. And it give un no rest. When trade was dull—no fish coming into Pinch-a-Penny's storehouses and no goods going out of Pinch-a-Penny's shop—Pinch-a-Penny's conscience made un grumble and groan like the damned. I never seed a man so tortured by conscience afore nor since. And to ease his conscience Pinch-a-Penny would go over his ledgers by night; and he'd jot down a gallon of molasses here, and a pound of tea there, until he had made a good day's trade of a bad one. 'Twas simple enough, too: for Pinch-a-Penny never gived out no accounts to amount to nothing, but just struck his balances to please his greed at the end of the season, and told his dealers how much they owed him or how little he owed them.

In dull times Pinch-a-Penny's conscience irked him into overhauling his ledgers. 'Twas otherwise in seasons of plenty. But Pinch-a-Penny's conscience kept pricking away just the same—aggravating him into getting richer and richer. No rest for Pinch-a-Penny! He had to have all the money he could take by hook and crook or suffer the tortures of an evil conscience. Just like any other man, Pinch-a-Penny must ease that conscience or lose sleep o' nights. And so in seasons of plenty up went the price of tea at Pinch-a-Penny's shop. And up went the price of pork. And up went the price of flour. All sky-high, ecod! Never was such harsh times, says Peter; why, my dear man, up St. John's way, says he, you couldn't touch tea nor pork nor flour with a ten-foot sealing-gaff; and no telling what the world was coming to, with prices soaring like a gull in a gale and all the St. John's merchants chary of credit!

"Damme!" said Pinch-a-Penny: "'tis

awful times for us poor traders. No tellin' who'll weather this here panic. I'd not be surprised if we got a war out of it."

Well, now, on the Newfoundland north-coast in them days 'twasn't much like the big world beyond. Folk didn't cruise about. They was too busy. And they wasn't used to it, anyhow. Gingerbread Cove folk wasn't born at Gingerbread Cove, raised at Rickity Tickle, married at Seldom-Come-By, aged at Skeleton Harbor, and buried at Run-by-Guess; they were born and buried at Gingerbread Cove. So what the fathers thought at Gingerbread Cove the sons thought; and what the sons knowed had been knowed by the old men for a good many years. Nobody was used to changes. They was shy of changes. New ways was fearsome. And so the price of flour was a mystery. It is, anyhow—wherever you finds it. It always has been. And why it should go up and down at Gingerbread Cove was beyond any man of Gingerbread Cove to fathom. When Pinch-a-Penny said the price of flour was up—well, then, she was up; and that's all there was about it. Nobody knowed no better. And Pinch-a-Penny had the flour.

Pinch-a-Penny had the pork, too. And he had the sweetness and the tea. And he had the shoes and the clothes and the patent medicines. And he had the twine and the salt. And he had all the cash there was at Gingerbread Cove. And he had the schooner that fetched in the supplies and carried away the fish to the St. John's markets. He was the only trader at Gingerbread Cove; his storehouses and shop was fair jammed with the things the folk of Gingerbread Cove couldn't do without and wasn't able to get nowhere else. So, all in all, Pinch-a-Penny Peter could make trouble for the folk that made trouble for he. And the folk grumbled. By times, ecod, they grumbled like the devil of a fine Sunday morning! But 'twas all they had the courage to do. And Pinch-a-Penny let un grumble away. The best cure for grumbling, says he, was to give it free course. If a man could speak out in meeting, says he, he'd work no mischief in secret.

"Sea-lawyers, eh?" says Peter. "Huh!

What you fellers want, anyhow? Huh? You got everything now that any man could expect. Isn't you housed? Isn't you fed? Isn't you clothed? Isn't you got a parson and a schoolmaster? Damme, I believes you wants a doctor settled in the harbor! A doctor! An' 'tisn't two years since I got you your schoolmaster! Queer times we're havin' in the outports these days, with every harbor on the coast wantin' a doctor within hail. You're well enough done by at Gingerbread Cove. None better nowhere. An' why? Does you ever think o' that? Why? Because I got my trade here. An' think o' *me*! Damme, if ar a one o' you had my brain-labor t' do, you'd soon find out what harsh labor was like. What with bad debts an' roguery an' failed seasons an' creditors t' St. John's I'm hard put to it t' keep my seven senses. An' small thanks I gets—me that keeps this harbor alive, in famine an' plenty. 'Tis the business I haves that keeps you. You make trouble for my business, ecod, an' you'll come t' starvation! Now, you mark me!"

There would be a scattered time when Pinch-a-Penny would yield an inch. Oh, aye! I've knowed Pinch-a-Penny to drop the price of stick-candy when he had put the price of flour too high for anybody's comfort.

Well, now, Long Tom Lark, of Gingerbread Cove, had a conscience, too. But 'twas a common conscience. Most men haves un. And they're irksome enough for some. 'Twas not like Pinch-a-Penny Peter's conscience. Nothing useful ever come of it. 'Twas like yours and mine. It troubled Tom Lark to be honest and it kept him poor. All Tom Lark's conscience ever aggravated him to do was just to live along in a religious sort of fashion and rear his family and be decently stowed away in the graveyard when his time was up if the sea didn't cotch un first. But 'twas a busy conscience for all that—and as sharp as a fish-prong. No rest for Tom Lark if he didn't fatten his wife and crew of little lads and maids! No peace of mind for Tom if he didn't labor! And so Tom labored and labored and labored. Dawn to dusk his punt was on the grounds off Lack-a-Day Head, taking fish from the

sea to be salted and dried and passed into Pinch-a-Penny's storehouses.

When Tom Lark was along about fourteen years old his father died. 'Twas of a Sunday afternoon that we stowed un away. I mind the time: spring weather and a fair day, with the sun low, and the birds twittering in the alders just afore turning in.

Pinch-a-Penny Peter cotched up with young Tom on the road home from the little graveyard on Sunset Hill.

"Well, lad," says he, "the old skipper's gone."

"Aye, sir, he's dead an' buried."

"A fine man," says Pinch-a-Penny. "None finer."

With that young Tom broke out crying. "He were a kind father t' we," says he. "An' now he's dead!"

"You lacked nothin' in your father's lifetime," says Peter.

"An' now he's dead!"

"Well, well, you've no call t' be afeared o' goin' hungry on that account," says Peter, laying an arm over the lad's shoulder. "No, nor none o' the little crew over t' your house. Take up the fishin' where your father left it off, lad," says he, "an' you'll find small difference. I'll cross out your father's name on the books an' put down your own in its stead."

"I'm fair obliged," says Tom. "That's kind, sir."

"Nothin' like kindness t' ease sorrow," says Pinch-a-Penny. "Your father died in debt, lad."

"Aye, sir?"

"Deep."

"How much, sir?"

"I'm not able t' tell offhand," says Peter. "'Twas deep enough. But never you care. You'll be able t' square it in course o' time. You're young an' hearty. An' I'll not be harsh. Damme, I'm no skinflint!"

"That's kind, sir."

"You—you—will square it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What?" cries Peter. "What! You're not knowin', eh? That's saucy talk. You had them there supplies?"

"I 'low, sir."

"An' you guzzled your share, I'll be bound!"

"Yes, sir."

"An' your mother had her share?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' you're not knowin' whether you'll pay or not! Ecod! What is you? A scoundrel? A dead beat? A rascal? A thief? A jail-bird?"

"No, sir."

"'Tis for the likes o' you that jails was made."

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Doesn't you go t' church? Is that what they learns you there? I'm thinkin' the parson doesn't earn what I pays un. Isn't you got no conscience?"

'Twas too much for young Tom. You sees, Tom Lark *had* a conscience—a conscience as fresh and as young as his years. And Tom had loved his father's well. And Tom honored his father's name. And so when he had brooded over Pinch-a-Penny's words for a spell—and when he had maybe laid awake in the night thinking of his father's goodness—he went over to Pinch-a-Penny's office and allowed he'd pay his father's debt. Pinch-a-Penny give un a clap on the back, and says: "You is an honest lad, Tom Lark! I knowed you was. I'm proud t' have your name on my books!"—and that heartened Tom to continue. And after that Tom kept hacking away on his father's debt. In good years Pinch-a-Penny would say: "She's comin' down, Tom. I'll just apply the surplus." And in bad he'd say: "You isn't quite cotched up with your own self this season, b'y. A little less pork this season. Tom, an' you'll square this here little balance afore next. I wisht this whole harbor was as honest as you. No trouble, then," says he, "t' do business in a business-like way."

When Tom got over the hill—fifty and more—his father's debt, with interest, according to Pinch-a-Penny's figures, which Tom had no learning to dispute, was more than it ever had been; and his own was as much as he ever could hope to pay. And by that time Pinch-a-Penny Peter was rich, and Long Tom Lark was gone sour.

In the fall of the year when Tom Lark was fifty-three he went up to St. John's in Pinch - a - Penny Peter's supply-schooner. Nobody knowed why. And Tom made a mystery of it. But go he

would. And when the schooner got back 'twas said that Tom Lark had vanished in the city for a day. Why? Nobody knowed. Where? Nobody could find out. Tom wouldn't tell, nor could the gossips gain a word from his wife. And, after that, Tom was a changed man; he mooned a deal, and he would talk no more of the future, but dwelt upon the shortness of a man's days and the quantity of his sin, and labored like mad, and read the Scriptures by candle-light, and sot more store by going to church and prayer-meeting than ever afore. Labor? Ecod, how that poor man labored through the winter! While there was light! And until he fair dropped in his tracks of sheer weariness! 'Twas back in the forest—hauling fire-wood with the dogs and storing it away back of his little cottage under Lend-a-Hand Hill.

"Dear man!" says Peter; "you've fire-wood for half a dozen winters."

"They'll need it," says Tom.

"Aye," says Peter; "but will you lie idle next winter?"

"Next winter?" says Tom. And he laughed. "Oh, next winter," says he, "I'll have another occupation."

"Movin' away, Tom?"

"Well," says Tom, "I is an' I isn't."

There come a day in March weather of that year when seals was thick on the floe off Gingerbread Cove. You could see un with the naked eye from Lack-a-Day Head. A hundred thousand black specks swarming over the ice three miles and more to sea! "Swiles! Swiles!" And Gingerbread Cove went mad for slaughter. 'Twas a fair time for off-shore sealing, too—a blue, still day, with the look and feel of settled weather. The ice had come in from the current with a northeasterly gale, a wonderful mixture of Arctic bergs and Labrador pans, all blinding white in the spring sun; and 'twas a field so vast, and jammed so tight against the coast, that there wasn't much more than a lane or two and a Dutchman's breeches of open water within sight from the heads. Nobody looked for a gale of off-shore wind to blow that ice to sea afore dawn of the next day.

"A fine, soft time, lads!" says Pinch-a-Penny. "I 'low I'll go out with the Gingerbread crew."

"Skipper Peter," says Tom Lark, "you're too old a man t' be on the ice."

"Aye," says Peter; "but I wants t' bludgeon another swile afore I dies."

"But you creaks, man!"

"Ah, well," says Peter, "I'll show the lads I'm able t' haul a swile ashore."

"Small hope for such as you on a movin' floe!"

"Last time, Tom," says Peter.

"Last time, true enough," says Tom, "if that ice starts t' sea with a breeze o' wind behind."

"Oh, well, Tom," says Peter, "I'll take my chances. If the wind comes up I'll be as spry as I'm able."

It come on to blow in the afternoon. But 'twas short warning of off-shore weather. A puff of gray wind come down; a saucier gust went by; and then a swirl of galish wind jumped off the heads and come scurrying over the pans. At the first sign of wind, Pinch-a-Penny Peter took for home, loping over the ice as fast as his lungs and old legs would take un when pushed, and nobody worried about he any more. He was in such mad haste that the lads laughed behind un as he passed. Most of the Gingerbread crew followed, dragging their swiles; and them that started early come safe to harbor with the fat. But there's nothing will master a man's caution like the lust of slaughter: give a Newfoundland a club, and show un a swile-pack, and he'll venture far from safety. 'Twas not until a flurry of snow come along of a sudden that the last of the crew dropped what they was at and begun to jump for shore like a pack of jack-rabbits.

With snow in the wind, 'twas every man for himself. And that means no mercy and less help.

By this time the ice had begun to feel the wind. 'Twas restless. And a bad promise: the pans crunched and creaked as they settled more at ease. The ice was going abroad. As the farther fields drifted off to sea, the floe fell loose in-shore. Lanes and pools opened up. The cake-ice tipped and went awash under the weight of a man. Rough going, ecod! There was no telling when open water would cut a man off where he stood. And the wind was whipping off-shore, and the snow was like dust in a

man's eyes and mouth, and the landmarks of Gingerbread Cove was nothing but shadows in a mist of snow to windward. Nobody knewed where Pinch-a-Penny Peter was. Nobody thought about him. And wherever poor old Pinch-a-Penny was—whether safe ashore or creaking shoreward against the wind on his last legs—he must do for himself. 'Twas no time to succor rich or poor. Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Bound out, in the morning, Long Tom Lark had fetched his rodney through the lanes. By luck and good conduct he had managed to get the wee boat a fairish way out. He had beached her, there on the floe—a big pan, close by a hummock which he marked with care. And 'twas for Tom Lark's little rodney that the seven last men of Gingerbread Cove was jumping. With her afloat—and the pack loosening in-shore under the wind—they could make harbor well enough afore the gale worked up the water in the lee of the Gingerbread hills. But she was a mean, small boat. There was room for six, with safety—but room for no more; no room for seven. 'Twas a nasty mess, to be sure. You couldn't expect nothing else. But there wasn't no panic. Gingerbread men was accustomed to tight places. And they took this one easy. Them that got there first launched the boat and stepped in. No fight; no fuss.

It just happened to be Eleazer Butt that was left. 'Twas Eleazer's ill-luck. And Eleazer was up in years, and had fell behind coming over the ice.

"No room for me?" says he.

'Twas sure death to be left on the ice. The wind begun to taste of frost. And 'twas jumping up. 'Twould carry the floe far and scatter it broadcast.

"See for yourself, lad," says Tom.

"Pshaw!" says Eleazer. "That's too bad!"

"You isn't no sorrier than me, b'y."

Eleazer tweaked his beard. "Dang it!" says he. "I wisht there *was* room. I'm hungry for my supper."

"Let un in," says one of the lads. "'Tis even chances she'll float it out."

"Well," says Eleazer, "I doesn't want t' make no trouble—"

"Come aboard," says Tom. "An' make haste."

"If she makes bad weather," says Eleazer, "I'll get out."

They pushed off from the pan. 'Twas falling dusk, by this time. The wind blowed black. The frost begun to bite. Snow come thick—just as if, ecod, somebody up aloft was shaking the clouds, like bags, in the gale! And the rodney was deep and ticklish; had the ice not kept the water flat in the lanes and pools, either Eleazer would have had to get out, as he promised, or she would have swamped like a cup. As it was, handled like dynamite, she done well enough; and she might have made harbor within the hour had she not been hailed by Pinch-a-Penny Peter from a small pan of ice midway between.

And there the old codger was squatting, his old face pinched and woebegone, his bag o' bones wrapped up in his coon-skin coat, his pan near flush with the sea, with little black waves already beginning to wash over it.

A sad sight, believe me! Poor old Pinch-a-Penny, bound out to sea without hope on a wee pan of ice!

"Got any room for me?" says he.

They ranged alongside. "Mercy o' God!" says Tom; "she's too deep as it is."

"Aye," says Peter; "you isn't got room for no more. She'd sink if I put foot in her."

"Us 'll come back," says Tom.

"No use, Tom," says Peter. "You knows that well enough. 'Tis no place out here for a Gingerbread punt. Afore you could get t' shore an' back night will be down an' this here gale will be a blizzard. You'd never be able t' find me."

"I 'low not," says Tom.

"Oh, no," says Peter. "No use, b'y."

"Damme, Skipper Peter," says Tom, "I'm sorry!"

"Aye," says Peter; "'tis a sad death for an ol' man—squattin' out here all alone on the ice an' shiverin' with the cold until he shakes his poor damned soul out."

"Not damned!" cries Tom. "Oh, don't say it!"

"Ah, well!" says Peter; "sittin' here all alone, I been thinkin'."

"'Tisn't by any man's wish that you're here, poor man!" says Tom.

"Oh no," says Peter. "No blame t' nobody. My time's come. That's all. But I wisht I had a seat in your rodney, Tom."

And then Tom chuckled.

"What you laughin' at?" says Peter.

"I got a comical idea," says Tom.

"Laughin' at me, Tom?"

"Oh, I'm jus' laughin'."

"'Tis neither time nor place, Tom," says Peter, "t' laugh at an old man."

Tom roared. Aye, he slapped his knee, and he throwed back his head, and he roared. 'Twas enough almost to swamp the boat.

"For shame!" says Peter. And more than Pinch-a-Penny thought so.

"Skipper Peter," says Tom, "you're rich, isn't you?"

"I got money," says Peter.

"Sittin' out here all alone," says Tom, "you been thinkin' a deal, you says?"

"Well," says Peter, "I'll not deny that I been havin' a little spurt o' sober thought."

"You been thinkin' that money wasn't much, after all?"

"Aye."

"An' that all your money in a lump wouldn't buy you passage ashore?"

"Oh, some few small thoughts on that order," says Peter. "'Tis perfectly natural."

"Money talks," says Tom.

"Tauntin' me again, Tom?"

"No, I isn't," says Tom. "I means it. Money talks. What 'll you give for my seat in the boat?"

"'Tis not for sale, Tom."

The lads begun to grumble. It seemed just as if Long Tom Lark was making game of an old man in trouble. 'Twas either that or lunacy. And there was no time for nonsense off the Gingerbread coast in a spring gale of wind.

"Hist!" Tom whispered to the lads. "I knows what I'm doin'."

"A mad thing, Tom!"

"Oh, no!" says Tom. "'Tis the cleverest thing ever I thought of. Well," says he to Peter, "how much?"

"No man sells his life."

"Life or no life, my place in this boat is for sale," says Tom. "Money talks. Come, now. Speak up. Us can't linger here with night comin' down."

"What's the price, Tom?"

"How much you got, Peter?"

"Ah, well, I can afford a stiffish price, Tom. Anything you say in reason will suit me. You name the price, Tom. I'll pay."

"Aye, ye crab!" says Tom. "I'm namin' prices now. Look out, Peter! You're seventy-three. I'm fifty-three. Will you grant that I'd live t' be as old as you?"

"I'll grant it, Tom."

"I'm not sayin' I would," says Tom. "You mark that."

"Ah, well, I'll grant it, anyhow."

"I been an industrious man all my life, Skipper Peter. None knows it better than you. Will you grant that I'd earn a hundred and fifty dollars a year if I lived?"

"Aye, Tom."

Down come a gust of wind. "Have done!" says one of the lads. "Here's the gale come down with the dark. Us 'll all be cast away."

"Rodney's mine, isn't she?" says Tom.

Well, she was. Nobody could say nothing to that. And nobody did.

"That's three thousand dollars, Peter," says Tom. "Three—thousand—dollars!"

"Aye," says Peter, "she calculates that way. But you've forgot t' deduct your livin' from the total. Not that I minds," says he. "'Tis just a business detail."

"Damme," says Tom. "I'll not be harsh!"

"Another thing, Tom," says Peter. "You're askin' me t' pay for twenty years o' life when I can use but a few. God knows how many!"

"I got you where I wants you," says Tom, "but I isn't got the heart t' grind you. Will you pay two thousand dollars for my seat in the boat?"

"If you is fool enough t' take it, Tom."

"There's something t' boot," says Tom. "I wants t' die out o' debt."

"You does, Tom."

"An' my father's bill is squared?"

"Aye."

"'Tis a bargain!" says Tom. "God witness!"

"Lads," says Pinch-a-Penny to the others in the rodney, "I calls you t' witness that I didn't ask Tom Lark for his seat in the boat. I isn't no coward. I've asked no man t' give up his life for

me. This here bargain is a straight business deal. Business is business. 'Tis not my proposition. An' I calls you t' witness that I'm willin' t' pay what he asks. He've something for sale. I wants it. I've the money t' buy it. The price is his. I'll pay it." Then he turned to Tom. "You wants this money paid t' your wife, Tom?"

"Aye," says Tom, "t' Mary. She'll know why."

"Very good," says Pinch-a-Penny. "You've my word that I'll do it. . . . Wind's jumpin' up, Tom."

"I wants your oath. The wind will bide for that. Hold up your right hand."

Pinch-a-Penny shivered in a blast of the gale. "I swears," says he.

"Lads," says Tom, "you'll shame this man to his grave if he fails t' pay!"

"Gettin' dark, Tom," says Peter.

"Aye," says Tom; "'tis growin' wonderful cold an' dark out here. I knows it well. Put me ashore on the ice, lads."

They landed Tom, then, on a near-by pan. He would have it so.

"Leave me have my way!" says he. "I've done a good stroke o' business."

Presently they took old Pinch-a-Penny aboard in Tom's stead; and just for a minute they hung off Tom's pan to say good-by.

"I sends my love t' Mary an' the children," says he. "You'll not fail t' remember. She'll know why I done this thing. Tell her 'twas a grand chance an' I took it."

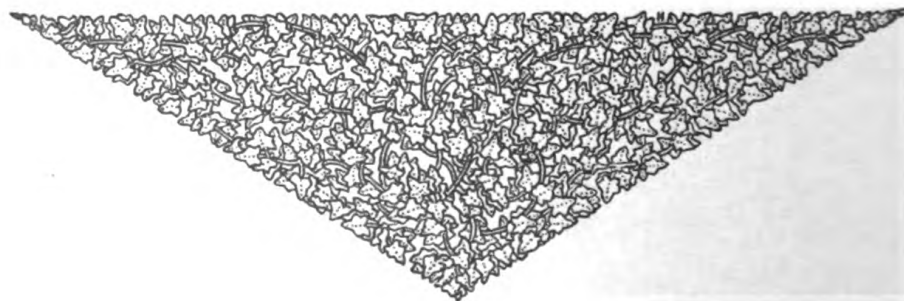
"Aye, Tom."

"Fetch in here close," says Tom. "I wants t' talk t' the ol' skinflint you got aboard there. I'll have my say, eed, at last! Ye crab!" says he, shaking his fist in Pinch-a-Penny's face, when the rodney got alongside. "Ye robber! Ye pinch-a-penny! Ye liar! Ye thief! I done ye! Hear me? I done ye! I vowed I'd even scores with ye afore I died. An' I've done it—I've done it! What did ye buy? Twenty years o' my life! What will ye pay for? Twenty years o' my life!" And he laughed. And then he cut a caper, and come close to the edge of the pan, and shook his fist in Pinch-a-Penny's face again. "Know what I done in St. John's last fall?" says he. "I seen a doctor, ye crab! Know what he told me? No, ye don't! Twenty years o' my life this here ol' skinflint will pay for!" he crowed. "Two thousand dollars he'll put in the hands o' my poor wife!"

Well, well! The rodney was moving away. And a swirl of snow shrouded poor Tom Lark. But they heard un laugh once more.

"My heart is givin' 'way, anyhow!" he yelled. "I didn't have three months t' live!"

Old Pinch-a-Penny Peter done what he said he would do. He laid the money in poor Mary Lark's hands. But a queer thing happened next day. Up went the price of pork at Pinch-a-Penny's shop! And up went the price of tea and molasses! And up went the price of flour!



The Judgment House

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XIII

"I WILL NOT SING"

"I WILL not sing—it's no use, I will not." Al'mah's eyes were vivid with anger, and her lips, so much the resort of humor, were set in determination. Her words came with low vehemence.

Adrian Fellowes' hand nervously appealed to her. His voice was coaxing and gentle.

"Al'mah, must I tell Mrs. Byng that?" he asked. "There are two hundred people in the ball-room. Some of them have driven twenty miles to hear you. Besides, you are bound in honor to keep your engagement."

"I am bound to keep nothing that I don't wish to keep—you understand!" she replied, with a passionate gesture. "I am free to do what I please with my voice and with myself. I will leave here in the morning. I sang before dinner. That pays my board and a little over," she added, with bitterness. "I prefer to be a paying guest. Mrs. Byng shall not be my paying hostess."

Fellowes shrugged his shoulders, but his lips twitched with excitement. "I don't know what has come over you, Al'mah," he said helplessly and with an anxiety he could not disguise. "You can't do that kind of thing. It isn't fair, it isn't straight business; from a social standpoint, it isn't well-bred."

"Well-bred!" she retorted with a scornful laugh and a look of angry disdain. "You once said I had the manners of Madame Sans Gene, the washer-woman—a sickly joke, it was. Are you going to be my guide in manners? Does breeding only consist in having clothes made in Savile Row and eating strawberries out of season at a pound a basket?"

"I get my clothes from the Stores now, as you can see," he said, in a desperate attempt to be humorous, for she was in a dangerous mood. Only once before had he seen her so, and he could feel the air

charged with catastrophe. "And I'm eating humble pie in season now at nothing a dish," he added. "I really am; and it gives me shocking indigestion."

Her face relaxed a little, for she could seldom resist any touch of humor, but the stubborn and wilful light in her eyes remained.

"That sounds like last year's pantomime," she said, sharply, and, with a jerk of her shoulders, turned away.

"Wait a minute, for God's sake, Al'mah!" he urged, desperately. "What has upset you? What has happened? Before dinner you were yourself; now—" he threw up his hands in despair—"Ah, my dearest, my star—!"

She turned upon him savagely, and it seemed as though a storm of passion would break upon him; but all at once she changed, came up close to him, and looked him steadily in the eyes.

"I do not think I trust you," she said, quite quietly.

His eyes could not meet hers fairly. He felt them shrinking from her inquisition. "You have always trusted me till now. What has happened?" he asked, apprehensively and with husky voice.

"Nothing has *happened*," she replied in a low, steady voice. "Nothing! But I seem to realize you to-night. It came to me suddenly, at dinner, as I listened to you, as I saw you talk—I had never before seen you in surroundings like these. But I realized you then. I had a revelation. You need not ask me what it was. I do not know quite. I cannot tell. It is all vague, but it is startling, and it has gone through my heart like a knife. I tell you this, and I tell you quite calmly, that if you prove to be what, for the first time, I have a vision you are, I shall never look upon your face again if I can help it. If I come to know that you are false in nature and in act, that all you have said to me is not true, that you have degraded me— Oh," she fiercely added

breaking off and speaking with infinite anger and scorn—"it was only love, honest and true, however mistaken, which could make what has been between us endurable in my eyes! What I have thought was true love, and its true passion, helped me to forget the degradation and the secret shame—only the absolute honesty of that love could make me forget. But suppose I find it only imitation; suppose I see that it is only selfishness, only horrible, ugly self-indulgence; suppose you are a man who plays with a human soul! If I find that to be so, I tell you I shall hate you; and I shall hate myself; but I shall hate you more—a thousand times more!"

She paused with agony and appealing, with confusion and vague horror in her face. Her look was direct and absorbing, her eyes like wells of sullen fire.

"Al'mah," he replied with fluttered eagerness, "let us talk of this later—not now—later. I will answer anything—everything. I can and I will prove to you that this is only a mad idea of yours, that—"

"No, no, no, not mad," she interrupted. "There is no madness in it. I had a premonition before I came. It was like a cloud on my soul. It left me when we met here, when I heard your voice again; and for a moment I was happy. That was why I sang before dinner that song of Lassen's, 'Thine Eyes So Blue and Tender.' But it has come back. Something deep within me says, 'He is not true.' Something whispers, 'He is false by nature; it is not in him to be true to anything or anybody.'"

He made an effort to carry off the situation lightly. With a great sense of humor, she had also an infinite capacity for taking things seriously—with an almost sensational gravity. Yet she had always responded to his cheerful raillery when he had declined to be tragical. He essayed the old way now.

"This is just absurd, old girl"—she shrank—"you really are mad. Your home is Colney Hatch or thereabouts. Why, I'm just what I always was to you—your constant slave, your everlasting lover, and your friend. I'll talk it all over with you later. It's impossible now. They're ready for you in the ball-room. The accompanist is waiting. Do, do, do be reasonable. I will see you—afterwards—late."

A determined poignant look came into her eyes. She drew still farther away from

him. "You will not, you shall not, see me—'afterwards—late.' No, no, no; I will trust my instinct now. I am natural, I am true, I hide nothing. I take my courage in both hands. I do not hide my head in the sands. I have given, because I chose to give, and I made and make no pretenses to myself. I answer to myself, and I do not play false with the world or with you. Whatever I am the world can know, for I deceive no one, and I have no fears. But you—oh, why, why is it I feel now, suddenly, that you have the strain of the coward in you! Why it comes to me now I do not know; but it is here"—she pressed her hand tremblingly to her heart—"and I will not act as though it wasn't here. I'm not of this world."

She waved a hand toward the ball-room. "I am not of the world that lives in terror of itself. Mine is a world apart, where one acts and lives and sings the passion and sorrows and joys of others—all unreal, unreal! The one chance of happiness we artists have is not to act in our own lives, but to be true—real and true. For one's own life as well as one's work to be all grease-paint—oh no, no, no! I have hid all that has been between us, because of things that have nothing to do with fear or courage, and for your sake; but I haven't acted, or pretended. I have not flaunted my private life, my wretched sin—"

"The sin of an angel—"

She shrank from the blatant insincerity of the words, and still more from the tone. Why had it not all seemed insincere before?

"But I was true in all I did, and I believed you were," she continued.

"And you don't believe it now?"

"To-night I do not. What I shall feel to-morrow I cannot tell. Maybe I shall go blind again, for women are never two days alike in their minds or bodies." She threw up her hands with a despairing helplessness. "But we shall not meet till to-morrow, and then I go back to London. I am going to my room now. You may tell Mrs. Byng that I am not well enough to sing—and indeed I am not well," she added, huskily. "I am sick at heart with I don't know what; but I am wretched and angry and dangerous—and bad."

Her eyes fastened his with a fateful bitterness and gloom. "Where is Mr. Byng?" she added, sharply. "Why was he not at dinner?"

He hailed the change of idea gladly. He spoke quickly, eagerly. "He was kept at the mine. There's trouble—a strike. He was needed. He has great influence with the men, and the masters, too. You heard Mrs. Byng say why he had not returned."

"No; I was thinking of other things. But I wanted—I want to see him. When will he be back?"

"At any moment, I should think! But, Al'mah, no matter what you feel about me, you must keep your engagement to sing here. The people in there—two hundred—the best people of the county—"

"The best people of the county—God forgive you such snobbery!" she retorted, sharply. "Do you think that would influence me? You ought to know me well enough—but that's just it, you do not know me. I realize it at last. Listen now. I will not sing to-night, and you will go and tell Mrs. Byng so."

Once again she turned away, but her exit was arrested by another voice, a pleasant voice, which said:

"But just one minute, please. Mr. Fellowes is quite right. . . . Fellowes, won't you go and say that Madame Al'mah will be there in five minutes?"

It was Ian Stafford. He had come at Jasmine's request to bring Al'mah, and he had overheard her last words. He saw that there had been a scene, and conceived that it was the kind of quarrel which could be better arranged by a third disinterested person.

After a moment's hesitation, with an anxious yet hopeful look, Fellowes disappeared, Al'mah's eyes following him with dark inquisition. Presently she looked at Ian Stafford with a flash of malice. Did this elegant and diplomatic person think that all he had to do was to speak, and she would succumb to his blandishment? He should see.

He smiled, and courteously motioned her to a chair.

"You said to Mr. Fellowes that I would sing in five minutes," she remarked maliciously and stubbornly, but she moved forward to the chair, nevertheless.

"Yes, but there is no reason why we should not sit for three out of the five minutes. Energy should be conserved in a tiring world."

"I have some energy to spare—the overflow," she returned with a protesting flash

of the eyes, as, however, she slowly seated herself.

"We call it power and magnetism in your case," he answered in that low, soothing voice which had helped to quiet storms in more than one country of Europe. . . . "What are you going to sing to-night?" he added.

"I am not going to sing," she answered, nervously. "You heard what I said to Mr. Fellowes."

"I was an unwilling eavesdropper; I heard your last words. But surely you would not be so unoriginal, so *cliché*, as to say the same thing to me that you said to Mr. Fellowes!"

His smile was winning and his humor came from a deep well. On the instant she knew it to be real, and his easy confidence, his assumption of dominancy had its advantage.

"I'll say it in a different way to you, but it will be the same thing. I shall not sing to-night," she retorted, obstinately.

"Then two hundred people will go hungry to bed," he rejoined. "Hunger is a dreadful thing—and there are only three minutes left out of the five," he added, looking at his watch.

"I am not the baker or the butler," she replied with a smile, but her firm lips did not soften.

He changed his tactics with adroitness. If he failed now, it would be final. He thought he knew where she might be really vulnerable.

"Byng will be disappointed and surprised when he hears of the famine that the prima donna has left behind her. Byng is one of the best that ever was. He is trying to do his fellow-creatures a good turn down there at the mine. He never did any harm that I ever heard of—and this is his house, and these are his guests. He would, I'll stake my life, do Al'mah a good turn if he could, even if it cost him something pretty big. He is that kind of a man. He would be hurt to know that you had let the souls of the best people of the county be parched, when you could give them drink."

"You said they were hungry a moment ago," she rejoined, her resolution slowly breaking under the one influence which could have softened her.

"They would be both hungry and thirsty," he urged. "But, between ourselves, would you like Byng to come home

from a hard day's work, as it were, and feel that things had gone wrong here while he was away on humanity's business? Just try to imagine him having done you a service—"

"He has done me more than one service," she interjected. "You know it as well as I do. You were there—at the opera, three years ago, when he saved me from the flames, and since then—"

Stafford looked at his watch again with a smile. "Besides, there's a far more important reason why you should sing to-night. I promised some one who's been hurt badly, and who never heard you sing, that he should hear you to-night. He is lying there now, and—"

"Jigger?" she asked, a new light in her eyes, something fleeing from her face and leaving a strange softness behind it.

"Quite so," he replied. "That's a lad really worth singing to. He's an original, if ever there was one. He worships you for what you have done for his sister Lou. I'd undergo almost any humiliation not to disappoint Jigger. Byng would probably get over his disappointment—he'd only feel that he hadn't been used fairly, and he's used to that; but Jigger wouldn't sleep to-night, and it's essential that he should. Think of how much happiness and how much pain you can give, just by trilling a simple little song with your little voice—eh, Madame la Cantatrice?"

Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She brushed them away hastily. "Oh, I've been upset and angry and disturbed—and I don't know what!" she said, abruptly. "One of my black moods was on me. They only come once in a blue moon; but they almost kill me when they do." . . . She stopped and looked at him steadily for a moment, the tears still in her eyes. "You are very understanding and gentle—and sensible," she added, with brusque frankness and cordiality. "Yes, I will sing for Rudyard Byng and for Jigger—and a little too for a very clever diplomatist." She gave a little spasmodic laugh.

"Only half a minute left," he rejoined with gay raillery. "I said you'd sing to them in five minutes, and you must. This way!"

He offered her his arm, she took it, and in cheerful silence he hurried her to the ball-room.

Before her first song he showed her the

window which looked across to that out of which Jigger gazed with trembling eagerness. The blinds and curtains were up at these windows, and Jigger could see her as she sang.

Never in all her wonderful career had Al'mah sung so well—with so much feeling and an artist's genius—not even that night of all when she made her *début*. The misery, the gloom, the bitterness of the past hour had stirred every fibre of her being, and her voice told with thrilling power the story of a soul.

Once after an outburst of applause from the brilliant audience, there came a tiny echo of it from across the courtyard. It was Jigger, enraptured by a vision of heaven and the sounds of it. Al'mah turned towards the window with a shining face, and waved a kiss out of the light and glory where she was, to the sufferer in the darkness. Then, after a whispered word to the accompanist, she began singing Gounod's memorable song, "There is a Green Hill Far Away." It was not what the audience expected; it was in strangest contrast to all that had gone before; it brought a hush like a benediction upon the great chamber. Her voice seemed to ache with the plaintive depth of the song, and the soft night filled its soul with music.

A wonderful and deep solemnity was suddenly diffused upon the assembly of world-worn people, to most of whom the things that mattered were those which gave them diversion. They were wont to swim with the tide of indolence, extravagance, self-seeking, and sordid pleasure now flowing through the hardy isles, from which had come much of the strength of the Old World and the vision and spirit of the New World.

Why had she chosen this song? Because, all at once, as she thought of Jigger lying there in the dark room, she had a vision of her own child lying near to death in the grasp of pneumonia five years ago; and the misery of that time swept over her—its rebellion, its hideous fear, its bitter loneliness. She recalled how a woman, once a great singer, now grown old in years as in sorrow, had sung this very song to her then, in the hour of her direst apprehension. She sang it now to her own dead child, and to Jigger. When she ceased, there was not a sound save of some woman gently sobbing. Others were vainly trying to choke back their tears.

Presently, as Al'mah stood still in the hush which was infinitely more grateful to her than any applause, she saw Krool advancing hurriedly up the centre aisle. He was drawn and haggard, and his eyes were sunken and wild. Turning at the platform, he said in a strange, hollow voice:

"At the mine—an accident. The Baas he go down to save. He not come up."

With a cry Jasmine staggered to her feet. Ian Stafford was beside her in an instant.

"The Baas—the Baas!" said Krool, insistently, painfully. "I have the horses—come!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE BAAS

THERE had been an explosion in the Glencader Mine, and twenty men had been imprisoned in the awful solitude of the underground world. Or was it that they lay dead in that vast womb of mother-earth which takes all men of all time as they go, and absorbs them into her fruitful body, to produce other men who will in due days return to the same great mother to rest and be still? It mattered little whether malevolence had planned the outrage in the mine, or whether accident alone had been responsible; the results were the same. Wailing, weebegone women wrung their hands, and haggard, determined men stood by with bowed heads, ready to offer their lives to save those other lives far down below, if so be it were possible.

The night was serene and quiet, clear and cold, with glimmering stars and no moon, and the wide circle of the hills was drowsy with night and darkness. All was at peace in the outer circle, but at the centre was travail and storm and outrage and death. What nature had made beautiful, man had made ugly by energy and all the harsh necessities of progress. In the very heart of this exquisite and picturesque countryside the ugly, grim life of the miner had established itself, and had then turned an unlovely field of industrial activity into a cock-pit of struggle between capital and labor. First, discontent, fed by paid agitators and scarcely steadied by responsible and level-headed labor agents and leaders; then active disturbance and threatening; then partial strike, then minor outrages, then some fool-

ishness on the part of manager or man, and now tragedy darkening the field, adding bitterness profound to the discontent and strife.

Rudyard Byng had arrived on the scene in the later stages of the struggle, when a general strike with all its attendant miseries, its dangers and provocations, was hovering. Many men in his own mine in South Africa had come from this very district, and he was known to be the most popular of all the capitalists on the Rand. His generosity to the sick and poor of the Glencader Mine had been great, and he had given them a hospital and a club with adequate endowment. Also, he had been known to take part in the rough sports of the miners, and had afterwards sat and drunk beer with them—as much as any, and carrying it better than any.

If there was any one who could stay the strike and bring about a settlement it was he; and it is probable he would have stayed it, had it not been for a collision between the official sent down by the Board of Trade and a miners' leader. It was the old story of an academic and bureaucratic individual set to do things outside his daily routine. Since the days of the Glencader tragedy the Board of Trade and its officials have learned how to do what this man gravely failed in doing. In this case the egotistic Government official had the vain ambition to be the agent of peace, reconciliation, and settlement without assistance, and had greatly hampered Byng's activity and his skilful dealings with the men. Things had grown worse, until the day of catastrophe, when Byng had been sent for by the leaders of both parties to the quarrel. He had labored hour after hour in the midst of grave unrest and threats of violence, for some of the men had taken to drinking heavily—but without success. Still he had stayed on, going here and there, mostly among the men themselves, talking to them in little groups, arguing simply with them, patiently dealing with facts and figures, quietly showing them the economic injustice which lay behind their full demands, and suggesting compromises.

He was received with good feeling, but in the workers' view it was "class against class—labor against capital, the man against the master." In their view Byng represented class, capital, and master, not man; his interests were not identical with

theirs; and though some were disposed to cheer him, the majority said he was "as good a sort as that sort can be," but shrugged their shoulders and remained obstinate. The most that he did during the long afternoon and evening was to prevent the worst, as the public journals agreed in saying afterwards; until, as he sat eating a slice of ham in a miner's kitchen, there came the explosion: the accident—or crime—which, like the lancet in an angry tumor, let out the fury, enmity, and rebellion, and gave human nature its chance again. The shock of the explosion had been heard at Glencader, but nothing was thought of it, as there had been much blasting in the district for days.

"There's twenty men below," said the grimy manager who had brought the news to Byng. Together they sped towards the mine, little groups running beside them, muttering those dark sayings which, either as curses or laments, are painful comments on the relations of life on the lower levels with life on the higher plateaus.

Among the volunteers to go below, Byng was of the first, and against the appeal of the mine-manager, and of others who tried to dissuade him from going, he took his place with two miners with the words:

"I know this pit better than most; and I'd rather be down there knowing the worst, than waiting to learn it up here. I'm going; so lower away, lads."

He had disappeared, and for a long time there was no sign; but at last there came to the surface three of the imprisoned miners and two dead bodies, and these were followed by others still alive; but Byng did not come up. He remained below, leading the search, the first in the places of danger and exploration, the last to retreat from any peril of falling timbers or from fresh explosion. Twelve of the twenty men were rescued. Six were dead, and their bodies were brought to the surface and to the arms of women whose breadwinners were gone; whose husbands or sons or brothers had perished in an instant—struck out into darkness without time to strip themselves of the impedimenta of the soul. Two were left below, and these were brothers who had married but three months before. They were strong, buoyant men of twenty-five, with life just begun, and home still welcome and alluring—warm-faced, bonny women to meet them at the door, and lay the cloth, and comfort their beds, and cheer them

away to work in the morning. These four lovers had been the target for the good-natured and half-affectionate scoffing of the whole field; for the twins, Jabez and Jacob, were as alike as two peas, and their wives were cousins, and were of a type in mind, body, and estate. These twin toilers were left below, with Rudyard Byng forcing his way to the place where they had worked. With him was one other miner of great courage and knowledge, who had gone with other rescue parties in other catastrophes.

It was this man who was brought to the surface when another small explosion occurred. He brought the terrible news that Byng, the rescuer of so many, was himself caught by falling timbers and imprisoned near a spot where Jabez and Jacob Holyhoke were entombed.

Word had gone like the wind to Glencader, and within an hour and a half Jasmine, Al'mah, Stafford, Lord Tynemouth, the Slavonian Ambassador, Adrian Fellowes, Mr. Tudor Tempest, and others were at the pit's mouth, stricken by the same tragedy which had made so many widows and orphans that night. Already two attempts had been made to descend, but they had not been successful. Now came forward a burly and dour-looking miner, called Brengyn, who had been down before, and had been in command. His look was forbidding, but his face was that of a man on whom you could rely; and his eyes had a dogged, indomitable expression. Behind him were a dozen men, sullen and haggard, their faces showing nothing of that pity in their hearts which drove them to risk all to save the lives of their fellow-workers. Was it all pity and humanity? Was there also something of that perdurable cohesion of class against class, the powerful if often unlovely unity of faction, the shoulder-to-shoulder combination of war, the tribal fanaticism which makes brave men out of unpromising material? Maybe something of this element entered into the heroism which had been displayed, but whatever the impulse or the motive, the act and the end were the same—men's lives were in peril, and they were risking their own to rescue them.

When Jasmine and her friends arrived, Ian Stafford addressed himself to the groups of men at the pit's mouth, asking for news. Seeing Brengyn approach Jasmine, he hur-

ried over, recognizing in the stalwart miner a leader of men.

"It's a chance in a thousand," he heard Brengyn say to Jasmine, whose white face showed no trace of tears, and who held herself with courage among the wailing women round her. There was something akin in the expression of her face and that of other groups of women, silent, rigid, and bitter, who stood apart, some with children's hands clasped in theirs, facing the worst with regnant resolution. All had that horrible quietness of despair so much more poignant than tears and wailing. Their faces showed the weariness of labor and an ill-nourished daily life, but there was the same look in them as in Jasmine's. There was no class in this communion of suffering and danger.

"Not one chance in a thousand," Brengyn added, heavily. "I know where they are, but—"

"You think they are—dead?" Jasmine asked in a hollow voice.

"I think, alive or dead, it's all against them as goes down to bring them out. It's more lives to be wasted."

Stafford heard, and he stepped forward. "If there's a chance in a thousand, it's good enough for a try," he said. "If you were there, Mr. Byng would take the chance in the thousand for you."

Brengyn looked Stafford up and down slowly. "What is it you've got to say?" he asked, gloomily.

"I am going down, if there's anybody will lead," Stafford replied. "I was brought up in a mining country. I know as much as most of you about coal-mines, and I'll make one to follow you, if you'll lead—you've been down, I know."

Brengyn's face changed. "Mr. Byng isn't our class, he's with capital," he said, "but he's a man. He went down to help save men of my class, and to any of us he's worth the risk. But how many of his own class is taking it on?"

"I, for one," said Lord Tynemouth, stepping forward.

"I—I," answered three other men of the house-party.

Al'mah, who was standing just below Jasmine, had her eyes fixed on Adrian Fellowes, and when Brengyn called for volunteers, her heart almost stood still in suspense. Would Adrian volunteer?

Brengyn's look rested on Adrian for an instant, but Adrian's eyes dropped.

Brengyn had said one chance in a thousand, and Adrian said to himself that he had never been lucky—never in all his life. At games of chance he had always lost. Adrian was for the sure thing always.

Al'mah's face flushed with anger and shame at the thing she saw, and a weakness came over her, as though the springs of life had been suddenly emptied.

Brengyn once again fastened the group from Glencader with his eyes. "There's a gentleman in danger," he said, grimly, again. "How many gentlemen volunteer to go down—ay, there's five!" he added, as Stafford and Tynemouth and the others once again responded.

Jasmine saw, but at first did not fully realize what was happening. But presently she realized that there was one near, owing everything to her husband, who had not volunteered to help to save him—on the thousandth chance. She was stunned and stricken.

"Oh, for God's sake, go!" she said, brokenly, but not looking at Adrian Fellowes, and with a heart torn by misery and shame.

Brengyn turned to the men behind him, the dark, determined toilers who sustained the immortal spirit of courage and humanity on thirty shillings a week and nine hours' work a day. "Who's for it, mates?" he asked, roughly. "Who's going wi' me?"

Every man answered hoarsely, "Ay," and every hand went up. Brengyn's back was on Fellowes, Al'mah, and Jasmine now. There was that which filled Al'mah's cup of trembling for Al'mah in the way he nodded to the men.

"Right, lads," he said with a stern joy in his voice. "But there's only one of you *can* go, and I'll pick him. Here, Jim," he added to a small, wiry fellow not more than five feet four in height—"here, Jim Gawley, you're comin' wi' me, an' that's all o' you as can come. No, no," he added, as there was loud muttering and dissent. "Jim's got no missis, nor mother, and he's tough as leather and can squeeze in small places, and he's all right, too, in tight corners." Now he turned to Stafford and Tynemouth and the others. "You'll come wi' me," he said to Stafford—"if you want. It's a bad lookout, but we'll have a try. You'll do what I say?" he sharply asked Stafford, whose face was set.

"You know the place," Stafford answered. "I'll do what you say."

"My word goes?"

"Right. Your word goes. Let's get on."

Jasmine took a step forward with a smothered cry, but Alice Tynemouth laid a hand on her arm.

"He'll bring Rudyard back, if it can be done," she whispered.

Stafford did not turn round. He said something in an undertone to Tynemouth, and then, without a glance behind, strode away beside Brengyn and Jim Gawley to the pit's mouth.

Adrian Fellowes stepped up to Tynemouth. "What do you think the chances are?" he asked in a low tone.

"Go to—bed!" was the gruff reply of the irate peer, to whom cowardice was the worst crime on earth, and who was enraged at being left behind. Also he was furious because so many working-men had responded to Brengyn's call for volunteers and Adrian Fellowes had shown the white feather. In the obvious appeal to the comparative courage of class his own class had suffered.

"Or go and talk to the women," he added to Fellowes. "Make 'em comfortable. You've got a gift that way."

Turning on his heel, Lord Tynemouth hastened to the mouth of the pit and watched the preparations for the descent.

Never was a night so still; never was a sky so deeply blue, nor stars so bright and serene. It was as though Peace had made its habitation on the wooded hills, and a second summer had come upon the land, though winter-time was near. Nature seemed brooding, and the generous odor of ripened harvests came over the uplands to the watchers in the valley. All was dark and quiet in the sky and on the hills, but in the valley were twinkling lights and the stir and murmur of troubled life—that sinister muttering of angry and sullen men which has struck terror to the hearts of so many helpless victims of revolution, when it has been the mutterings of thousands and not of a few rough, discontented toilers. As Al'mah sat near to the entrance of the mine, wrapped in a warm cloak, and apart from the others who watched and waited also, she seemed to realize the agony of the problem which was being worked out in these labor-centres where, between capital and the work of men's hands, there was so apparent a gulf of disproportionate return.

The stillness of the night was broken now by the hoarse calls of the men, now by the wailing of women, and Al'mah's eyes kept turning to those places where lights were shining, which, as she knew, were houses of death or pain. For hours she and Jasmine and Lady Tynemouth had gone from cottage to cottage where the dead and wounded were, and had left everywhere gifts, and the promises of gifts, in the attempt to soften the cruelty of the blow to those whose whole life depended on the weekly wage. Help and the pledge of help had lightened many a dark corner that night; and an unexplainable antipathy which had suddenly grown up in Al'mah's mind against Jasmine after her arrival at Glencader was dissipated as the hours wore on.

Pale of face, but courageous and solicitous, Jasmine, accompanied by Al'mah, moved among the dead and dying and the bitter and bereaved living, with a gentle smile and a soft word or touch of the hand. Men near to death, or suffering torture, looked gratefully at her or tried to smile; and more than once Mr. Mappin, whose hands were kept busy and whose skill saved more than a handful of lives that night, looked at her in wonder.

Jasmine already had a reputation in the great social world for being of a vain lightness, having nothing of that devotion to good works which Mr. Mappin had seen so often on those high levels where the rich and the aristocratic lived. There was, then, more than beauty and wit and great social gift, gaiety and charm, in this delicate personality? Yes, there was something good and sound in her, after all. Her husband's life was in infinite danger,—had not Brengyn said that his chances were only one in a thousand—death stared her savagely in the face; yet she bore herself as calmly as those women who could not afford the luxury of tears or the self-indulgence of a despairing indolence; to whom tragedy was but a whip of scorpions to drive them into action. How well they all behaved, these society butterflies—Jasmine, Lady Tynemouth, and the others! But what a wonderful motherliness and impulsive sympathy steadied by common sense did Al'mah the singing woman show!

Her instinct was infallible, her knowledge of how these poor people felt was instinctive, and her great-heartedness was to be seen in every motion, heard in every tone of

her voice. If she had not had this work of charity to do, she felt she would have gone shrieking through the valley, as, this very midnight, she had seen a girl with streaming hair and bare breast go crying through the streets, and on up the hills to the deep woods, insane with grief and woe.

Her head throbbed. She felt as though she also could tear the coverings from her own bosom to let out the fever which was there; for in her life she had loved two men who had trampled on her self-respect, had shattered all her pride of life, had made her ashamed to look the world in the face. Blantyre, her husband, had been despicable and cruel, a liar and a deserter; and to-night she had seen the man to whom she had given all that was left of her heart and faith, disgrace himself and his class before the world by a cowardice which no woman could forgive.

Adrian Fellowes had gone back to Glencader to do necessary things, to prepare the household for any emergency; and she was grateful for the respite. If she had been thrown with him in the desperate mood of the moment, she would have lost her self-control. Happily fate had taken him away for a few hours; and who could tell what might not happen in a few hours? Meanwhile, there was humanity's work to be done.

About four o'clock in the morning, when she came out from a cottage where she had assisted Mr. Mappin in a painful and dangerous operation, she stood for a moment in reverie, looking up at the hills, whose peace had been shrilly broken a few hours before by the distracted waif of the world, fleeing from the pain of life.

An ample star of rare brilliancy came stealing up over the trees against the skyline, twinkling and brimming with light.

"No," she said, as though in reply to an inner voice, "there's nothing for me—nothing. I have missed it all." Her hands clasped her breast in pain, and she threw her face upwards. But the light of the star caught her eyes and her hands ceased to tremble. A strange quietness stole over her.

"My child, my lost beloved child," she whispered.

Her eyes swam with tears now, the lines of pain at her mouth relaxed, the dark look in her eyes stole away. She watched the star with sorrowful eyes. "Oh, how much

misery does it see!" she said. Suddenly, she thought of Rudyard Byng. "He saved my life," she murmured. "I owe him—ah, Adrian might have paid the debt!" she cried, in pain. "If he had only been a man to-night—"

At that moment there came a loud noise up the valley from the pit's mouth—a great shouting. An instant later two figures ran past her. One was Jasmine, the other was a heavy-footed miner. Gathering her cloak around her, Al'mah sped after them.

A huddled group at the pit's mouth, and men and women running toward it; a sharp voice of command, and the crowd falling back, making way for men who carried limp bodies past; then suddenly, out of wild murmurs and calls, a cry of victory like the call of a muezzin from the tower of a mosque—a resonant monotony, in which a dominant principle cries!

A Welsh preaching-hillman, carried away by the triumph of the moment, gave the great tragedy the bugle-note of human joy and pride.

Ian Stafford and Brengyn and Jim Gawley had conquered. The limp bodies carried past Al'mah were not dead. They were living, breathing men whom fresh air and a surgeon's aid would soon restore. Two of them were the young men with the bonny wives who now with murmured endearments grasped their cold hands. Behind these two came Rudyard Byng, who could command the less certain concentration of a heart. The men whom Rudyard had gone to save, could command a greater wealth, a more precious thing than anything he had. The boundaries of the interests of these workers were limited, but their souls were commingled with other souls bound to them by the formalities; and every minute of their days, every atom of their forces, were moving round one light, the light upon the hearthstone. These men were carried ahead of Byng now, as though by right of precedence; as though by the ritual of nature taking their rightful place in life's procession before him.

Something of what the working-women felt possessed Jasmine, but it was an impulse born of the moment, a flood of feeling begotten by the tragedy. It had in it more of remorse than aught else; it was, in part, the agitation of a soul surprised into revelation. Yet there was, too, a strange, deep, undefined pity welling up in her heart,

—pity for Rudyard, and because of what she did not say directly even to her own soul. But pity was there—and a sense of inevitableness, of the continuance of things she was too weak to alter.

Like the two women of the people ahead, she held Rudyard's hand, as she walked beside him, till he was carried into the manager's office near by. She was conscious that on the other side of Rudyard was a tall figure that staggered and swayed as it moved on, and that two dark eyes were turned towards her ever and anon.

Into those eyes she had looked but once since the rescue, but all that was necessary of gratitude was said in that one glance: "You have saved Rudyard—you, Ian," it said.

With Al'mah it was different. In the light of the open door of the manager's office, she looked into Ian Stafford's face. "He saved my life, you remember," she said; "and you have saved his. I love you for it."

"*I love you for it!*" Greatness of heart was speaking, not a woman's emotions. The love she meant was of the sort which brings no darkness in its train. Men and women can speak of it without casting down their eyes or feeling a flush in their cheeks.

To him came also the two women whose husbands, Jacob and Jabez, were restored to them.

"Man, we luv ye!" one said, and the other laid a hand on his breast and nodded assent, adding, "Ay, we luv ye!"

That was all; but greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend—and for his enemies, maybe. Enemies these two rescued men were in one sense—young socialists—enemies to the present social order, with faces set against the capitalist and the aristocrat and the landlord; yet in the crises of life dipping their hands in the same dish, drinking from the same cup, moved by the same sense of elementary justice, pity, courage, and love.

"*Man, we luv ye!*" And the women turned away to their own—to their capital, which in the slump of Fate had suffered no loss. It was theirs, complete, and paying large dividends.

To the crowd, Brengyn, with gruff sincerity, said, loudly: "Jim Gawley he done as I knowed he'd do. He done his best, and he done it prime. We couldn't ha' got on wi'out him. But first there was Mr. Byng as had sense and knowledge more

than any; an' he couldn't be denied; an' there was Mr. Stafford—him—" pointing to Ian, who, with misty eyes, was watching the women go back to their men. "He done his bit better nor any of us. And Mr. Byng and Jacob and Jabez, they can thank their stars that Mr. Stafford done his bit. Jim's all right, an' I done my duty, I hope, but these two that ain't of us, they done more—Mr. Byng and Mr. Stafford. Here's three cheers, lads—no, this ain't a time for cheerin'. But ye all ha' got hands."

His hand caught Ian's with the grip of that brotherhood which is as old as Adam, and the hand of miner after miner did the same.

The strike was over—at a price too big for human calculation; but it might have been bigger still.

Outside the open door of the manager's office Stafford watched and waited till he saw Rudyard, with a little laugh, get slowly to his feet and stretch his limbs heavily. Then he turned away gloomily to the darkness of the hills. In his soul there was a depression as deep as in that of the singing woman.

"Al'mah had her debt to pay, and I shall have mine," he said, wearily.

CHAPTER XV

THE WORLD WELL LOST

PEOPLE were in London in September and October who seldom came before November. War was coming. Hundreds of families whose men were in the army came to be within touch of the War Office and Aldershot, and the capital of the Empire was overrun by intriguers, harmless and otherwise. There were ladies who hoped to influence officers in high command in favor of their husbands, brothers, or sons; subalterns of title who wished to be upon the staff of some famous general; colonels of character and courage and scant ability, craving commands; high-placed folk connected with great industrial, shipping, or commercial firms, who were used by these firms to get "their share" of contracts and other things which might be going; and patriotic amateurs who sought to make themselves notorious through some civilian auxiliary to war organization, like a voluntary field hospital or a home of convalescence. But men, too, of the real right sort, longing for chance of work in their profession of arms; ready for any-

thing, good for anything, brave to a miracle, made themselves fit by hard riding or walking or rowing, or in some school of physical culture, that they might take a war job on, if and when it was going.

Among all these Ian Stafford moved with an undercurrent of agitation and anxiety unseen in his face, step, motion, or gesture. For days he was never near the Foreign Office, and then for days he was there almost continuously; yet there was scarcely a day when he did not see Jasmine. Also there were few days in the week when Jasmine did not see M. Mennaval, the ambassador for Moravia—not always at her own house, but where the ambassador chanced to be of an evening, at a fashionable restaurant, or at some notable function. This situation had not been difficult to establish; and, once established, meetings between the lady and monsieur were arranged with that skill which belongs to woman and to diplomacy.

Once or twice at the beginning Jasmine's chance question concerning the ambassador's engagements made M. Mennaval keen to give information as to his goings and comings. Thus if they met naturally, it was also so constantly that people gossiped; but not to Jasmine's grave disadvantage, for M. Mennaval was thought to be less dangerous than impressionable.

In that, however, he was somewhat maligned, for his *penchant* for beautiful and "select" ladies had capacities of development almost unguessed. Previously Jasmine had never shown him any marked preference; and when, at first, he met her in town on her return from Wales he was no more than watchfully courteous and admiring. When, however, he found her in a receptive mood, and evidently taking pleasure in his society, his vanity expanded greatly. He at once became possessed by an absorbing interest in the woman who, of all others in London, had gifts which were not merely physical, but of a kind that stimulate the mind and rouse those sensibilities which are so easily dulled by dull and material people. Jasmine had her material side, but there was in her the very triumph of the imaginative also; and through it the material became alive, buoyant, and magnetic.

Without that magnetic power which belonged to the sensuous part of her

she would not have gained control of M. Mennaval's mind, for it was keen, suspicious, almost abnormally acute; and, while lacking real power, it protected itself against the power of others by assembled and well-disciplined adroitness and evasions.

Very soon, however, Jasmine's sensuous beauty, which in her desire to intoxicate him became voluptuousness, enveloped his brain in a mist of rainbow reflections. Under her deft questions and suggestions he allowed her to see the springs of his own diplomacy and the machinery inside the Moravian administration. She caught glimpses of its ambitions, its unscrupulous use of its position in international relations, to gain advantage for itself, even by a dexterity which might easily bear another name, and by a sudden disregard of international attachments not unlike treachery.

Rudyard was too busy to notice the more than cavalier attitude of M. Mennaval; and if he had noticed it, there would have been no intervention. Of late a lesion of his higher moral sense made him strangely insensitive to obvious things. He had an inborn chivalry, but the finest, truest chivalry was not his—that which carefully protects a woman from temptation by keeping her unostentatiously away from it; which remembers that vanity and the need for admiration drive women into pitfalls out of which they climb again maimed for life, if they climb at all.

He trusted Jasmine absolutely, while there was, at the same time, a great unrest in his heart and life—an unrest which the accident at the Glencader mine, his own share in a great rescue, and her gratitude for his safety did little to remove. It produced no more than a passing effect upon Jasmine or upon himself. The very convention of making light of bravery and danger, which has its value, was in their case an evil, preventing them from facing the inner meaning of it all. If they had been less rich, if their house had been small, if their friends and acquaintances had been fewer, if . . .

It was not by such incidents that they were to be awakened, and with the wild desire to make Stafford grateful to her, and owe her his success, the tragedy yonder must, in the case of Jasmine, have been obscured and robbed of its force. At Glencader Jasmine had not got beyond desire to satisfy a vanity, which was as deep in

her as life itself. It was to regain her hold upon a man who had once acknowledged her power and, in a sense, had bowed to her will. But that had changed, and, down beneath all her vanity and wilfulness, there was now a dangerous regard and passion for him which, under happy circumstances, might have transformed her life—and his. Now it all served to twist her soul and darken her footsteps. On every hand she was engaged in a game of dissimulation, made the more dangerous by the thread of sincerity and desire running through it all. Sometimes she started aghast at the deepening intrigue gathering in her path; at the deterioration in her husband; and at the hollow nature of her home life; but the excitement of the game she was playing, the ardor of the chase, was in her veins, and the spirit of great daring which had made her grandfather so notorious, so bizarre and successful, kept her gay with vitality and intellectual adventure.

Day after day she had strengthened the cords by which she was drawing Ian to her; and in the confidence begotten of her services to him, of her influence upon M. Mennaval and the progress of her efforts, a new intimacy, different from any they had ever known, grew and thrived. Ian scarcely knew how powerful had become the feeling between them. He only realized that delight which comes from working with another for a cherished cause, the goal of one's life, which has such deeper significance when the partner in the struggle is a woman. They both experienced that most seductive of all influences, a secret knowledge and a pact of mutual silence and purpose.

"You trust me now?" Jasmine said at last one day, when she had been able to assure Ian that the end was very near, that M. Mennaval had turned his face from Slavonia, and had carried his government with him—almost. In the heir-apparent to the throne of Moravia, whose influence with the Moravian Prime Minister was considerable, there still remained one obdurate element; but Ian's triumph only lacked the removal of this one obstructive factor, and thereafter England would be secure from foreign attack, if war came in South Africa. In that case Ian's career might culminate at the head of the Foreign Office itself, or as representative of the throne in India, if he chose that splendid sphere.

"You do trust me, Ian?" Jasmine repeated, with a wistfulness as near reality as her own deceived soul could permit.

With a sincerity as deep as one can have who embarks on enterprises in which one regrets the means in contemplation of the end, Ian replied:

"Oh yes, yes! I trust you, Jasmine, as I used to do when I was twenty and you were seven. You have brought back the boy in me. All the dreams of youth are in my heart again, all the glow of the distant sky of hope. I feel as though I lived upon a hill-top, under some green-wood tree, and—

"And 'sporting with Amaryllis in the shade,'" she broke in with a little laugh of triumph, her eyes brighter than he had ever seen them. They were glowing with a fire of excitement which was like a fever devouring the spirit, with little dark, flying banners of fate or tragedy behind.

Strange that he caught the inner meaning of it as he looked into her eyes now. In the depths of those eyes, where long ago he had drowned his spirit, it was as though he saw an army of reckless battalions marching to a great battle; but behind all were the black wings of vultures—pinions of sorrow following the gay brigades. Even as he gazed at her, something ominous and threatening caught his heart, and, with the end of his great enterprise in sight, a black premonition smothered him.

But with a smile he said: "Well, it does look as though we are near the end of the journey."

"And 'journeys end in lovers' meeting,'" she whispered softly, lowered her eyes, and then raised them again to his.

The light in them blinded him. Had he not always loved her—before any one came, before Rudyard came, before the world knew her? All that he had ever felt in the vanished days rushed upon him with intolerable force. Through his life-work, through his ambition, through helping him as no one else could have done at the time of crisis, she had reached the farthest confines of his nature. She had woven, thread by thread, the magic carpet of that secret companionship by which the best as the worst of souls are sometimes carried into a land enchanted—for a brief moment, before Fate stoops down and hangs a veil of plague over the scene of beauty, passion, and madness.

Her eyes, full of liquid fire, met his.

They half closed as her body swayed slightly toward him.

With a cry, almost rough in its intensity, he caught her in his arms and buried his face in the soft harvest of her hair. "Jasmine—Jasmine, my love!" he murmured.

Suddenly she broke from him. "Oh no—oh no, Ian! The work is not done. I can't take my pay before I have earned it—such pay—such pay!"

He caught her hands and held them fast. "Nothing can alter what is. It stands. Whatever the end, whatever happens to the thing I want to do, I—"

He drew her closer.

"You say this before we know what Moravia will do, you—oh, Ian, tell me it is not simply gratitude, and because I tried to help you; not only because—"

He interrupted her with a passionate gesture. "It belonged at first to what you were doing for me. Now it is by itself, that which, for good or ill, was to be between you and me, the foreordained thing."

She drew back her head with a laugh of vanity and pride and bursting joy. "Ah, it doesn't matter now!" she said. "It doesn't matter!"

He looked at her questioningly.

"Oh, nothing matters now!" she repeated, less enigmatically. She stretched her arms up joyously, radiantly.

"The world well lost!" she cried.

Her reckless mood possessed him also. They breathed that air which intoxicates, before it turns heavy with calamity and stifles the whole being; by which none ever thrived, though many have sought nourishment in daring draughts of it.

"The world well lost!" he repeated, and his lips sought hers.

Her determined patience had triumphed. Hour by hour, by being that to his plans, to his work of life, which no one else could be, she had won back what she had lost, when the Rand had emptied into her lap its millions, at the bidding of her material soul. With infinite tact and skill she had accomplished her will. The man she had lost was hers again. What it must mean, what it must do, what price must be paid for this which her spirit willed and desired, had never yet been estimated. But her will had been supreme, and she took all out of the moment which was possible to mortal pleasure.

Like the Columbus, however, who plants

his flag upon the cliffs of a new land, and then, leaving his vast prize unharvested, retreats upon the sea by which he came, so Ian suddenly realized that here was no abiding-place for his love. It was no home for his faith, for those joys which the sane take gladly, when it is right to take them, and the mad long for and die for when their madness becomes unbearable.

A cloud suddenly passed over him, darkened his eyes, made his bones like water. For, whatever might come, he knew in his heart of hearts that the "old paths" were the only paths which he could tread in peace—or tread at all without the ruin of all he had slowly builded.

Jasmine, however, did not see his look or realize the sudden physical change which passed over him, leaving him cold and numbed; for a servant now entered with a note.

Seeing the handwriting on the envelope, with an exclamation of excitement and surprise, Jasmine tore the letter open. One glance was sufficient.

"Moravia is ours—ours, Ian!" she cried, and thrust the letter into his hands.

"Dearest lady," it ran, "the Crown has intervened successfully. The Heir Apparent has been set aside. The understanding may now be ratified. May I dine with you to-night?
Yours, M.

"P.S.—You are the first to know, but I have also sent a note to your young friend, Ian Stafford. *Mais*, he cannot say, 'Alone I did it!'

"Thank God—thank God, for England!" said Ian, solemnly, the greater thing in him deeply stirred. "Now let war come, if it must; for we can do our work without interference.

"Thank God!" he repeated, fervently, and the light in his eyes was clearer and burned brighter than the fire which had filled them during the past few moments.

Then he clasped her rapturously in his arms again.

As Ian drove swiftly in a hansom to the Foreign Office, his brain putting in array and reviewing the acts which must flow from this international agreement now made possible, the note Mennaval had written Jasmine flashed before his eyes: "*Dearest lady. . . . May I dine with you to-night? . . . M.*"

His face flushed. There was something exceedingly familiar—more in the tone of the words than the words themselves—which irritated and humiliated him. What she had done for him apparently warranted this intimate, self-assured tone on the part of Mennaval, the philanderer. His pride smarted. His rose of triumph had its thorns.

A letter from Mennaval was at the Foreign Office awaiting him. He carried it to the Prime Minister, who read it with grave satisfaction.

"It is just in time, Stafford," he remarked. "You ran it close. We will clinch it instantly. Let us have the code."

As the Prime Minister turned over the pages of the code, he said, dryly: "I hear from Pretoria, through Mr. Byng, that President Kruger is sending an ultimatum tomorrow. I fear he will have the laugh on us, for ours is not ready. We have to make sure of this thing first! . . . I wonder how Landrassy will take it."

He chuckled deeply. "Landrassy made a good fight, but you made a better one, Stafford. I shouldn't wonder if you got on in diplomacy," he added, with quizzical humor. . . . "Ah, here is the code! Now to clinch it all before Oom Paul's insult arrives."

CHAPTER XVI

THE COMING OF THE BAAS

"THE Baas—where is the Baas?"

Barry Whalen turned with an angry snort to the figure in the doorway. "Here's the sweet Krool again!" he said. "Here's the faithful, loyal offspring of the Vaal, the bulwark of—the Baas. . . . For God's sake smile for once in your life!" he growled with an oath, and, snatching up a glass of whiskey and water, threw the contents at the Boer.

Krool did not stir, and some of the liquid caught him in the face. Slowly he drew out an old yellow handkerchief and wiped his cheeks, his eyes fixed with a kind of impersonal scrutiny on Barry Whalen and the scene before him.

The night was well forward, and an air of recklessness and dissipation pervaded this splendid room in De Lancy Scovel's house. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, trays were scattered about, laden with stubs of cigars and ashes, and empty and half-filled glasses were everywhere.

Some of the party had already gone, their gaming instinct satisfied for the night, their pockets lighter than when they came; and the tables where they had sat were in a state of disorder more suggestive of a "dive" than of the house of one who lived in Grosvenor Square.

No servant came to clear away the things. It was a rule of this establishment that at midnight the household went to bed, and the host and his guests looked after themselves thereafter. The friends of De Lancy Scovel called him "Cupid," because of his cherubic face, but he was more gnome than cherub at heart. Having come into his fortune by being a henchman to abler men than himself, he was almost overzealous to retain it, knowing that he could never get it again; yet he was hospitable with the income he had to spend. He was the Beau Brummel of that coterie which laid the foundation of prosperity on the Rand; and his house was a marvel of order and crude elegance—save when he had his roulette and poker parties, and then it was the shambles of murdered niceties. Twice or thrice a week his friends met here; and it was not mendaciously said that small fortunes were lost and won within these walls "between drinks."

The critical nature of things on the Rand did not lessen the gaming or the late hours, the theatrical entertainments and social functions at which Al'mah or another sang at a fabulous fee; or from which a dancer took away a pocketful of gold—partly fee. Only a few of all the group, great and small, kept a quiet pace and cherished their nerves against possible crisis or disaster; and these were consumed by inward anxiety, because all the others looked to them for a lead, for policy, for the wise act and the manœuvre that would win.

Rudyard Byng was the one person who seemed equally compact of both elements. He was a powerful figure in the financial inner circle; but he was one of those who frequented De Lancy Scovel's house; and he had, in his own house, a roulette-table and a card-room like a banqueting-hall. Wallstein, Wolff, Barry Whalen, Fleming, Hungerford and the others of the inner circle he laughed at in a good-natured way for coddling themselves, and called them—not without some truth—valetudinarians. Indeed, the hard life of the Rand in the early days, with the

bad liquor and the high veldt air, had brought to most of the Partners inner physical troubles of some kind; and their general abstention was not quite voluntary moral purpose.

Of them all, except De Lancy Scovel, Rudyard was most free from any real disease or physical weakness which could call for the care of a doctor. With a powerful constitution, he had kept his general health fairly, though strange fits of depression had consumed him of late, and the old strong spring and resilience seemed going, if not gone, from his mind and body. He was not that powerful virile animal of the day when he caught Al'mah in his arms and carried her off the stage at Covent Garden. He was vaguely conscious of the great change in him; and Barry Whalen, who, with all his faults, would have gone to the gallows for him, was ever vividly conscious of it, and helplessly resented the change. At the time of the Jameson Raid Rudyard Byng had gripped the situation with skill, decision, and immense resource, giving as much help to the government of the day as to the colleagues and all British folk on the Rand.

But another raid was nearing, a raid upon British territory this time. The Rand would be the centre of a great war, and Rudyard Byng was not the man he had been, in spite of his show of valor and vigor at the Glencader mine. Indeed, that incident had shown a certain physical degeneracy—he had been too slow in recovering from the few bad hours spent in that death-trap. The government at Whitehall still consulted him, still relied upon his knowledge and his natural tact; but secret as his conferences were with the authorities, they were not so secret that criticism was not viciously at work. Women jealous of Jasmine, financiers envious of Rudyard, Imperial politicians resentful of his influence, did their best to present him in the worst light possible. It was more than whispered that he sat too long over his wine, and that his desire for fiery liquid at other than meal-times was not in keeping with the English climate, but belonged to lands of drier weather and more absorptive air.

"What damned waste!" was De Lancy Scovel's attempt at wit as Krool dried his face and put the yellow handkerchief back into his pocket. The others laughed idly and bethought themselves of their own

glasses, and the croupier again set the ball spinning and drew their eyes.

"*Jouez, messieurs!*" the croupier called, monotonously, and the jingle of coins followed.

"The Baas! Where is the Baas?" came again the harsh voice from the doorway.

"He is gone—went an hour ago," said De Lancy Scovel, coming forward. "What is it, Krool?"

"The Baas—"

"The Baas!" mocked Barry Whalen, swinging round again. "The Baas is gone to find a rope to tie Oom Paul to a tree, as Oom Paul tied you at Lichtenburg!"

Slowly Krool's eyes went round the room, and then settled on Barry Whalen's face with owl-like gravity. "What the Baas does goes good," he said. "When the Baas ties, *Alles zal recht komes!*"

He turned away now with impudent slowness, then suddenly twisted his body round and made a grimace of animal hatred at Barry Whalen, his teeth showing like those of a wolf.

"The Baas will live as long as he want," he added, "but Oom Paul will have your heart—and plenty more," he added, malevolently, and moved into the darkness without, closing the door behind him.

A shudder passed through the circle, for the uncanny face and the weird utterance had the strange reality of fate. A gloom fell on the gamblers suddenly, and they slowly drew into a group, looking half furtively at one another.

The wheel turned on the roulette-table, the ball clattered.

"*Rien de plus!*" called the croupier; but no coins had fallen on the green cloth, and the wheel stopped spinning for the night, as though by common consent.

"Krool will murder you some day, Barry," said Fleming, with irritation. "What's the sense in saying things like that to a servant?"

"How long ago did Rudyard leave?" asked De Lancy Scovel, curiously. "I didn't see him go. He didn't say good night to me. Did he to you—to any of you?"

"Yes, he said to me he was going," rejoined Barry Whalen.

"And to me," said Melville, the Pole, who in the early days in Jo'burg had been a caterer. His name then had been Joseph Zobbieski, but this did not fit well with the English language, it seemed to jar its eu-

phony—and he had searched the directory of London till he found the impeachably English combination of Clifford Melville. He had then cut his hair and put himself into the hands of a tailor in Conduit Street, and they had turned him into—what he was.

"Yes, Byng thaid good night to me—deah old boy!" he repeated. "'I'm so damned thleepy, and I have to be up early in the morning,' he thaid to me."

"Byng's example's good enough. I'm off," said Fleming, stretching up his arms and yawning.

"Byng ought to get up earlier in the morning—much earlier," interposed De Lancy Scovel, with a meaning note in his voice.

"Why?" growled out Barry Whalen.

"He'd see the Outlander early bird after the young domestic worm," was the slow reply.

For a moment a curious silence fell upon the group. It was as though some one had heard what had been said—some one who ought not to have heard.

And that is exactly what had happened. Rudyard had not gone home. He had started to do so; but, remembering that he had told Krool to come at twelve o'clock if any cables arrived, that he might go himself to the cable-office, if necessary, and reply, he passed from the hallway into a little room off the card-room, where there was a sofa, and threw himself down to rest and think. He knew that the crisis in South Africa must come within a few hours; that Oom Paul would present an ultimatum before the British government was ready to act, and that preparations must be made on the morrow to meet all chances and consequences. Preparations there had been, but conditions altered from day to day, and what had been arranged yesterday morning required modification this evening.

He was not heedless of his responsibilities because he was at these gaming-tables; but these were days when he could not bear to be alone. Yet he could not find pleasure in the dinner-parties arranged by Jasmine, though he liked to be with her—liked so much to be with her, and yet wondered how it was he was not happy when he was beside her. This night, however, he had especially wished to be alone with her, to dine with her *à deux*, and he had been disappointed to find that she had arranged a little dinner and a theatre-party.

With a sigh he had begged her to arrange her party without him, and, in unusual depression, he had joined "the gang," as Jasmine called it, at De Lancy Scovel's house.

Here he moved in a kind of gloom, and had a feeling as though he were walking among pitfalls. A dread seemed to descend upon him and deaden his natural buoyancy. At dinner he was fitful in conversation, yet inclined to be critical of the talk around him. Upon those who talked excitedly of war and its consequences, with perverse spirit he fell like a sledge-hammer, and proved their information or judgment wrong. Then, again, he became amiable and almost sentimental in his attitude toward them all, gripping the hands of two or three with a warmth which more than surprised them. It was as though he was subconsciously aware of some great impending change. It may be there whispered through the clouded space that lies between the dwelling-house of Fate and the place where a man's soul lives the voice of that Other Self, which every man has, warning him of darkness, or red ruin, or a heart-break coming on.

However that may be, he had played a good deal during the evening, had drunk more than enough brandy and soda, had then grown suddenly heavy-hearted and inert. At last he had said good night, and had fallen asleep in the little dark room adjoining the card-room.

Was it that Other Self which is allowed to come to us as our trouble or our doom approaches, who called sharply in his ear as De Lancy Scovel said, "Byng ought to get up earlier in the morning—much earlier!"

Rudyard wakened upon the words without stirring—just a wide opening of the eyes and a moveless body. He listened with, as it were, a new sense of hearing, so acute, so clear, that it was as though his friends talked loudly in his very ears. "*He'd see the Outlander early bird after the young domestic worm.*"

His heart beat so loud that it seemed his friends must hear it, in the moment's silence following these suggestive words.

"Here, there's enough of this!" said Barry Whalen, sharply, upon the stillness. "It's nobody's business, anyhow. Let's look after ourselves, and we'll have enough to do, or I don't know any of us."

"Oh, it's no good pretending!" said



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"OOM PAUL WILL HAVE YOUR HEART—AND PLENTY MORE".

Fleming. "There isn't one of us but 'd put ourselves out a great lot for Byng. It isn't human nature to sit still and do naught, and say naught, when things aren't going right for him in the place where things matter most."

"Can't he see? Doesn't he see—anything?" said a little wizened lawyer, irritably, one who had never been married, the solicitor of three of their great companies.

"See—of course he doesn't see. If he saw, there'd be hell—at least!" said Barry Whalen, scornfully.

"He's as blind as a bat," sighed Fleming.

"He got into the wrong garden and picked the wrong flower—wrong for him," said another voice.

"A passion-flower, not the flower her name is," added De Lancy Scovel, with a reflective cynicism.

"They thay there's no doubt about it—she's throwing herself away. Ruddy isn't in it, deah old boy, so they thay," interposed Clifford Melville, *alias* Joseph Zobbieski of Posen. "Diplomathy is all very well, but thith kind of diplomathy is not good for the thoul." He laughed as only one of his kidney can laugh.

Upon the laugh there came a hoarse growl of anger. Barry Whalen was standing above Mr. Clifford Melville with rage in every fibre, threat in every muscle.

"Shut up—curse you, Zobbieski! It's for us, for any and every one, to cut the throats of anybody that says a word against her. We've all got to stand together. Byng forever, is our cry, and Byng's wife is Byng—before the world. We've got to help him—got to help him, I say."

"Well, you've got to tell him first. He's got to know it first," interposed Fleming; "and it's not a job I'm taking on. When Byng's asleep he takes a lot of waking, and he's asleep in this thing."

"And the world's too wide awake," said De Lancy Scovel, acidly. "One way or another Byng's got to be waked. It's only him can put it right."

No one spoke for a moment, for all saw that Barry Whalen was about to say something important, coming forward to the table impulsively for the purpose, when a noise from the darkened room beyond fell upon the silence.

De Lancy Scovel heard, Fleming heard, others heard, and turned towards the little room. Zobbieski touched Barry Whalen's arm, and they all stood waiting while a

hand slowly opened wide the door of the little room, and, white with a mastered agitation, Byng appeared.

For a moment he looked them all full in the face, yet as though he did not see them; and then, without a word, as they stepped aside to make way for him, he passed down the room to the outer hallway.

At the door he turned and looked at them again. Scorn, anger, pride, impregnated with a sense of horror, were in his face. His white lips opened to speak, but closed again, and, turning, he stepped out of their sight.

No one followed. They knew their man.

"My God, how he hates us!" said Barry Whalen, and sank into a chair at the table, with his head between his hands.

The cheeks of the little wizened lawyer glistened with tears, and De Lancy Scovel threw open a window and leaned out, looking into the night remorsefully.

CHAPTER XVII

IS THERE NO HELP FOR THESE THINGS?

SLOWLY, heavily, like one drugged, Rudyard Byng made his way through the streets, oblivious of all around him. His brain was like some engine pounding at high pressure, while all his body was cold and lethargic. His anger at those he left behind was almost madness, his humiliation was unlike anything he had ever known. In one sense he was not a man of the world. All his thoughts and moods and habits had been essentially primitive, even in the high social and civilized surroundings of his youth; and when he went to South Africa, it was to come into his own—the large, simple, rough, adventurous life. His powerful and determined mind was confined in its scope to the big essential things. It had a rare political adroitness, but it had little intellectual subtlety. It had had no preparation for the situation now upon him, and its accustomed capacity was suddenly paralyzed. Like some huge ship staggered by the sea, it took its punishment with heavy, sullen endurance. Socially he had never, as it were, seen through a ladder; and Jasmine's almost uncanny brilliance of repartee and skill in the delicate contest of the mind had ever been a wonder to him, though less so of late than earlier in their married life. Perhaps this was because his senses were more used to it, more blunted; or was it because something had gone from

her—that freshness of mind and body, that resilience of temper and spirit, without which all talk is travail and weariness? He had never thought it out, though he was dimly conscious of some great loss—of the light gone from the evening sky.

Yes, it was always in the evening that he had most longed to see “his girl”; when the day’s work was done; when the political and financial stress had subsided; or when he had abstracted himself from it all and turned his face toward home. For the big place in Park Lane had really been home to him, chiefly because, or alone because, Jasmine had made it what it was; because in every room, in every corner, was the product of her taste and design. It had been home because it was associated with her. But of late—ever since his five months’ visit to South Africa without her the year before—there had come a change, at first almost imperceptible, then broadening and deepening.

At first it had vexed and surprised him; but at length it had become a feeling natural to, and in keeping with, a scheme of life in which they saw little of each other, because they saw so much of other people. His primitive soul had rebelled against it at first, not bitterly, but confusedly; because he knew that he did not know why it was; and he thought that if he had patience he would come to understand it in time. But the understanding did not come, and on that ominous, prophetic day before they went to Glencader, the day when Ian Stafford had dined with Jasmine alone after their meeting in Regent Street, there had been a wild, aching protest against it all. Not against Jasmine; he did not blame her; he only realized that she was different from what he had thought she was; that they were both different from what they had been; and that *the light had gone from the evening sky*.

But from first to last he had always trusted her. It had never crossed his mind, when she “made up” to men in her brilliant, provoking, intoxicating way, that there was any lack of loyalty to him. It simply never crossed his mind. She was his wife, his girl, his flower which he had plucked; and there it was, for the universe to see, for the universe to heed as a matter of course. For himself, since he had married her, he had never thought of another woman for an instant, except either to admire or to criticize her; and his criticism was, as

Jasmine had said, “infantile.” The sum of it was, he was married to the woman of his choice, she was married to the man of her choice; and there it was, there it was, a great, eternal, settled fact. It was not a thing for speculation or doubt or reconsideration.

Always, when he had been troubled of late years, his mind had involuntarily flown to South Africa, as a bird flies to its nest in the distant trees for safety, from the spoiler or from the storm. And now, as he paced the streets with heavy, almost blundering tread,—so did the weight of slander drag him down—his thoughts suddenly saw a picture which had gone deep down into his soul in far-off days. It was after a struggle with Lobengula, when blood had been shed and lives lost, and the backbone of barbarism had been broken south of the Zambesi for ever and ever and ever. He had buried two companions in arms whom he had loved in that way which only those know who face danger on the plain, by the river, in the mountain, or on the open road together. After they had been laid to rest in the valley where the great baboons came down to watch the simple *cortège* pass, where a stray lion stole across the path leading to the grave, he had gone on alone to a spot in the Matoppos, since made famous and sacred.

Where John Cecil Rhodes sleeps on that high plateau of convex hollow stone, with the great natural pillars standing round like sentinels, and all the rugged unfinished hills tumbling away to an unpeopled silence, he came to rest his sorrowing soul. The woods, the wild animal life, had been left behind, and only a peaceful middle world between God and man greeted his stern eyes.

Now, here in London, at that corner where the lonely white statue stands by Londerderry House, as he moved in a dream of pain, with vast weights like giant manacles hampering every footstep, inwardly raging that into his sweet garden of home the vile elements of slander had been thrown, yet with a terrible and vague fear that something had gone terribly wrong with him, that far-off day spent at the Matoppos flashed upon his sight.

Through streets upon streets he had walked, far, far out of his way, subconsciously giving himself time to recover before he reached his home; until the green quiet of

Hyde Park, the soft depths of its empty spaces, the companionable and commendable trees, greeted his senses. Then, here, suddenly there swam before his eyes the bright sky over those scarred and jagged hills beyond the Matoppos, purple and gray, and red and amethyst and gold, and his soul's sight went out over the interminable distance of loveliness and desolation which only ended where the world began again, the world of fighting men. He saw once more that tumbled waste of primeval creation, like a crazed sea agitated by some Horror underneath, and suddenly transfixed in its plunging turmoil—a frozen concrete sorrow, with all active pain gone. He heard the loud echo of his feet upon that hollow plateau of rock, with convex skin of stone laid upon convex skin, and then suddenly the solid rock which gave no echo under his tread, where Rhodes lies buried. He saw all at once, in the shining horizon at different points, black, angry, marauding storms arise and roar and burst; while all the time above his head there was nothing but sweet sunshine, into which the mists of the distant storms drifted, and rainbows formed above him. Upon those hollow rocks the bellow of the storms was like the rumbling of the wheels of a million gun-carriages; and yet high overhead there were only the bright sun and faint drops of rain falling like mystic pearls.

And then followed—he could hear it again, so plainly, as his eyes now sought the friendly shades of the beeches and the elms yonder in Hyde Park!—upon the air made denser by the storm, the call of a lonely bird from one side of the valley. The note was deep and strong and clear, like the bell-bird of the Australian salt bush plains beyond the Darling River, and it rang out across the valley, as though its soul desired its mate; and then was still. A moment, and there came across the valley from the other side, stealing deep sweetness from the hollow rocks, the answer of the bird which had heard her master's call. Answering, she called too, the *viens ici* of kindred things; and they came nearer and nearer and nearer, until at last their two voices were one.

In that wild space there had been worked out one of the great wonders of creation, and under the dim lamps of Park Lane, in his black, shocked mood, Rudyard recalled it all by no will of his own. Upon his eye and brain the picture had been reg-

istered, and in its appointed time, with an automatic suggestion of which he was ignorant and innocent, it came to play its part and to transform him.

The thought of it all was like a cool hand laid upon his burning brow. It gave him a glimpse of the morning of life.

The light was gone from the evening sky.
But was it gone forever?

As he entered his house now he saw upon a Spanish table in the big hall a solitary bunch of white roses—a touch of simplicity in an area of fine artifice. Regarding it a moment, black thoughts receded, and choosing a flower, from the vase he went slowly up the stairs to Jasmine's room.

He would give her this rose as the symbol of his faith and belief in her, and then tell her frankly what he had heard at De Lancy Scovel's house.

For the moment it did not occur to him that she might not be at home. It gave him a shock when he opened the door and found the room empty. On her bed, like a mesh of white clouds, lay the soft linen and lace and the delicate clothes of the night; and by the bed were her tiny blue slippers to match the blue dressing-gown. Some gracious things for morning wear hung over a chair; an open book with a little cluster of violets and a tiny mirror lay upon a table beside a sofa; a footstool was placed at a considered angle for her well-known seat on the sofa where the soft-blue lampshade threw the light upon her book; and a little desk with Dresden-china inkstand and penholder had little pockets of ribbon-tied letters and bills—even business had an air of taste where Jasmine was. And there on a table beside her bed was a large silver-framed photograph of himself turned at an angle toward the pillow where she would lay her head.

How tender and delicate and innocent it all was! He looked round the room with new eyes, as though seeing everything for the first time. There was another photograph of himself on her dressing-table. It had no companion there; but on another table near were many photographs; four of women, the rest of men: celebrities, old friends like Ian Stafford—and M. Menaval.

His face hardened. De Lancy Scovel's black slander swept through his veins like fire again, his heart came up in his throat, his fingers clenched.

Presently, as he stood with clouded face and mist in his eyes, Jasmine's maid entered, and, surprised at seeing him, retreated again, but her eyes fastened for a moment strangely on the white rose he held in his hand. Her glance at it drew his own attention to it again. Going over to the gracious and luxurious bed, with its blue silk canopy, he laid the white rose on her pillow. Somehow it was more like an offering to the dead than a lover's tribute to the living. His eyes were fogged, his lips were set. But all he was then in mind and body and soul he laid with the rose on her pillow.

As he left the rose there, his eyes wandered slowly over this retreat of rest and sleep: white *robe-de-nuit*, blue silk canopy, blue slippers, blue dressing-gown—all blue, the color in which he had first seen her.

Slowly he turned away at last and went to his own room. But the picture followed him. It kept shining in his eyes. Krool's face suddenly darkened it.

"You did not ring, Baas," Krool said.

Without a word Rudyard waved him away, a sudden and unaccountable fury in his mind. Why did the sight of Krool vex him so?

"Come back!" he said, angrily, before the door of the bedroom closed.

Krool returned.

"Weren't there any cables? Why didn't you come to Mr. Scovel's at midnight, as I told you?"

"Baas, I was there at midnight, but they all say you come home, Baas. There the cable—two!" He pointed to the dressing-table.

Byng snatched them, tore them open, read them.

One had the single word, "*To-morrow!*" The other said, "*Prepare.*" The code had been abandoned. Tragedy needs few words.

They meant that to-morrow Kruger's ultimatum would be delivered and that the worst must be faced.

He glanced at the cables in silence, while Krool watched him narrowly, covertly, with a depth of purpose which made his face uncanny.

"That will do, Krool; wake me at seven," he said, quietly, but with suppressed malice in his tone.

Why was it that at that moment he could, with joy, have taken Krool by the neck and throttled him? All the bitterness, anger, and rage that he had felt an hour

ago concentrated themselves upon Krool—without reason, without cause. Or was it that his deeper Other Self had whispered something to his mind about Krool, something terrible and malign?

In this new mood he made up his mind that he would not see Jasmine till the morning. How late she was! It was one o'clock, and yet this was not the season. She had not gone to a ball, nor were these the months of late parties.

As he tossed in his bed and his head turned restlessly on his pillow, Krool's face kept coming before him, and it was the last thing he saw, ominous and strange, before he fell into a heavy but troubled sleep.

Perhaps the most troubled moment of the night came an hour after he went to bed.

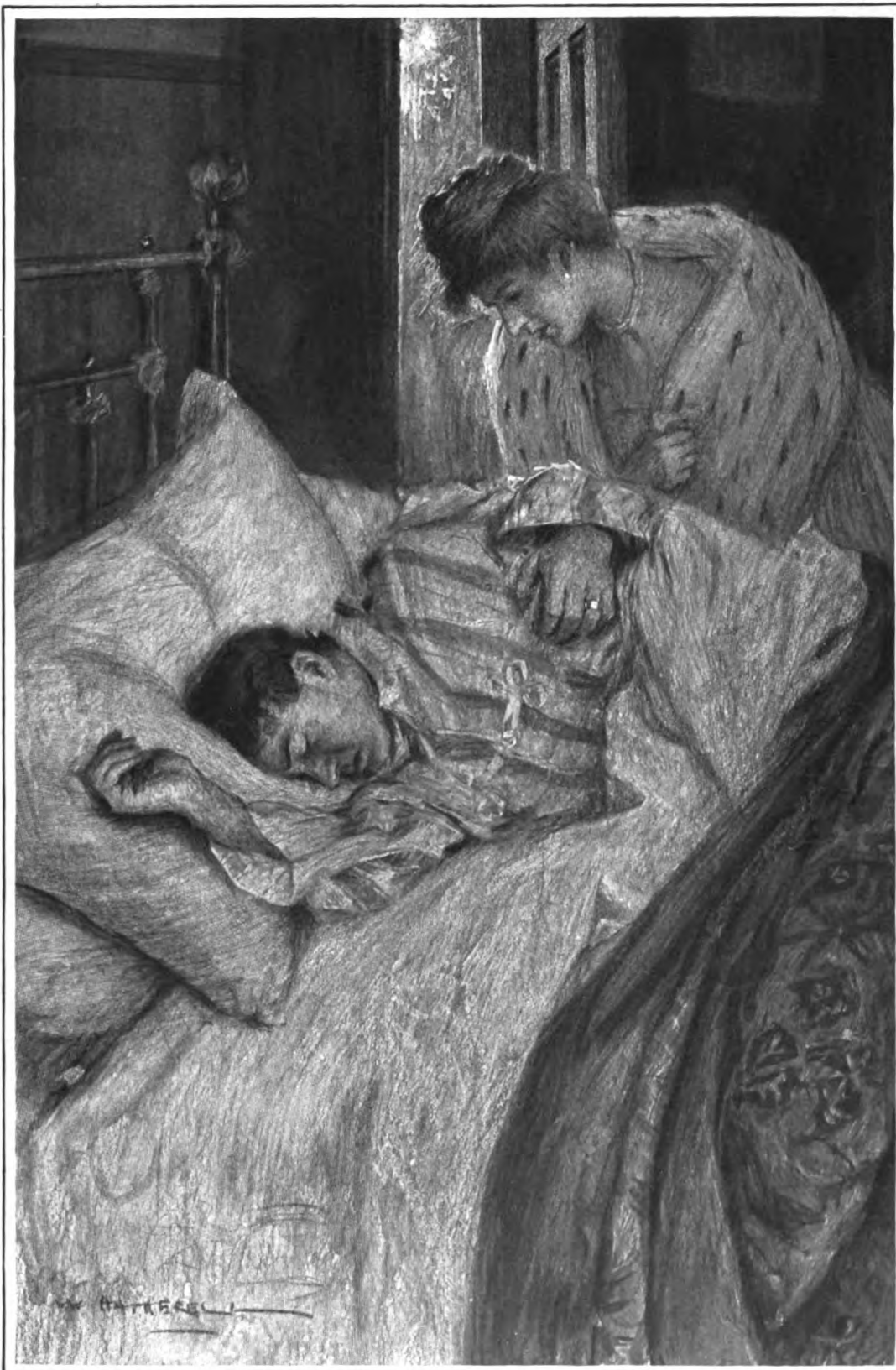
Then it was that a face bent over him for a minute, a fair face, with little lines contracting the ripe lips, which were redder than usual, with eyes full of a fevered brightness. But how harmonious and sweetly ordered was the golden hair above! Nothing was gone from its lustre, nothing robbed it of its splendor. It lay upon her forehead like a crown. In its richness it seemed a little too heavy for the tired face beneath, almost too imperial for so slight and delicate a figure.

Rudyard stirred in his sleep murmuring as she leaned over him; and his head fell away from her hand as she stretched out her fingers with a sudden air of pity—of hopelessness, as it might seem from her look. His face restlessly turned to the wall—a vexed, stormy, anxious face and head, scarred by the whip of that overlord more cruel and tyrannous than Time, the Miserable Mind.

She drew back with a little shudder. "Poor Ruddy!" she said, as she had said that evening when Ian Stafford came to her again after the estranging and scornful years, and she had watched Rudyard leave her—to her Fate and to her Folly.

"Poor Ruddy!"

With a sudden frenzied motion of her hands she caught her breath, as though some pain had seized her. Her eyes almost closed with the shame that reached out from her heart, as though to draw the veil of her eyelids over the murdered thing before her—murdered hope, slaughtered peace: the peace of that home they had watched burn slowly before their eyes in the years which the locust had eaten.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

A FACE BENT OVER HIM, WITH EYES FULL OF A FEVERED BRIGHTNESS

Which the locust had eaten! Yes, it was that. More than once she had heard Rudyard tell of a day on the veldt when the dapper farmer surveyed his abundant fields with joy, with the gay sun flaunting it above; and suddenly there came a white cloud out of the west, which made a weird humming, a sinister sound. It came with shining scales glistening in the light and settled on the land acre upon acre, morgen upon morgen; and when it rose again the fields, ready for the harvest, were like a desert—the fields which the locust had eaten. So had the years been, in which Fortune had poured gold and opportunity and unlimited choice into her lap. She had used them all; but she had forgotten to look for the Single Secret, which, like a key, unlocks all doors in the House of Happiness.

"Poor Ruddy!" she said, but even as she said it for the second time a kind of anger seemed to seize her.

"Oh, you fool! you fool!" she whispered, fiercely. "What did you know of women! Why didn't you make me be good! Why didn't you master me—the steel on the wrist—the steel on the wrist!"

With a little burst of misery and futile rage she went from the room, her footsteps uneven, her head bent. One of the open letters she carried dropped from her hand on the floor of the hall outside. She did not notice it. But as she passed inside her door a shadowy figure at the end of the hall watched her, saw the letter drop, and moved stealthily forward towards it. It was Krool.

How heavy her head was! Her worshipping maid, near dead with fatigue, watched her furtively, but avoided the eyes in the mirror which had a half-angry look, a look at once disturbed and elated, reckless and pitiful. Marie was no reader of souls, but there was something here beyond the usual, and she moved and worked with unusual circumspection and lightness of touch. Presently she began to unloose the coils of golden hair; but Jasmine stopped her with a gesture of weariness.

"No, don't!" she said. "I can't stand your touch to-night, Marie. I'll do the rest myself. My head aches so. Good night."

"I will be so light with it, madame," Marie said, protestingly.

"No, no. Please go. But the morning, quite early."

"The hour, madame?"

"When the letters come, as soon as the letters come, Marie—the first post. Wake me then."

She watched the door close, then turned to the mirror in front of her and looked at herself with eyes in which brooded a hundred thoughts and feelings: thoughts contradictory, feelings opposed, imaginings conflicting, reflections that changed with each moment, and all under the spell of a passion which had become in the last few hours the most powerful influence her life had ever known. Right or wrong, and it was wrong, horribly wrong; wise or unwise, and how could the wrong be wise! she knew she was under a spell stronger than self-indulgence, more tyrannous than death, demanding more sacrifices than the gods of Hellas.

Self-indulgent she had been, reckless and wilful and terribly modern, taking sweets where she found them. She had tried to squeeze the orange dry, in the vain belief that Wealth and Beauty can take what they want, when they want it, and that happiness will come by purchase; only to find one day that the thing you have bought, like a slave that revolts, stabs you in your sleep, and you wake with wide-eyed agony only to die, or to live with—the *light gone from the evening sky*.

Suddenly, with the letters in her hand with which she had entered the room, she saw the white rose on her pillow. Slowly she got up from the dressing-table and went over to the bed in a hushed kind of way. With a strange, inquiring, half-shrinking look she regarded the flower. One white rose. It was not there when she left. It had been brought from the hall below, from the great bunch on the Spanish table. Those white roses, this white rose, had come from one who, selfish as he was, knew how to flatter a woman's vanity. From that delicate tribute of flattery and knowledge Rudyard had taken this flowering stem and brought it to her pillow.

It was all too malevolently cynical. Her face contracted in pain and shame. She had a soul to which she had never given its chance. It had never bloomed. Her abnormal wilfulness, her insane love of pleasure, her hereditary impulses, un-governed by that ambition and judgment which had controlled her grandfather's vices and made them his servants, had been exercised at the expense of the

great thing in her, the soul so capable of memorable and beautiful deeds.

As she looked at the flower, a sense of the path by which she had come, of what she had left behind, of what was yet to chance, shuddered into her heart.

That a flower given by Adrian Fellowes should be laid upon her pillow by her husband, by Rudyard Byng, was too ghastly or too devilishly humorous for words; and both aspects of the thing came to her. Her face became white, and almost mechanically she put the letters she held on a writing-table near; then coming to the bed again she looked at the rose with a kind of horror. Suddenly, however, she caught it up, and bursting into a laugh which was shrill and bitter she threw it across the room. Still laughing hysterically, with her golden hair streaming about her head, folding her round like a veil which reached almost to her ankles, she came back to the chair at the dressing-table and sat down.

Slowly drawing the wonderful soft web of hair over her shoulders, she began to weave it into one wide strand, which grew and grew in length till it was like a great rope of spun gold. Inch by inch, foot by foot it grew, until at last it lay coiled in her lap like a golden serpent, with a kind of tension which gave it life, such as Medusa's hair must have known as the serpent-life entered into it. There is—or was—in Florence a statue of Medusa, seated, in her fingers a strand of her hair, which is beginning to coil and bend and twist before her horror-stricken eyes; and this statue flashed before Jasmine's eyes as she looked at the loose ends of gold falling beyond the blue ribbon with which she had tied the shining rope.

With the mad laughter of a few moments before still upon her lips, she held the flying threads in her hand, and so strained was her mind that it would not have caused her surprise if they had wound round her fingers or given forth forked tongues. She laughed again, a low and discordant laugh it was now.

"Such imaginings—I think I must be mad!" she murmured.

Then she leaned her elbows on the dressing-table and looked at herself in the glass. "Am I not mad?" she asked herself again. Then there stole across her face a strange, far-away look, bringing a fresh touch of beauty to it, and flooding it

for a moment with that imaginative look which had been her charm as a girl, a look of far-seeing and wonder and strange light.

"I wonder—if I had had a mother!" she said, wistfully, her chin in her hand. "If my mother had lived, what would I have been?"

She reached out to a small table near, and took from it a miniature at which she looked with painful longing. "My dear, my very dear, you were so sweet, so good!" she said. "Am I your daughter, your own daughter—me? Ah, sweetheart mother, come back to me! For God's sake come—now. Oh, speak to me if you can! Are you so very far away? Whisper—only whisper, and I shall hear.

"Oh, she would, she would, if she could!" her voice wailed, softly. "She would if she could, I know. I was her youngest child, her only little girl. But there is no coming back. And maybe there is no going forth; only a blackness at the last, when all stops—all stops, for ever and ever and ever, Amen! . . . Amen—so be it. Oh, I even can't believe in *that*! I can't even believe in God and Heaven and the hereafter. I am a pagan, with a pagan's heart and a pagan's ways."

She shuddered again and closed her eyes for a moment. "Ruddy had a glimpse, one glimpse, that day, the day that Ian came back. Ruddy said to me that day, '*If you had lived a thousand years ago you would have had a thousand lovers.*' . . . And it is true—by all the gods of all the worlds, it is true. Pleasure, beauty, is all I ever cared for. Pleasure, beauty, and the Jasmine flower. And Ian—and Ian, yes, Ian! I think I had soul enough for one true thing, even if I was not true."

She buried her face in her hands for a moment, as though to hide a great burning.

"But, oh, I wonder if I did ever love Ian, even! I wonder! . . . Not then, not then when I deserted him and married Rudyard, but now—now! Ah, do I love him even now, as we were to-day with his arms round me, or is it only beauty and pleasure and—*me*? . . . Are they really happy who believe in God and live like—like her?" She gazed at her mother's portrait again. "Yes, she was happy, but only for a moment, and then she was gone—so soon. . . . And I shall never see her, I who never saw her with eyes that knew. . . . And if I could see her, would I? I am

a pagan—would I try to be like her, if I could? I never really prayed, because I never truly felt there was a God that was not all space, and was all soul and understanding. And what is the end of it all, and of me! . . . I can't go back, and going on is madness. Ah, yes, it is madness, I know—madness and badness—and dust at the end of it all! Beauty gone, pleasure gone. . . . I do not even love pleasure now as I did. It has lost its flavor; and I do not even love beauty as I did. How well I know it! I used to climb hills to see a sunset; I used to walk miles to find the wood anemones and the wild violets; I used to worship a pretty child . . . a pretty child!"

She shrank back in her chair and pondered darkly. "A pretty child. . . . Other people's pretty children, and music and art and trees and the sea, and the colors of the hills, and the eyes of wild animals . . . and a pretty child! I wonder, I wonder if—"

But she got no farther with that thought. "I shall hate everything on earth if it goes from me, the beauty of things; and I feel that it is going. The freshness of sense has gone, somehow. I am not stirred as I used to be, not by the same things. If I lose that sense I shall kill myself. Perhaps that would be the easiest way now. Just the overdose of—"

She took a little phial from the drawer of the dressing-table. "Just the little overdose and 'good-bye, my lover, good-bye.'" Again that hard little laugh of bitterness broke from her. "Or that needle Mr. Mappin had at Glencader. A thrust of the point, and in an instant gone, and no one to know, no one to discover, no one to add blame to blame, to pile shame upon shame. Just blackness—blackness all at once, and no light or anything any more. The fruit all gone from the trees, the garden all withered, the bower all ruined, the children all dead. The pretty children all dead forever, the pretty children that never were born, that never lived in Jasmine's garden where the roses grew."

As there had come to Rudyard premonition of evil, so to-night, in the hour of triumph, when, beyond peradventure, she had got for Ian Stafford what would make his career great, what through him gave England security in her hour of truth, there came now to her something of the real significance of it all.

She had got what she wanted. Her

pride had been appeased, her vanity satisfied, her intellect flattered, her skill approved, and Ian was hers. But the cost?

Words from Swinburne's threnody on Baudelaire came to her mind. How often she had quoted them for their sheer pagan beauty! It was the kind of beauty which most appealed to her, which responded to the element of fatalism and fatality in her, the sense of doom always with her since she was a child, in spite of her gaiety, her wit, and her native eloquence. She had never been happy, she had never had a real illusion, never aught save the passion of living, the desire to conquer unrest:

"And now, no sacred staff shall break in blossom,

No choral salutation lure to light

The spirit sick with perfume and sweet night,

And Love's tired eyes and hands and barren bosom.

There is no help for these things, none to mend and none to mar;

Not all our songs, oh, friend, can make Death clear or make Life durable;

But still with rose and ivy and wild vine, And with wild song about this dust of thine,

At least I fill a place where white dreams dwell,

And wreath an unseen shrine."

"And Love's tired eyes and hands and barren bosom. . . . There is no help for these things, none to mend and none to mar—" A sob rose in her throat. "Oh, the beauty of it, the beauty and the misery and the despair of it!" she murmured.

Slowly she wound and wound the coil of golden hair about her neck, drawing it tighter, fold on fold, tighter and tighter.

"This would be the easiest way—this!" she whispered. "By my own hair! Beauty would have its victim then. No one would kiss it any more, because it killed a woman. . . . No one would kiss it any more!"

She felt the touch of Ian Stafford's lips upon it, she felt his face buried in it. Her own face suffused, then Adrian Fellowes' white rose, which Rudyard had laid upon her pillow, caught her eye where it lay. With a cry as of a hurt animal she ran to her bed, crawled into it, and huddled down in the darkness, shivering and afraid.

Something had discovered her to herself for the first time. Was it her own soul? Had her Other Self, waking from sleep in the eternal spaces, bethought itself and come

to whisper and warn and help? Was it "Love's tired eyes and hands and barren
that? Or was it Penalty, or Nemesis, or bosom"—
that Destiny which will have its toll for The words kept ringing in her ears.
all it gives of beauty, or pleasure, or pride, They soothed her at last into a sleep which
or place, or pageantry? brought no peace, no rest or repose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Even the Night Shall be Light About Me"

BY LILY A. LONG

DARK hidden in his heart
The secret lay.
No prying human eye
Might aught unclean descry.
He sealed his sullen heart
And went his way.

The watchers, voiceless all,
His secret kept
As they were leagued with him—
The forest, silent, dim,
The earth that covers all.
And then he slept.

At once his traitor heart
The secret bared
To worlds and hosts that passed
In serried ranks, and cast
A glance upon his heart,
How that it fared.

All space was built of light,
And everywhere
Was knowledge of the whole
That lodged within his soul.
Helpless before the light,
His heart was bare.

No saving shred of dark
About him lay
To hide his shaméd head.
In terror back he fled—
Back to the shielding dark
Of human day.

Abroad

BY GEORG SCHOCK

THOMAS RITTER walked fast along the road. He was impatient to tell the great news to his uncle, and he was also impelled by the thrill of the coming spring and the thrill of what he was going to do. Long as he had had it in mind, earnestly as he had wished for it, determined as he had been to do it as soon as possible, this was the first time that he felt the exhilaration of doing it immediately.

He had taken off his hat, the better to enjoy the mild air; his curly, bluish-black hair was already turning gray, although he was only twenty-eight. His unsuspicious blue eyes and his rather bright blue clothes which always needed pressing, were alike naïve, and he wore a ring which was naïve, too—a slab of black onyx, in which was a gold R set with small diamonds. Because he wanted to make everybody happy this evening he carried a large bunch of carnations, the reddest he could buy, to give to the kind old soul who kept house for his uncle. The definite, unfragile flowers, shaped like sky-rockets and red to excess, looked as joyful as he did himself, and although he felt awkward carrying them, he liked them.

Beauty-lover as he was, the beauty of his surroundings was too unobtrusive for him to notice it. The road led between low hills and through small valleys, the outlines and surfaces of which were all softened by the atmosphere, which gave them a kind of bloom; and on slopes and in hollows appeared tinges of green so delicate that it was doubtful whether they were real or only a trick of the light on eyes longing for such green after a hard winter. The thin line of snow, which looked like a white base-board at the foot of the brown bank on one side of the road, was the last of the big drift which had been there since November.

In a few minutes Thomas would pass the most conspicuous house in sight,

which stood high above the road, with a terrace in front of it planted with cedars, arbor-vitæ, and lilac bushes. It was an elaborate house: the pillars and porch-railing were of a complicated design, and painted white and green, and the two little towers at the corners were peaked like witches' hats. Along the road before the terrace appeared a line of hitching-posts, almost as many as if for a church.

On Sunday afternoons, however, these posts were often too few for the saddle-horses, the trotting sulkies, and the buggies which stopped there. Then shouts of laughter were heard far down the road, embittering the Sabbath mood of passers-by: Eudora's Sunday-school class, the hilarious assemblages were called. Thomas Ritter was the most distinguished among the frequenters, who were men of various ages, conditions, and pursuits. Girls hardly ever came, for they did not care to go where they were sure to be outshone, and Eudora Groh was the unacknowledged dread of every engaged girl and young wife for miles around. None of them could explain it: she never had much to say; but her own brother was always there on Sunday afternoon, as well entertained as any one, and he had never been known to go to see another girl.

Honored guest though Thomas was on the Sundays, he did not want to lose time by stopping there now; but while he was still quite far off Eudora caught sight of him as she trailed about the terrace, followed by Rätzel, her green-eyed black cat, and presently she came drifting down over the gray grass and paused on a boulder beside the road. Her cloak was open, and showed a rose-colored gown, all lace around her throat. Any lover of beauty would have liked to look at that throat and the coiled yellow hair with the little, soft curls, concerning which an infatuated Normal School professor had quoted, "Oh, how that glittering taketh me!" She looked ready to

nestle; her mouth was no older than a child's mouth; she was as frankly lovely as a rose.

Though he neither had nor thought of having a proprietary interest in her, Thomas instantly felt annoyed and anxious because she was exposing her tender throat and her pretty head to cold.

"What are you doing out here in the damp?" he asked, crossly, without other salutation. His voice was deep and pleasant.

"Getting dandelion," she answered, showing a basket and a knife with a submissive gesture.

"And a cold, perhaps pneumonia." He shook his finger at her.

"I wasn't really getting any dandelion; I couldn't find any," she said, as if that were an excuse.

She was much pleased to see him; she had had no idea of seeing him before Sunday; so she now gave him a radiant smile and said, "Good evening."

"Oh! Good evening!"

"How did you get here?"

"I took the five-o'clock car, and walked over. I am going to see uncle."

"And were you going by without stopping?"

Although a reassuring way with women was natural to him, she evoked more than his usual suavity. "These flowers are for you," he immediately said, beginning to watch her.

"They can go into the basket where there is no dandelion."

She arranged them, with charming gestures and poses of the head, thanking him with those instead of with words; and when she had finished she stood off to admire the basket, on the gray grass, looking like a little green-and-red fountain. He, in the mean time, admired her; and Rätzel also wanted to be near her, and came down the terrace with leavings and creepings.

"I saw the new moon over my left shoulder," she told him, with her child-like brightness.

By this time her presence had made him feel so contented that he did not care to talk. It occurred to him that on this blue evening, with her fair hair and her milky skin, she had a luster like the fair moon.

"Isn't it fine weather?" she said.

Their eyes met and both broke into a smile, which was really an unconscious mutual felicitation on their youth with its powers. The spring had disposed both to adventure. She had waked that morning feeling that it was time for something pleasant to happen—some pleasant, permanent change. He felt all through him that winter and the winter mood were over; even the blue sky, which had so long been gray, was friendly to him personally; the world was permeable, he was foot-loose, he *could* go.

"What makes you smile?" she asked.

"I'm not smiling."

"Yes, you are."

"I told you, I am going to see my uncle."

"What for?" It was plain that she was ready to rejoice in any luck of his.

"Well"—he pretended reluctance—"well, I am going abroad."

Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he awaited the effect. It was unlikely that any one would receive the news with enough enthusiasm to satisfy him, this was such an epoch-making event to him; but she did the right thing: her upward glance of sympathy and admiration was exactly right.

"Oh, Tom!"

He nodded.

"When?"

"I leave on Friday, sail on Saturday. This is Tuesday: three nights and I shall be gone. I decided this morning, and sold myself a ticket. How often I have coveted the tickets I sold to other people! To-night I am going to tell uncle."

"What did your partner say?"

"He can handle the real-estate business and the steamship agency without me for a couple of months."

"What will your uncle say? He has no one but you."

"Nothing. If he made objections, of course I should consider them, as he brought me up, and I owe a great deal to him; but he will not object. Why should he? I don't need to live as he lived, or as I lived when I was a boy."

He drew the large hand with the ring from his pocket, and looked at it; it was stretched by the pitchfork and the plow.

"Tom," said she, thoughtfully, "it is

wonderful what you have accomplished. You were a little, orphan, country boy; you took all the money your father left you to pay for three years at the Normal School; when you went to the city you began as a grocer's clerk. Now you are a partner in a fine business, and you have that handsome office."

Her voice died away in contemplation. It pleased him that she stopped to think of his long stretch of prosperity, even before she asked where he was going; it pleased him that on her one visit to his office she had been impressed by the green velvet carpet, the red plush furniture, the plate-glass, and the gilding. He had never been so aware that he was a rising man.

"Do you know what I liked best in your office? The two big pictures of ships, in the gold frames."

"So do I, Eudora. They are only advertisements of steamship lines; but how often I have looked at them and thought, 'Some day you shall take me.'"

"And now it is coming true. I am so glad! Where do you expect to go?"

"To Ireland, London, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Paris. That will be seven countries. I don't think that in six weeks I could see more than seven countries," said the eager Ulysses.

"What will they all say when I tell them on Sunday where you have gone? No one ever went abroad from this neighborhood; no one ever thought of going."

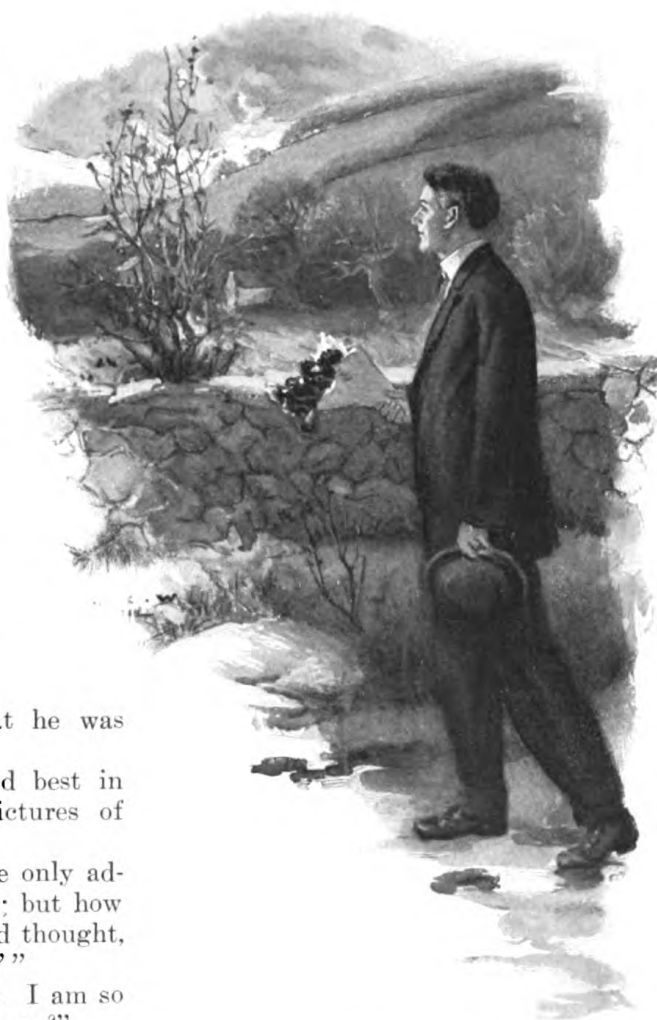
He felt wonderfully happy.

"It is so far! It seems as if you were going to a star."

"It seems much like that to me. I have wanted to do this since I was a child. It has been a dream to me, Eudora, and for years and years it was a hopeless dream."

"What you will see!"

Spoken by that sweet, dragging, feminine voice, the words called up his



HE HAD TAKEN OFF HIS HAT, THE
BETTER TO ENJOY THE MILD AIR

vision before the eyes of his mind. He expected bright-colored coasts that would show at once, "This is a new country"; skies different in splendor from any he had seen, vegetation of strange beauty, avenues of palaces with occupants superior to the humanity he knew—a dream-world. He did not realize that there, too, he might be tired or in an unreceptive mood; he did not realize that there mud and bad weather occur; he imagined it perfect, even the precipitation not in the form of plain rain, but scenic, as described by Byron, and he longed for it as the Goth for Italy.

"And you will learn so much," she said.

She was always saying the right thing. Ambitious and consciously inchoate, dis-

satisfied with his tastes and with his education, Thomas Ritter, while he enjoyed striking waistcoats and conspicuous diamond rings, was not contented to enjoy them; he hated to have a literary allusion go over his head, he wanted to be able to talk about art and music. What he asked of Europe was to gratify the tastes he had and to teach him better ones; enthusiastically he looked forward to the time when he would finish one pleasure only to begin another, and would also be undergoing culture constantly. The spirit of the humanists animated him; he felt that his purpose was noble, and told himself that he was not a mere tourist; but he had not expected her to see that it was noble.

"You will learn to know many people who are not like us," she said.

"They will not make me forget you. I'll show you that I don't forget you. What shall I bring you?"

Although it would have been appropriate for her to request words and music of the sirens' song, she did request a bracelet. He promised it instantly; but she was not cheered; she drooped. This might have been repellent in another woman, but it was intoxicating in her, with her opulent beauty, which he was used to seeing surrounded by admirers.

He exclaimed, "Eudora! Will you miss me?"

She paid no attention to this until he had had time to feel that her answer was important to him. Then she said:

"I am glad you are going."

"Will you?" The admission had become very important to him.

"When you come back—"

Her voice was soft as a pigeon's. Once more it died away as he broke in:

"Little girl! Will you?"

She gazed at him—a bewildering gaze. "You brave, strong, clever, handsome, dangerous man! You dazzling man!" said her deep-blue eyes. She looked at him as he had looked at the pictured ships.

"This morning I determined on Europe," he thought, intensely. "Why not this evening on Eudora for a wife?"

Both were so still that the flutter of a bird in a cedar-tree sounded loud. The cat could also be heard, leaping and playing with a field-mouse in the grass.

Then, from a situation grown too pressing, she delicately turned away.

"Eudora!" he cried to her.

He did not know that he had said it, but she knew what to do, and in five minutes she had it all on a definite basis. In ten minutes—oblivious of uncle—he was taking her in out of the damp; they were going to announce it to her brother.

She was very well satisfied and pleased; but among the mixed feelings of Thomas, as he walked the dangerous road twenty-four hours later, pleasure was not one. After a sunny day the base-board of snow had disappeared; the green lights in the fields were greener, and in places they had become a covering, they were no longer merely a light. Bluebirds and robins might be seen at any moment, but he could not have been interested by such simple birds; if a bird of paradise had approached him through the air, he would scarcely have raised his hanging head.

"If I could go back to this time last evening!" he brooded.

That morning he had opened his eyes with the impression that there was something that he ought to do at once, followed by a sense of new continents heaved up out of the water. Then his eyes had fallen upon an object which he himself had placed where he could look at it in the evening and in the morning, and which was now the very thing to afflict him most. This was a picture which he had cut out of a magazine because it was like the wife he meant eventually to choose. He always thought of her as Lilian, and she was to be rather tall and slender, with a pale complexion, straight brows, and fine, straight hair. Not that he preferred those characteristics; he enjoyed a high color, curves, and curls; but he thought of ladies as pale, straight-haired, and slender, and he so wanted a lady.

"I could have taken Lilian abroad, and she would have known what to see," he thought.

In Lilian's gentle presence he would have felt uplifted and a little constrained; she would have polished and developed his ideals. He had expected to be able to win her when he found her, because, while not over-conceited



EUDORA'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS THE HILARIOUS ASSEMBLAGES WERE CALLED

about himself, he had such faith in those ideals of his. She would have appealed to the tastes which he was ambitious to have: Eudora, with her positive perfections, could only feed the tastes he had.

"I have thought often enough, since I began going there, what kind of a wife she would make for some man; and I always thought at the same time how different she was from Lilian."

All through the distracted, miserable day, while he attended to business with a fraction of his mind, hurried the tailor, and bought a glossy suit-case and an invincible-looking umbrella, his determination had been increasing. It was at its strongest now—he was grim with determination.

"The mistake of one half-hour shall not become the mistake of my lifetime. Another half-hour shall rectify it. I will talk to Eudora: she is a dangerous girl. Then I will go on to do what I was about to do when she interrupted me: I will see uncle."

He expected that when he had finished

with Eudora and was fairly on the road again, his thoughts of Europe would once more be radiant and calm.

Again he approached the ornate premises of the Grohs. Eudora was watching for him from her own particular little tower, and she sped to meet him, going the faster because she hoped he had the ring in his pocket; her pale-blue skirts came fluttering down the terrace steps; some curly gold locks were loosened by her haste; her panting breath was a compliment to him. After her came Rätsel, waving his massive tail. Eudora clung to Thomas's arm and looked up at him. Rätsel rubbed against Thomas's legs and purred rumblingly, and Thomas could hardly draw breath, he felt so self-conscious, stiff, and miserable.

"Oh, Tom," she said, softly, "I have missed you so, all day long!"

Realizing that he had been thinking of her as a hindrance all day long, he remained silent.

"Even the spring has come since last night. Don't you feel it?"

"Don't, Eudora, on the public road."

"You will have good weather to start for Europe. Oh, it's hard to have you go! And so soon! But at least you will be here this evening and to-morrow evening."

Now she was in another phase; where yesterday she had been frankly lovely, to-day she was tenderly lovely and appealing; and he discovered that he had better not look at her, for when he did, he weakened. Seizing the opportunity, he looked over her head and stated:

"I shall not be here to-morrow evening."

"Tom!"

"You have made a mistake," he said, shaking his finger at her.

"About the day? I thought you would not go before Friday. Must you go to-morrow?" she asked, in a weak little voice.

"Not about the day. I made a mistake, too."

He looked sternly at her—his sternness was for himself, for he was weakening badly—and he thought that she understood him; but suddenly she turned pale, swayed, and he had to catch her. She lay on his arm, too lovely and defenseless for any one to hurt, at the mercy of everything, quite forlorn. Her almond-shaped lids, upon which a bluish shade was cast, concealed her eyes; her loosened hair streamed over his shoulder—such hair as the mermaids combed with gold combs indistinguishable in the softer gold. She was extremely perilous to the pursuer of pure culture. When he had carried her into the house every excited person there assumed that he was more excited. He was made chief mourner, and given the chair beside her, and he had to take both positions; he was assured that she would soon be better, and that he must not be too anxious; and when she opened her eyes he was felicitated. He could not leave her; he could not close this vital matter until she agreed that it was closed. He could not go to see uncle.

What he now wanted was to be back in town, in his own familiar, reassuringly gorgeous room, and alone; and when he finally attained this he walked the floor. Fervently, to exorcise the memory of Eudora, he gazed at the Lilian picture; fervently he meditated

upon Lilian. At first it seemed that after such a lapse he could not approach her even when she was found, and then he felt as if he were waving her a last goodbye; later he thought he could venture, after he had been refreshed and enlightened by Europe. His determination that his mistake should not be final persisted, and before he tried to sleep he had decided what to do. He would break it all off by letter; and as he had only one more evening, and he must see uncle, he would start again, at an early hour the next day, and leave the road for a roundabout way instead of trying to pass the house with the witches' hats. By so doing he hoped to get to uncle's.

Being inchoate, he did not try to imagine Eudora's feelings, and in this way he saved energy, for he would have had as good a chance of understanding her if she had been a Babylonian inscription on a brick. After she had been solicitously helped to bed she lay a long time, her hands clasped behind her head, her round, white arms overflowed by her rich hair, looking out at the soft gray light from the sky and the darker gray of the fields, and listening to the stir of bare boughs that would soon be clothed with leaves. Now, as always, the facts she had to deal with, and only those, were what she wanted; and as she reflected they became clear; she considered Thomas's aims and temperament among the other facts; calmly she diagnosed the case of Thomas Ritter. Then she also decided what to do. She did not fear an unmanageable strength of purpose in him; no distrust of her own purpose hampered her; she was indifferent to the inroads she made; she did feel a little hurried, but a whole continent as a rival could not perturb Eudora Groh, and she would have smiled tolerantly at Lilian in person. Her plan made, she settled herself more luxuriously, lost herself in happy thoughts of Thomas's attractions, and slept a beautifying sleep while she waited for the morning.

As she went along the fateful road, about ten o'clock, she looked as if the day had been made for her and she for it. The sky was burning blue, flooded with light; the air was life-giving, the sap was rising; a sweet wind danced over the fields, in which the green patches were

now vivid as jewels. Eudora walked unhurriedly, breathed with pleasure, looked happy without smiling. She was going over her reasoning again, to make sure that there were no weak places in it.

"I have already refused thirty-two men, always thinking that I should have a better chance, and that is a large number, even for me. What good will it do me to go on refusing for a few years, and get the name of an old maid, and perhaps pick up a crooked stick at last? None. I am twenty-four years old, and I have put it off long enough.

"It was about Christmas-time when I decided to marry Thomas, and I see no reason to change my mind. He is the best-looking man of my acquaintance; he will make the other half of a very handsome couple; and he always knows what to say to me; even after we are married, he will have plenty to say. So stylish, too, so up to date! This going abroad is a stylish thing to do.

"And now he thinks he does not want me. That makes it more interesting.

"I like him. I have never liked a man so much. Compared with him the others seem like boys, or else disgusting—"

Here she smiled transiently and dreamed a little while.

"Yes, I shall be happy with him," she

returned to her reasoning, with an unconscious sigh. "And he will be happy with me. This is the best thing for him. I have never yet seen a girl as beautiful as I am; he makes money, but I have it; I am as well educated as he is; I know

how to keep house; I will take good care of him and make him a good wife. It will be much better for him to be married to me than to be running about Europe.

"Ah! There he comes! I need go no farther."

When he saw her he felt like running. Only a few minutes more and he would have been safe on the other road. They were two pale individuals who looked briefly at each other and said good morning in low, hostile voices; then, silently, she turned back toward her own house, silently he fell into step beside her, half the width of the road between them. Rätsel had followed his mistress, and crept through the grass, his green, jewel-like eyes glaring without expression.

"Were you coming to see me?" she demanded, quickly and coldly.

"No; to see uncle."

"I thought you would not come, so I was on my way to town, to your office."

While he was afraid to look at her, she could not help looking at her. She was dressed in black, very close-fitting and plain, with lace, as usual, at her



"I HAVE MISSED YOU SO ALL DAY LONG!"



HE FELL INTO STEP BESIDE HER, HALF THE WIDTH OF THE ROAD BETWEEN THEM

throat, and a broad, black hat cast an enhancing shadow on her rippling, glittering hair, and on her face, which was very pale. It seemed that her features were more finely cut than he remembered them; the pose of her head was spirited, her carriage dignified.

Here was still another phase, one that he had never seen. Europe began to fade as he looked at her; Lilian faded; the name of Lilian was a charm no longer.

"I have something important to say to you," she continued. "Last evening I was taken by surprise, and could not do what I should have done, but this morning I could not wait another hour to tell you."

She paused for a minute; and even as he intently looked for her to go on, he lost sight of what she would say in the excitement of the revelation that was being made to him. She was his Lilian: Lilian, and a great deal more: not only young, fresh, and lovely as the spring itself, but also cool, remote, eminently cultivable. Without any intellectual pre-

tensions, she yet held the miscellaneous Sunday-school class together; and her few words were always the right words. He recognized, he saluted Lilian.

But she was saying, "I will not marry you."

To show him how free he was she walked to the side of the road that he might go on without her.

It had the effect of a blow. She was refusing him!

"Eudora! What do you mean?"

"What I say. It is plain enough."

Rätsel, perceiving something worth going for in a walnut-tree, went up the trunk like a black flash, at the moment that Thomas laid his riaged hand on the same trunk to steady himself.

"Won't you?" he stammered.

"Is it likely?" she replied, with a cold, negative turn of her head and neck.

The bruises thus inflicted on his manly pride made him want to fight; he was unbearably piqued; he could not let this pass; his crimson face showed that for him this refusal, this half-sad con-

tempt, was the climax of her charms. As she looked calmly past him, she thought, "This is the minute. If I lose now it is all over. Will that send him away forever or make him wild to stay? Ah! Look! I knew him as well as I thought I did."

"But, Eudora, I can't do without you." He shook his finger at her.

"Since when?"

"Eudora, won't you go abroad with me?"

She turned away from him, and he heard an indifferent, negative murmur.

"Oh, come with me!" he begged. "I will show you everything."

She shook her bright head.

There was a long silence, broken by the scratch of claws and by small, sharp, useless cries. Rätsel crept and slipped down the trunk and disappeared across the road, carrying a squirrel which would never spring through the tree-tops again.

"Eudora, if you will only accept me I shall give up going abroad."

Not her purpose but his instinct defeated his ideals; an instinct against which the man he was could no more contend than he could walk the wave, be carried by the cloud, or check fire with a polite remonstrance. All the humanists had been dead for centuries of springs and summers, and here was another spring, a new, trivial, terrible spring, and a woman who got her results,

"*Non reprobando fidem sed predicando amore.*" Nature could have accomplished her purpose with a less perfect instrument than Eudora; as it was, she simply smiled and put Thomas Ritter where she wanted him; and it was Nature's compensation that when, with the last thought he gave it for a long time, he renounced his ideal, something budded in him, and he began to love the costly woman with a craving, wistful love.

She had heard what she wanted to hear; slowly she turned toward him, slowly raised her head, and shone upon him with the loveliest of smiles.

"I have always loved you," he whispered, recognizing the truth at last.

He threw his arm around her, and she was undemurring: he felt that he had the only needful thing.

"What do I care for Europe? You are my Europe!" he exclaimed.

Now a comfortable life was before him, with no great efforts or wrenches: in which he would have the pleasure of thinking what he might have been, not the pain of knowing that he could not be. It had to be so.

"And after all, you will not leave me to go abroad," she rejoiced.

"Abroad!" he exclaimed, with a last vehemence. "I can't even get to uncle's."

"We'll go together now. We have something to tell him."

The Alien Hours

BY ANNE BUNNER

BEFORE mine eyes, beloved, where I stand,
The spring lies fair and far across the land;
Across the land that holds me far from you,
Ah, fair and far!—Its beauty hurts my heart
That only counts the hours we are apart,
The alien hours, that pass so slowly by
On fettered wings, like wounded birds that fly
With half-spent strength across the homeward sky.
Ah, fair and far!—And every bird that sings
But mocks my hours that pass on broken wings
Across the land that holds me far from you.

Odessa—The Portal of an Empire

BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

OF Odessa we knew nothing when we alighted, travel-weary, from an overheated train that brought us, in hot discomfort, clear across the great flat expanse of Russia, buried in the snow and glittering beneath a blue sky of pitiless cold. Outside the station, we stepped before an icy wind that bit through clothing and flesh and even into one's bones. Across the open square a cluster of five green domes, bearing gilded crosses supported by chains, loomed against the sky. A priest walked thoughtfully toward the gate of this church. A squad of soldiers in mud-gray overcoats marched with fixed bayonets past the steps where we stood watching the porters load our luggage on a flat sleigh. The tinkle of sleigh-bells filled the air, and among the common sleighs for hire passed gayer equipages with officers and ladies wrapped in furs. Some beggars passed, miserably clad in rags, importuning us for alms.

In the cold discomfort of our swift ride to the hotel we had no time to think of it, but revealed in that first glance upon the station square were symbols of all the forces in Russia. Above all, the Greek Church, and in its shadow the priest; the soldiers of the Tsar with bayonets always fixed; the official class and its ladies; the common people and the beggars, perhaps holy pilgrims on their way to the sacred shrines of Kieff.

For our ignorance of Russian we had the privilege of paying over twice the legal fare for our drive to the hotel. The porters obligingly arranged the matter and quite cheerfully kept the difference. How like the rest of the world! We felt at home at once. The large, lofty bed-chambers and corridors of the hotels make it just possible to live in rooms that have double windows sealed with putty, which are never opened from the beginning of winter till the spring thaw is in the air. As there are no open fires, the only ventilation is from the slightly

better air of the corridors. A framed notice on the wall informs the visitor of all the privileges he is graciously permitted to pay extra for, among them the joy of being clean at the rate of ten copecks for a jug of hot water or fifty copecks for a bath; but the greatest mystery of all was a samovar at twenty-five copecks. In time it was discovered that your true Russian, having a taste for much tea or other warm refreshment, rings for a lighted samovar and prepares his own beverage, if he is not fortunate enough to possess a wife to do it for him. With the lady managing a fiery, fuming samovar and her lord smoking innumerable cigarettes, with perhaps a visitor to help, one can easily imagine—not forgetting the hermetically sealed windows—the atmosphere in which some worthy Russians go to bed.

But once outside in that stinging, clear cold, under the pale-blue sky, a long, deep breath or two is enough to revive a man who has a few heart-beats left. How it stings and penetrates! freezing the muscles of the face and stiffening the unfortunate mustache with icicles. In spite of double suits of underwear and heavy, knitted socks over the ordinary kind, it bites in. The inadequacy of a Parisian overcoat collar, turned up to even cover half of one ear, caused me to look with interest at my neighbors on the streets, and their garb filled me with envy. A tall, fez-shaped cap of black Persian lamb or astrakhan came down to the ears and over them if necessary. An overcoat collar, also of black lamb's wool, always turned up, reaching far above the ears and covering well the cheeks, left only a protruding nose—often suggestive both of vodka and cold—and a pair of Tartar-looking eyes, when they had not the heavy sag of Jewish lids, or the languorous warmth of Turkish blood. Even the officers—those dandies, vain lovers of crimson, gold, and jingling spurs—had sacrificed some facings and added the

universal curly lamb, and turned it up cozily about their ears. Others revel in the superlative comfort of the *bashlyk*. This garment is solely a covering for head and throat. It consists of a hood, such as the Moors wear upon a *jelaba*, but with long cravat-ends that can go twice around the neck, covering the mouth or even wrapping the face up to the eyes, and can still leave rounded ends to hang back over the shoulder or down in front. It is made of woolen cloth dyed a khaki color, and is part of the official uniform of the Russian soldier, with regulations governing its manner of wearing.

Hurrying along for warmth, one watches the briskly moving, huddled figures and notes the myriad moving feet. From mild cases of dropsy to elephantiasis, and, in the case of droshky drivers, double elephantiasis, these various states of swelling appear to have afflicted the whole community of legs and feet, if outward appearance can count for anything in normal eyes. Visual analysis, rather than medical diagnosis, relieves one's mind of apprehension, and soon the great bodies, bloated with clothes of the droshky drivers — often ridiculously supporting the small head and clean jaws of a boy of seventeen — are no more alarming than their enormous felt-clad extremities. Big Russian top-boots of heavy leather go beating through the snow; soft boots of sheepskin, the wool left within, go padding noiselessly past. There are the muffled tread of the country-women, leg-tied in felt and rags, and the dainty tripping, under fur-edged hobble-skirts, of St. Petersburg patent leathers with buckles, inside of St. Petersburg outer-shoes of fur-lined, fur-edged felt.

One looks for the faces that pass above such feet, and sometimes one is not disappointed. But the great multitude of shoes patter over the beaten, brown snow of the sidewalk in heavy Russian rubbers lined with felt. Mercury far below zero and streets bone-dry, they are for warmth; in sleet and mud, they keep shoes dry, and, unlike the stretchy American rubbers out of which one fights with soiled hands, are so made, heavily, that they can be stepped out of at the door, and clean shoes, unsullied by the soft felt lining, are fit and ready for the drawing-room of a *Boyarninya*, the barracks, or the carpeted club. Even in this study of passing feet, one learns to tell an officer who goes before by the brass plates attached to hold spurs that are fastened even on his rubber overshoes!

All this hurrying and passing of feet, though we knew it not, was leading us on to discover the retreat of the Dragon, a very mild Dragon, who spoke English pleasantly and rang for Natalie, who appeared in neat cap and apron and brought us tea to thaw our spirits, and break the ice of the masculine mustache, and help in the discussion of rubles and rooms. A kindly Englishman at the Anglo-American club — which is more Anglo than American, and is a comfortable retreat of superior insularity — had directed us here, and so we discovered the apartment that was to be home.

If Natalie had not told us, when the strangeness of our English and her Russian had worn off, and a kind of Volapuk, sign-language, and deaf-and-dumb alphabet had placed us upon speaking terms, that our hostess was a Dragon, we never should have known it. But everything depends upon the point of view, and Natalie's point of view was original, as



A DROSHKY BOY

well as active and forceful. Natalie was eighteen and, in a Russian village way, had pretensions to good looks. Long before she left the village, a day's cart-ride from Odessa, Natalie had made this discovery. The knowledge had been comfortingly confirmed by one pair of ardent eyes that glowed from under a peaked uniform cap and over a pair of very fiercely curling mustaches. Other more casually interested eyes had added their tribute since our heroine had come to town. The lady who was Natalie's mistress held the traditional view of all good

housekeepers, and discouraged, even forbade, the presence of the uniformed cap.

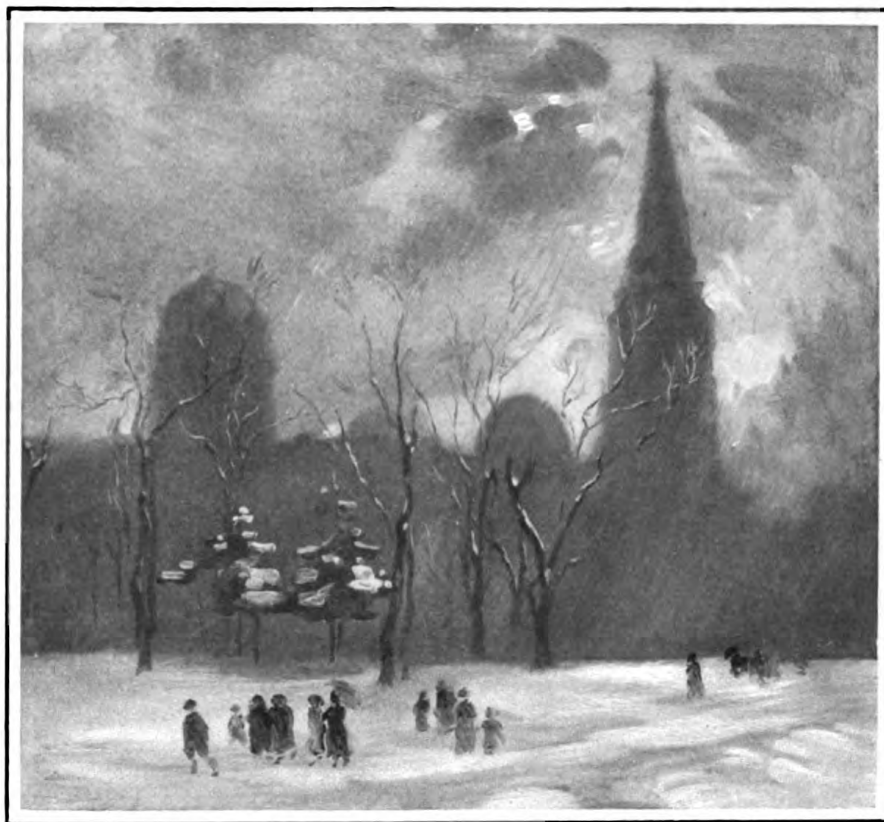
Here, then, in an every-day Russian town, at the very first move from a comfortable hotel into lodgings, we came upon romance. Bang! went the front door. Exit the Dragon. Bang! went a lamp-chimney, hurled on the kitchen hearth. A flushed maid asked permission from the foreign lady lodger to go out to buy a new chimney, dwelling with much trembling upon the certain wrath of her captor should she discover the enormity! The foreign lady was gracious, and the

chronicler of this tale, returning from a sketching-bout with a Russian church with five green domes, discovered the Prince and the Princess Natalie, wrapped in visible bliss, wending their way to the market to buy—let us hope at the Prince's expense—a new lamp-chimney! Often afterward the foreign lady greeted her husband with the smiling information, "Two lamp-chimneys to-day! The Dragon cannot understand it, for the girl hasn't broken a tea-cup since she has been in the house!"

In Holy Russia the year is crammed with a calendar of saints, and one soon learns that superstition and the church are greater than the Tsar, though the ruler, often accompanied by his spouse, in colored lithographic effigy, gilt encircled, reigns in every shop. But in a corner you will discover an ikon of the Holy Virgin and Child. Before it, if the attendant has not forgotten, a wick may be burning. There is no lamp burning for



NATALIE



WINTER TWILIGHT IN THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE

the Tsar. Out of respect for the ikon, as well as the ruler, each male must doff his hat while he buys ink-pots or tubes of paint. Pausing in the street, a market woman catching sight of the Virgin will devoutly cross herself and pass on. Before the new cathedral in the great square, where in the winter rests on her shrine the famous miracle-working ikon of Kasperowka, full a third of the pedestrians will turn toward it and, bareheaded, cross themselves.

The Cathedral is the heart of Odessa. Every festival draws the priests from other churches; squads of soldiers come into the square, and glittering officialdom arrives, preening its finest feathers to the eyes of all Odessa's fairest. In the body of the church, where upon benches rest a few of the infirm and aged, the great mass of the people, on foot, struggle in a silent mob to listen to the chanting priests, to kiss the miraculous ikon, and burn candles to innumerable saints. The air is hot with the reek of tallow and stifling from a malodorous mob of peas-

antry, laborers, and filthy beggars in disease-laden rags. They follow in endless procession to the shrine of the Holy Virgin, madly intent on that ecstatic moment of religious exaltation when their lips will kiss the holy glass, warm with the fetid breath of a perspiring multitude. Every shrine is a-glitter with candles. A great revenue is coming in at the gate in coins and wax offerings, and the outgoing mass is content. It has burned its tapers, kissed the most sacred objects, and crossed itself before everything that looked holy. And off it drifts, breaking into units that seek their places in the world, more certain of salvation, though perhaps scarcely less intent upon their sins.

We stood an hour one January morning in the bitter cold watching the soldiers form in the square and the policemen on their smart little black horses driving back the mob. At last the dignitaries arrived, and when privilege and wealth had been duly placed within the charmed square of shining bayonets, the

bells tolled and the priests came out, a gorgeous procession in gold-and-yellow stoles. It was the day of Kreshchenye, the blessing of the water. The ceremony over, privileged wealth and officialdom drank their sacred water first and crossed themselves, then dispersed. The priests returned in procession within the church, and, as the battalions withdrew, the mob rushed in to the fountain and filled its bottles and cups and pitchers, gathering the sacred liquid for their shrines at home—for the little children, and the sick, and the aged, and all the weary world that could not come.

Having already caught the plan of the central streets, we drifted with the crowd down Daribas Street and turned aside to Robinat's to drink coffee and thaw out our frozen limbs. Everybody in Odessa goes, at some time or other, to Robinat's, or to Fanconi's across the way. Robinat's is larger, and marvelously rich in human types and splendid, fur-adorned overcoats. The ladies as well as the men may be of that commercial and official *monde*, the best that Odessa can boast, for here the Boyar of the great forest lands and the nobles of the northern court are very rare birds indeed. Not many years ago, in St. Petersburg, a certain Princess whose gay attractions threatened the ruin of several Grand Dukes, was banished by the Tsar to a cold, gray house in Odessa—sufficient commentary on the social importance of this commercial city. Sitting near a window in Robinat's, one may watch,

across the street, the ladies arriving at Fanconi's for afternoon tea or to order the very excellent pastries that Odessa may well be proud of. Robinat's is more of a man's resort, though ladies who like the atmosphere of tobacco smoke, the

odor and perhaps the taste of vodka, kummel, or cognac, and the bustle of the coming and going, with much swaggering of important males, prefer to sip their beverages or write their billets-doux at Robinat's. But at five o'clock in Fanconi's the comfortable atmosphere of tea and cakes, as an accompaniment to that feminine *frou-frou* so familiar in odd Parisian shops in the Place Vendôme or Rue de la Paix, greets one agreeably, and might even belong to Fifth Avenue, with an exchange of types. All this coming and going of bourgeois aristocracy brings to this lively



FROM THE CAUCASUS

street a continuous stream of fiery, dashing horses, with snapping eyes, icicles on their whiskers, and lovely coats like dark-brown, heavy velvet. There is a prodigious fuss of sleigh-bells and driving up and down, to keep the horses from freezing, blue fish-nets with tassels fluttering across their backs, to keep the snow-clods from flying in my lady's face.

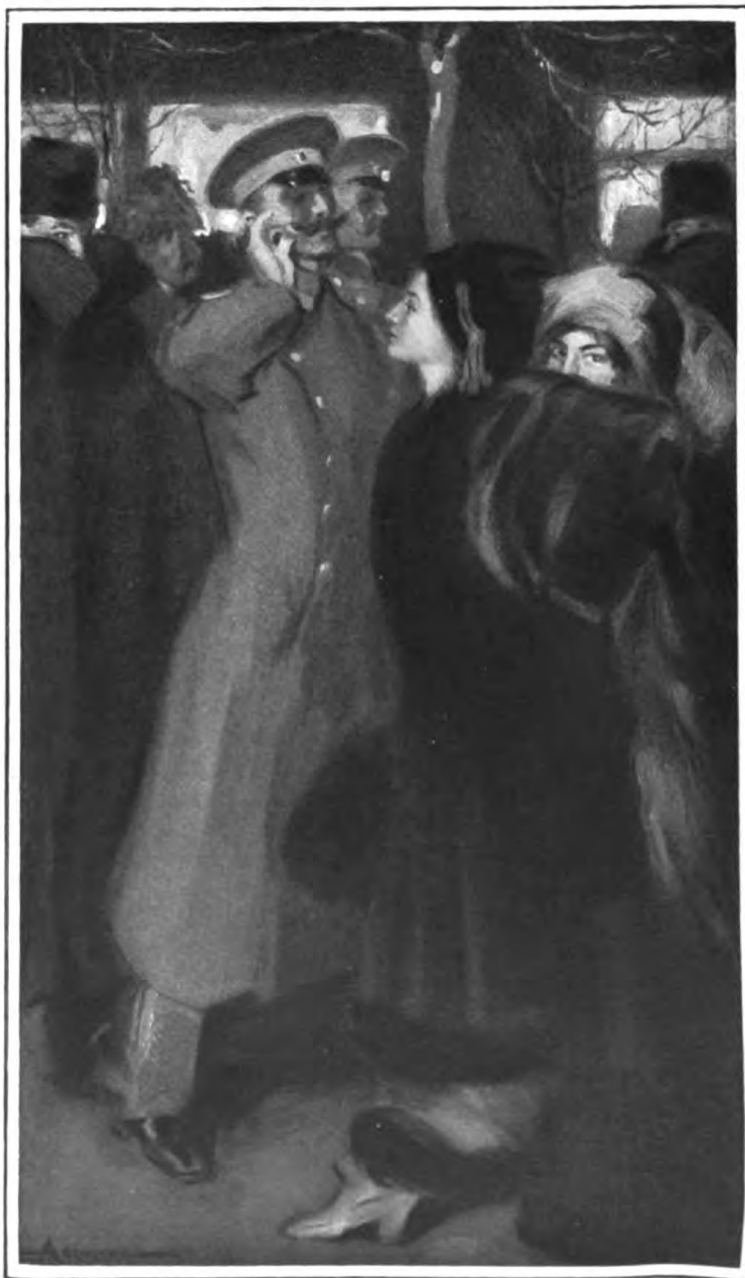
Daribas Street is the rendezvous for all the world that goes on foot. It is the "Avenue" of Odessa, but with habits more set by the clock, and differing, through many phases, between noon and midnight. In the morning stroll the "quality" will take its airing, and the

ladies will shop, while elderly gentlemen will sit upon the benches watching the passing fair and the brave display, regretting, not their past sins, but that their days of sinning agreeably are past. Beside their elders sit poor students in shabby, even dirty, torn uniform coats. From some miserable attic, shared possibly by three others, they have sallied forth, with youth upon their side, to look with envious eyes on all that life offers in the passing show for the lucky ones. Respectable mammas with eligible daughters pass and repass along the three blocks which form the Piccadilly, the Hyde Park, and the Bond Street of Odessa, all rolled into one tiny promenade. It is a little merry-go-round, up one side of the street and down the other—two passing streams of people going in opposite directions, each taking stock of the other, greeting again and again the same well-known faces. When uniform meets uniform, an instantly electrified right arm reaches the vizored cap. Watch the same military arm down the street and see it spring to life at every few yards, and then be thankful that you are only a civilian stranger!

The afternoon promenade is fuller, but the night-birds have come out, and the doubtful element, about which there can be no doubt, has already

begun to mingle with the certainly respectable. And as the hour latens and the shops show lights, the throng is filled with students, soldiers, men and women who work in offices, and belated maidens with "Musick" writ large in blazing gilt letters upon huge portfolios, which declare to an indifferent world their ambitions.

Soon the opera will be open and the sleighs driving up to the great portico,



THE EVENING PROMENADE

while the long-haired students will stand in line for an inexpensive place in their exalted heaven. The opera is, of course, the prototype of all operas—a temple of fashion and display—but a purely Russian opera repays the visitor from its complete novelty of costume and music. However, do not seek a Russian opera in Lent. No subjects of the Tsar nor devotees of the Greek Church may act during that sacred time—not until Easter week has passed. Easter week carries with it an amount of fuss and ceremony that other countries hardly bestow on Christmas. Special tall cakes, rich with yolk of egg, are in every bake-shop window. Gay artificial flowers are sold in the market-place. It is, above all things, a great excuse for eating and drinking. Even

picture post-cards, showing the celebrated Russian "cold table," spread with vodka, cold sucking pig, and innumerable other cold savories—not forgetting the tall Easter cakes—are displayed in Daribas Street stationery shop-windows, to remind the well-to-do of their coming repletion and to tempt the hungry. But the good people say that no one ever goes hungry at Easter in Russia. Even the poorest are given alms and fed. The cold table, as every one knows, is merely the preliminary canter to a Russian banquet, and is partaken of informally, sitting or standing about in a room adjacent to that of the coming repast.

The climax of all this Eastering is in the cathedral and around it, in the police-patrolled mob outside in the square. Candles are sold without and within the church. Colored lanterns, emblazoned with churches and saints, lend spots of color to the throng. Inside, an excited

mob pushes on to burn its candles and to kiss the emblems of its saints. The priests drone their service and then go round the church with incense, carrying a symbol of the body of the Christ. At midnight the cry goes forth, "The Christ has risen!" Then man and brother-man,

or man and maid, turn and kiss each other in the church or in the street. If the girl is very pretty, the coveted place is by her side, and the young officer for once is very devout. Even stern parents cannot say nay. The kiss is a holy kiss in the name of religion. Several young officers, very ungallantly, all decided thus to kiss a very pretty girl. But after the first had astonished her and she saw a second approaching, she fled to her carriage and drove home. The particular coxcomb who succeeded

was solemnly congratulated by the others on being the only favored one till, his head completely turned, he called upon the ravished fair. Only too soon he discovered that his success was a matter of propinquity and surprise rather than preference.

Odessa is one of the youngest of European cities—only a hundred and twenty years ago Hdji Bey, a little Turkish settlement, nestled on the cliffs that overlook the harbor and dozed under the Sultan across the Black Sea. The long arm of Russia reached out and took it, and planted there, upon the plateau overlooking the bay, the beginners of a commercial city that now holds between five and six hundred thousand. The Revolution in France soon sent refugees scattering over the world, and noble names came to Odessa, and one may read them still on street corners—Daribas, Richelieu, and Langeron. Later, Englishmen came and brought ships to carry



A STUDENT TYPE

away Russian grain; and then the Crimean War swept across this friendly relation. But the English stayed when the war had passed, and then Germans came, and afterward Americans, with reapers and plows and steam traction-engines, to help the Russians to grow more richly the grain that the English and the German ships carried out to the world. Last of all came the Jews, and they cut the business so fine that the English starved and gave up; so the business of exporting to-day is mainly in the hands of the Jews. A few hardy Germans and English are left.

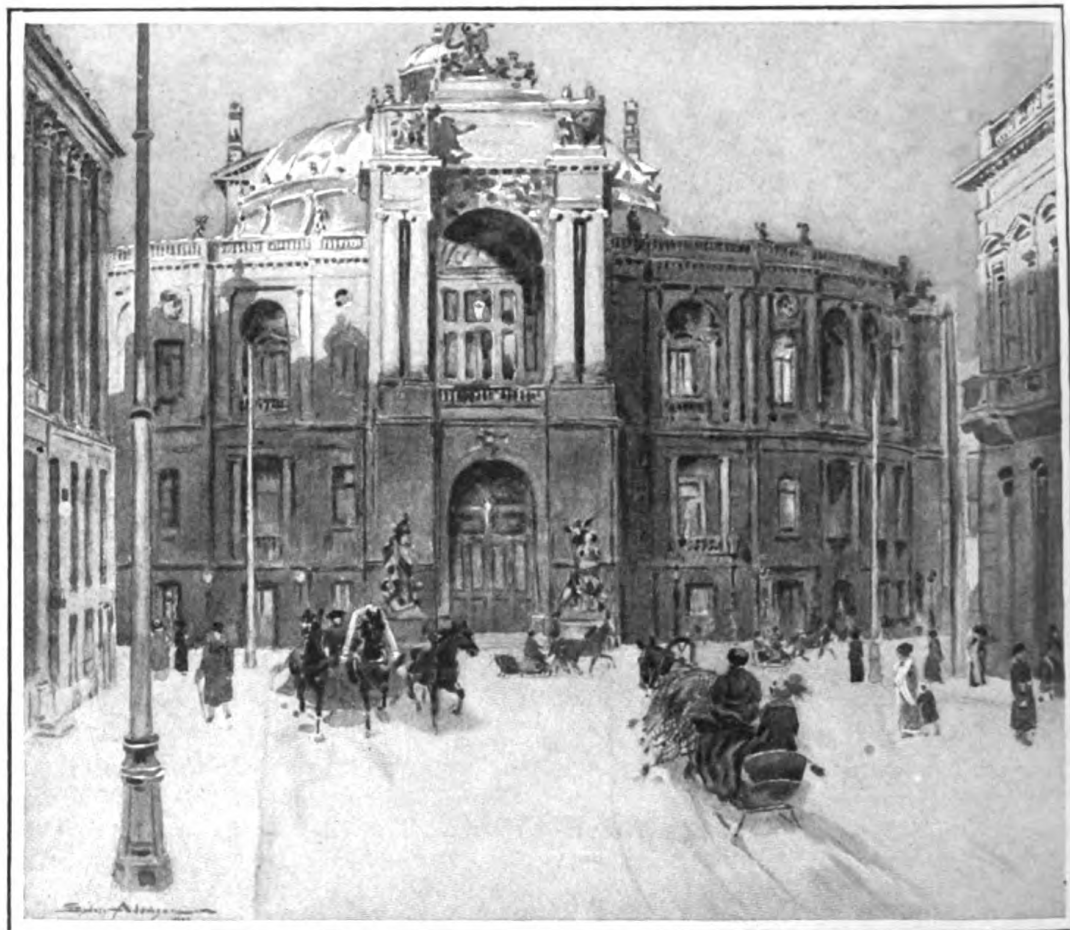
In recent years Russia has had more than one revolution, with Odessa one of the greatest theaters of action. In 1905 this flat city on the plateau, intersected by one narrow ravine that runs down to the low harbor at the bottom of the cliff, and the war-ships lying out there on the green waters of the bay, were centers of world-interest. Mutiny in the navy; guns trained upon the city; threats to bombard; the governor in a panic, and the telegraph wires red-hot to St. Petersburg night and day; flight to the country in trains crammed to the doors, most of the people standing, and others camping on the platform, waiting their turn to get off—these are the scenes that Odessans grow excited over, and gather photographs to show you, then read over old letters and argue about dates. Gatling guns in the streets and sniping from housetops and shuttered windows; murder in the broad daylight; anarchy let loose; the Jews seizing the chance to get even with their natural enemies, and the Russians in a fury hitting back. It is too recent history to dwell upon, but it comes very near when one stands on the steps where the mob from the harbor was mowed down by the machine-guns, and sees the making of this mob now at work in that harbor below, which then was a roaring conflagration.

I love to watch moored ships, no matter what the port. Here I have but to leave the front door, and, a few yards away, lean upon a parapet to see the busy life below. A great central basin holds all the small wooden Russian craft of the Black Sea and most of the Russian steamers. Off to the right, in an outer basin, are the foreign ships that make

their way through the Bosphorus, past Constantinople, and on to the outer world. My first view of this scene was of Arctic aspect, every deck and spar white with snow, and, for miles out to sea, a solid pack of ice that held the steamers fast, and only gave way to a powerful ice-breaker when the cold air from the steppes would relax for a day or two. But later, in the spring, the waters sparkle in the sun and the sails come and go from the bay.

If an atmosphere that seems to have come undisturbed from the Middle Ages hangs over a blind belief in saints and miracles, it is this note of religious superstition that involves the whole life of the city. The tolling of the cathedral bell brings an answering note from all the town. It is as the cry from the mosque in a Moslem city, and in the cathedral, even while the bell is tolling, are men and women upon their knees before an altar, falling forward with hands and head upon the ground before the cross in that same movement that Islam performs upon the sands toward Mecca. The Moslem dome and crescent, with, set upon it, the Russian cross, is the strange symbol that sometimes surmounts a Greek church. The cross—which is a treble cross, having a smaller crossbar above the greater, and below a bar that slants across the stem—is set right in the dip of the crescent moon: a warning to the legions of Mohammed under the Tsar that the cross is supreme.

When one takes to studying the faces in the crowd, a queer jumble of races peers out. The eyes of the Mongolian and his flat, heavy cheek-bones mark the prevailing type; the conquering horde of Tartars never went back—they are here to-day. A little mixture of Slav and Teuton, the blood of the Norsemen, the Finns, the Letts, and the men of Germany, with a Germanized civilization, have modified the Tartar type, but that is all. And of that German civilization, the emblem is the military cap with vizor, band, and spreading, round, flat crown. It is the badge of official Russia, the symbol that marks the man who works with his head rather than with his hands. From the school-boy, his breast bulging with undigested learning in the form of school-books stuffed in his uni-



THE OPERA-HOUSE

form coat, to the oldest gray-haired officer, crawling on a stick to his bench in the park, it is all a question of different buttons or the color of the band. At first one might take the gasman for a major-general, or a crowd of students for a lot of junior officers. But with usage one learns that the button of an officer's cap is always on the band, and a civilian's badge on the cap above. The sword-hilt popping through a pocket-slit in the gray overcoat, and the scabbard end peeping just below its skirt, will always show the man of war, for as the soldier carries his bayonet, so the officer is always accompanied by his sword.

If one is not greatly impressed by the intelligence of the rank and file, a stronger, more well-shouldered, slender-waisted body of men would be hard to find. Near the gate of a military quar-

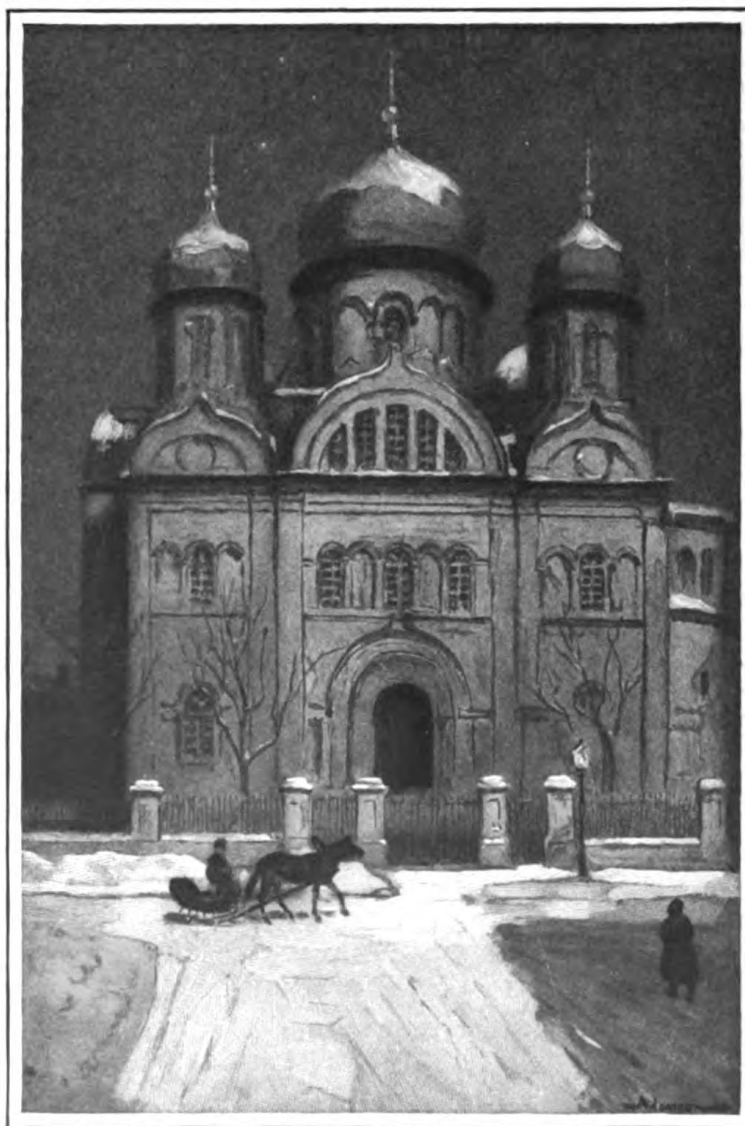
ter I stopped one night in the dark to listen to the heavy tramp of an approaching column. With a great shout the men began to chant, and I stood puzzled, searching, for it was all so familiar, yet the picture would not come. Then in a flash I saw the great millet-fields of China, a dusty road entering a mud-walled village, and the Russian infantry, with bayonets fixed and melons speared upon the blades, marching and chanting in the burning sun. Browed faces, wet with perspiration, were caked with the dust of the road. Away off, the rattle of musketry told of the retreating Chinese: a little memory-picture of 1900 and the march to the relief of Peking.

The gentleman that we meet on every street corner, in black uniform overcoat and German cap, with two orange-scarlet cords attached to his revolver, and a heavy, business-like sword by his side, is

the ever-present city policeman. His greatest aversion, as well as his greatest love, is a note-book or a piece of paper. It is all very well for him to wield the official pencil in noting the details of a run-over, a recalcitrant droshky-driver, or a fire; but let the unoffending citizen produce the pencil and paper, and the eagle, official eye is over his shoulder. He is lucky if the hand of the law is not on it! My first offense was committed in the mystery of bright moonlight on a zero night. It was a staid, respectable church in the New Market, and I was noting the soft tones of its light and shadow on a forbidden sheet of paper. The heavy official shadow obscured the moon, and I murmured "Artist" to a six-foot-two policeman and showed him my sketch. He left me with a muttered warning. However, I was led to my undoing by the lure of the gay orange-stands and the wrinkled old women of the market known as the Old Bazaar. Determined to get good results and to brave the unknown possibilities of a market mob, I went forth heavily armed with a sketching-easel, a drawing-board, and a box of paints. Soon work was in full swing, and then the market policeman appeared. Scenting trouble, I saluted and gravely went on painting. He began to question. At last he grasped that I was not a Russian afflicted with a diseased form of speech, but a hated foreigner defying the law. He began to get excited at my cool indiffer-

ence. A crowd collected and did its best to translate in all its dialects, but a German informed me that it was "*verboten*." Very good. I packed up and started off, the policeman a few steps behind, and the crowd following.

The voice of the law called after me as I turned homeward to the right. The law, it appeared, desired my footsteps to proceed by the left. I continued rightward until a shrill whistle brought another policeman, and thus they got me by the elbows in a main street. The crowd promptly held up the traffic while I argued vainly. One of the great unwashed, who possessed a wrinkled, un-



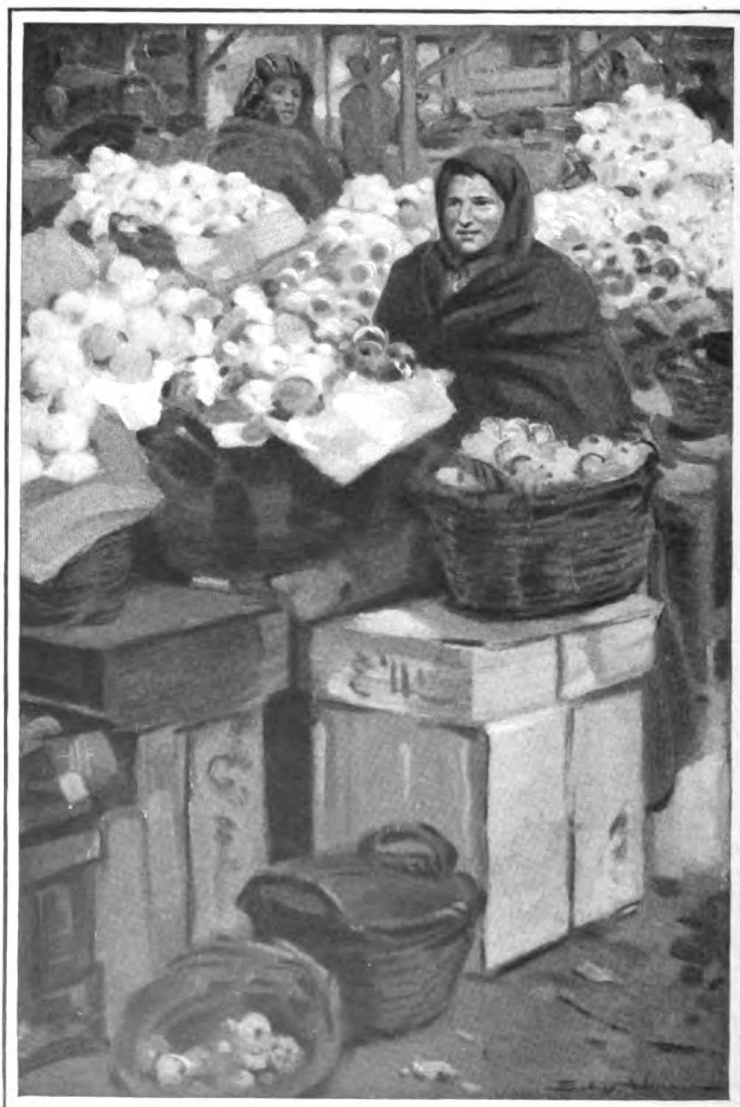
THE CHURCH IN THE NEW MARKET BY MOONLIGHT

shaven visage and one large, discolored tusk, seemed to be giving a kind of French-Revolutionary speech to the policemen and the crowd. The mob was friendly to the captive and obviously hostile to the law. But the law held on to its prey. I penciled a note to the sharer of my sorrows and sent it by Singletooth. She was asked to have the consul set me free. So off I was marched, the mob dwindling, but the passers-by all looking with sharp interest.

Often I have seen the peanut-man "run in" in New York, but in my most startling fancy I never had pictured myself hurried by the elbow to a Russian prison! They led me up a damp, dismal

stone stairway to a bare room with a dirty wooden floor. Many pairs of eyes examined the prisoner. The prisoner bowed and a little man with sharp eyes and a grisly beard, who stood in big boots, wore a gray uniform and a big sword, ejaculated "Ha!" The policeman explained, and once more, with too much real satisfaction for the prisoner's liking, he repeated, "Ha! ha!" The spy was now examined, and explained that he was "*Anglaiski*," and as no one could speak that outlandish language, the proceedings stopped. A quieter young officer appeared and examined my work. On a canvas, used to screen the water-color, was an oil sketch, the beginning of a

shrine with flowers, but it might have been a sunset at that stage. On the paper he found an apple-stall or two and the domes of a church. "*Niet*. It is nothing." I gathered from his Russian. "This man is only an artist." The policeman of the market-place looked sheepish. The little officer with gray whiskers smiled and punched his own jaw with his fist, perhaps to suggest that I had received a facer. Then he said "Ha!" and waved me to depart. The policeman of the market stood at attention and looked very crestfallen. I met the partner of my joys setting off for the consulate, but we turned the droshky homeward, and the incident closed. Meantime I sketch with one eye on the horizon for black uniform overcoats with swords attached.



THE LURE OF GAY ORANGE-STANDS IN THE OLD BAZAAR

In those little tours of critical observation by which the stranger loves to discover a city, the most obvious feature of Odessa is, upon the shop-fronts, a multitude of pictorial painted signs. A bakery greets one with four or six perpendicular panels, and in the center of each field is a carved loaf, well raised above the flat, and painted realistically enough to make one hungry or to tempt a beggar to steal. The milk-shop has a resplendent painted cow, and perhaps hens that are surely in the egg business. The laundry has a wonderful design of ribbons, collars, and cuffs, and the man's outfitter goes in for imaginative art in the form of strange goblins, constructed vaguely after the human form, but composed of collars and cuffs, who are doing a ghost dance on a black sign. The sewing-machine is there—even the American reaper and steam plow. One may not be able to read a letter of Russian, but every sign tells its tale at a glance, and perhaps, in a country where illiteracy is great and reform slow, this is a device well suited to the people's needs.

Life's journey ends in Odessa down the broad Preobrajenskaya, the street of the Transfiguration, which fittingly begins near the cathedral and ends at the old cemetery, which is very near the new. No doubt some of the deft fingers now modeling clay will grow old chiseling delicate memorials to stand above their departed friends! One can look down into the cemented vaults—little rooms built in the ground, fresh and clean, with iron doors opened back to the sun—the resting-place of those who can pay for luxury in preserving their mortal remains. A little ikon, with its light burning, is always there, and the wreaths with mottoed ribbons that came

on the last journey and were the last thought of friends. A little table and a chair seem to tell of one who comes to meditate and pray and to leave the flowers fresh-set before the ikon. If the dead could come to life, surely a pleasant little sleeping-chamber to awaken in, with a ladder leading up into sunlight.

On the Sunday after Easter a strange ceremony goes on among the tombs. It is a feast for the dead. Each grave is laid out with a cloth, and upon it are set fruit and cakes and dishes of wheat covered with egg cream. The relatives of the departed almost fight for the services of the few priests who are there, to stand upon the graves and mumble a service for the dead. Money is given to the priest, or food is placed in his basket that boys are carrying. When he departs—cross in hand, which all have kissed—to chant upon another grave, the cakes and wheat are handed out to hungry boys and ragged beggars, who reap the reward of this strange offering.

The great day had come at last, and Odessa stirred to the tolling cathedral bell. Easter was over, and the sacred miracle-working ikon must depart for Kas-

perowka, its summer resting-place and proper home. Crowds lined the way to the harbor and, bareheaded, the men crossed themselves as the priests bore the sacred image down among the ships. In the Russian basin all the masts and rigging were gay with flags. With bunting all over her, the steamer made her way out into the bay. The women, watching, prayed and crossed themselves, and the men gazed quietly, standing with bared heads. They must wait in prayer and hope till the autumn, when the sacred heart of the city shall return. When that happy day arrives, it is whispered, Natalie is going to marry her Prince!



A RUSSIAN POLICEMAN

The Elder Sister

BY BELLE RADCLIFFE LAVERACK

THE sunlight and the firelight were both in the nursery, but there was only one person in the room, and she was lying on the fur rug before the fire spelling her way through the pages of a big book. The flames on the hearth courtesied and bowed, bowed and courtesied before her. Big shadows slipped silently into their plans and, joining hands, danced obsequiously about her. Out-of-doors, on top of the farthest hills, the wind had, with tireless patience, builded for her a castle out of clouds white as marble, and these the sunset had gilded and tinted until at last the castle stood complete, turreted, coridored, terraced, ready for her occupation.

And who was she for whose gratification the flames and the shadows were thus putting forth their best efforts, for the glory of whose habitation the wind and the sun had labored? Why, she was none other than Elsa, first-born of the House of Erskine.

But in vain this evening the strivings of the elements to please her. She heeded them not—only the book before her eyes. It was not a new book; it was old and brown and worn. Anne had brought it forth from somewhere that afternoon and had read her one of the stories, and it was this same story that Elsa was going over again very slowly, with long and careful study of the pictures.

The story went somewhat like this:

One clear night a fairy flew forth and alighted on the top of an old oak-tree that grew on the side of a mountain. There was a light wind blowing, just enough to make the stars flicker without making you afraid they might go out altogether, and just enough to make the bough on which the fairy sat sway to and fro. Now the fairy had chosen this oak-tree because it was right on the high-road from heaven, and she liked sitting there and seeing the babies carried by on the way to the earth. Presently she saw the

sky over the mountain open and an angel fly out, and the angel flew right toward the earth and right toward the fairy, who stood up on tiptoe to see the baby she was carrying. But although the angel noted the fairy as she swept past, she never stopped or spoke, and all that the fairy saw of the baby was a white bundle with a gold crown on what she supposed must be the head. The fairy wasn't very much surprised at not being noticed, for she knew the angels didn't care very much for such as she and that they had an idea that the night air and the light of the stars were bad for babies; then, besides, this baby was evidently a princess, and of princesses one had to be careful. So she sat down again and waited, and by and by, some one having sent for the moon, it came up over the mountain, and the door in the middle of it opened and out flew a big stork. He, too, came toward the earth and toward the fairy, and when he saw her standing tiptoe on the bough he stopped and alighted near her. The baby he carried wore no crown—storks do not carry princesses, you know. The wind had blown the covering back, and the baby was gazing up at the stars and at the moon and at the dear old stork, and now it looked at the fairy and the fairy looked at the baby, for she was very fond of babies, and then suddenly she leaned forward and caught hold of its two little ears and gave them each a sharp pinch. This didn't hurt a bit, she explained to the enraged stork, who said that mothers were very particular about ears. It was only sort of a trade-mark that she left on babies that she liked; and she was evidently right about it, for the baby was smiling when she last saw it, borne away through the night by the stork.

"And now"—this is the way the story ended—"how did you come? Did you come in the angel's arms right from heaven, or did the stork bring you from out of the door in the moon?"

"Which way did I come?" Elsa had asked, and Anne had laughed and said, "Oh, the stork brought you, my dear; there's no doubt about that." Still, to be quite certain, she had pushed back Elsa's hair, and there, sure enough, was the fairy's mark on each little ear. Then Anne had laughed again and said she was a queer child, and had gone off to get their supper, hers and Hildegarde's.

The story on second reading was not nearly as pleasing as at first; new and uncomfortable meanings showed themselves. If the stork had brought her—Elsa—then she couldn't be a princess, and the stork *had* brought her because Anne had said so; and Anne was older and consequently wiser than any one else; ever so much older and wiser than her father and mother.

Oh, but she must be a princess! If she were not, why did the trees bow down their heads as she passed? Why did the flowers stand up so straight, as if at salute, when she reviewed them? Why was the wind ready to serve her and the brook to guide her? They did none of these things for Hildegarde—she knew that because Hildegarde had told her so—nor did they do them for her father or mother, or even for Anne. She was the only person for whom they cared at all. Then, again, if you weren't a princess, why, you weren't anybody! All the best people in the best books were princesses, lovely creatures with sweeping robes and long, golden hair and eyes like blue lakes. Her own hair, to be sure, was short and black and worn with a bow that toppled over one eye, and her own eyes weren't any particular color; but time and a properly applied magic would remedy those defects, or, this failing, a clause could be inserted in her prayers. Still, there was Anne's word to the contrary, and there was the testimony of her own pinched ears.

For a long time she stared into the fire pondering, not seeing the servile shadows, not seeing the capering flames, never once hearing the vine at the window tapping to tell her that the castle awaited her admiration, nor the sudden crying out of the wind itself as its splendid creation returned unto the clouds again. Neither did she hear, or if she did it was but vaguely, Anne's approaching footsteps

and Anne's decided voice: "Your mother wants you down-stairs, Elsa; there's company. Come and let me fix your hair." She did not stir nor answer—you don't answer when you don't know you're being spoken to, but Anne never believed you didn't hear. Hildegarde always heard.

"Elsa!" she exclaimed, and this time she went over and pulled her to her feet. This was always happening and was always unpleasant, and now it resulted, as usual, in what Anne called "a scene." Then Elsa remembered the dungeon—the deepest, darkest dungeon-keep in the whole world, full of toads, where sometime Anne would be sent by her—Elsa Regina—to repine and starve away forever, and as soon as she remembered this she became submissive. Every time Anne acted like this there would be another toad put in the cell. She could afford to be patient!

Now while her hair was being brushed, her mind went back to that disturbing problem; she would put it to Anne, for, whatever her vices, credit must be given Anne for knowing things.

"Anne," she asked, her eyes on the fire,—"Anne, who brought Hildegarde? Did the stork bring Hildegarde, too?"

Anne reached for the ribbon and began to tie it into the bow that always flopped.

"No, indeed, the stork didn't bring Hildegarde," was her answer. "An angel brought Hildegarde right from heaven. Now come and let me wash your hands."

She was silent while this was being done, but her thoughts were running swiftly.

"Then, Anne"—she could hardly ask the question—"then is Hildegarde a princess?"

Anne was carefully drying Elsa's hands—Anne was always very careful.

"Yes," she replied, "Hildegarde is a real princess if I ever saw one. Now you're ready; run along down-stairs."

She started, but very slowly, down the dark hall, staring straight before her. The angel had brought Hildegarde straight from heaven; Hildegarde was a princess. But the stork had brought her—Elsa—from out of the moon, so she wasn't a princess. What was she, then? One step at a time she began to descend the broad stairway, then stopped sud-

denly, for there before her, bleak and stark, stretched the truth—she was nothing but the elder sister to the princess.

The stairway led down into the big hall where they were all sitting. She could hear their voices and the light clink of the tea things. One step lower and she came to where she could see them grouped about the great fireplace—her mother, pretty and slender, in her green tea-gown; her father in his riding-clothes, standing cup in hand, Thor lying at his feet; the company, three or four in number, who looked and sounded the way company always looked and sounded; and, in the center of the glowing circle, Hildegard in her white dress, with her blue eyes, with her golden hair waving over her shoulders, tied with the blue bow that never flopped.

From the company came a voice: "Hildegard is a beautiful name, and it just suits her."

She had never thought of it before, but it *was* a beautiful name; more than this, it was a regal name, and it did just suit her. Hildegard—the name was in itself a title, an assurance of things hoped for. Hildegard—with how stately a tread the syllables swept before one, crowned and sceptered, compelling submission, inspiring admiration. Hildegard—all things desirable seemed to group themselves about that radiant word, flowing locks and eyes like stars, adventuring princes, unquestioning obedience, loyal homage. And Elsa, that stubby name—what did that carry with it? Short black hair, short fat boots, short pink skirts, the very build and accoutrement of the elder sister, she whom the princes passed by, she for whose foot the glass slipper would always be too small.

She sat down, put her arms upon her knees and her head upon her arms. Something way down inside of her hurt in a place where nothing had ever hurt before—it must be where her heart was. A phrase came to her from out of one of her books—hitherto it had been a meaningless phrase—"And her heart smote her." That was what her heart was doing now; it was smoting, and it hurt.

Now some one asked her mother if there was not another daughter, and her mother replied that there was, that Hildegard had an elder sister—those were her

very words. The next moment came the sound of her father's footsteps approaching the stairs. "Elsa!" he called. She lifted her head and looked down at him through the banisters. "Elsa!" he called again louder. Then, catching sight of her white face peering out at him, "Come on down," he said. "What's the matter?"

The talking in the hall had ceased; they were silent, looking up at her. She got up slowly, then stopped—she couldn't go on—she could hardly speak because of the smoting.

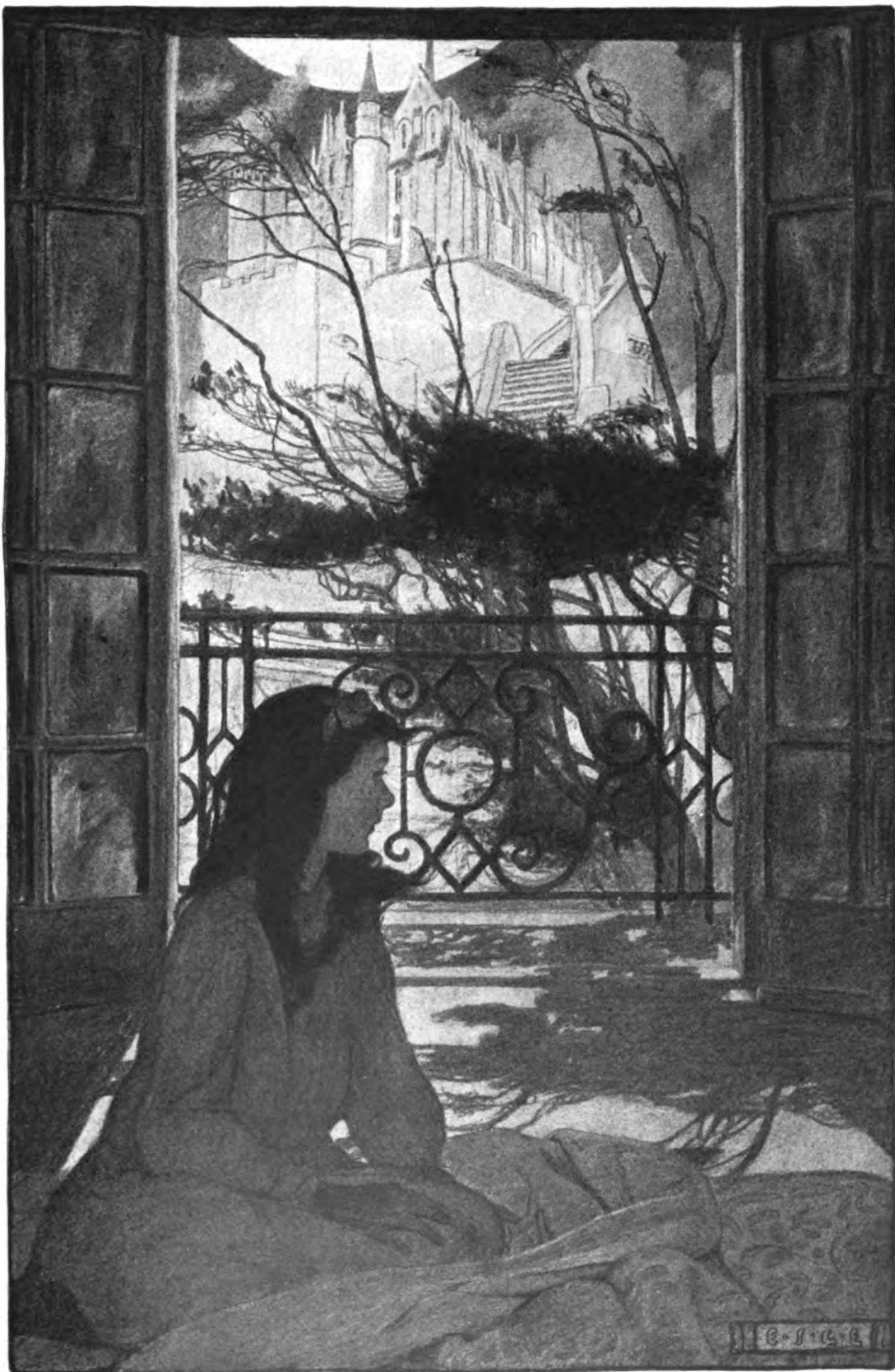
"I'm not coming," she faltered, shaking her head at them over the railing. "I'm not coming ever any more, because—because"—her voice rose to a wail—"because I'm not a princess any more."

There was a moment's silence, and then they all laughed, even Hildegard. Her father laughed louder than any of them, but at the same time he was annoyed; anything queer annoyed him, and Elsa was such a queer child; he resented having her appear so before other people.

"Don't be ridiculous," he said, sharply. "Come ahead."

There was a dungeon-cell even lower and viler than that kept for Anne—this was reserved for people who laughed at you. Thither in the remote past of ten minutes ago, her imperial past, she would have condemned them all to languish and to die; but now she was helpless, she could do nothing to them. Oh yes, she could—she could curse them! How it was done she didn't know, but she was familiar with the gesture that accompanied it. Clenching her little hand tight, she raised it high and shook it over them. "I hate you," she cried, "and—and I curse you—and—" Here her father caught her up in his arms, and, struggling defiantly, she was borne thence to be delivered into the arms of Anne.

She had brought disgrace upon the House of Erskine, that was what she had done—thus Anne as she undressed her: it was terrible, but it had to be admitted—she was no lady. There had always been ladies in the family before, perfect ladies who came when they were spoken to—there had never been anything like her, Elsa, before—it was to be hoped there never would be again. To all of which the Black Sheep made no reply until, as it was creeping into bed, then:



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I'M NOT A PRINCESS ANY MORE—I'M AN OUTLAW"



"But, Anne," it sobbed, "I can't help it. If you're an elder sister, that's the way you have to be."

Anne, without speaking, tucked in the bedclothes, opened the window, and put out the light. At the door she paused with her hand on the knob. "The elder sister," she said, "the bad elder sister, sure enough, that's just what you are." And the door closed behind her.

Elsa fled to the nearest stronghold, which happened to be beneath the bedclothes, hiding there her diminished head. She wasn't the elder sister! Passionately beating the walls of her fastness, she declared it over and over again. Reiteration brought no comfort. She was the elder sister, and she knew it, and that was all there was about it. Shabby, neglected, she must slouch about the court perpetually coveting the triumphs of Hildegard, perpetually wooing and perpetually scorned by courting princes. Sometimes the part permitted one to be malevolent and vengeful, to brew poisons and to lay traps, which, however, one was always sure to end by drinking or by falling into one's self. It was inevitable all this—that was what being an elder sister meant. "But I won't," she sobbed, despairingly. "I won't. I will be something else. I will be a—a—" What was it that you were when you left the court and went and lived in the woods and shot deer and became a terror to the countryside? She couldn't think of the name of it; but, anyway, that was what she would be, and, thrilled by the possibilities offered by this new career, she came forth from her retreat, for to be something, something definite, that was a necessity to Elsa.

On looking about her she found she was no longer alone. The moonlight and the wind were in the room, seeking for her, it seemed, the moon in its silent, patient way searching around and under things, the wind moving restlessly about, turning back the curtains and shaking out her small, empty clothes—they had never thought of looking under the bedclothes for her. It made her feel less lonely to have them there and to know they wanted her, but perhaps they wouldn't want her if they knew.

"I'm not a princess any more," she

said, sitting up and solemnly shaking her head at them. "Not any more. I'm a—a"—now the word came to her—"I'm a outlaw."

This, however, did not seem to shock them; it did not make them laugh. The moonlight, if anything, glided a little closer. The wind came up and gently touched her hair. They liked her just the same.

In a desire to be nearer to them and to hear what the leaves out there in the moonlight were trying to say to her, she jumped out of bed and ran to the open window.

Was this the night? She had never been face to face with it before. Night had been to her only that which took away the day. You shut it out as soon as it came; you tried to forget it was there by making everything light inside, just as in bed you shut your eyes tight to keep out the dark, and here was the night more wonderful than any day she had ever seen, a new world of unexplored sounds and feelings. You felt in looking at it as you felt when they drew aside the curtains on Christmas day and there in the dark room beyond glowed the quiet Christmas tree, a thing of infinite mystery and promise.

By far the finest thing the night had to show was the moon, her birthplace. With a great pride Elsa looked upon it. The door in the front was quite plain, though blocked with snow; indeed, it looked as though the snow hadn't been shoveled away from it for years. Yet cold and deserted as it seemed, there must be somebody living there, for a thin little wreath of smoke floated around it, and where there was smoke there were people.

What a place it would be for an outlaw! What fun to crouch beneath some thick cloud and leap out upon an unsuspecting passing star! What fun to hide behind the trees and jump out on Anne on her way home from church in the evening—to creep into Hildegard's room, and when they came in to find out why she cried, to run away to your cave back of the mountain. To the cave back of the mountain—it was from there she had seen the moon steal forth in the evening, and now by going to the mountain's edge, by waiting there until it came back to rest, she could meet it, could jump

aboard, and begin her new life in her old world, far from the court and the petty tyrannies of Anne, far from the ignominy of her own fallen estate—an outlaw, the wonder and the terror of the night.

It was early in September and the air was soft and summer-like. A pink flannel wrapper to her back, pink worsted slippers to her feet, was all the outfit she deemed necessary; but as she passed the fireplace on her way to the door she noticed lying on the rug the old book she had been reading that afternoon. A valuable book, and good, too, to read on winter nights in the cave. With it in her arms she opened the door and stole forth, went unheard down the passageway, down the little twisty staircase, and opened the outer door. Then came a perilous run across the garden path to the wall—a low and very climbable wall—just beyond which lay the woods.

The woods were not like other trees. They grew straight and smooth and high, high until, just before they touched the sky, they formed a thick forest of branches, and they led, Elsa knew, 'way to the top of the mountain, which wasn't very far, the mountain being such only to a person of her own dimensions.

With her wrapper raised high in one hand, with the book clasped tightly against her with the other, but without fear and without doubt Elsa entered the woods. Indeed, it hadn't occurred to her to be afraid, for this was not the Dark—this was the Night—a very different matter, for the Night lived out-of-doors and Out-of-doors was her friend and never laughed.

In the forest of branches high overhead burned the little camp-fires of the stars. Were the stars outlaws, too, and this their hunting-ground? Quiet pools of moonlight set in dusky shadows lay between the big trunks of the trees. On all sides of her spread clear open ways; but one path, silver as the pathway of a brook, lay straight before her, and this she followed, now running a little, now walking, now stopping to look about her and to listen to the cherishing silence, broken only by the gentle breathing and stirring of the trees in their sleep. Then lightly on again through this understanding, companionable stillness until

"Hold!" shouted a voice, and from behind or out of one of the trees bounded a figure right before her, blocking her path. "Hold!" it shouted again. This was not the language of the Night.

Before ever she had been an outlaw Elsa had been a woman, so she shrieked, putting the book before her face, and started to run, but a hand on her shoulder held her back. "One step farther will be your last." It was a relentless voice. She stopped, of course, and for a moment stood with her back to her captor, her face still behind the book. The hand on her shoulder was not a big hand like Anne's, and the voice, for all its gruffness, was not a big voice; she raised her head and looked around. He wasn't much taller than she herself. The moonlight shone full upon him—on the cap and feather that he wore a-top of his yellow hair, on what must be taken on faith as a jerkin, on the little horn and quiver full of arrows that were slung across his shoulder, and on the strong bow which was gripped in one hand. And the moonlight still further showed, there was no doubt about it, that one at least of his two ears had been pinched by the fairy. A further threat was on his lips, but she was before him.

"Is your other ear like that one?"

How could any one look fierce in the face of such a question? Mere astonishment succeeded to that carefully acquired expression; moreover, he so far forgot himself as to raise his hand from her shoulder to the ear in question, and she, free again, came nearer to satisfy herself. "Yes, it is!" she exclaimed. "The fairy liked you, too," and she smiled upon him.

He just managed to draw his brows together.

"Who are you, anyway? What are you doing? Thy name, Sirrah? What doest thou?" was what he tried to say.

Blithe and confident came her answer:

"Oh, I'm a outlaw."

This utterly unmanned him. It would have unmanned anybody.

"A outlaw!" he exclaimed. "You"—surely contempt never found adequate utterance before—"a outlaw in that nightie, with those worsted slippers and that old book—why"—there was a second's blighting pause—"you can't be a

outlaw unless you have a bow and arrow and a horn and a cap and a jerkin like me."

But this didn't discourage her; she was too sure of herself for that; there was even some slight scorn in the glance she cast upon his precious equipment. "Oh, they don't wear those things where I'm going," she said.

He tried to stop it, but in some way the question got past him. "Where are you going?"

The tone with which she answered did not admit of dispute. "I'm going to the moon, because that's where you and me came from."

Eric of the Dale, he in whose breast fear and awe had never yet found lodgment, he at whose name the king upon his throne trembled, who daily, nightly, and at every other time, single-handed held the woods against the kingdom, Eric of the Dale was helpless before her.

"Did we?" he asked, weakly. "I don't remember that. Who to'd you?"

"Oh, it's in the book," she answered, serenely. "I'll show you when we get to the cave. We've got to go now, or we'll miss the moon when it passes the mountain."

But here Eric of the Dale came to himself and asserted his manhood. He had no intention of going where there was no use for that bow and arrow of his, or of being a pioneer in the moon when everything was to his liking where he was. Grasping his bow tightly, planting his cap more firmly on his head, he struck a splendid attitude. "I'm not going to the moon," declared he.

"Well, I am," she said. "You'll be sorry," and, her head high, she marched past him up the path alone.

Just beyond where they had been standing the woods became thicker; almost no moonlight reached the ground; and as Elsa went on, the Dark peered out from behind the trees and watched her pass, then stealthily he followed after. Shutting her eyes, she began to run, he pursuing, running too, and gaining steadily. Now she heard his quick breathing, now he spoke—but in the voice of Eric of the Dale.

"Wait for me; I want to see you climb onto the moon," he gasped; and at the sound the Dark vanished again into the

Night, and the two of them stumbled on together hand in hand.

A subtle change had taken place in their relations. Eric of the Dale, besides being young in years, was under the disadvantage of being a man, so he couldn't have explained it; he only knew that now things were as they should be, that it was he who led in talk, she who followed; he who led the way, she who followed, and that it was he who pulled her up the last steep, slippery bit of the path which brought them to the crest of the hill; and by that time the jerkin had more than regained its old-time confidence.

"It's just the way it was the night the stork brought me," said Elsa, looking about her when they reached the top. "The fairy sat on this big tree, I remember, and swung."

Eric of the Dale surveyed the scene, then shook his head. "I don't remember," he said; he wasn't as good at remembering as she. "Is it in that book? Let's sit down now and look at it. The moon won't be here for ever so long." So they found a place which the moonlight had made for itself at the foot of the tree, and, kneeling there, they opened the book between them.

At first, as befitted his sex and calling, Eric of the Dale was skeptical, but the longer he studied the pictures and the text the more he became convinced that there was truth in it all. Then there were those funny ears of theirs, just alike. How could they be explained if not by the fairy's touch?

He grew thoughtful. Leaning on his bow, he raised his head, and the moonlight showed that he was no longer Eric of the Dale; he was only Eric of the golden hair and the wide-apart eyes.

"It seems to me that I remember now," he said. "It seems to me that I remember how it was there. It was all winter outside, but when you opened the door and went in—"

"The stork opened the door," Elsa amended.

He accepted the amendment. "The stork opened the door and you heard birds singing and you found it was summer inside, and there were mountains with snow on them and a little river where we played, and there were yellow flowers that grew in the meadows."

"Yes," she agreed, "and it was night lots of the time."

"Lots of the time," he continued. "And the stork put us to bed just when we wanted to go—"

"Anne wasn't there," she broke in, "and Hildegard wasn't there."

He assented. "And Aunt Lydia wasn't there."

"You cried"—she nodded reminiscently—"you cried when the stork carried you away."

"I didn't, either," he denied, with somewhat of real fierceness on his brow.

"You cried," she went calmly on. "I leaned out of the window and I heard you crying and crying, and the stork flew away, and then I couldn't hear you any more."

He thought it best to change the subject.

"What did you do when I wasn't there?" he asked.

It was the first time her memory had failed her. "I don't remember," she said, and the moonlight passed on, leaving the pages of the book dark.

Eric leaned back against the tree and put his hands about his knees.

"I'm going back there, too," he said. "I want to see if it looks just the way it did. There'll be things to shoot in the woods, and I can blow my horn the same as here."

Elsa, too, leaned against the tree. "Blow it now," she said, with a little yawn. "Blow it very loud, so that the moon will hear and come faster."

If she hadn't suggested it, he would have had to suggest it himself, so desirous was he of showing her how he did it.

"You mustn't say *blow* your horn," he corrected, getting to his feet. "You must say wind your horn. It takes a great deal of strength to wind a horn."

Putting back his head he raised the horn to his lips and wound and wound, puffing out his cheeks, satisfied with the admiration of her attitude. But the moon didn't hurry a bit; it strolled along as coolly and unconcerned as ever.

"I don't believe it heard," said Elsa. "Do it louder."

He filled his chest and again he blew—I mean wound—harder and harder, and this time the moon disappeared altogether back of a cloud.

Eric of the Dale ceased to wind. "I guess I frightened it," he said. "We must keep still, so it won't know we're here and 'll come back again," and he sat down beside her in the darkness.

"That's the way I'll wind when I'm out hunting," he whispered, "so you'll know where I am, and when I want you to come I'll wind some more."

"Her voice was very drowsy. 'I'll come; I'll run fast.'"

He was silent for a moment. "Who else do you s'pose 'll be there," he asked, still in a whisper, "besides you and me? Will the stork be there?"

She didn't answer.

"Will she?" he asked again, turning toward her. By the light of one dauntless moonbeam which had escaped and made its way through the trees toward them he saw that she was asleep.

It was the next night, and the moonlight was in the room. It was lighting as best it could the labors of the small, nightgowned person who was lying flat upon the floor, a white page spread before her. Outside her window the wind had gathered together the brightest stars. She heeded them not—only that page before her had her eyes, but she wasn't reading—nothing so simple as that; she was writing, and the sentinel stars looked in and did not laugh.

"DEAR ERIC OF THE DALE,—I woke up and you had gone away and the moon had gone away but Anne, she was there and I cried. Anne says you were a dream. The wind said he would take my letter to the moon to you there. He is wateing now.

"Goodbye.

"ELSA.

"P. S. — This is Hildegard's new writing paper and this is Hildegard's new seeling wax that she had for her burthday.

"P. S.—Hildegard is a Princess.

"Goodbye.

"ELSA."

She went over to the window which opened onto the garden and onto the moon. Eric of the Dale was up there: she could see him perfectly plainly dig-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I'M GOING TO THE MOON, BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE YOU AND ME CAME FROM"



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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ging away at the snow before the door. Now the snow that he shoveled away turned into a little cloud, and the cloud clung to the edge of the moon as though it were afraid to go out into the dark sky alone. Eric of the Dale reached the door—she saw him knock—she could almost hear him knock, and the door opened ever so little and the wise old head of the stork peered out. Then Eric of the Dale entered, and the door closed behind him, but not before she had caught a glimpse of the green meadows and of the mountains that lay within. She held out her letter.

"Here, Wind," she whispered, and the wind took the letter and bore it away into the night.

The next day she found the letter down in the orchard. Ah, the treachery of the world! Not even the wind could be trusted!

It was early on a summer morning ever so many years after this, when Elsa and Hildegard had grown up and out of the hands of Anne—a morning of sunlight and daring wind and errant clouds. "Go not, happy day, from the shining fields," sang Hildegard in her room. Elsa in the garden beneath heard her and smiled.

"Why, she's way up in the attic," thought Elsa, beginning to cut the roses. "What is she doing up there?"

Later on as she was returning to the house she came upon Hildegard sitting by the fountain. Hildegard glanced up from the letter she was reading and smiled. Elsa, sitting down beside the pool, dipped her hands and wrists in the cool water. Neither spoke. The wind stirred the roses in the basket by Elsa's side and rustled the pages of the letter. In a few moments Hildegard looked up again. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "I hoped he would come."

"Who?" asked Elsa, indifferently. There was always some one coming to see Hildegard, always princes coming to the wooing of her.

Hildegard laughed. "I call him Eric of the Dale," she answered.

"Who?" asked Elsa, raising her eyes.

Hildegard laughed again. "Why, Eric of the Dale," she said. "Isn't that a nice name? It just suits him, some-

how. It's what he used to call himself when he was a little boy."

Hildegard, her hands clasped behind her head, leaned back against the stone seat. Her blue eyes rested on the same cloud that Elsa was watching in the water, but Hildegard wasn't thinking of the cloud.

"He used to play that he was an outlaw," she said. "Do you remember when you used to play outlaw, Elsa? You wouldn't let me play it with you. You used to play it all by yourself down in the woods."

Elsa laughed. "Wasn't I an impossible child!" she said. She was still watching the cloud.

"I found some of the things you used to wear when you played it in an old chest in the attic just now," Hildegard continued.

"I found the cap with the feather-duster feather in it and a ridiculous thing that I suppose was a jerkin. Do you remember how furious you were when father saw you in them and laughed? And there were lots of old papers and pictures that you'd painted of outlaws and trees and birds. The chest was by the window, and some of the papers blew out, but I brought the rest down to show you, they're so absurd."

Elsa arose. "When is the outlaw coming?" she asked.

"To-night," Hildegard answered; "but I don't know just what time. He's walking through this part of the country. He's a great walker."

Elsa picked up the basket of roses. "He sounds very nice," she said, and walked away up the box-bordered path. Hildegard, left alone, opened her letter again.

There was a light wind stirring that night, just enough to make the wide bough of an old oak-tree that grew on the side of the mountain sway to and fro. There was some one sitting beneath the bough. Dreamily she watched it swaying to and fro, and as she watched, a fairy came and alighted there and searched the skies with eager eyes.

But the wind was becoming restless. It was searching about for a letter which it had found that morning and had put aside for use in its proper time.

It brought it forth now from among the

lilies-of-the-valley, and carried it along the driveway, out through the gate to the road, and up the road right to the feet of one who was striding along, hands in his pockets, whistling softly to himself. He did not notice the paper at first, so the wind lifted it higher, and the moon, at that moment rising over the tops of the trees, shone upon it and upon its large, unbroken seal. He who was walking saw it now. Stooping, he picked it up, and the wind paused and listened and the moon held more steady its light while he read, half aloud. "Sir Eric of the Dale, Outlaw, The Moon." "Why, that's certainly my name," he laughed, "and it's my calling, and it's where I came from; it can't be meant for any one but me."

It was a little envelope such as children use. At one point in the address the pencil had evidently given way, but the writer had struggled on to the end, the letters growing always larger and murkier. Still laughing, he broke the seal and read, then stood wondering, looking down at the small paper. Perhaps it was a joke. Perhaps Hildegarde had written the note and dropped it where he would be likely to see it; perhaps it had been written years ago and the wind had been searching for him ever since and had just found him.

At the foot of the hill were the lights of the house. By his side stretched the woods. He must see how they looked before going on. Turning aside from the road, he entered the dense shade and drew a deep breath. This was just as he remembered it. Just as vast, just as adapted for adventure and for a stepping-stone to the moon. He walked on. Here was the tree, his favorite ambush, from behind which he had made his one real capture. Here was the slope up which he had struggled in pursuit. Now it only took a few strides and he was at the crest of the hill overlooking the valley.

"It all looks just as it did that night," he thought. Yes, it was just the same, even to the figure sitting at the foot of the old tree. She heard him coming. Startled, she raised her head, and the

light on her face showed that she was no longer Elsa the outlaw; she was Elsa of the wondering eyes and the wistful lips. And the moon shone full upon him. It showed his bared head, with the thick, yellow hair, and his hands which held a little cap. It showed his broad shoulders and goodly height, and it still further showed, there was no doubt about it, that one at least of his ears had been pinched by the fairy.

They looked at each other.

"Have you been here ever since?" he asked, smiling.

She smiled back.

"Ever since, but you haven't."

He sat down near her.

"No, I haven't. I saw that we had made a mistake. I saw that the moon wasn't going back to the place it came from; it was going to the other end of the woods. I didn't want to wake you up and tell you. I thought I'd find a cave at the other end of the woods somewhere and then come back and get you, but while I was looking for it I was found and captured and hauled away and—I've just escaped."

Neither of them spoke for a minute; the eyes of both were raised to the moon.

"Hasn't the snow drifted high before the door?" he said. "No one has been there for years. Let's see if we can shovel it away and get in; I want to see if it all looks the way it used to."

"It does, I know it does," she said, softly. "It's all summer inside, and the meadows are there just the same, with the many yellow flowers in them."

"And the river is just the same, too. Don't you think so?" he asked. "The river where we played, and the mountains with the snow on them, and the woods where I can hunt and wind my horn—I must wind my horn, you know."

They both laughed, and were silent again. Over their heads, unnoticed by them, the fairy still sat, but she no longer searched the sky with her eager eyes. She was watching the two beneath the bough which was being lightly rocked by the hand of the watchful wind.

Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THIRTEENTH PAPER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It has been thought proper to close this series of selected chapters from the story of Mark Twain's life with some account of the years when the author of this history was associated with the great humorist in a friendship which only ended with the death of the latter in 1910. The exigencies of magazine publication have all along made it necessary to omit many episodes fully as interesting as any presented, and we must now pass over with a word that dramatic foreign period of ten years: the brilliant winter in Berlin; the winters in Florence and Paris when he was struggling to save his tottering fortunes, and wrote *Joan of Arc*; his business failure; his association with H. H. Rogers; his heroic lecture tour around the world to pay his debts; the tragedy of Susy Clemens's death; the winters in Vienna, where his house was known as the "Second Embassy," because of the distinguished company that flocked there; his final return to America, with debts all paid and fortunes restored, welcomed and honored as a conqueror; summoned at last by England, who conferred upon him her highest literary rank and surpassed even his own nation in lavish homage.

IT was at the end of 1901 that I first met Mark Twain—at The Players Club on a night when he made the Founder's Address, always given when the old year meets the new.

I was not able to arrive in time for the address, but as I reached the head of the stairs I saw him sitting on the couch at the dining-room entrance, talking earnestly to some one, who, as I remember it, did not enter into my consciousness at all. I saw only that crown of white hair, that familiar profile, and heard the slow modulations of his measured speech. I was surprised to see how frail and old he looked.

He rose presently to go, and came directly toward me. A year before I had done what new writers were always doing

—I had sent him a book I had written, and he had done what he was always doing—acknowledged it with a kindly letter. I made my thanks now an excuse for addressing him. It warmed me to hear him say that he remembered the book, though at the time I confess I thought it doubtful. Then he was gone; but the mind and ear had photographed those vivid first impressions that remain always clear.

It was the following spring that I next saw him—at an afternoon gathering—and the memory of that occasion is chiefly important because I met Mrs. Clemens there for the only time, and like all who met her, however briefly, felt the gentleness and beauty of her spirit.

It was more than three years before I saw him again. Meantime, a sort of acquaintance had progressed. I had been engaged in writing the life of Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, and I had found among the material a number of letters to Nast from Mark Twain. I was naturally anxious to use those fine characteristic letters, and I wrote him for his consent. He wished to see the letters, and the permission that followed was kindness itself. His admiration of Nast was very great.

It was proper, under the circumstances, to send him a copy of the book when it appeared; but that was 1904, for him a year of sorrow and absence,* and the matter was postponed. Then came the great night of his seventieth birthday dinner, with an opportunity to thank him in person for the use of the letters. There was only a brief exchange of words, and it was the next day, I think, that I sent him a copy of the book. It did not occur to me that I should hear of it again.

We step back a moment here. Some-

* Mrs. Clemens died in Florence, Italy, June 5.

thing more than a year earlier, through a misunderstanding, Mark Twain's long association with The Players had been severed. It was a sorrow to him, and a still greater sorrow to the club. There was a movement among what is generally known as the "Round Table Group"—because its members have long had a habit of lunching at a large, round table in a certain window—to bring him back again. David Munro, associate editor of *The North American Review*—"David," a man well loved of men—and Robert Reid, the painter, prepared this simple document:

To
MARK TWAIN
from
THE CLANSMEN

"Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"

It was signed by Munro and by Reid and about thirty others, and it touched Mark Twain deeply. The lines had always moved him. He wrote:

TO ROBT. REID AND THE OTHERS,—

WELL-BELOVED, — Surely those lovely verses went to Prince Charlie's heart, if he had one, & certainly they have gone to mine. I shall be glad and proud to come back again after such a moving & beautiful compliment as this from comrades whom I have loved so long. I hope you can poll the necessary vote; I know you will try, at any rate. It will be many months before I can foregather with you, for this black border is not perfunctory, not a convention; it symbolizes the loss of one whose memory is the only thing I worship.

It is not necessary for me to thank you —& words could not deliver what I feel, anyway. I will put the contents of your envelope in the small casket where I keep the things which have become sacred to me.

S. L. C.

So the matter was temporarily held in abeyance until he should return to social life. At the completion of his seventieth year the club had taken action, and Mark Twain had been brought back, not in the regular order of things, but as an honorary life member without dues or duties. There was only one other member of this class, Sir Henry Irving.

The Players, as a club, does not give dinners. Whatever is done in that way

is done by one or more of the members in the private dining-room, where there is a single large table that holds twenty-five, even thirty when expanded to its limit. That room and that table have mingled with much distinguished entertainment.

A letter came to me which said that those who had signed the plea for the Prince's return were going to welcome him in the private dining-room on the 5th of January. It was not an invitation, but a gracious privilege. I was in New York a day or two in advance of the date, and I think David Munro was the first person I met at The Players. As he greeted me his eyes were eager with something he knew I would wish to hear. He had been delegated to propose the dinner to Mark Twain, and had found him propped up in bed, and noticed on the table near him a copy of the *Nast* book. I suspect that Munro had led him to speak of it, and that the result had lost nothing filtered through that radiant benevolence of his.

The night of January 5, 1906, remains a memory apart from other dinners. Brander Matthews presided, and Gilder was there, and Frank Millet and Willard Metcalf and Robert Reid, and a score of others; some of them are dead now, David Munro among them. It so happened that my seat was nearly facing the guest of the evening, who, by custom of The Players, is placed at the side and not at the end of the long table. He was no longer frail and thin, as when I had first met him. He had a robust, rested look; his complexion had the tints of a miniature painting. Lit by the glow of the shaded candles, relieved against the dusk richness of the walls, he made a picture of striking beauty. One could not take his eyes from it, and to one guest at least it stirred the farthest memories. I suddenly saw the interior of a farm-house sitting-room in the Middle West, where I had first heard uttered the name of Mark Twain, and where night after night a group gathered around the evening lamp to hear the tale of the first pilgrimage, which, to a boy of eight, had seemed only a wonderful poem and fairy tale. To Charles Harvey Genung, who sat next to me, I whispered something of this, and how, during the thirty-six

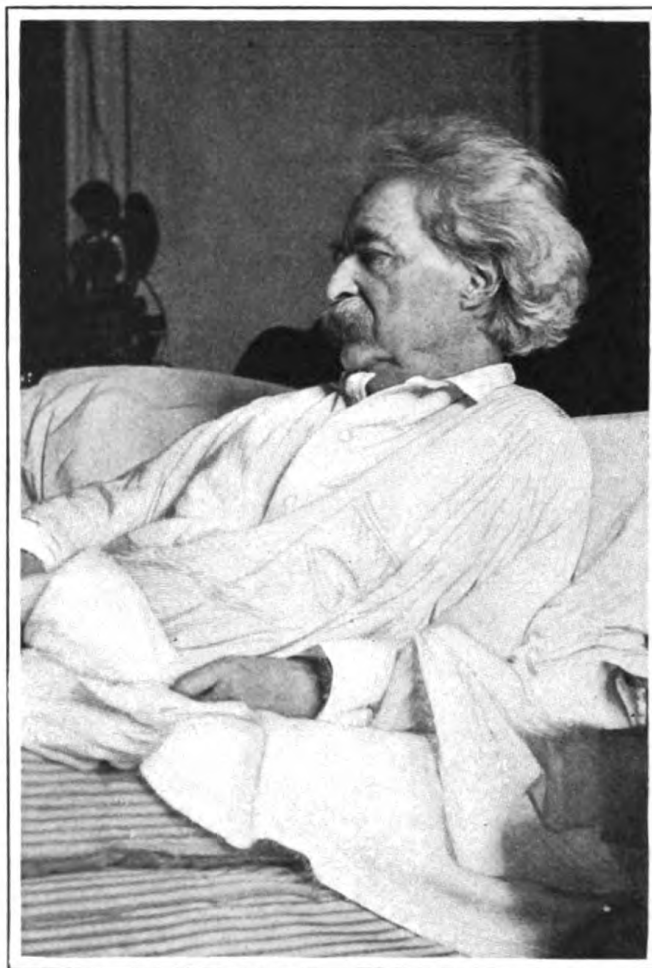
years since then, no other human being to me had meant quite what Mark Twain had meant—in literature, in life, in the ineffable thing which means more than either, and which we call “inspiration” for lack of a truer word. Now here he was, just across the table. He was the fairy tale come true.

Genung said:
“You should write his life.”

His remark seemed a pleasant courtesy, and was put aside as such. When he persisted I attributed it to the general bloom of the occasion, and a little to the wine, maybe, for the dinner was in the sweetest stage just then—that happy, early stage when the first glass of champagne, or the second, has proved its quality. He urged, in support of his idea, the word that Munro had brought concerning the Nast book, but nothing of what he said kindled any spark of hope. I could not but believe that some one with a larger equipment of experience, personal friendship, and abilities had already been selected for the task. By and by the speaking began—delightful, intimate speaking in that restricted circle—and the matter went out of my mind.

When the dinner had ended, and we were drifting about the table in general talk, I found an opportunity to say a word to the guest of the evening about his *Joan of Arc*, which I had recently re-read. To my happiness, he detained me while he told me the long-ago incident which had led to his interest, not only in the martyred girl, but in all literature. I think we broke up soon after, and descended to the lower rooms. At any rate, I presently found the faithful Charles Genung privately reasserting to me the proposition that I should undertake the biography of Mark Twain. Perhaps it

was the brief sympathy established by the name of Joan of Arc, perhaps it was only Genung's insistent purpose—his faith, if I may be permitted the word. Whatever it was, there came an impulse, in the instant of bidding good-by to our



MARK TWAIN DICTATING IN BED

guest of honor, which prompted me to say:

“May I call to see you, Mr. Clemens, some day?”

And something prompted him to answer:

“Yes, come soon.”

This was on Wednesday night, or rather on Thursday morning, for it was past midnight, and a day later I made an appointment with his secretary to call on Saturday.

I can say truly that I set out with no more than the barest hope of success,

and wondering if I should have the courage, when I saw him, even to suggest the thought in my mind. I know I did not have the courage to confide in Genung that I had made an appointment—I was so sure it would fail. I arrived at 21 Fifth Avenue and was shown into that long library and drawing-room combined, and found a curious and deep interest in the books and ornaments along the shelves as I waited. Then I was summoned, and I remember ascending the stairs, wondering why I had come on so futile an errand, and trying to think of an excuse to offer for having come at all.

He was propped up in bed—in that stately bed—sitting, as was his habit, with his pillows placed at the foot, so that he might have always before him the rich, carved beauty of its headboard. He was delving through a copy of *Huckleberry Finn*, in search of a paragraph concerning which some random correspondent had asked explanation. He was commenting unfavorably on this correspondent and on miscellaneous letter-writing in general. He pushed the cigars toward me, and the talk of these matters ran along and blended into others more or less personal. By and by I told him what so many thousands had told him before: what he had meant to me, recalling the childhood impressions of that large, black-and-gilt-covered book with its wonderful pictures and adventures—the Mediterranean pilgrimage. Very likely it bored him—he had heard it so often—and he was willing enough, I dare say, to let me change the subject and thank him for the kindly word which David Munro had brought. I do not remember what he said then, but I suddenly found myself suggesting that out of his encouragement had grown a hope—though certainly it was something less—that I might some day undertake a book about himself. I expected the chapter to end at this point, and his silence which followed seemed long and ominous.

He said, at last, that at various times through his life he had been preparing some autobiographical matter, but that he had tired of the undertaking and had put it aside. He added that he had hoped his daughters would one day collect his letters; but that a biography—a

detailed story of personality and performance, of success and failure—was of course another matter, and that for such a work no arrangement had been made. He may have added one or two other general remarks; then, turning those piercing agate-blue eyes directly upon me, he said:

“When would you like to begin?”

There was a dresser with a large mirror behind him. I happened to catch my reflection in it, and I vividly recollect saying to it mentally: “This is not true; it is only one of many similar dreams.” But even in a dream one must answer, and I said:

“Whenever you like. I can begin now.”

He was always eager in any new undertaking.

“Very good,” he said. “The sooner, then, the better. Let’s begin while we are in the humor. The longer you postpone a thing of this kind the less likely you are ever to get at it.”

This was on Saturday, as I have stated. I asked if Tuesday, January 9th, would be too soon to begin. He agreed that Tuesday would do, and inquired something about my plan of work. Of course I had formed nothing definite, but I said that in similar undertakings a part of the work had been done with a stenographer, who had made the notes while I prompted the subject to recall a procession of incidents and episodes, to be supplemented with every variety of material obtainable—letters and other documentary accumulations. Then he said:

“I think I should enjoy dictating to a stenographer, with some one to prompt me and to act as audience. The room adjoining this was fitted up for my study. My manuscripts and notes and private books and many of my letters are there, and there are a trunkful or two of such things in the attic. I seldom use the room myself. I do my writing and reading in bed. I will turn that room over to you for this work. Whatever you need will be brought to you. We can have the dictation here in the morning, and you can put in the rest of the day to suit yourself. You can have a key and come and go as you please.”

On Tuesday, January 9, 1906, I was

on hand with a capable stenographer, one who had successively and successfully held secretarial positions with Charles Dudley Warner and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and was therefore peculiarly qualified for the work in hand.

Mark Twain, meantime, had been revolving our plans and adding some features of his own. He proposed to double the value and interest of our employment by letting his dictations continue the form of some earlier autobiographical chapters, begun in 1885, and continued later in Vienna and Florence. He said he did not think he could follow a definite chronological programme; that he would like to wander about, picking up this point and that, as memory or fancy prompted, without any particular biographical order. I could also suggest subjects for dictation, and ask particulars of any special episode or period. I believe this covered the whole arrangement, which did not require more than five minutes, and we set to work without further prologue.

He dictated that morning of matters connected with the history of the Comstock mine; then he drifted back to his childhood, returning again to the more modern period, and closed, I think, with some comments on current affairs. It was absorbingly interesting; his quaint, unhurried fashion of speech, the unconscious movement of his hands, the play

of his features as his fancies and phrases passed in mental review and were accepted or waved aside. We were watching one of the great literary creators of his time in the very process of his architecture. We constituted about the most

select audience in the world enjoying what was, likely enough, its most remarkable entertainment. When he turned at last and inquired the time, we were all amazed that two hours and more had slipped away.

The dictations thus begun continued steadily from week to week, and always with increasing charm. We never knew what he was going to talk about, and it was seldom that *he* knew until the moment of beginning; then he went drifting among episodes, incidents, and periods in his irresponsible fashion—the fashion of table-conversation, as he said—the methodless method of the human mind.

It was not for several weeks that I began to realize that these marvelous reminiscences bore only an atmospheric relation to history; that they were aspects of biography rather than its veritable narrative, and built largely—sometimes wholly—from an imagination that, with age, had dominated memory, creating details, even reversing them, yet with a perfect sincerity of purpose on the part of the narrator to set down the literal and unvarnished truth. It was his constant effort to be frank and faithful to fact, to



DICTATING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AT DUBLIN, N. H.

record, to confess, and to condemn without stint. If you wanted to know the worst of Mark Twain you had only to ask him for it. He would give it, to the last syllable—worse than the worst, for his imagination would magnify it and adorn it with new iniquities, and if he gave it again, or a dozen times, he would improve upon it each time, until the thread of history was almost impossible to trace

whimsical admission, made once when he realized his deviations:

"When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it happened or not; but I am getting old, and soon I shall remember only the latter."

I do not wish to say, by any means, that his so-called autobiography is a mere fairy tale. It is far from that. It is amazingly truthful in the character-picture it presents of the man himself. It is only not reliable—and it is sometimes even unjust—as detailed history. Yet, curiously enough, there were occasional chapters that were photographically exact, and fitted precisely with the more positive, if less picturesque, materials. It is also true that such chapters were likely to be episodes intrinsically so perfect as not to require the touch of art.

In the talks which we usually had when the dictations were ended and the stenographer had gone, I gathered much that was of still greater value. Imagination was temporarily dis-

possessed, as it were, and whether expounding some theory or summarizing some event, he cared little for literary effect, and only for the idea and the moment immediately present.

It was at such times that he allowed me to make those inquiries we had planned in the beginning, and which apparently had little place in the dictations themselves. Sometimes I led him to speak of the genesis of his various books, how he had come to write them, and I think there was not a single case where later I did not find his memory of these matters almost exactly in accord with the letters of the moment, written to Howells or Twichell, or to some member of his family. Such reminiscence was usually followed by some vigorous burst of human philosophy, often too vigorous for print, too human, but as dazzling as a searchlight in its revelation.

When spring came—May—the New York house was closed, and the dictations were continued at Dublin, New Hampshire, at the Upton house, on the Monadnock slope. There we worked on the



MARK TWAIN AND MR. PAINE PLAYING BILLIARDS

through the marvel of that fabric; and he would do the same for another person just as willingly. Those vividly real personalities that he marched and counter-marched before us were the most convincing creatures in the world, the most entertaining, the most excruciatingly humorous, or wicked, or tragic; but, alas, they were not always safe to include in a record that must bear a certain semblance to history. They often disagreed in their performance, and even in their characters, with the documents in the next room, as I learned by and by when those records, disentangled, began to rebuild the structure of the years.

His gift of dramatization had been exercised too long to be discarded now. The things he told of Mrs. Clemens and of Susy were true—marvelously and beautifully true, in spirit and in aspect—and the actual detail of these mattered little in such a record. The rest was history only as *Roughing It* is history, or the *Tramp Abroad*; that is to say, it was fictional history, with fact as a starting-point. To quote his own lovely and

long veranda facing one of the fairest views in the world, I think.

The return to New York that autumn marked the beginning of my closer personal association with Mark Twain. He was twenty-six years my senior, and the discrepancy of experience and attainments was not measurable. With such conditions friendship must be a deliberate growth; something there must be to bridge the dividing gulf. Truth requires the confession that in this case the bridge took a very solid, material form, it being, in fact, nothing less than a billiard-table.*

It was a present from Mrs. Henry H. Rogers, and had been intended for his Christmas; but when he heard of it he could not wait, and suggested delicately that if he had it "right now" he could begin using it sooner. So he went one day with Mr. Rogers to the billiard ware-rooms, and they selected a handsome combination table suitable to all games—the best that money could buy. He was greatly excited over the prospect, and his former bedroom was carefully measured, to make certain that it was large enough for billiard purposes. Then his bed was moved into the study, and the book-cases and certain appropriate pictures were placed and hung in the billiard-room to give it the proper feeling.

The billiard-table arrived and was put in place, the brilliant green cloth in contrast with the rich red wall-paper and the book-bindings and pictures making the room wonderfully handsome and inviting.

Meantime, Clemens, with one of his sudden impulses, had conceived the notion of spending the winter in Egypt, on the Nile. He had gone so far, within a few hours after the idea developed, as to plan the time of his departure, and to partially engage a traveling secretary, so that he might continue his dictations. He was quite full of the idea just at the moment when the billiard-table was being installed. He had sent for a book on the subject—the letters of Lady Duff-Gordon, whose daughter, Janet Ross, had become a dear friend in Florence during the Viviani days. He spoke of this new

* Mr. Clemens had been without a billiard-table since 1891, the old one having been disposed of on the departure from Hartford.

purpose on the morning when we renewed the New York dictations, a month or more following the return from Dublin. When the dictation ended he said:

"Have you any special place to lunch to-day?"

I replied that I had not.

"Lunch here," he said, "and we'll try the new billiard-table."

I said what was eminently true—that I could not play—that I had never played more than a few games of pool, and those very long ago.

"No matter," he answered; "the poorer you play, the better I shall like it."

So I remained for luncheon, and we began, November 2d, the first game ever played on the Christmas table. We played the English game, in which caroms and pockets both count. I had a beginner's luck, on the whole, and I remember it as a riotous, rollicking game, the beginning of a closer understanding between us—of a distinct epoch in our association. When it was ended he said:

"I'm not going to Egypt. There was a man here yesterday afternoon who said it was bad for bronchitis, and, besides, it's too far away from this billiard-table."

He suggested that I come back in the evening and play some more. I did so, and the game lasted until after midnight.

After that the morning dictations became a secondary interest. Like a boy, he was looking forward to the afternoon of play, and it never seemed to come quickly enough to suit him. I remained regularly for luncheon, and he was inclined to cut the courses short, that he might the sooner get up-stairs to the billiard-room. His earlier habit of not eating in the middle of the day continued; but he would get up and dress, and walk about the dining-room in his old fashion, talking that marvelous, marvelous talk which I was always trying to remember, and with only fractional success at best. To him it was only a method of killing time. I remember once, when he had been discussing with great earnestness the Japanese question, he suddenly noticed that the luncheon was about ending, and he said:

"Now we'll proceed to more serious matters—it's your shot." And he was quite serious, for the green cloth and the

rolling balls afforded him a much larger interest.

Naturally enough, with continued practice I improved my game, and he reduced my odds accordingly. He was willing to be beaten, but not too often. Like any other boy, he preferred to have the balance in his favor. We set down a record of the games, and he went to bed happier if the tally-sheet showed him winner.

It was natural, too, that an intimacy of association and of personal interest should grow under such conditions—to me a precious boon—and I wish here to record my own boundless gratitude to Mrs. Rogers for her gift, which, whatever it meant to him, meant so much more to me. The disparity of ages no longer existed; other discrepancies no longer mattered. The pleasant land of play is a democracy where such things do not count.

We celebrated his seventy-first birthday by playing billiards all day. He invented a new game for the occasion, inventing rules for it with almost every shot.

It happened that no member of the family was at home on this birthday. Ill health had banished every one, even the secretary. Flowers, telegrams, and congratulations came, and there was a string of callers; but he saw no one beyond some intimate friends—the Gilders—late in the afternoon. When they had gone we went down to dinner. We were entirely alone, and I felt the great honor of being his only guest on such an occasion. Once between the courses, when he rose, as usual, to walk about, he wandered into the drawing-room, and, seating himself at the orchestrelle, began to play the beautiful flower-song from "Faust." It was a thing I had not seen him do before, and I never saw him do it again. When he came back to the table he said:

"Speaking of companions of the long ago, after fifty years they become only shadows and might as well be in the grave. Only those whom one has really loved mean anything at all. Of my playmates I recall John Briggs, John Garth, and Laura Hawkins—just those three; the rest I buried long ago, and memory cannot even find their graves."

He was in his loveliest humor all that

day and evening; and that night, when he stopped playing, he said:

"I have never had a pleasanter day at this game."

I answered, "I hope ten years from to-night we shall still be playing it."

"Yes," he said, "still playing the best game on earth."

With the summer of 1908 came Mark Twain's removal to Stormfield, the new home which he had built at Redding, Connecticut. My own home was near by, and I visited him daily. At first I went up only for the afternoon; but during the second summer, when his health began to fail, and he expressed a wish for companionship evenings, I remained most of the nights as well. Our rooms were separated only by a bath-room; and as neither of us was much given to sleep, there was likely to be talk or reading aloud at almost any hour when both were awake. In the very early morning I would usually slip in, softly, sometimes to find him propped up against his pillows sound asleep, his glasses on, the reading-lamp blazing away as it usually did, day or night; but as often as not he was awake, and would have some new plan or idea of which he was eager to be delivered, and there was always interest, and nearly always amusement, in it, even if it happened to be three in the morning or earlier.

Sometimes, when he thought it time for me to be stirring, he would call softly, but loudly enough for me to hear if awake; and I would go in, and we would settle again problems of life and death and science, or, rather, he would settle them while I dropped in a remark here and there, merely to hold the matter a little longer in solution.

Pains in his breast came with a good deal of frequency as the summer advanced; also they became more severe. Dr. Edward Quintard came up from New York, and did not hesitate to say that the trouble proceeded chiefly from the heart, and counseled diminished smoking, with less active exercise, advising particularly against Clemens's lifetime habit of lightly skipping up and down stairs.

There was no prohibition as to billiards, however, or leisurely walking, and we played pretty steadily through

those peaceful summer days, and often took a walk down into the meadows, when it was not too warm or windy.

We were alone together most of the time. He did not appear to care for company that summer. Clara Clemens had a concert tour in prospect, and her father, eager for her success, encouraged her to devote a large part of her time to study. For Jean, who was in love with every form of outdoor and animal life, he had established headquarters in a vacant farm-house on one corner of the estate, where she had collected some stock and poultry, and was overflowingly happy. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was a guest in the house a good portion of the summer, but had been invalidated through severe surgical operations, and for a long time rarely appeared, even at meal-times. So it came about that there could hardly have been a closer daily companionship than was ours during this the last year of Mark Twain's life. For me, of course, nothing can ever be like it again in this world. One is not likely to associate twice with a being from another star.

He had, by the way, a curious interest in astronomy—marvel astronomy. He had no real knowledge of the subject, and I had none of any kind, which made its ungraspable facts all the more thrilling. He was always thrown into a sort of ecstasy by the unthinkable distances of space—the supreme drama of the universe. The fact that Alpha Centauri was twenty-five trillions of miles away—two hundred and fifty thousand times the distance of our own remote sun, and that our solar system was traveling, as a whole, toward the bright star Vega, in the constellation of Lyra, at the rate of forty-four miles a second, yet would be thousands upon thousands of years reaching its destination, fairly enraptured him.

The astronomical light-year—that is to say, the distance which light travels in a year—was one of the things which he loved to contemplate; but he declared that no two authorities ever figured it alike, and that he was going to figure it for himself. I came in one morning, to find that he had covered several sheets of paper with almost interminable rows of ciphers, and with a result, to him at

least, entirely satisfactory. I am quite certain that he was prouder of those figures and their enormous aggregate than if he had just completed an immortal tale; and when he added that the nearest fixed star—Alpha Centauri—was between four and five light-years distant from the earth, and that there was no possible way to think that distance in miles or even any calculable fraction of it, his glasses shone and his hair was roached up as with the stimulation of these stupendous facts.

By and by he said:

"I came in with Halley's comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's comet. The Almighty has said, no doubt: 'Now here are these two unaccountable freaks; they came in together, they must go out together.' Oh! I am looking forward to that." And a little later he added:

"I've got some kind of a heart disease, and Quintard won't tell me whether it is the kind that carries a man off in an instant or keeps him lingering along and suffering for twenty years or so. I was in hopes that Quintard would tell me that I was likely to drop dead any minute; but he didn't. He only told me that my blood-pressure was too strong. He didn't give me any schedule; but I expect to go with Halley's comet."

It was near the end of 1909 that Mark Twain made a trip to Bermuda, returning to Stormfield for the holidays. How fortunate it was that he did so! On the morning of December 24th his youngest daughter, Jean, died of heart failure. The home seemed desolate now, and ten days later he returned to the sunlight and warmth of Bermuda. I remained at Stormfield, which he wished kept open and ready for his return.

Stormfield was solemn and empty without Mark Twain; but he wrote by every steamer, at first with his own hand, and during the last week by the hand of one of his enlisted secretaries—some member of the Allen family—usually Helen.* His letters were full of bright-

* The family of William H. Allen, American vice-consul. Mr. Clemens made their house his home during these later visits.

ness and pleasantries—always concerned more or less with business matters, though he was no longer disturbed by them.

For a long time he made no mention of his illness; but on the 25th of March he wrote something of his plans for coming home. He had engaged passage on the *Bermudian* for April 23d, he said; and he added:

But don't tell anybody. I don't want it known. I may have to go sooner if the pain in my breast does not mend its ways pretty considerable. I don't want to die here, for this is an unkind place for a person in that condition. I should have to lie in the undertaker's cellar until the ship would remove me, & it is dark down there & unpleasant.

I confess that this letter, in spite of its light tone, made me uneasy, and I was tempted to sail for Bermuda to bring him home. Three days later he wrote again:

I have been having a most uncomfortable time for the past four days with that breast pain, which turns out to be an affection of the heart, just as I originally suspected. The news from New York is to the effect that non-bronchial weather has arrived there at last; therefore, if I can get my breast trouble in traveling condition I may sail for home a week or two earlier than has been proposed.

The same mail that brought this brought a letter from Mr. Allen, who

frankly stated that matters had become very serious indeed. Mr. Clemens had had some dangerous attacks, and the physicians considered his condition critical.

These letters arrived April 1st. I went to New York at once and sailed next morning. Before sailing I consulted with Dr. Quintard, who provided me with some opiates and instructed me in the use of the hypodermic needle. He also joined me in a cablegram to the Gabrilowitsches, then in Italy, advising them to sail without delay.*

I sent no word to Bermuda that I was coming, and when on the second morning I arrived at Hamilton I stepped quickly ashore from the tender and hurried to Bay House. The doors were all open, as they usually are in that summer island, and no one was visible. I was familiar with the place, and, without knocking, went through to the room occupied by Mark Twain. As I entered I saw that he was alone, sitting in a large chair, clad in the familiar dressing-gown.

Bay House stands upon the water, and the morning light, reflected in at the window, had an unusual quality. He seemed unusually pale and gray; certainly he was much thinner. I was too startled, for the moment, to say anything. When he turned and saw me he seemed a little dazed.

"Why," he said, holding out his hand, "you didn't tell us you were coming."

"No," I said, "it is rather sudden. I didn't quite like the sound of your last letters."

"But those were not serious," he protested. "You shouldn't have come on my account."

I said then that I had come on my own account; that I had felt the need of rec-

* Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Clara Clemens had been married October 6, 1909.

light-year, P 45

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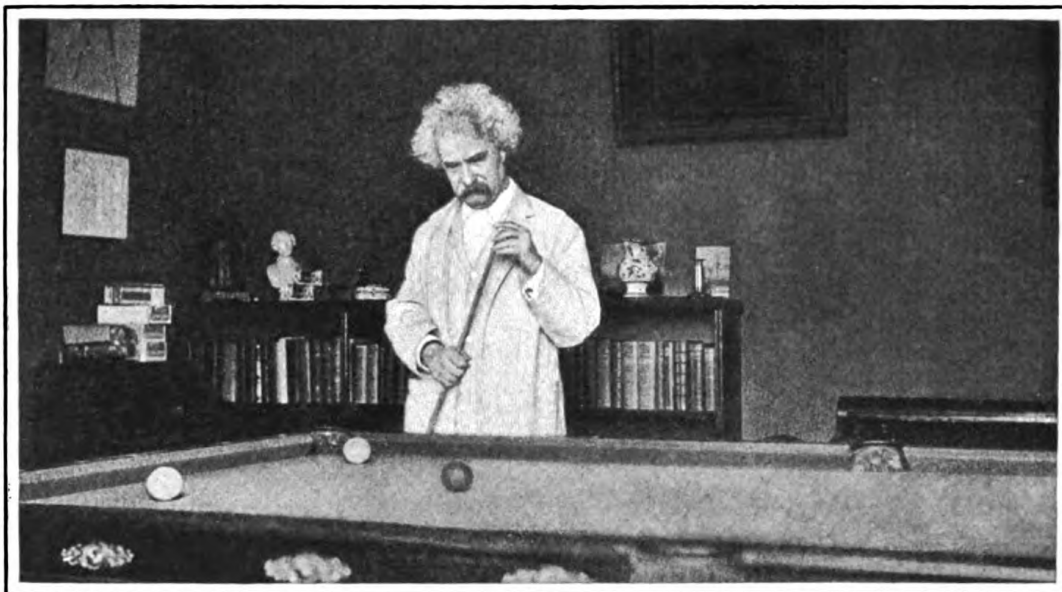
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It is about 6,000,000,000⁰⁰⁰ miles, a light-year²
 (or 4 light-years)
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P. 45
 From one star to its nearest neighbor 8 light-years.

PART OF MARK TWAIN'S "LIGHT-YEAR" CALCULATION



THE BILLIARD-TABLE WAS A NEVER-FAILING FASCINATION

reaction, and had decided to run down and come home with him.

"That's—very—good," he said, in his slow, gentle fashion. "Now I'm glad to see you."

His breakfast came in and he ate with appetite. When he had been shaved and freshly propped up in his pillows it seemed to me, after all, that I must have been mistaken in thinking him so changed. Certainly he was thinner, but his color was fine, his eyes were bright; he had no appearance of a man whose life was believed to be in danger. He told me then of the fierce attacks he had gone through, how the pains had torn at him, and how it had been necessary for him to have hypodermic injections, which he amusingly termed "hypnotic injunctions" and "subcutaneous applications." He had his humor out of it, as of course he must have, even though Death should stand there in person.

From Mr. and Mrs. Allen and from the physician I learned how slender had been his chances and how uncertain were the days ahead. Mr. Allen had already engaged passage on the *Oceana* for the 12th, and the one purpose now was to get him physically in condition for the trip.

I spent most of each day with him, merely sitting by the bed and reading

while he himself read or dozed. His nights were wakeful—he found it easier to sleep by day—and he liked to think that some one was there. He became interested in Hardy's *Jude*, and spoke of it with high approval, urging me to read it. He dwelt a good deal on the morals of it, or rather on the lack of them. He followed the tale to the end, finishing it the afternoon before we sailed. It was his last continuous reading.

I noticed, when he slept, that his breathing was difficult, and I could see from day to day that he did not improve; but each evening he would be gay and lively, and he liked the entire family to gather around, while he became really hilarious over the various happenings of the day.

It was only a few days before we sailed that the very severe attacks returned. The night of the 8th was a hard one. The doctors were summoned, and it was only after repeated injections of morphine that the pain had been eased. When I returned in the early morning he was sitting in his chair trying to sing, after his old morning habit. He took my hand and said:

"Well, I had a picturesque night. Every pain I had was on exhibition." He looked out of the window at the sunlight on the bay and green-dotted

islands. "‘Sparkling and bright in the liquid light,’" he quoted. "That's Hoffman. Anything left of Hoffman?"

"No," I said.

"I must watch for the *Bermudian* and see if she salutes," he said, presently. "The captain knows I am here sick, and he blows two short whistles just as they come up behind that little island. Those are for me."

He had taken his seat by the window to watch for the arriving vessel. She came down the bay presently, her bright-red stacks towering vividly above the green island. It was a brilliant morning, the sky and the water a marvelous blue. He watched her anxiously and without speaking. Suddenly there were two white puffs of steam, and two short, hoarse notes went up from her.

"Those are for me," he said, his face full of contentment. "Captain Fraser does not forget me."

There followed another bad night. My room was only a little distance away, and Claude, his valet, came for me. I do not think any of us thought he would survive it; but he slept at last, or at least dozed. In the morning he said:

"That breast pain stands watch all night and the short breath all day. I am losing enough sleep to supply a worn-out army. I want a jugful of that hypnotic injunction every night and every morning."

We began to fear now that he would not be able to sail on the 12th; but by great good fortune he had wonderfully improved by the 11th, so much so that I began to believe, if once he could be in Stormfield, where the air was more vigorous, he might easily survive the summer. The humid atmosphere of the season increased the difficulty of his breathing.

Mr. Allen had chartered a special tug to come to Bay House landing in the morning and take him to the ship. He was carried in a little hand-chair to the tug, and all the way out he seemed light-spirited, anything but an invalid. The sailors carried him again in the chair to his state-room, and he bade those dear Bermuda friends good-by, and we sailed away.

As long as I remember anything I shall remember the forty-eight hours of that homeward voyage. It was a brief two

days as time is measured; but as time is lived it has taken its place among those unmeasured periods by the side of which even years do not count.

At first he seemed quite his natural self, and asked for a catalogue of the ship's library, and selected some memoirs for his reading. He asked also for the second volume of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, which he had with him. But we ran immediately into the more humid, more oppressive air of the Gulf Stream, and his breathing became at first difficult, then next to impossible.

In spite of his suffering, two dominant characteristics remained—the sense of humor, and the tender consideration for another.

Once when the ship rolled and his hat fell from the hook and made the circuit of the cabin floor, he said:

"The ship is passing the hat."

Again he said:

"I am sorry for you, Paine, but I can't help it—I can't hurry this dying business. Can't you give me enough of the hypnotic injunction to put an end to me?"

Somehow those two days and nights went by. Once, when he was partially relieved by the opiate, I slept, while Claude watched; and again in the fading end of the last night, when we had passed at length into the cold, bracing Northern air, and breath had come back to him, and with it sleep.

Relatives, physicians, and news-gatherers were at the dock, and an invalid-carriage had been provided, and a compartment secured on the afternoon express to Redding—the same train that had taken him there two years before. This was on Thursday, April 14, 1910.

Two days later Ossip and Clara Gabrilowitsch arrived. Clemens remained fairly bright and comfortable during this interval, though he clearly was not improving.

The news of his condition, everywhere published, brought great heaps of letters, but he could not see them. A few messages were reported to him. At intervals he read a little. Suetonius and Carlyle lay on the bed beside him, and he would pick them up as the spirit moved him

and read a paragraph or a page. Sometimes, when I saw him thus—the high color still in his face, and the clear light in his eyes—I said: “It is not reality. He is not going to die.” On Tuesday, the 19th, he asked me to tell Clara to come and sing for him. It was a heavy requirement, but she somehow found strength to sing some of the Scotch airs which he loved, and he seemed soothed and comforted. When she came away he bade her good-by, saying that he might not see her again.

But he lingered through the next day and the next. His mind was wandering a little on Wednesday, and his speech became less and less articulate; but there were intervals when he was quite clear, quite vigorous, and he apparently suffered little. We did not know it then, but the mysterious messenger of his birth-year, so long anticipated by him, appeared that night in the sky.*

On Thursday morning, the 21st, his mind was generally clear, and it was said by the nurses that he read a little from one of the volumes on his bed, from the Suetonius or from one of the volumes of Carlyle. Early in the forenoon he sent word by Clara that he wished to see me, and when I came in he spoke of two unfinished manuscripts which he wished me to “throw away,” as he briefly expressed it, for he had not many words left now. I assured him that I would take care of them, and he pressed my hand. It was his last word to me.

Once or twice that morning he tried to write some request which he could not put into intelligible words. And once he spoke to Gabrilowitsch, who, he said, could understand him better than the others. Most of the time he dozed.

* The perihelion of Halley's comet for 1835 was November 16th; for 1910 it was April 20th.

Somewhat after midday, when Clara was by him, he roused up and took her hand, and seemed to speak with less effort.

“Good-by,” he said, and Dr. Quintard, who was standing near, thought he added: “If we meet”—but the words were very faint. He looked at her for

MARK TWAIN'S LAST WRITING: A REQUEST FOR HIS SPECTACLES AND A GLASS PITCHER

a little while, without speaking, then he sank into a doze, and from it passed into a deeper slumber, and did not heed us any more.

Through that peaceful spring afternoon the life-wave ebbed lower and lower. It was about half-past six, and the sun lay just on the horizon, when Dr. Quintard noticed that the breathing, which had gradually become more subdued, broke a little. There was no suggestion of any struggle. The noble head turned a little to one side, there was a fluttering sigh, and the breath that had been unceasing through seventy-four tumultuous years had stopped forever.

He had entered into the estate envied so long. In his own words—the words of one of his latest memoranda:

“He had arrived at the dignity of death—the only earthly dignity that is not artificial—the only safe one. The others are traps that can beguile to humiliation.

“Death—the only immortal who treats us all alike, whose pity and whose peace and whose refuge are for all—the soiled and the pure—the rich and the poor—the loved and the unloved.”

An Educated Lady

BY FORREST CRISSEY

SHE was his. And what a heart-siege it had taken to make her his own! All the Irish ardor, wit, readiness, and chivalry that had ever reddened a drop of Beamish blood, and all the cunning, prudence, and constancy that his Welsh mother had given him as a heritage, had gone into that winning.

But now the law, the church, and society decreed that she was securely his. There was another way of putting this wonderful fact—the way Danny put it on his way home from work one Saturday shortly after his wedding:

“An educated lady, married to a journeyman bricklayer! A school-mistress, the wife of a graduate hod-carrier who hasn’t quite got the smell of cabin peat-fire out of his skin!”

As the car rattled and lurched along Cottage Grove Avenue, the incidents of the closed siege came vividly before him—the adoration that had leaped up within him at that first meeting at the Neighborhood House dance and all the meetings that followed.

“To look back over it,” he reflected, “makes my bones ache and my heart thump as they did that day when I carried my first hod up the scaffolding on the Bonnie Brae apartments. But she’s mine now.”

He flipped from the car and hurried eagerly along, thinking gaily that nobody who saw his lime-whitened clothes would suspect him of being the husband of an educated lady who might have accepted the hand of a school principal or a college professor without marrying above her station. But the miracle was accomplished—she would be waiting for him in their snug little flat, and he would exchange the grimy regimentals of his trade for the clothes of a gentleman. He was not ashamed of his trade—he had always made that plain to her—but he didn’t propose that she should ever be shamed by it, either. That had been one of the first lessons he had learned of his

shrewd Welsh instincts. She had never seen him in his work clothes until after they were married—never seen him unshaven, or dressed in a mode that might have suggested a speaking acquaintance with a trowel and a mortar-board. “When she finds a trace of lime in my hair she can throw me down!” had been his resolve at the outset of his ambitious courtship.

He frowned slightly as he saw a short, straight man and a cockey, wire-haired dog waiting at the end of the path. These days, anything that threatened to delay his getting home to Rose was likely to wrinkle his brows a bit, even if it did mean more work.

“How’s the terrier, Mr. Kane?” he asked, as he approached.

For a moment the man made no answer; but he gave his questioner a searching scrutiny with a pair of inordinately sharp eyes. At length he remarked:

“Danny, you’re a wonder! How long ago was it that I gave you that first job of work?”

“About ‘three years, sir.”

“Just about—and every time you opened your mouth then you sounded like a Killarney wake working overtime. You had a brogue with more bristles on it than that Airedale’s back. Now you say ‘the terrier’ instead of ‘the tarrier!’ A man who can smother brogue like yours in that length of time has the power to do almost anything he may choose to tackle. And that isn’t all you’ve done, either. You’ve built yourself over, and done a fairly smooth job of it, too. How’d you like to take a building contract—a small one, to be sure, but a starter just the same?”

“Do you think I could put it through?” asked Danny, no longer frowning.

“Do I?” laughed the man, struggling with the restive terrier. “Anybody that could get away with the contract you closed up at the church altar the other

day, after your start, with your handicaps, would find building a four-flat apartment simply pie."

"But I haven't any capital to speak of," objected the delighted Danny.

"Don't need any in this case," was the crisp answer. "Bring the material bills and pay-roll to my office every Saturday and get the money. To-morrow's Sunday. Come over to the house in the afternoon and we'll go over the plans and specifications. I'll warn you beforehand that there'll not be much velvet in it—just a good, straight percentage. But I'll back you. You've got me interested, and I want to see if you can make good."

"I'll be there, sir," said Danny, "about three."

Here was news that would make the gray eyes of his Rose glow with that odd, warm light that was more than meat and drink and pipe to him!

In his eagerness to break the good news and see her smile "his smile," he almost forgot the meat he was to get at the little butcher-shop around the corner. The news would keep—and she should see that he wasn't the husband to forget the smallest errand that she intrusted to him! But he frowned to find that two women customers were waiting their turn before him.

Suddenly he heard one of the women with their backs to him speak the name Rose.

"Yes," the one in the trim brown tailored suit was saying, "I've just been to see her. Of course I had to be careful what I said; but you know she's clever, and I hope I made her understand that her old friends are not going to forget her, even if she did marry an ignorant brick-mason—a common laboring man.

She wouldn't say a word—you know how proud Rose has always been—but I could see that she was on the verge of breaking down."

"Do you think she feels that she's made a mistake?" Danny heard the other woman ask.

"How could she help it?" came the quick answer. "Rose Wills is too keen and sensitive a woman not to wake up to the difference before the honeymoon is over. But the trouble is going to be that she's so dreadfully high-spirited and conscientious that pride and a sense of duty will hold her to him and make her suffer long after she realizes that he is impossible as a husband."

"I saw him once," remarked the woman in gray with a book under her arm, "and I thought he had a remarkably pleasant face—rather handsome and fine. I quite liked his looks."

"Oh yes," was the quick retort, "but what intellectual companionship could she expect from a bricklayer? It's sim-



DANNY HAD HEARD ENOUGH

ply hideous; I can't bear the thought of it. If there was ever a nature that would be mismated with any man not a gentleman, Rose Wills has it. I just can't call her by her married name! Think of a woman of her temperament—"

Danny had heard enough. He slipped quietly out of the little shop and waited in the news-store until the two women passed and turned into Briar Avenue. He saw one woman enter the little brick cottage next to the Arcadia flat building. If Rose didn't volunteer her caller's name he could get it from the janitor of the Arcadia. Then he entered the meat-market again, made his purchase, and walked slowly home—seeing red on every foot of the cement sidewalk.

Was the battle for Rose going to last forever? Had it just begun at the moment when he had thought it eternally ended? Then it came to him that this meddler had already planted the seeds of discontent—possibly of separation.

By the time he had reached the foot of the stairs he had determined upon his course. He must never forget for a moment that Rose was an educated lady, and that he couldn't "have it out" with her in plain, blunt speech, as if she were of another sort. You couldn't force an educated lady to give up her thoughts offhand—not if you were an ignorant bricklayer and she were your wife. You must wait and let her come around to it in her own way. It didn't do to break in on her feelings; folks of Rose's kind didn't do it that way—they just couldn't. He had learned that already. He would keep his own counsel and a close eye upon the weather as indicated by her face.

As he expected, she was at the door before he could turn the key, and kissed him as usual, but a glance told him that she had been crying. He seemed not to see this, and launched at once into an account of meeting Mr. Kane. But there was not the look of loving eagerness in her eyes that he had expected.

The dinner was silent. Danny did not attempt to force conversation, but fell to studying Rose's little elegances of carriage and movement. Yes, Rose was a lady, and he—well, he *was* a brick-mason, and ignorant and rough by contrast. There

was no dodging that. But hadn't he already rebuilt himself so well that the sharp-eyed lawyer had called him a wonder? And with Rose right in his home for him to watch and see how she did things, couldn't he keep on rebuilding until he was at least a brick-veneer gentleman? He would never let up on that job—never!—not so long as he had Rose!

"It's Saturday night," he said, when dinner had ended, "and I ought to see Boyle. He's a good boss-carpenter and knows how to get work out of men. We were boys together."

"I'm very tired to-night—too tired to talk or read. You'll not mind if I don't wait up for you?" she said.

"Of course not. But I must hurry to catch Mike at Carpenter's Hall. I may be a little late—" And he was gone. It was the first time he had left the flat without a kiss from Rose.

Danny discreetly found through Johnson, the Swede janitor of the Arcadia flats, the name and family history of the woman in the brown tailored suit. She was Miss Seagrave, he was told; but to him she was "that woman." He was not surprised to learn that she was English, and that she taught literature in the high school where Rose had also taught for five years. And she had a young brother that she was sending through the university—and that kept her so busy that she was always hard up and often had to borrow. He wished she had to borrow from *him*! She'd get the money, all right, if he had to draw out every cent he had in the bank and borrow himself. Then, when she failed to pay up on the tick of the clock, he would set her things out in the street! The idea pleased him. He played with it all the way over to Carpenter's Hall, as he used to dream, when a boy, about finding the pot of gold that the old Lord Kell was said to have buried in the hill behind the ruins of his castle.

But of course he'd never have a chance to lend her money; that was absurd. He'd have to wait a long while to hit upon a way to get square with the woman who had come between Rose and himself—some practical way. It would come about sometime, if he could only wait long enough—he was sure of that. But it might come too late! The thought

made him set his teeth. Could it be that Rose would get tired of him?—his Rose?—and after she had burned her bridges behind her and had become his lawful and wedded wife?

No; that couldn't quite be! And still, the poison of that woman's call had already begun to work. That was plain. It wasn't the same home he had left in the morning. At six o'clock that evening he had felt himself the happiest man on earth. Now — well, now he was as happy as a bridegroom who had awakened from his honeymoon to face domestic bankruptcy.

The foundations of the new building were almost in when Danny fell into the habit of dodging into the neat little restaurant in the basement of the Park Bank building. He was always in a hurry to get back to the work, and if he went home for his luncheon with Rose he couldn't rush. Besides, he liked to have time to watch the dainty way in which she served and ate. It was almost an education to see Rose pour a cup of tea!

The first time he came into that restaurant he noted the cashier for a County Clare girl. The very quirk of her lips and the sky-blue of her eyes marked her as "Clare stock." He had never been a hand to make free with girls, and since he had met Rose he had hardly spoken to another woman. But he couldn't help saying to the cashier, as he slid his check and a coin over the dulled face of the cigar-case:

"County Clare?"

"S-h-u-r-e! You, too?"

"Yes."

"You're a keen one," she commented. "I couldn't have told that you're Irish."

As he passed out she said, "Come again."



"COUNTY CLARE?"

He nodded without turning and hurried back to his work. The next day, as he approached the counter the cashier was talking with a dark-eyed girl whose hair was a lusterless black.

"Maybe you can tell where this girl comes from. She's Irish, all right, too," laughed the cashier, as she punched the register. The dark girl nodded as if the remark had the force of an informal introduction.

"Give it up," answered Danny.

"She's my sister. That's one on you! Maggie works in the bank up-stairs. She's the one that got me this place."

After that Maggie always nodded to the young contractor and passed a word with him. She took the cash while her sister, Ellen, ate luncheon.

"No nonsense about that Maggie," was Danny's appraisal. "She's business—and smart as a whip!"

One noon he suddenly noticed that the woman at the second table was "that woman." She was about to leave her table and pay her check, and the whim seized him to fall in line behind her.

As his unsuspecting enemy fumbled in her bag for change, he heard her say, "Oh, Maggie, please say to Mr. Blake that I'll call and pay that interest Saturday, and that I shall wish to have the note extended."

"Oh, that 'll be all right, Miss Seagrave," was the assuring answer.

It had come to Danny at last—the thing he had been waiting for! He didn't know much about big business, but enough to be sure that notes were sometimes sold. And if she borrowed at the bank, she must give her note for it, with some sort of security that was solid. Banks weren't in business to take any long chances. And he would get that note, no matter how much extra he had to pay. Yes, he'd do it; although things were going a bit better at home, and there had been moments of happiness—something like those he had dreamed of when he felt so sure of Rose and of the way she would always feel toward him. Then the fires of his hate had burned low. In those moments he could almost see the situation with the English woman's eyes: he was Irish, and she was English! He was ignorant in that he was not an educated man. He had carried the hod and handled the trowel and the mortar-board—in short, he was a brick-mason, a laboring man. And there was no denying that Rose was a born lady, and that she was educated and could have held her own with the best of those college professors if she had married one of them.

When Rose would take from the heavy book-case that she had brought with her one of the leather-bound books with a title that was beyond Danny's tongue, his heart would beat like a riveting-machine.

Then, without moving a muscle, he would watch her furtively. Was she reading because she was an educated woman and took to it—enjoyed it as he did the Sunday paper? Or was she reaching back to it because she was tired of him and had found she had made a mistake?—reaching, through the door that the book opened, to the things she had left behind?

But always when Rose opened one of these books Danny's eyes took on a look of adoring reverence. Once Rose looked up and caught it. There was something soft and motherly in her eyes as she dropped the book into her lap, reached for his hand, and exclaimed:

"Oh, you dear Danny!"

That was one of the times when he could almost have forgiven his arch-enemy. And it was only an evening or two later, while the glow of that experience still warmed and lighted Danny's face, that Rose told him she had been invited to spend the afternoon at a little club of the high-school teachers that she had helped to organize.

"And you're going!" was his eager comment. "You needn't bother about supper," he added; "I can take care of myself."

She rewarded him with a rare smile and declared: "No; I don't leave my husband to a cold supper in order to stay out at a club meeting."

Oh, but it was good to hear her talk like that! She wouldn't say that if she were tired and ashamed of her bargain. Danny whistled from morning till night that day of the club meeting.

Rose was there when he returned—there and not there, for she seemed to move apart from him, and there was a queer look on her face that put him outside of her vision, even when he was standing squarely in front of her. It couldn't be that anything had gone wrong to-day, with such a start-off! She'd come out of her mood when they settled down to their meal, and he'd do his part by giving the talk a cheerful get-away.

"And what did you talk about at your meeting, Rose?" he asked.

"I—I—I'm afraid—you wouldn't quite understand," was the sudden, dismayed answer. And the next moment she was pushing back from the table and fleeing into her bedroom with unfamiliar haste.



ALWAYS WHEN ROSE OPENED A BOOK DANNY'S EYES TOOK ON A LOOK OF ADORING REVERENCE

As he sat there staring at his plate he could hear her sobs in the bedroom. He had heard women cry before; but an educated lady—he couldn't stand that! Tearing a leaf from his time-book, he scribbled: "Gone to see Kane." This he left on her plate.

When he found Kane patrolling the edge of the vacant lot in tow of the leashed terrier, he boiled over in a string of Irish expletives that smelled of peat-fires and eviction riots.

"Now," said the lawyer, "let's cross over to the boulevard, find a seat, and get the rest of this out of your system. I knew it was coming, Danny."

On the seat in the shadow of the big clump of lilac bushes that hid them from the arc-light, the lawyer listened to Danny's shy, choking recital.

"Just hold your horses, Danny," was the crisp advice of the counselor. "Go slow and do nothing rash. Meet me here at this time to-morrow night and I'll hand you that woman's mortgage. You may pay me for it whenever you can—a little at a time, any way you like."

When the men knocked off from work the next day, Danny asked Mike to wait a bit. Then they sat on a saw-horse and Danny, uncurling a shaving, asked:

"Mike, do you remember the day when the Kelly Cove boys were doing a fine job of beating you into a pulp?"

"Oi do, Danny; an' if ever—"

"Well, I want you to help *me* do a little beating. To do it I've got to clean up every cent that can be squeezed out of this contract. But every lick of the work must be done *right*, too."

"Oi'm on!" declared Mike, driving the point of his knife into the saw-horse with a thrust that snapped the blade.

"Danny," said his patron, a week later, "you're going to beat my figures on this contract. You'll have it done in a week's less time than I figured. How do you get such days' work out of men?"

"They're all ignorant Irish tarriers," grimly responded Danny.

The lawyer laughed. "I've half a mind to give you a contract for another apartment over on the other street—one that will cost twice as much. If you can keep this gang together and pick up more tarriers of the same strain, I'll do it. You could get it out of the way before cold weather at this rate."

"The boys will stay with me, sir," replied Danny, a lump of gratitude choking his throat. "You see, I'm fighting for something now," he added.



HE COULD HEAR HER SOBS IN THE BEDROOM

"I'll have the plans and specifications ready by Sunday. Then we'll get together and figure it out. Cheer up, Danny! You'll beat 'em all yet."

The weather map of Rose's face was a variable and exciting study for the next few months. Danny's scrutiny was as worshipful as ever, but more silent. At times he almost wished that she were an Irish lass with whom he could "fight it out" and have it over. But, if she were, she wouldn't be Rose. Oh, there was a world of difference between a common woman and an educated lady! And that difference seemed to be building a solid wall about her that made it harder for him to reach her every day. If it kept on this way for long—but the money on that mortgage was due to him the 17th of December. And the day after that would

be Rose's birthday. He hadn't thought of that before. Anyhow, something was bound to happen when the show-down came—if that woman didn't pay up at the tick of the clock.

Rose was sitting at the dining-table figuring over household accounts when she startled Danny with the remark:

"Do you know you haven't spent more than three dollars for clothing since we were married?"

"Yes; I laid in a good stock then."

"And you haven't smoked a cigar for—let's see—it is—"

"I know it," interrupted Danny. "I get along just as well."

"But you bought me those books—" and then she walked to the window and stood a long time looking down upon the glistening, rain-drenched pavement.

Danny almost dared to hope that she would suddenly turn about, come to him, sit down upon his knees, and otherwise shatter the genteel traditions of educated people. Finally she went to the book-case, drew forth a volume, and began to read. But soon her eyes were fixed upon the soft brown picture of the potato-diggers on the wall. Why should an educated lady be forever studying a pair of solemn, hump-shouldered clodhoppers in wooden shoes—and a picture, at that?

One thing became very clear to him: the destiny of an educated lady was not a thing for his bungling hands. It was not to be clipped and broken and tapped into place like a brick. It must unfold itself in its own high, unhindered way. It was his part to watch that unfolding with dumb and submissive lips. No, he couldn't interfere with Rose; she must go her own way, in her own time—and he would keep his hands off.

But not off that woman! If he couldn't warm his heart at the hearth-fire of love, he could singe it in the flames of honest hate!

And Danny found that hate was a masterful trainer that held him tight

and steady to the work in hand. Steady? He saw, felt, tasted nothing but his purpose. And he had never dreamed how much work he could do before he fell under the hand of this unsparing trainer. Nothing tired him now. He didn't know what it was to let up or let down. Night and day were much the same to Danny now. His mind and his heart seemed to grow harder than the muscles of his trowel-arm. He was always drilling away at his game.

This new trainer brought out new and unsuspected powers in Danny. He could see chances to turn a dollar now that he would have walked past before. While his patron had advanced him the money to buy the mortgage, his revenge would taste a hundredfold sweeter if he knew that every cent of the score had been paid and the slate was clean. And clean it must be! So Danny found new business, increased his force, enlarged his borders, learned the game swiftly, and took profits beyond his dreams.

It helped, too, having that mortgage in the tin box where he kept his contracts and other papers. Occasionally he carried it in his pocket for a day or two at a time. It was good to reach a sly hand to it and feel the edge of the knife that was to do the business. Of course, when the time came he would return it to the bank and have the usual notice sent—the notice to which, as he knew from Maggie, Miss Seagrave gave her condescending attention when it suited her convenience. No, it wouldn't do for her to suspect that the mortgage had changed hands! She must think that she still had the soft old vice-president of the bank to deal with. How he wished that the law

would let him set her things out on the street the minute the mortgage became past due! But, anyhow, it amounted to the same thing: she would have to "see" Danny Beamish, the "ignorant brick-mason." He wished that he could have a look at her face when she got the news from the bank. Then, when she came to see him, he would be right there on the job to take all the toll of vengeful satisfaction for which he had slaved and burned these many months.

Danny was nearing the end of his race. His day was only a few squares off on the calendar, and when the store building on Cottage Grove Avenue was settled for, next Saturday, his whole score would be paid. It was time to put the mortgage back into the bank, so that the notice might be sent out. This time the vice-president asked him into the private room, and after a little chat that official intimated that if the time came, in the course of Danny's enlarging operations, when he needed to borrow, the bank would be glad



"BUT EVERY LICK OF THE WORK MUST BE DONE RIGHT"

to consider a loan—a line of credit. He had certainly made strides in the short time in which he had been operating.

"Operating!" That was something from a bank official—for a man who had been carrying the hod four years ago! Danny's eyes had a bright, hard gleam in them as he came out of the private office. But they darkened as they rested on the woman who was entering the bank. What a fluke it would be if she should pay out this time! He stepped quickly to the high desk behind a pillar and appeared to be writing. If she cashed a check and took the money away with her, then there would be nothing to worry about. Yes, it was all right; she was getting the currency.

"You'll have to indorse it," he heard the paying-teller say, and she turned and walked to the ladies' desk, where she could put down her hand-bag.

He had seen enough and was starting to go out when he saw another woman enter the bank and walk straight for the same desk. Why, it was Rose! What other woman could walk quite like that? It was hard lines to have to stand there and see Rose talk with that woman. Well, he'd better stay there until it was over. It would be safer—

What was that? Rose looking straight at the woman and not seeing her? Oh no; there could be no accident about that! The reason why was a greater mystery than a page of one of Rose's books; but Rose and that woman, who had been teachers together for years, had faced each other at the same desk without a nod. And he knew that there were several gradations of greeting with Rose before she reached the point of not seeing a person that she knew.

But what did it mean? Oh, well, what was the use of trying to figure that out? It was beyond him. Anyhow, it didn't matter now. The only thing for him to think about was the little party that he was going to pull off when that woman came to beg him for more time. After that it didn't matter much what happened! That was going to be *his* day.

Saturday night, as Danny entered Mr. Kane's den, he laid his hat upon the tobacco-strewn table and silently drew from his inside pocket a thick package of currency.

"There 'tis," he said, dropping it listlessly alongside his hat.

"All of it?"

"Yes."

A curious smile twitched at the lips of the lawyer, whose eyes flashed an admiring gleam at the other's face.

"Danny, you're a wonder!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"God! Don't say that again!" blurted Danny. "You said that the night—" He did not finish the sentence. And he stared so long at his own hat that he did not know it was on the table. Oh, how happy he had been when the lawyer had used those very words! He hadn't let himself think of it for months.

But hating was a lonesome business! And there were too many ashes in the pay. He hadn't thought of that before. He had set out to make that woman eat ashes out of his hand—and he'd been living on them himself!

"Well," said his friend, reflectively, packing his pipe, "I suppose you'll take your lady around to see that woman get what's coming to her? That's the way it's always done at the theater and the film shows."

Danny shook his head. "Not Rose!" he finally answered. Then he stammered: "You see—well—Rose is an educated lady. They—she don't do things like that."

As Danny entered the flat and dropped into his place in the morris-chair, Rose remarked, in her quietest tone:

"Young Seagrave has just been here with a message from his sister, begging me to come to her. I don't understand it."

Danny's eyes were fixed with abstract intentness upon the brown print of the "Angelus," and he made no answer. The unfolding of destiny was now in the hands of Rose. Presently she continued:

"It—it is very difficult to understand, because—well, because Miss Seagrave once so far forgot herself as to talk with me about you—to say things, you understand, that I wouldn't listen to from anybody—not from my own mother! That's why I can't understand this message. But it seems she's ill, and—"

"I understand all about it," answered Danny. "I guess we'd better go. But I'll have to put on my other clothes first."



THEY HAD FACED EACH OTHER WITHOUT A WORD

"Why?" questioned Rose.

"She's—" Danny hesitated. "She's an educated—woman—isn't she?"

"Yes; and I always thought her a lady until—" And then Rose placed two long hatpins between her lips and stood before the glass, arms uplifted to the brim of that tilting creation that Danny could hardly believe was the work of human hands.

In their brief walk Danny offered no word of explanation. Somehow the great, steady fire of hate had suddenly burned out into dull ashes. He was tired. He wished—oh, how he wished!—that Rose could know how lonely he felt.

The stiff, Englishy boy ushered them into the library. One swift glance told Danny that they were walled in with books—books like Rose's. A lamp like a great spreading mushroom shed a soft flood of light upon an old carved table.

A smaller light flooded a picture of a woman whose bare shoulders were so warm and lifelike that Danny quickly looked away. The face was the face of a lady. She seemed about to speak, disdainfully.

Guiltily, timidly, Danny reached into his pocket—the encompassing multitude of books and the haughty lady in the painting bearing witness to his shame—and took out the mortgage that he had secured from the bank at the close of business. He handed it to Rose.

"Tell her that—that it's all right—anything! Tell her to take her time. It's a—birthday present for you."

While the boy was still inside his sister's room, Rose held the mortgage under the light and read its cold, solemn statements with eyes that grew large and bright and soft by turns—eyes that shot a quick, understanding glance at her

husband. And Rose smiled down upon Danny as his own mother might have smiled had she been an educated lady. Then she disappeared into the bedroom, from the door of which the boy beckoned her.

When she returned, Danny hurried as eagerly from the book-walled room and the haughty, mocking eyes of the beautiful lady as a timid child might have stepped from the solemn, awesome shadows of a cathedral into outer sunshine. Rose had his arm in a close, warm grasp.

"What did she say when—"

"I didn't tell her," quietly answered Rose. "Evidently she knew nothing about the mortgage. You bought it from the bank, I see. I think I understand. But she sent for me to beg my forgiveness—and yours."

"And you—"

"Oh, there's nothing else to do but to accept her apology. But Danny, she—she's been the cause of my being wickedly cruel to you. If you weren't a gentleman you could never forgive her—or me, either."

"Yes, I know," said Danny, tingling under the quick pressure upon his arm. "I know she told you that I was just an ignorant bricklayer, or something like that."

"That did hurt—then, and a long time after. But not so much as the other."

"What other?" asked Danny, suddenly stopping.

"That 'water seeks its own level,' and that any noon I might see you talking with the girls at the restaurant. She

said that the day I went to the club meeting. I couldn't believe it. Now I know that she was only angry and made something of nothing. She said so to-night. But, oh, Danny . . ."

There was a tense interval of silence, in which Danny waited dumbly for further unfoldings of destiny. Then she resumed:

"You've been a dear to me, and I've behaved horridly. I haven't been a good wife to you at all. But you can't think how great a change it was to stop working, as I had worked for years, with scores of teachers and pupils about, and then drop out of it all into a very quiet little flat, and just use my hands for a few hours a day, and then sit and think about the exciting things going on at the high school and the board of education. It was something like—like shutting you up in that library we have just left, to sit all day where you couldn't mix with the men and smell of the mortar, and—"

"I'd go crazy!" interrupted Danny.

Not until they were inside the little flat and Danny was turning the night-latch of the door did Rose speak again. Then her muff suddenly dropped to the floor, and her slender arms closed impulsively about Danny's neck.

"Danny," she said, "you think of me as an educated lady. I know you do. But I'm a woman and a wife first. And I'm glad I've married a man who can love and hate and forgive—and lay bricks! You're something of a wonder, Danny—and you're a man!"



Conflicts of Usage in the Pronoun

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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MANY are the perplexities that confront him who seeks to arrive at a satisfactory solution of problems connected with the different parts of our speech. This is largely due to the fact that there has been but a comparatively superficial investigation of the usage of the great writers of the English language. The accomplishment of such a task is out of the power of any one person to achieve. He may carry his investigations far enough to enable him to recognize and demonstrate the falsity and frequently the absurdity of assertions constantly and confidently made. But only a limited portion of the whole ground can be covered by an individual. To arrive at correct conclusions on all disputed points would require the labor of a band of scholars working in unison and systematically collecting and collating the evidence gathered from the examination of the whole body of our best literature. This is a work which has never been done. So far, indeed, is it from having been done that it has never been even attempted. Yet until it is done the field is left open to every sciolist who has the effrontery to substitute his hastily formed notions for the results of thorough investigation.

Perplexing as are such questions in the case of every one of the parts of speech, those connected with the pronoun are the greatest in number and difficulty. About none others have so many grammatical conflicts raged. The problems presented have in certain cases never been settled decisively, save in the minds of those who have scrupulously refrained from any attempt to impair preconceived opinion by acquiring knowledge of disturbing fact. The main reason for this condition of things is simple. The pronoun has preserved more of inflection than the other parts of speech subject to declension. The adjective, once abounding in distinct forms for gender, number, and case, has

abandoned them all. The noun still retains enough of the fuller inflection it once possessed to indicate by change of form the genitive case and the plural. But the distinction between the nominative and the objective it has given up entirely.

With us the so-called objective represents both the dative and accusative of our early tongue. The sameness of form which has come to the noun and adjective as a result of the loss of the characteristic endings of these cases is an all-important fact in the history of usage. The burden of maintaining the distinction once denoted by them has fallen upon half a dozen pronouns. It is little wonder that they have proved unequal to the task. In consequence we have lost to a large extent that subtle linguistic sense which by constant practice comes to be almost a second nature to the users of synthetic speech. Our aptitude in dealing with the questions involved has accordingly become distinctly impaired. In the case of the noun or the adjective, the speaker is enabled to conceal his ignorance or his error by means of the likeness of form which prevails. But this is not possible with the pronoun. It is therefore little matter of surprise that in no other part of speech has the controversy between strict and loose employment of etymological forms been more violent. In some cases the adherents of the former have triumphed, in some the adherents of the latter. But there are points in dispute in which the struggle has been going on for centuries and seems now no nearer settlement than it was at the outset.

There is no intention to express here an opinion as to the correctness or incorrectness of these disputed points. It is how the differences came to exist that comes under consideration, as well as the varying attitude taken toward them by the users of speech. In this respect the history of the pronoun is of special in-

terest. In its case the dullness of linguistic perception, which is a consequence of the general loss of distinction between the nominative and the objective, has had a steady tendency to betray men into grammatical pitfalls. One deserves special notice from the frequency of its present occurrence. This is the employment of the objective *whom* as the subject of a verb when it is separated from it by an intercalary phrase. The newspapers in this country in the columns of which such misuse of this pronoun cannot be found constantly are exceptions to the general rule. Any issue of almost every journal will be fairly sure to furnish one or more illustrations of the error. But this particular violation of grammar is far from being confined to quarters in which the element of haste can be pleaded by way of palliation. It shows itself—at least in America—in the sermons of divines, in the letters of officials holding prominent positions, in the decisions of judges of the highest courts.

Unfortunately, too, this violation of grammar is not limited even to these quarters. It appears at times in the writings of those who hold more or less distinct literary repute. In truth, indefensible as it is, it has behind it a certain amount of respectable authority in the literature of both the past and the present. The number of illustrations which could be furnished from living authors would, if given, be distinctly startling. But to take examples from contemporaries is always an invidious task. Furthermore, it is here an unnecessary one. The point can be brought out just as satisfactorily by citing errors of this sort from reputable authors who have been so long dead and buried that the feelings of no one can be hurt by having their linguistic misdeeds pointed out. It will be sufficient, therefore, to show the prevalence of this grammatical sin by giving a few examples from writers of the past, merely premising that many similar ones, and very certainly more of them, could be furnished from the living than from the dead.

For instance, the philosopher Locke exemplifies the error in one of his letters to Molyneux. "You would find," he wrote, "three or four in the parlor after

dinner, whom you would see passed their afternoons as agreeable and jocundly as any people." In the twenty-fourth number of Sir Richard Steele's periodical paper, *The Lover*, belonging to 1714, the same sort of construction turns up. "Your cousin," writes this author, "whom you are too inadvertent to perceive does not want sense." It is not the only instance of this kind of blunder for which Steele is responsible. Later in the century we find Smollett repeating the mistake in his *Humphry Clinker*. In describing the ceremony attendant upon a wedding of breaking the cake over the head of the bride, he tells us that the fragments were distributed among the bystanders "on the supposition that who ate of the hallowed cake should that night have a vision of the man or woman whom Heaven designed should be his wedded mate." A flagrant example may be taken from the early part of the last century. "On my return," wrote in 1813 Sir John Mackintosh to his daughters, "I found the whole fashionable literary world occupied with Madame de Staël, whom you know was the author of *Corinne*." As a final example, we find that in 1853 a character in Bulwer Lytton's *My Novel* speaks of a "literary vagabond whom he supposed had long since gone to the dogs." In all these examples *whom* has been made to do duty for the nominative. In the quotations given it is the subject, respectively, of *passed*, of *does want*, of *should be*, of *was*, and of *had gone*. Were the intervening phrase thrown out, the violation of grammar would stand out conspicuously in its nakedness.

Such errors as these, men frequently, perhaps usually, fall into from carelessness. Yet this is not always the case. From the pertinacity with which some writers cling to the construction under consideration, it is manifest that there are those who write bad English of this sort under the belief that it is their positive duty to do it. They take pains to employ *whom* when even to them *who* would be the much more natural expression. Surprising as their conduct may seem, it is no more so than the indifference to it of those who devote themselves to the preservation of the purity of the speech. The manifest defiance of good

usage exhibited appears largely to escape the notice of these defenders of the faith. The constructions about which they are watchful are those in which nominative and objective are confounded without the agency of any intervening phrase to distract the attention. Examples of this departure from strict grammatical propriety have more than existed—they have abounded from the beginning of modern English. Failure to distinguish between the proper use of nominative and objective was sure to show itself in the pronoun as soon as distinction of form between these cases had disappeared from the other parts of speech. The resulting condition of carelessness in their employment was of course not reached in a day. If we can draw a safe inference about the usage of any period from its literature, it was in the latter part of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century that confusion of case in the pronoun reached its climax in colloquial speech.

So far as literature is concerned, it would be mainly manifested at that period in the writings of the dramatists. It was they and they alone who represented the language of conversation. The result reached then must be observed, however, in the plays as they were first published, not as they now frequently appear under the purifying hand of editors who are steeped in the lore of the latest grammatical text-books. How far the original form of these plays represented the language as it came from the dramatist himself, or as it was perverted by actor or transcriber, it may be difficult to tell with certainty. But, making the utmost allowance for this source of error, it is hardly possible to take any other position than that a great deal of the license of speech which was displayed in the theatrical productions of that time must be imputed to the author himself; that in writing as he did he was following a general if not the general practice of his own age in the use of colloquial English.

Accordingly, in spite of the efforts of modern editors to confer impeccability of expression upon these Elizabethan authors by silently altering the text in order to conform to modern ideas, there still remain plenty of passages which are be-

yond the relief of any grammatical surgery. We have never recovered from the linguistic havoc which was wrought in the speech during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. In the case of the pronoun of address the objective has succeeded in establishing itself as the regular nominative. Grammar has been compelled to give its sanction to what was in its origin one of the grossest of corruptions. But this is merely a single illustration of the confusion which came to prevail generally. All along the line the distinction between nominative and objective seems to have started on the road to extinction. If we can trust the representation of colloquial speech, as furnished by the dramatists of the time, not merely were *ye* and *you* interchanged, but also *I* and *me*, *thou* and *thee*, *he* and *him*, *we* and *us*, and *who* and *whom*. *They* and *them* seem to have suffered the least from this general upheaval; but they, too, suffered.

Since that period the language has striven gallantly to recover from the linguistic disturbance which threatened for a time to turn everything topsy-turvy. The tendency to confuse the two cases has been in a measure checked, but traces of the once prevalent disorder still survive in whole or in part. The now established use of the objective of the pronoun of address as the nominative proves conclusively that we probably shall never get over the effect of the general grammatical breakdown which took place during the Elizabethan period. In some instances the effort to bring us all back to a state of linguistic purity has met with a reasonable degree of success. In others the success has been so moderate that to this day differences of opinion continue to prevail.

One distinct survival there is of the once widespread confusion of case. This is the everlasting discussion which exists as to the propriety of using *it is me* in place of *it is I*. The controversy has gone on for an indefinite period. It is apparently no nearer solution now than it was several hundred years ago—that, too, in spite of the fact that the vast majority of grammatical text-books have placed themselves on record as condemning the one and insisting upon the exclusive correctness of the other. In England col-

loquial speech, which apparently recognizes the propriety of both expressions, seems, on the whole, to prefer *it is me*. Such, at all events, is a natural inference from the representation of its prevalence which is conveyed by literature. In fact, the usage is there stoutly defended by many; for in the old country men are much less ridden by formal grammar than in this so-called land of liberty. There, indeed, plenty of educated persons are found to speak scoffingly of those who censure it. With us the schoolmaster is much more abroad. He does not always content himself with being merely positive; he is not unfrequently rampant. Still, even here his all-pervading influence has been insufficient to banish the usage. Its employment, however, serves one satisfactory purpose: it sometimes enables the controversialist who is unable to answer his opponent's arguments to distract attention from his failure by assuming an air of superior linguistic, and inferentially of superior logical, virtue over him who chances or chooses to employ the condemned expression.

Yet, in spite of its apparent general prevalence in England, there is at the present day something of a disposition to recognize the theoretical correctness of the exclusive use of the nominative form, even by those who employ the accusative. One of the most noticeable things about modern novelists is the proneness they manifest to comment on the impropriety of using the one case where rigid grammar requires the other, while at the same time they pay no heed to the requirement in the representation they give of the current speech. This is not true of the past. Fielding and Richardson and Smollett, when so disposed, resorted to the objective fearlessly, and, as some would think, shamelessly. It was with them a matter of course. The English writers of fiction of later days follow the same practice; but they occasionally manifest an uneasy consciousness of its impropriety. It shows the influence which the persistent attacks of purists have made upon the mind of authors that the modern novelist has occasionally come to assume an apologetic attitude for representing the speech of his fellow-men as he finds it actually to be, not as according to grammarians it

ought to be. He takes occasion at times to let his readers see that he himself knows better; that he recognizes the theoretical existence of a higher law, which he persistently violates. But he does little more than convey the impression that the substitution of the accusative for the nominative is a bad or risky procedure. Having borne his witness and relieved himself from any possible charge of ignorance, he calmly proceeds to make his characters indulge in this same bad or risky procedure.

Take as an illustration Trollope's novel of *The Duke's Children*. "Our only comfort was," writes the son and heir to the father, "that the Carbottle people were quite as badly off as us." Here we are told that the duke, who is putting down comments on the margin of the letter, makes "another memorandum as to the grammar." Yet elsewhere in the novel the various characters indulge in similar usages without rebuke from the imaginary interlocutor in the story or comment from its actual creator. Take again the words of the hero of Swinburne's *Love's Cross Currents*: "'That's her,' said Reggie, using a grammatical construction which, occurring in a Latin theme, would have brought down birch on his bare skin to a certainty." Or, best of all, let us turn to the most delightful of female scamps which fiction presents. In a confidential letter to her sweetest and dearest Amelia, Becky Sharp reports the words of Sir Pitt Crawley about a tenant of his who has been sent to the workhouse. "Him and his family," says her new employer, "has been cheating me on that farm these hundred and fifty years." Becky, who has a hankering after linguistic virtue in lieu of the lack of certain other kinds held in high esteem by the censorious, comments on this breach of the proprieties. "Sir Pitt," she writes, "might have said 'he and his family,' to be sure; but rich baronets do not need to be careful about grammar, as poor governesses must be." Yet her creator was not disposed to be too positive about the invariable necessity of employing the nominative. In *The Adventures of Philip* we meet with the following sentence: "'Is that him?' said the lady, in questionable grammar." To Thackeray the usage was merely questionable.

To the ordinary American schoolmaster it would be damnable.

It remains to be said in passing that, looked at from the standpoint of ancient usage, both of these expressions are corruptions—that is, as discourses on usage define corruptions. The etymologically correct form of words is not *it is I*, but *it am I*, or *I am it*. Such it was in the original speech. Such it still continues to be in allied Teutonic tongues. No German, for instance, thinks of saying *es ist ich*; he says *ich bin es*. Such was the usage with us, also, in that pure and perfect past to which our attention is always being directed by the bewailers of the ruin overtaking the speech. In English this strictly correct method of expression flourished to the end at least of the fourteenth century. It probably survived to a later period. In that most exquisite of narrative poems, "The Knight's Tale," Chaucer puts it into the mouth of Palemon, in his defiant speech to Theseus. In modern orthography, his words read as follows:

"I am thy mortal foe, and *it am I*
That loveth so hotè Emily the bright
That I will diè present in her sight."

There seems, in fact, to have been a peculiar fascination for the users of speech in the accusative of the pronoun. The tendency to substitute it for the nominative has prevailed during all periods of modern English. The Quakers started out with a bold defiance of common usage by employing the singular for the plural when addressing an individual. But, however successful they may have been in upholding theoretical grammatical purity in the matter of number, they broke down lamentably in the full as important matter of case. *Thee* came largely to be used by them as the subject of the verb in place of *thou*. It still continues. This, however, is the practice of but a single sect; there is another instance in which all men agree in defying the precepts of rigid grammar. If in the personal pronoun the objective *you* has intrenched itself as a nominative, so one idiom there is in which something of the same operation has been achieved by the relative. No usage is more firmly established in our language than the employment of the accusative *whom* after the

conjunction *than*. It has behind it the authority of great writers of our own speech for hundreds of years. Yet this fact seems sometimes unknown to lexicographers, who usually differ from grammarians pure and simple by being content to record the state of the language as it is and not as in their wisdom they conceive it ought to be. "Even Milton says '*than whom*,'" is the comment made under the first of these words in one of our great dictionaries. It would have been more to the point for it to have mentioned a single author of repute who did not use it whenever occasion required.

Venturesome as it certainly is to affirm a negative, it is doubtful if there can be found in the great writers of our speech a single instance of the employment of the strictly orthodox *than who*. If so, it has apparently never been dragged into the full light of day. At all events, *than whom* is so firmly established that there is no likelihood that it will ever be dislodged from the position which it has held unchallenged for centuries. But, if this be so, how shall the component parts be treated? Only two ways seem open: to purists it would be hard to decide which would be the more objectionable. One of them is to treat *whom* here as a nominative. Such a procedure is something at which the gorge of every grammarian would rise. If this, accordingly, be not possible, what other course is there than to regard *than* as a preposition? To many, perhaps to most of the class just mentioned, this would be almost as offensive. It would open the way at once to the legalization of the numerous instances in literature in which the objectives *me*, *us*, *thee*, *him*, and *them* have followed *than*. Such a practice has been one of the happy hunting-grounds of the verbal beasts of prey, who derive their sustenance from gorging themselves with the faults, real or supposed, of great authors. In consequence we seem to be grammatically between the devil and the deep sea.

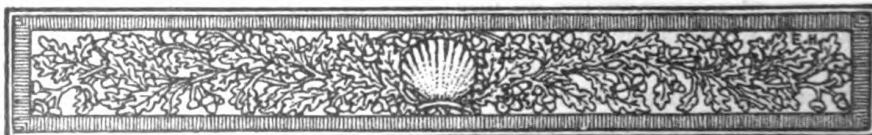
There still linger with us other survivals of heretical usage which have come down from this past period of linguistic turmoil. Some of them the prolonged and persistent efforts of grammarians have not succeeded in driving entirely out of employment. No observant student of

the language of Shakespeare and his contemporaries can fail to be familiar with the interchange already mentioned which went on between the nominative and the accusative of the personal pronouns. Some of the expressions in which this interchange appeared have never died out. One of the phrases that deserves special mention—though there are several others like it—is to be found in “The Merchant of Venice.” “All debts are cleared between you and I,” writes Antonio to Bassanio. This usage, common in Elizabethan English, can be traced through the following centuries. It still survives in spite of all that grammarians of successive generations have done to extirpate it. Usages, indeed, having once become current, die hard. They do not die any the less hard because from the point of view of strict grammar they can furnish little or nothing to say for themselves.

But the confusion caused by the interchangeability of the two cases is not confined to the personal pronouns; it extends to the relative and interrogative. Attention has already been called to the now persistent misuse—at least in this country—of the relative *whom* for *who* when separated from its verb by an intervening clause. Far less frequent, but still occasionally found, is the use of *who* for *whom*. This showed itself at an early period. “The Duke of Mechenberg,” wrote Ascham, in 1551, “who they took prisoner, is dead.” So expressed himself the great scholar of the sixteenth century. Such usage, however, is rare in the case of *who* as a relative; but when it is employed as an interrogative it abounds. From the Elizabethan period down to the last generation of portrayers of colloquial speech, the use of *who* for *whom* in beginning an interrogation is a prevalent practice; one is tempted to say that it is the almost universal practice. Accordingly there seems no grammatical way open save to treat it in such cases as an accusative. If we can

judge from the writings of novelists and playwrights, it was not until after the middle of the last century that *who* showed any disposition whatever to retire before *whom* at the beginning of interrogative sentences, in spite of the incessant bombardment to which the practice had been subjected for a hundred years. One, indeed, can judge only from one's own necessarily limited examination. So far as that goes, it was not until the time specified that the grammatically correct *whom* seems to put in anything but an occasional appearance when introducing a question.

The truth is that the employment of the nominative *who* for the accusative in certain forms of interrogation has become so imbedded in common usage that resort, even now, to the strictly orthodox practice frequently requires, on the part of educated men, positive effort or prolonged training. It somehow does not seem natural. In the past, assuredly this nominative form, where precise grammar would require the accusative, turns up with almost invariable regularity in works which set out to represent colloquial speech. “Who is it from?” says the mother, in Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, to her daughter, who has just received a letter. “Who is it like?” says the heroine of *Jane Eyre* to St. John Rivers, as she shows him the picture of Rosamund Oliver. Such examples could be multiplied by hundreds. There are cases, indeed, when the use of *whom* would strike upon the ears of most of us as painfully pedantic. “Who the devil is he talking to?” says Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in Sheridan's “Rivals,” as he notices Captain Absolute soliloquizing. To tolerate *whom* in place of *who* in such a sentence as the last would require the speaker to be so thoroughly steeped in grammar that the sense of traditional usage, which has been hardening into idiom, has at last been completely overcome. That height of linguistic virtue few of us there are who attain.



Clifford

BY GILBERT HIRSCH

I CAN see him now as he used to hurry across the yard, his body bent forward as if it wouldn't wait for his short legs to carry him to the meeting over which he was to preside. There was always some meeting or other—"very important," he would assure you, with a solemn nod of his long head. He was a member of every college organization, and the manager of every sort of enterprise, from the varsity crew to the Christmas present for Billy the postman. From the day he arrived at college he had set his feet toward success, solid success, the kind that can be vouched for by a white letter on an athletic cap, by a club hat-band, a trophy, or mention in the class album. And he had achieved it.

Not that he was really popular. We never quite got over the first distrust of something a little sinister which seemed always to be lurking in the depths of the little vertical furrow that kept those straight, black eyebrows of his, which almost hid his beady eyes, from meeting over his nose. But he had identified himself so closely with all the activities of the college that we felt almost as if friendship for Charlie Clifford and admiration for his nearly proverbial "executive ability" was a necessary part of our loyalty to the college. So we called him our friend, and greeted him with a smile whenever we met him. All except Billy Conant. Billy never tired of telling a story about what he called "Clifford's yellow streak."

"You fellows can laugh," he would say, "but I tell you that doctor's certificate didn't have anything more to do with his getting off the varsity squad than my grandfather's diploma. 'Member how he played right end that day against Groton? 'Member how that big half-back came dodging down the field with the ball, like a Knickerbocker Limited trying to do the snake-dance? Well, Clifford could have nailed him easy, I tell you, if he hadn't been so slow in

getting started. I saw the whole thing. He missed his man by a good six inches. When they got their touchdown, I was mad clean through. 'Were you afraid of him?' I said. 'Afraid?' And you should have seen the scared look in his eyes. 'Good God, Conant, you don't think I was afraid?' 'Well,' I said, 'you acted darn like it.'"

At this point some one would always protest.

"Come now, Billy, you don't really think—"

"That he was afraid of that half-back? Not a bit. But he was afraid." And Billy would nod that genial moon-face of his mysteriously.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of me."

We would laugh again.

"I tell you," he would continue, hotly, "he was afraid of me thinking he was afraid."

"Billy, my boy"—this in an exaggerated drawl from the depths of a morris-chair—"what I'm afraid of is that that exam in psychology has gone to your head."

"Well, how do you explain it?" Billy would retort. "Didn't he slip away without a word; didn't he drop off the squad two days later with no excuse but a piking 'pendicitis operation three years before? Hasn't he been looking at me out of the corner of his eye ever since, as if I was the ghost of his dead past come back to haunt him? I tell you"—and he would pound the desk until the lamp shook—"he is one of those fellows that live on other people's good opinion of them—breathe it instead of air. And if they can't get it—well, it's good night, that's all."

We didn't put much faith in that story. Billy was too clearly prejudiced against the man. I remember the very first time they met. Clifford, in reply to somebody's inquiry, had told us that his father was "in the—er—produce business";

and Billy, who had been watching him closely, whispered in my ear, with profound conviction: "Grocer. His old man is just a common tin-can-and-sawdust grocer." Yet he couldn't have known anything about it. It was one of those deep-rooted college antipathies that are almost as common as college friendships, though much less talked about.

Besides, Clifford had proved often enough that he was no coward. There was a rescue from drowning down at the boat-house float, a particularly plucky thing, I was told. Clifford impressed you as a man who could give a good account of himself anywhere; and whenever we would all sit around some open coal fire during the last year, and wonder which of us would get to be famous in the big world outside, some one would be sure to mention his name. We pictured the world as a sort of magnified stadium in which we were all to engage in a long-distance obstacle race, with Success on the other side of the tape. And I always had a vision of Charlie Clifford reaching the goal just a little ahead of the rest of us.

After graduation I lost track of him for half a year. Then one day I ran across him on lower Broadway. He was hurrying along, important as ever, ignoring the business men, stenographers, and errand-boys who hustled about him, ignoring the sky-scrapers that loomed above, his eye fixed on the white building two miles above, where Broadway begins to yield to the seductions of Fifth Avenue, as steadily as if that patch of whiteness had been Success itself.

He seems genuinely glad to see me. He had gone into the bond and banking business, he said, and had managed to push his way into the office of Barlow & Company—one of the best on Broad Street. From the hints he dropped, from the cut of his clothes, from the metallic click with which he now ended his sentence, I gathered that he was well on the way to financial success. But socially his career was not quite all that he wished. Certain rather broad hints finally left me no choice but to offer to put him up at the club to which I then belonged.

I took him to see Arthur Minturn, of the membership committee, a couple of

days later. The visit was hardly more than a formality, yet Clifford bucked and reared like a sensitive stallion being put through his paces at the horse show. His indignant eyes asked Minturn, "Can't you *see* I'm all right?" Apparently Minturn did see it, for soon he stopped trying to draw Clifford out, and talked entertainingly about his own prospective trip to Mexico for some railroad in which he was interested.

I took Clifford to the club for dinner that evening. And afterward, sipping our coffee out of diminutive cups in the comfortable leathery dimness of the lounging-room, we talked about how the men we knew were getting on in the big world. Clifford had nothing but kind words for everybody. Yet you could not help feeling, as each man's name was mentioned, that he was jealously comparing that man's chances of success with his own, and that it was the combined results of those experiments that had evoked that complacent, close-lipped smile. When we had exhausted the subject of Success, there seemed nothing left to talk about. I called to Billy Conant, who happened to be passing through the room, but he pretended not to hear.

Clifford and I both became embarrassed. After staring for a while in silence at the flickering reflection of the wood fire on the chocolate paneling, I rose, saying I had to write some letters. Clifford asked permission to do the same. He sat at the table opposite me, and I couldn't help seeing that he was using paper with the club seal on it. I noticed, too, when he dropped the letters in the box, that one of them was addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Clifford, Pellagria, Ill.," and that his other two correspondents lived in a fashionable neighborhood in New York. It looked almost as if he were trying to make an impression with that club of which he was not yet quite a member.

The elections were held six weeks later. The next morning, to my amazement, I received a formal notification that Clifford's name had "not been voted on." Blackballed! I couldn't understand it. I inclosed the committee's formula in a note to Clifford, asking him to dine with me and talk it over next evening. Then I telephoned to Billy Conant. No, he

hadn't written the committee a letter objecting to Clifford's election. I called up Arthur Minturn at his office. He had left for Mexico, they told me, three days before—a week earlier than he had intended.

I hung up the receiver with a long sigh of relief. Next evening I waited, impatient to tell Clifford that an introduction or two was all that was necessary to get him into the club at the next election. But he didn't come. He didn't telephone. He didn't even send a letter of explanation. I wrote him a rather curt three-line note, asking for another appointment. I received no answer. If the man didn't take enough interest in his own affairs to be decently civil, I concluded, there was no reason for me to worry about them. So for five months I lost sight of him completely.

Then one night at a dinner I met Mr. Barlow. He is a fine old Tory, impervious to ideas, but susceptible to impressions as a girl of fifteen. I asked him how Clifford was getting on. He looked at me queerly.

"Are you a friend of his?"

"Well—" I began, dubiously, then nodded assent.

"Strange fellow, Clifford," he mused. "Why, when he began with us I thought he was the most promising green man we had ever taken on. Went at the work like one of your football-players tackling the man with the ball. And then, all of a sudden—I don't know"—the old man shook his head in a bewildering way—"he slumped. Seemed to lose interest. Sometimes he would sit for half an hour at a time, staring at the walls in front of him, and then give a jump, just like a crooked clerk we once had, who knew he was being watched by a detective, and finally killed himself. Yet Clifford was honest, absolutely honest. What was it?"

"I—I really don't know. And so," I asked, "you dismissed him?"

"Couldn't very well keep a man in my office who was making the most childish sort of mistakes. Toward the end you couldn't trust him to add up a simple column of figures."

"Do you know what's become of him?"

"Gone out West, I think. Spoke of joining his father. Produce business, or something of the sort."

The more I thought over that conversation, the harder it became to rid myself of the notion that, incredible or not, that incident at the club was in some way partly responsible for the change that had mysteriously come over Charlie Clifford. Clifford was the most single-minded social star-gazer I had ever known. Now if the one constellation in which he was interested had become dimmed, or if he had thought it had become dimmed, there was no telling what might happen.

Then one day I met him.

I happened to be sauntering through that part of the down-town business district that was once covered by the East River and is now covered by dinginess, when I caught sight of him, entering a dilapidated brick building just ahead.

"Oh, Charlie Clifford!" I called.

He gave me a quick glance, then plunged through the doorway. I hurried after him and seized his sleeve.

"Why, Charlie!"

"Oh, is that you?"

He looked up the flight of steps as if meditating escape, then looked down at me, very pale. "Well," he said, dully, "I suppose you'd better come up."

On the second landing I turned to speak.

"Just one more flight," he interrupted, hurrying on ahead of me.

As he stopped in front of a dirty ground-glass office door I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Now look here, Charlie—"

"Come in," he said, opening the door. "I want you to meet Mr. Hodgkins."

Mr. Hodgkins was a shabby dealer in small quantities of—I've forgotten just what. There are thousands in New York just like him—unsuccessful, middle-aged men, meanly competitive in business, because they have to be in order to support their families, sleepy and irritable at home, because that is what their business has made of them. And it was for this social cipher that Charlie Clifford was working—on a commission so small that his own clothes were beginning to look almost as shabby as his employer's.

"But," I protested, as I sat down on a slightly lame chair next to Clifford's desk at the dark end of the room, "I thought you were going out West—home."

He flushed very red. "Did old man Barlow tell you that?" he demanded, looking away toward a last year's calendar that hung on the opposite wall. It was clear that he had been ashamed to go home and confess to those to whom he had made—Heaven knows what boasts.

I talked to him about the men we knew, and he listened as eagerly as an exile listening to news from home. But most of our classmates were more or less successful. And there was his failure, like an ugly jack-o'-lantern, grinning at us from the corner of that ugly office, refusing to be ignored.

"Do you know," he said finally, "I'm perfectly satisfied here." Then, looking at me a little suspiciously, "Perhaps you can't understand that?"

"Oh, of course I can," I lied, sympathetically; "you're very nicely fixed."

"Yes," he went on, eagerly, "there's none of the perpetual rush that you got in Barlow's office. There's no hurry here, no worry, no infernal ticker—" The rest was drowned by the rumble of an Elevated train.

"Don't you ever get tired of that infernal racket?" I asked.

"No," he said, in a low voice; "I like it."

I stared at him in silent contempt. Then I noticed his eyes. They were asking a favor of me—a favor that his tongue couldn't bring itself to ask. He hated all this, even more than I hated it. But there was no way out—or so he thought; and his eyes, desperate, appealing, were begging me to help him pretend that this dingy, reverberating twilight was not quite intolerable.

"Yes," I said. "Oh yes, there are a good many who'd envy you."

He flushed and rose from his chair. I had evidently overdone it.

"Good-by," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good-by, and look me up soon."

He nodded silently. The sight of him standing there, very stiff, his white lips pressed tightly together as if to force back some emotion, determined me to make a last effort.

"And, Charlie," I said, quickly, "about the club; it was—"

"Good-by!"

I turned, and without a word left the office.

It must have been a couple of months later that I was walking up to the clubhouse late one afternoon, when I noticed some one who seemed to be watching me from the steps of one of the near-by houses. As I peered at him he hurried away down the street. The light was dim, and I couldn't be sure of him. Next evening Billy Conant danced into the club, grinning from ear to ear.

"Guess who I saw outside?"

"Not—?"

He nodded. "I thought it was a tramp first, but there was no mistaking the way he slunk away, like the day of the Groton game."

I frowned. "Why should Clifford be hanging around here?"

"Why should ghosts be hanging around the living?" he retorted. "Oh"—and his grin broadened—"maybe you haven't heard the latest. Your friend Charlie now holds the responsible position of salesman at Osgood's."

"Not the clothier?"

"The same."

"I don't believe it, Billy," I added, turning to him suddenly; "you're a bad sort ordinarily. Why are you always such a mucker where Charlie Clifford's concerned?"

"Mucker! Because I let his friends know what he is doing?" He stared at me for a second in mock indignation.

"I don't believe a word of it," I said.

"Go see for yourself, then," replied Billy. So I went.

Some one once said that you have your clothes made by a tailor or you buy them at Osgood's, or you are no gentleman. That air of gentlemanliness—a subdued, slightly *passé* gentlemanliness—hovers like a perfume about the salesmen who loiter, absurdly self-important, between the tables neatly piled with clothing. And the terrible thing about Charlie Clifford, when I caught sight of him leaning against the blue-serge table at the rear of the spacious store, was that he looked so very much a part of it all. His face had the yellow pallor that comes of living too much in artificial twilight. The patches of gray that had begun to appear in his hair at the temples, the loose droop at the corners of his mouth—

everything about the man was submissive and genteel, much too genteel. He came toward me bravely.

"Didn't expect to see me here, did you?" he asked, with a queer grimace, apparently a smile of welcome.

"Well," I ventured, "I had heard that—"

"I'm—I'm learning the business," he hurried on, in a stuttering, nervous accent that caricatured his business-like briskness of the year before. "You see—there are chances—big chances in this sort of thing. For a man with big ideas, of course— A chain of stores like this—all over the city—what do you think?"

I could think of nothing. Nothing, at least, that I could say to Clifford. I was wondering why he had come here. Had he been in actual need of money? Or had he felt the need of meeting again, at whatever cost, the sort of people he used to know?

"Why not?" he went on, very quickly, as if silence was the one thing to be avoided. "They've done it in drugs, in tobacco, in—"

He stopped, staring past me, open-mouthed. And a deep voice from somewhere behind me exclaimed, "Something in blue serge for the gentleman." The next moment I received a stinging slap on the shoulder.

"Why, hello, old man!"

I turned and faced Minturn, very brown and animated. "Just got in this morning," he cried, "and—"

"You remember Mr. Clifford?" I interrupted.

Minturn went over to Clifford, who had walked a couple of steps down the aisle, and shook his hand heartily.

"Here's a pleasant surprise," he said. "Let's all drop over to the club and have a drink."

"My duties," said Clifford, in a low, hoarse voice, "make it quite impossible for me to leave the store."

"You don't mean that you're—*working* here?"

"Why not?" He fairly spat the words into Minturn's face.

"Oh, of course," apologized Minturn. "Well, some other time, then."

His pity was more than Clifford could stand.

"Do you think"—and his voice was raw with resentment—"that I'd ever set foot in your damned club again?"

Minturn turned to me in astonishment. "You see," I told him, watching Clifford out of the corner of my eye, "in your absence there was no one on the committee who knew Mr. Clifford, so his name was postponed."

"What!" shouted Clifford, clutching my shoulder and staring into my face with a kind of horror. "Do you mean that it was—only—that?"

"Why, yes. What did you think?"

"I thought," he said, in a low voice, "Conant—ever since Freshman year—"

"Well, it 'll be all right now," broke in Minturn, cheerfully. "We'll put you through at the next election."

Clifford stared at him for a moment as if he hadn't understood. Then he shook his head very slowly.

"Oh no," he said, in a tone of profound conviction.

"But I promise you," said Minturn, eagerly, "that there won't be the slightest trouble. You've got to give me a chance, you know, to redeem myself." But his pleasant smile died away as he saw the look of utter weariness at the bottom of Clifford's eyes.

"No," said Clifford, dully; "it's too late."

"But look here," protested the other, "that was just a mistake—"

"It's too late," repeated Clifford, in exactly the same tone. Then he turned to me appealingly.

"Can't *you* see it?" he cried. "Can't you see that I'm—that I'm"—he tossed both arms out and let them drop at his side in a vague gesture of utter helplessness—"well—that I'm a failure?"

"Nonsense!" I said, with a nervous laugh. "That's ridiculous."

He looked at me eagerly for a moment, as if half ready to be convinced that perhaps it *was* ridiculous.

Minturn stood his ground stubbornly. "But, but—" he began. Then his voice trailed away and he stared at the other, awed, as if suddenly he realized that you can't come between a man and his own soul.

Slowly Clifford looked up at him.

"Can't I," he asked—"can't I show you something in blue serge?"

Editor's Easy Chair

"A CURIOUS suggestion from the fact, if it is a fact, is that these things seem to occur, or recur, in a sort of cycle," that one of us remarked who had been reading aloud from a week-old newspaper, and now dropped the sheet as if to have both hands free for shaping his theory.

"Don't all things occur, or recur, in a sort of cycle?" one of the listeners asked.

"That wouldn't make the suggestion from this incident less interesting. But I was thinking of a certain parity in the psychological situation at the close of the eighteenth century and the psychological situation at the close of the nineteenth. In the eighteenth century atheism had reached its climax, and in the nineteenth agnosticism; the terms are loose, but you know what I mean. In each case the prevailing tendency seemed to have exhausted itself. People couldn't keep on saying forever, 'I don't believe,' and, 'I don't know,' and they began to ask themselves and one another, Why? That gave Faith a chance, and the *Ewig-Geistliche* came to her help. What we call the Other World, for want of a better name, had been pushed to the utmost bounds of thinkability, and suddenly it began to roll back. I have the case in the eighteenth century especially in mind. The Wesleyan rise of religious feeling was accompanied or preceded by vivid, not to say violent, demonstrations from the Other World. Ghosts we have always had with us, though from time to time we gather heart to condemn them, to ignore them; but now they began to insist upon themselves, to demand recognition. Just as in this case at South Hanover, Mass., they began to throw things about, to bang them and break them, and to make a row."

"To adopt suffragette methods," we ventured.

"Yes, suffragette methods; it isn't a bad notion; and in both instances the demonstrations took place in the houses

of religious persons—in the house of the perfervid apostle of Methodism and in the house of a Catholic priest. I don't remember just how far the Wesleyan agencies went in their demonstrations, and the parallel isn't very close at all points; I don't understand that the priest who has been driven out of his house by like agencies is perfervid or different from other clergymen secure in the authority of his Church. Still, in a large, flexible way there is a parallel."

"It's as good a parallel," one of the listeners said, "as the one you haven't established in point of time. Did you mean, when you set out, to establish the supposition that these situations, these moods, or whatever, recurred at intervals of a hundred years, or fifty? Or how many?"

"I thought I could do something of that kind when I began; but I can't—temporally speaking; and yet the cycle may be much more perfect if we leave out the notion of time, which does not exist in the Other World any more than space does. That world may be revolving in an orbit as perfect as that of the earth, which now confessedly wobbles in its round, and it may approach ours at intervals which, if we dissociate them from the notion of time, are regular—or regular enough."

"Oh!"

"What I do mean to establish is the supposition that the Other World, when it has been pushed to the utmost bounds of thinkability, always swings back and swings nearer than before, with the effect, often, of throwing things about, of banging and breaking them, of at any rate making a row, of using suffragette methods to force recognition and respect from those who would ignore it, condemn it."

Of course, we immediately, all of us, disabled our friend's judgment, and measurably his sanity. When a man so much as hints at the unity of life in

this world and some world beyond it, at the idea in which the Christian religion began and has persisted for two thousand years, we cannot do less than think him some sort of fool. But now we let our friend go on; as much to hear what folly he would speak next as anything else.

"Now, mind," he said; "I am merely defining a situation; I infer nothing from it in the way of a belief," and at this we winked, one to another. "Perhaps I can make the thing clearer if I speak of it as the Opposition of the Other World, like the Opposition of Mars."

"But that," a second listener said, "takes place without throwing things about, or banging and breaking them."

"Perhaps. Though perhaps somewhere in the outer rim of our atmospheric envelope worse happens from Mars in his Opposition than happened at South Hanover, Mass., from the Opposition of the Other World. However, that's neither here nor there. The question is whether we are now at the hither limit of another era of the supernaturalism which ensued, say, from the date of the Rochester Rappings in 1848-50, and swept like wild-fire over the civilized world."

"It's very polite of you to call it supernaturalism," the first listener said. "I should call it the grossest materialism, of the earth earthiest, both in the mediums and their means."

"I will call it anything you like if you will let me go on," the involuntary champion of mystery returned. "I want, in the first place, to get out of the position you seem to be forcing me into. I no more affirm that these things happened from the Other World than you do; not perhaps so much, if you are shrinking from them. All I know of the doings, or misdoings, at South Hanover, Mass., is that the priest was driven out of his house by them, and that he seems to be staying out of it because of them. Before this incident—I suppose I may call it an incident—the Other World had pretty much quieted down, as a cult. The Psychical Research had rendered it partially respectable, at much cost to the researchers, but the universal tipping of tables had long be-

fore stopped; not a rap was heard on anybody's wall or head-board. The spiritualists probably still numbered some millions, and had their meetings and camp-meetings; but their vulgarity no longer shocked or amused; I don't know but they were reforming their worship into something acceptable to people of taste; and Christian Science had risen to replace it in the derision of polite persons. Then, suddenly, from a clear sky, bursts this tempest of demonstrations at South Hanover, Mass., and, of all places, in the house of an Irish Catholic priest. As I recall the history of the supernaturalism dating from the Rochester Rappings, nothing so violent has since happened in it unless it was the stone-throwings in the Phelps house in Connecticut—another clerical mansion."

We wished to bring ourselves forward again, and we said, "Suffragette methods hadn't been resumed."

"No," our friend said, after suffering the laugh which we got. "Perhaps the provocation hadn't become so great. I can imagine the Other World's enduring the positive denial of the eighteenth century a great deal better than the passive refusal of the nineteenth. It might very well have found the cold courtesy of agnosticism harder to bear than the insolent arrogance of atheism."

"Yes," we admitted. "Or there may have been a decay of manners in the Other World. It's notorious that the spirits who wish to communicate with This World are earth-bound spirits. They are those who have remained low-minded and rather groveling in their tastes and ideals, or haven't yet freed themselves from the earthly influences. Those vulgarer and coarser spirits in the Other World hang about This to all eternity, and watch their chance to break into our mortal cognizance. Possibly the modern disturbances in our moral atmosphere invite them. There may be something very suggestive to them in the fact that a whole sex, more than half of the human race, in seeking its civic rights can find no surer way to make the other half sit up and take notice than by smashing windows and flinging hatchets."

A lady listener spoke up. "I am a thorough suffragist, and I do *not* believe

that is the surest way, or at all the way, for us to get the vote."

"Ah! But those vulgarer and coarser spirits may differ. We think Swedenborg classes them as evil spirits; at any rate, he doesn't hold with them as desirable associates."

"I should think not," our friend with the supposition broke in, "any more than we should hold with the militant suffragettes as agreeable acquaintance. But the question is whether these rude and violent spirits having forced a way into the seeing and hearing of This World, we are now about entering on a new era of spiritualism; whether, from this fierce burst at South Hanover, Mass., into our agnostic calm, the startled surface of our experience will spread in ripples of a wider and wider circumference till all of life is again involved in rappings and tippings and tiltings and voices and apparitions, and then gradually subside in spoken and written messages of high unimportance from the Other World. Or will this priest, after waiting a reasonable time for the demonstrations to subside, go back into his house and live at peace there? No one can forecast the event. Perhaps the Other World, having forced recognition from This, and set men's minds in the direction of belief, will be satisfied. It may not be necessary to repeat that cycle of human experience."

"But has the Other World really forced that recognition?" the first listener demanded. "I put it crudely but intelligibly: has anything whatever really happened at South Hanover, Mass.?"

"Why, my dear fellow, the papers have been full of it," the theorist said, in polite amaze at incredulity so vast.

"But for how long?"

"I don't know—several days."

"But now, only a week afterward, they have nothing to say of it!"

"And then?"

"Then, nothing of the kind happened; it has probably been found out something of a kind altogether different. I have watched the papers with as much interest as any one could, and they have dropped the incident with one consent. Do the breakings and bangings and throwings—about continue? Does the priest remain out of his house, or has

he gone back into it? Has his Church, which does not like outside supernaturalism, brought him to book for what he is said to have suffered from the Other World? Does he stand to his experience, or does he disown it? What do the judicial-minded neighbors say who gathered round the house the next night, and watched and listened in vain for the demonstrations? Is there any such place as South Hanover, Mass.? The press is silent on these points, not more on one than on another."

"Yes, you are quite right," the other assented, with the liberality which we felt charming in him. "But I think the gazetteer will support the hypothesis of a South Hanover, Mass.; and you must remember that we are in the midst of a very exciting political contest, and the papers are much preoccupied with the defamation of one another's candidates for the Presidency. That would account for a great deal of reticence in their treatment of an incident which you'll allow is extraordinary."

"I don't care for its being extraordinary," the other declared. "You began by inferring from it the possible close of that cycle of agnosticism in which the soul of man has rested since evolution began—"

"Oh, I deny that it has *rested!*"

"Well, I don't insist on the word. Say remained, or say found a refuge from affirmation and denial concerning the unknowable. Mind, I don't call it the unthinkable; we are always thinking it, or about it. But why suppose that the adoption of suffragette methods should mark an intention on the part of the Other World to force recognition from This? Has there ever been a moment since man ceased to be brute when This World was *not* recognizing the Other? We call it the Other World, and rightly; but it is no more the world beyond death than it is the world this side of death. We seem to have come out of it with an unmemoried consciousness of it which survives from inarticulate infancy into the last moments of age; every night, if we have the luck, we pass into it, and every morning we come out of it—how reluctantly! As for the Other World beyond death, it has had its posts in This from the beginning of recorded time:

it garrisons our world with what we call haunted houses so thickly that no smallest village is without one, and whatever we pretend to think or say, our nerves confess that ghosts have never ceased to walk. It's only concerning the visible and tangible that we are agnostic; the things that our senses cannot recognize we know with an intensity beyond all intimacy, and we never cease to think them."

The other had the air of a man with the ground cut from under his feet, and we could not resist the humane impulse of coming to his aid.

"It is consoling to find so much faith in an age which we had fancied steeped in skepticism. It is truly admirable to find you two united in one indissoluble conviction when we were afraid your conclusions had separated you forever."

"Yes," the last speaker resumed, "I maintain that agnosticism is a perpetual toleration of mystery as thinkable, and that the incident of South Hanover, Mass., did not occur because it is unthinkable. But as for the supernatural, as for that which is above material means and instruments, which is conscious in us from the beginning to the end of life, I accept it with my whole being. It is my being."

We referred this bold position to our friend the theorist: "You can't ask more than that?"

"Oh, I don't know that I ask anything," he answered. "What I say is that there is such a place as South Hanover, Mass., and that the things reported in the newspapers for three days, and then left, did happen from some unknown agency. As for those other things, those intimations of immortality, of pre-existence in our consciousness, and the recognition of post-existence by our nerves, shaken with the sempiternal vi-

bration of primordial fear—I don't know about that."

"What!" we exclaimed, with something like indignation. "You accept the grotesque incident reported at South Hanover, Mass., as of possible psychical importance, and you reject those subtle, subjective evidences consecrated by universal experience as of doubtful value?"

"A man has to doubt something," he said.

"It seems to be a matter of taste," the suffragist said. "Doesn't everybody feel that banging and breaking things, and throwing them about, is very indelicate? I think that something more homeopathic would be quite as convincing—or more."

"Yes," we said, dreamily, "the *milde Macht* of 'filmy shapes that haunt the dusk' is somehow more acceptable to the imagination than those rude demonstrations with flying clothes-racks and clocks hurtling through the air. The subtle apparitions of other days—or nights—which you could poke your finger through were certainly more reasonable, to say the least, than the materializations of modern spiritualism."

"But I deny utterly that it is a matter of taste," the theorist exclaimed. "It is a matter of fact—it is the evidence of the senses which you cannot reject."

"Ah, if you come to matters of fact, as evidence," one said who had not spoken before, "there is not only—

"this pleasing hope, this fond desire, . . . this dread of falling into naught,"

but there is the lifelong ache of bereavement, the lifelong demand of the soul for reunion with the soul that it loved and that has left it."

After that we turned to the political question.



Editor's Study

THE creative activity in its eternal ground is more completely hidden from us in the case of Nature than in that of the human soul; the veils are more impenetrable; and even the intuitions of Reason, much as they have done to clarify the vision of Faith, yet depend upon that vision for their own real content.

Science widens the scope of our observation of Nature; indeed, it began at the extreme limit of visibility, with astronomy, a mathematical computation of purely physical motions in the lifeless tracts of space. In the simplest contemplation of the starry heavens, the intimations of harmony haunt the human imagination; and long before the Pythagorean mysticism sophisticated mathematics, "numbers" belonged to music. The imposing scheme of astrology grew out of a very simple and almost instinctive sense of binding influences, reaching and blending all things in a compelling sympathy. Science itself is born of sympathetic curiosity; it engages the intellect, but its first thought is a feeling, as is the first thought of Art. It is true that we did not call our knowledge Science until it became formal, and the curiosity seemed quite purely intellectual, detached from close concern and sympathy, just as we have long insisted upon detachment from life as essential to art. But the final attitude of Science in relation to Nature, after all its formulations, and indeed more surely because of them, will probably be as free from sophistication, though it can never in its resumed integrity be so simple, as that of the earliest watchers of the stars. The bond of ancient intimacy, holding all as one, will be felt again, more strongly than in the confused intimations of astrology.

Nevertheless, a harmonic interpretation of the universe which shall include Nature is impossible to us, except as we substitute our sense of the humanly real for that of Nature's own reality. Sci-

ence is averse to this substitution and insists upon Nature's articulation of her own verities in terms free from human sentiment and speculation. This purgation is necessary to the progress of exact science; it gave us astronomy in place of astrology, and chemistry in place of alchemy; it freed the mind of man in its quest of truth from the paralyzing authority of vain tradition. But in the inevitable course of specialization, the quest was cut off short of its goal; facts stood for truths and formulated laws for realities; science was entangled by a sophistication of its own.

Science, with this fixed regard, this foreshortened aim, makes the sacrifice involved in all strenuous human effort. The love of truth, like all other love, courts blindness in its absorption; its diligence magnifies littles and even jealously guards lesser gains to the exclusion of a larger prospect. It has the advantage of the narrow aim along with the loss. If it were not for the creative Reason in man, inseparably blended with his Faith and Imagination, thus constituting the threefold life of the soul in him, he would never have entered upon the quest of truth. The life of Reason in him had reached a high level before the spirit of free scientific inquiry could prevail even among the few who attained that height and could breathe its dry atmosphere.

And for how long was that height a desert solitude! In the whole history of human thought, this supernal air seemed native only to the Greek race.

Whatever Hellenism did for humanism through art and philosophy, its contribution toward any real interpretation of Nature was most meager. Its attitude was not that of the searching and waiting investigator, challenging Nature to self-disclosures, but that of the measuring mind, complacently satisfied with schemes and terms of its own imposition, making up a purely intellectual view.

This was speculative translation, not real interpretation.

But, with the Baconian method and all the results of our patient research, telescopic and microscopic, are we any nearer real interpretation than was Aristotle or Heraclitus or Democritus or the poet Lucretius? We may justly claim to have brought to light unsuspected powers and processes of Nature, wonderfully interesting and almost magically beneficent to mankind. Our scheme does not lack verification from actual observation and discovery; we have displaced conjectures by facts, and such postulates as we make to account for known phenomena are confessedly mere working hypotheses. Philosophy has softened the hard formalism and clothed the nakedness of science, redeeming it from the vice of narrow specialization and giving free play to the scientific imagination, so that some of our most important discoveries have been but the confirmations of anticipations based upon the assumption of harmonic proportion and correspondence such as to lift the scheme out of the plane of mere mechanism. Our later philosophy has repudiated all schemes for the explication of life or of its specialization by antecedent forms or by environment, substituting creative evolution for the Spencerian plan, so that if life should emerge in the laboratory of the synthetic chemist—the permissive conditions for such emergence having been found—it would be no proof of a mechanical theory of the universe, but only a new illustration of the old miracle.

The study of cell-life has transformed our modern science, showing us marvels that are qualitatively impressive rather than through immensity of mass and velocity, thus diverting us from mathematical methods and sterile formulations to the more companionable observation of living things. The observer is participant of the life whose phenomena he is seeking to bring within a scientific system of law and order. The whole scope of these phenomena lies within an infinitesimal arc of astronomic time; it embroiders and beautifies the mere surface of our planetary abode, being but the brief and minute fringe of the universal web. But we are a part of it, and ages before men

reasoned about it they felt this peculiar intimacy, which indeed enabled them to regard the entire physical world as animate and soulful. To the scientific student of Nature the "organic" world discloses a procedure apparently quite at variance with that of what we call the inorganic. Birth, nutrition, growth, reproduction, and death illustrate a kind of ascension and decline, as well as of genetic continuity, not apparent in the physical world. The innate intelligence of the vegetable; the sensibility which in varying degrees belongs to all life; the instinct and individual volition of the animal, are distinctive phenomena which seem to the still more peculiarly distinctive psychical sensibility of man to help bridge over the abyss separating him from an apparently inert and passionless universe, and to suggest the creative Power and Intelligence hidden by the impenetrable mask.

But what masks are more baffling to the human understanding than those presented by biology? The cell itself is a mask, hiding the secret of its own miracle, and even of its essential distinction as differentiated from other cells, beyond the discrimination to vision of the most powerful microscope; it offers an utter blank to any mental suggestion. If nutrition were a problem, what conscious intelligence could solve it? There is an immanent intelligence in all natural operation, but no way of life is explicable; there is no grammar of its articulations. We see life, as Moses saw God, from behind, after it has passed. Biology offers no such flattering occasion to the pride of the measuring mind as astronomy offers; the student is compelled to wait upon the process, which, to the logical reason, is a surprise at every step.

The attitude which the student is forced to assume in the presence of life has been so fertile in results that it has been, with equal advantage, assumed in physical research, to the exclusion of sterile classification and to the subordination of mathematical calculation. Heat, light, electricity, and magnetism have been permitted to disclose themselves and their co-ordinate relations to one another, quantitatively expressed, it is true, but suggesting the qualitative reality of rhythmic harmony in a creatively con-

stituted world. The physicist is no longer satisfied with the mathematical law of gravitation, he asks what it is, co-ordinatively.

We know directly and intimately, however indefinitely, what life is in us, and we have a sympathetic complicity with its miracles, readily accepting its surprises, its turning of blank masks into wondrous investments. We cannot carry this life with us into the world of non-living matter for the solvency of its apparently impenetrable mask. There has been as yet nothing found in that world corresponding to the partial ascensions so visibly apparent in the vegetable and animal kingdoms—no growth that is not mere accretion. Crystallization seems almost to adumbrate vital functioning in crecence and reproduction, but the process seems so nearly mechanical that the mathematical determination of the angles of the crystal is a sufficient basis for its chemical classification. We cannot yet conjecture what possibilities of disclosure may be realized in experiments with streams of radiant particles under the action of positive electricity. Certainly Sir Joseph Thomson's recent discovery of the atomic reintegration, under the action of positive electricity, of matter which, under the action of the cathode ray, had disclosed atomic disintegration, is wonderfully significant. The fact is expressed in terms of mathematical proportion, but it gives us a glimpse of Nature's own ascension in a world where ordinarily only her descents are visibly disclosed to us.

Nevertheless, the physical world still remains to us openly cathodic and only hiddenly anodic, since such patterns as may be shown us in the physicist's laboratory can give us but veiled hints of its risings, and no clear beholding of the ascending angels on its ladder of life. For life it must be, in the macrocosm as in the cellular microcosm, though not definable in terms of that microcosm. Reason as a searcher may find an insuperable barrier to its quest, may forever beat against the bars of a system of matter and motion; it may suffer itself to be obscured by a formal mental scheme, and especially it may be confined in the network of causation; but, as a part of the soul's creative life, as the

very light of psychical activity, it reaches the intuition of universal harmony, of an all-embracing creative life.

What is the real content of that intuition? Physical science brings no contribution to it from the vast fields of space. Faith alone, making its real home in the invisible, claiming it as native to the soul, has realized a spiritual kingdom. The intuitions of Reason receive from Faith the reality of their content, and the life of Reason, itself freed from entanglement and obscurity, has been the purgation and clarification of Faith.

Humanism, as realized in culture through religion, art, and philosophy, is in open contrast with Nature. While man biologically is continuous with Nature, psychically his discontinuity therewith is emphasized. In the eternal ground of both Nature and humanity there must be reconciliation; indeed, the complete realization of humanism may be a new naturalism; but this reconciliation is not attainable by any thoroughfare open to observation or known to conscious experience. Indeed, it is with conscious rational processes, with the very possibility of mental detachment, that the divergence begins. Man becomes a spectator, and, as capable of pure memory, of holding an image devoid of its real content, analyzes, reflects, and has discourse of reason. The dilation of his thought is in an attenuated atmosphere, which through his mental refraction is inhabited by shadowy phantoms and vain illusions.

It seems an empty freedom. But he has emptied himself of one reality to find another through the creative activity of his soul, here also building away from Nature and into a distinctive humanism—a visible human society and an invisible communion of souls. The broken lights, the distempers and distortions of the mind, will in due course give place to a clear vision of the eternal life.

The creative imagination in art as well as in life is, as it has ever been, an indispensable factor in the building up of this humanism. It restores reality as well as perfects the form—

"Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity."

Editor's Drawer

The Blue Bowl

BY IDA KATHERINE WILLIAMS REA

TIMOTHY FOWLER, suburbanite, sank wearily on the steps at his wife's feet. Timothy had just finished mowing the second strip across his eight-foot square of back lawn. Beyond lay his vegetable garden and Laura's flowers. From all sides came the whir of other lawn-mowers. Other suburbanites were following his example. The back screen slammed, and Laura came out of the pantry bearing a tray upon which reposed twin glasses, which tinkled faintly. Timothy rose and held out his hand.

"Delicious, my dear," he sighed, ecstatically over the frosty glass.

Laura beamed. Her sweet little face was radiant.

"Have some more, Timothy?"

"No." Timothy shook his head, and, being greatly refreshed, was about to return to his laborious exertions. He was halted abruptly by the tragic voice of his young wife.

"Oh, Timothy, there she comes! And she's got the blue bowl again!"

Timothy's inquiring glance followed Laura's. From the hedge which surrounded their domain, fifty by one hundred and fifty feet of it, emerged Mrs. Tulliver, their next-door neighbor. In her hands she carried an innocent-looking blue bowl. Seeing which, Timothy sat down, a pleased smile on his face. He had explored the contents of that bowl before.

"Good evening, Mrs. Tulliver," said Laura, sweetly. "Won't you sit down?"

Mrs. Tulliver allowed a benign smile to play over her matronly features as she answered.

"No, my dear, thank you. I've just brought you a mite of frozen custard. When one is working" (here her smile fell full upon Timothy) "a little cold re-

freshment is so—er—spurring to one's lagging efforts."

"Splendid!" agreed Timothy, enthusiastically.

"Very thoughtful," murmured Laura, politely.

Laura watched the starched skirt disappear through the hedge and heard a screen door slam before she stirred.

"Timothy, it's the tenth time!" she announced.

"The tenth time?"

"Yes," nodded Laura; "first it was candy, then pudding, then dates, then—"

"But," interrupted Timothy, gently, "suppose we eat the frozen custard."



"OH, TIMOTHY, THERE SHE COMES! AND SHE'S GOT THE BLUE BOWL AGAIN!"

Having been married,
time, Laura and Timothy ate from the bowl together. But, as the last delicious drop melted away, Laura's red lips drooped despondently.

"The tenth time, Timothy," she sighed. "I don't know what to put in it."

Timothy, impressed by those sadly drooping lips, stared intently at the blue bowl.

"Why put anything in it?" he inquired, mildly. "Why not return it empty?"

"Oh, Timothy!" she cried. "you don't understand. I *can't*."

"No, of course not," agreed Timothy, readily, patting the small hand on his knee.

"Of course not," repeated Laura. "I could, you see, if I knew to whom the blue bowl belongs. But I don't," she added.

Timothy gave sympathetic attention.

"I've told you so often, Timothy, but of course you don't remember?"

"No," denied Timothy, knowing (rare intuition!) that the telling of a grief always helps.

"On my birthday—you remember—she brought me a bowl full of the most delicious candy. I didn't know whether she meant me to keep the bowl or not. So I made some of my best fruit salad and took it over in the bowl. I thought if it were hers, she'd keep it. I couldn't have done anything else, could I?"

"No," murmured Timothy in her ear—a small pink ear.

"But she brought it back with pudding,

and I returned it with flowers, and it again—and how am I to know?" she cried miserably. "You're a lawyer, Timothy. You ought to know."

"Um. Let me think."

Laura rested her eyes on him trustfully. Almost instantly a great light shone on Timothy's face. Laura clapped her hands delightedly.

"You've found a way! What is it, Timothy?" Her voice sank to a thrilled whisper.

"It's very simple—I can't see why I didn't think of it before. *Ask her*."

"Ask her?" echoed Laura, the light dying out of her dear face like a moon gone behind clouds. "Oh, Timothy, I couldn't do that!"

The light died out of Timothy's face too, and they looked at each other gloomily. Suddenly a second inspiration came to him.

"Why, sweetheart, of course you can't ask her. But *I* can!"

Laura caught his watch-fob—he had no necktie on—and restrained him.

"Timothy! We can't either one of us ask her. Then of course she'd give it to me, and I'd always feel as though I'd asked her for it. Oh, Timothy," her lips quivered, and a crystal tear rolled down her nose to the tilt, where it slid off and splashed into the blue bowl, "and I'd depended upon you!"

Timothy's lugubrious face reflected her disappointment.

"I'm sorry, Laura," and Timothy proceeded to express his sentiment in such a satisfactory way that he forgot all about his mowing.

But — after all — one's first duty is to one's wife, and Timothy was not one to shirk duty—especially such a pleasant duty as this. Despite his best efforts, however, Laura's face was still sweetly pensive when they entered the house. Timothy reproached himself bitterly for not being able to solve a—seemingly—simple little problem like this. Accordingly, he concentrated his great mind upon it to such an extent that he carried the parlor clock out to the back piazza and began to wind the cat's tail.

Laura came speedily to her pet's rescue, and also treated—most effectually—the long scratch on Timothy's finger.

Such great mental



A CRYSTAL TEAR ROLLED DOWN HER NOSE

effort could not be having its results. Quite suddenly that night Timothy sat up in bed.

"Laura!" he cried. "I know! I'll smash it!"

"Smash what?" sleepily asked Laura.

"The blue bowl!" was the triumphant answer.

"Well, I guess you won't," cried Laura, now wide awake. "Lie down, stupid, and go to sleep. What does a man know about woman's problems!"

Timothy, subdued, fell asleep.

Throughout the following day, the blue bowl sat in state upon the new buffet, a mute reminder of Timothy's inability to cope with feminine problems. To Laura it was a menace threatening to overthrow the amiability of her friendship with Mrs. Tulliver. Both of them regarded it with disapproving eyes.

At breakfast of the second day, it still leered at them over their coffee and letters.

"Timothy!" exclaimed Laura, suddenly looking up, "Mother's ill. I must go to her at once."

Laura rose quickly, but stopped as her eyes fell upon the blue bowl.

"I haven't returned the bowl! Well, you'll have to, Timothy."

"I?" sputtered Timothy helplessly. "I? What shall I put in it?"

"How do I know?" answered Laura over her shoulder.

Timothy followed her to the pantry.

"But, Laura, if you leave it until you come back, she'll have forgotten all about it."

"Nonsense. If you can't think up something for once, how do you suppose I've managed as many times as I have? Please get out of the pantry, Timothy. You take up so much room."

Timothy retreated to the dining-room and fixed a hopeless gaze, rapidly growing into an angry one, upon the bowl. The loss of his wife for a day or two was entirely swallowed up in this demand upon his ingenuity.

Then, as Timothy gazed, his fingers tapping restlessly on the shining surface of the buffet, Fate, in the form of Laura's cat, intervened. Tabby, blinking on her chair, saw those moving fingers. Stealthily she mounted to the table and crept slowly near the edge. There was a sudden flash of fur, a mumbled exclamation from Timothy as he grabbed his fingers, and a smashing crash. Laura, running in quickly at the unusual commotion, beheld Timothy nursing two bleeding fingers,



A MUMBLED EXCLAMATION FROM TIMOTHY AS HE GRABBED HIS FINGERS, AND A SMASHING CRASH

his eyes on a thousand pieces of blue bowl. Behind him, Tabby strutted with proudly waving tail.

"Timothy! You've done it! You've broken the bowl!"

"I beg your pardon, Laura, but you are mistaken. Tabby broke the bowl—and almost my fingers," he finished with a rueful glance at those damaged members.

"You must have coaxed her to do it; how would she know?" demanded Laura, as she bent with broom and dust-pan. "What shall I say to Mrs. Tulliver?"

"Nothing. I'll explain it while you're gone. It seems to me"—Timothy assumed a judicial air—"that this effectually solves the problem of, 'Who owns the blue bowl?' I shall, with fitting ceremonies, my dear, scatter part of the remains on Mrs. Tulliver's side of the fence, and part on ours."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," snapped his wife, with—for her—unusual irritability. "I'll tell her myself when I come back. Now do go outside where you can't smash anything else."

Laura, still a trifle angry with Timothy, quite flustered by her hurry, and altogether excited over her little journey, departed, and left Timothy to his law and meditation.

Two days dragged slowly by. Timothy wrote twice a day to Laura, and received two letters in reply. He even tolerated Tabby with more than usual kindness; and the broken bowl reposed serenely in the ash-bin.

On the evening of the third day, as Timothy smoked his solitary pipe on the front piazza, a dainty figure ran up the steps and two warm arms were pressed about his neck.

"Timothy, I've come home," trilled a happy voice in his ear.

"I see you have, sweetheart. There, let me look at you." He held her off at arm's length.

"And, oh, Timothy, the best thing happened! You'd never guess."

"No," resignedly answered Timothy.

"Then bring me the pieces of the blue bowl."

Timothy gasped faintly, but rose to do his lady's bidding. Laura took one of the

pieces and held it against a small object in her hand.

"There! I knew it would match. I found it in the store to-day. Oh, Timothy, don't you see? It's a blue bowl!"

Timothy stared in bewilderment.

"But I thought—" he began. "Why, Laura, you're no better off now than you were!"

"Of course not. But I sha'n't have to tell her you broke the bowl. Besides, I've learned something new to make, and I'm just crazy to give some to Mrs. Tulliver. Oh, Timothy, wasn't I lucky?"

But Timothy, remembering his inability to cope with woman's problems, looked helplessly at the blue bowl.

Patience Rewarded

"AS I was sitting in the crowded car coming out home to-night," said Warner, at the dinner-table, "a woman entered and stood almost exactly in front of me."

"And you got up and gave her your seat?" queried his wife.

"No," replied Warner, "Another fellow got ahead of me. But I had to wait five minutes for him."

The Ruling Passion

A BUSINESS man, with sporting proclivities, was the owner of a small sailing-boat. One afternoon he invited a friend to go with him for a sail.

A squall came up suddenly, and the owner

was pitched overboard. While he was struggling with the waves, his friend peered anxiously over the side of the boat, and cried:

"I say, Simon, if you don't come up for the third time, may I have the boat?"

Rebuked

AN excursion party from a prominent woman's club in Chicago had gone to a rural part of the State, and in default of sufficient hotel accommodations, some of the members were obliged to seek quarters in a near-by farm-house.

Everything was simplicity itself, although scrupulously clean and homelike. But, as would be expected, there was a natural absence of some of the luxuries of high-priced city hotels.

Retiring time came and some of the ladies discovered that there were no keys in the locks of their rooms, and consulted the farmer's wife.

That good woman was undisguisedly surprised.

"Why," she said, "we don't usually lock our doors here, and there's no one here but you. But then," scrutinizing the ladies carefully, "I suppose you know your own party best."

Generosity

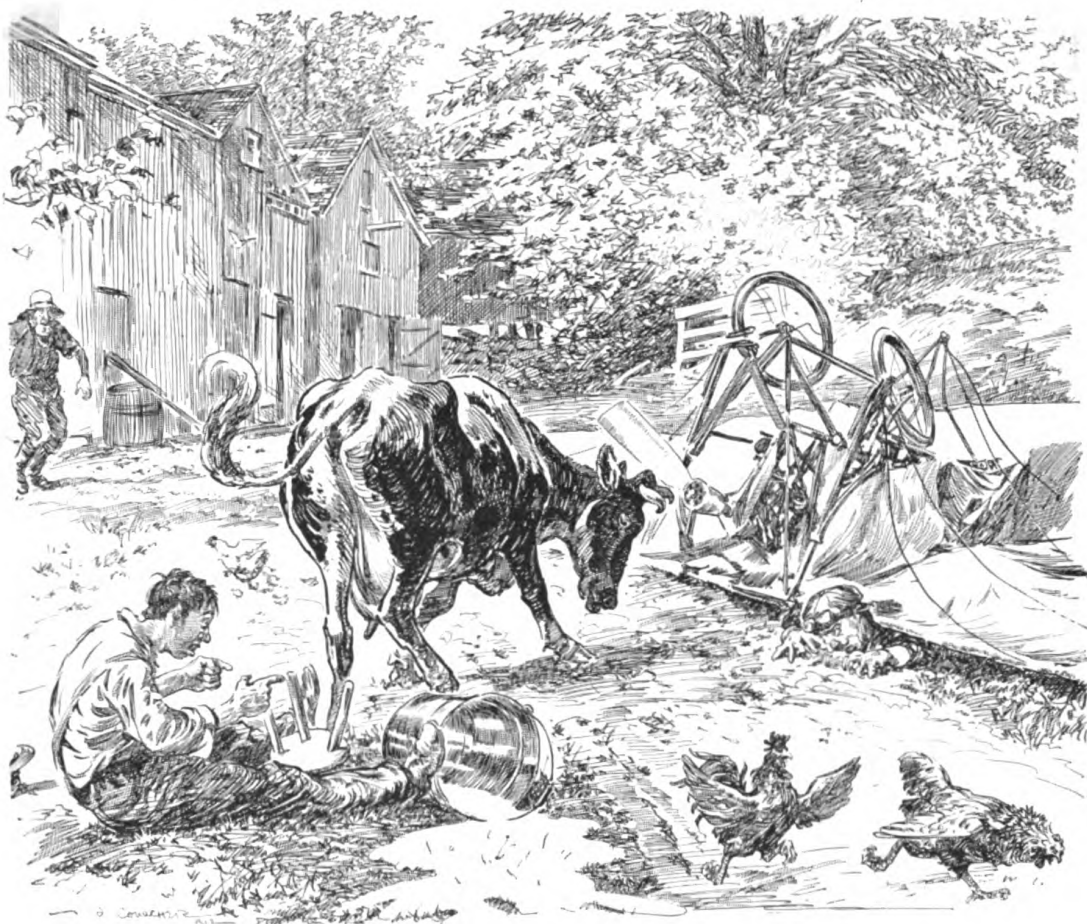
A LARGE, husky negro and a small Frenchman were sawing a large piece of timber for the Boston subway with a heavy crosscut saw, each in turn pulling it back and forth. A pugilistic Irishman stopped to watch the operation. After a few moments he strolled up to the negro and dealt him a blow saying:

"Give the saw to the little fellow if he wants it."



"Can you play the piano?"

"No; mother says my hands are too sticky."



The Consequence

HIRED MAN (as aeroplane comes down): Aw, say! Naow see what ye done!

The Train

I LOVE the fields, where Nurse and I
Can watch the smoking train go by,
Just like a jointed iron snake—
And what a noise they let it make!

The smoke sails from its smoke-stack high,
Like little clouds from out the sky;
It rattles quickly up the track,
But never does it rattle back!

I don't suppose a train could cry,
Because it has but one big eye:
Its iron teeth show in its smile—
I'm sure it's happy all the while.

But still I think if it were I,
My nurse would run to it and cry,
"Come here, sir, you are a disgrace!
Where did you get that dirty face?"

But no one's there—just Nurse and I—
To watch the smoking train go by.
I wonder if its Nursie knows
The noise it makes, and where it goes?

HARRIET WORKS.

A Matter of Spelling

AN old colored woman entered a drug-store
one morning and carefully looked over
the case containing the fancy soaps.

"I'll take one cake o' soap jes' like dat,"
she said, at length, as she pointed out a par-
ticular kind.

"Will you have it scented or unscented?"
asked the clerk.

"Oh, I'll jes' take it right 'long with me,"
said the woman.

Not Edible

HE had lately come into a fortune and had
gone to the city to relieve himself of
part of the burden. Among his hardest
tasks was the selection of dinner from the
elaborate, congested menu card, by which his
food and drink were placed under a heavy
disguise.

"Bring me a little of this, waiter," he ven-
tured, his finger at an appetizing line.

The waiter, astonished, glanced closer for
confirmation of his perplexity. "Sorry, sir,
but the band's playing that now."

Too Much

THE aspiring young author was anxiously awaiting the postman's ring. Finally, his patience was rewarded and he hastened to know the worst.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, as he sank dejectedly into a chair. "That's what I call rubbing it in."

"What's up?"

"I sent that magazine two poems and they sent me back three."

Protection

HAROLD had just interviewed his prospective father-in-law, and his musings were brought to an abrupt ending when his fiancée suddenly came into the room.

"I hope you were polite to father, dear."

"Indeed I was. I treated him as if he were a king."

"You never called him 'Your Majesty.'"

"No-o; but I backed out of his presence."

Modern Methods

WHEN twenty-four "fresh-air" children were brought from the sweltering Chicago tenements to be distributed in kindly homes along the shady streets of Three Rivers, Michigan, one small boy was taken to a near-by farm. He maintained a round-eyed silence upon his arrival and during the lunch of gingerbread and creamy milk which was straightway given him. Speech came when he went with John to help feed the pigs and saw the windmill turned on.

"Say, mister!" he exclaimed, "that's certainly some electric fan to cool the hogs!"

Good Climbers

THE young lady from Vassar had just returned to her parental roof in a small Vermont town, after a trip through Europe as a graduation gift. She was extremely anxious that the village beaux should appreciate her artistic temperament as well as the advantages of her foreign pilgrimage.

"Do you know, Mr. Smith," she gurgled, "I found it so hard to determine between the merits of a Corot and a Daubigny. What is your preference?"

"Well, I dunno exactly," came back Mr. Smith, "but all them French cars is good hill-climbers."



The Indian Never Forgets

"Who is he looking for, father?"

"His sculptor, I should judge, son."

Proof Positive

TWO advanced maidens were exchanging confidences one afternoon as they sipped their tea.

Their conversation turned to the ever-interesting subject—men.

"He didn't tell me he loved me," said the younger of the two, with a happy, reminiscent smile, as she playfully toyed with her spoon, "but he kissed me."

"Well," replied the other, "he must love you if he kissed you."

There are Others

JOHNNY had been doing his home-work quietly, and felt sure that his lessons would be perfect without having to ask the aid of his father, until all of a sudden he said: "This gets me, dad."

"What is the trouble now, son?" asked the father.

"Why, the teacher wants me to give a definition of the word 'non-essential.'"

"That's easy, son," replied the father. "just give it as the letter p in pneumonia."

No Chances

MR. TRACY had received many invitations from Mr. Sweet to run down to the country for a few days, and finally availed himself of the privilege.

After dinner the two men were sitting on the veranda, smoking and talking.

"Your wife is a brilliantly handsome woman, Sweet," said Mr. Tracy, enthusiastically, "I should think you'd be jealous of her."

"Well, you see, Tracy," said the host, "I am, but I never invite any one down here that any sane woman would take a fancy to."

Frigid

"WAS it cool where you spent your vacation?"

"Cool! I should say it was. I was obliged to go to town for a few days and returned unexpectedly. I met the old farmer coming down the road wearing one of my shirts and using my cane to drive home the cows. One of his sons had gone to the village with my best suit of clothes on; and the oldest daughter was straining jelly through my white flannel coat.

When they saw me they seemed a bit surprised, but all they said was:

"'We hain't ben expectin' yer hum so soon.' It was certainly the coolest family I ever struck."



"Mother, why do you make me wear socks all winter?"

"So that when you grow up you will be used to the cold, and can wear silk stockings all the year and not suffer as mother does."

Art versus Matrimony

OH, I'm devoted to my Art!

Devoted though it break my heart;
For life is Art, and Art is life—
And yet I must support my wife.

It's truly trying to be born,
And all to shreds and tatters torn
With yearnings after high ideals—
The while you must provide three meals!

I wish that I were duly dead,
And that a stone stood at my head,
Whereon these homely words were writ:
He tried, but failed to make a hit.

Perhaps this line would catch the eye
Of some sweet stranger passing by,
And urge him on to nobler strife—
Unless he, too, had got a wife.

EDNA M. OWINGS.

When Greek Meets Greek

ONE of Philadelphia's eminent lawyers is very brusque and overbearing in manner. A client came into his office one day and took up about five minutes of his time. As he was about to depart he produced a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, and asked how much the fee was.

"Fifty dollars," said the impatient lawyer.

The client demurred a little, and the lawyer rudely said, "How much did you expect to pay? Give me what you have."

On receiving the ten-dollar bill, he turned to his negro office-boy and handed it to him, saying, "This is for you, Jim."

"Oh," said the client. "I didn't know you had a partner." and walked out.

Experienced

THE ladies were discussing a wedding which took place in their church the previous evening.

"And do you know," continued the first and best-informed lady of the party, "just as Frank and the widow started up the aisle to the altar every light in the church went out."

This startling bit of information was greeted by a number of "Oh's!"

"What did the couple do then?" finally inquired one who beat the others out in regaining her breath.

"Kept on going. The widow knew the way."



TEACHER: Well, this is a great state of affairs. Here I've promised to punish Willie Turtle, and every time I try to hit him he pulls in his head and hands!

Not Available

MRS. ALLEN'S new servant came to her the morning after her arrival, and said:

"I'm goin' to lave yez, mum, to-day. I'll not stay any longer."

"Going to leave!" cried Mrs. Allen, in amazement. "Why in the world are you going to leave so soon?"

"Well, mum," said the girl, "when I came yesterday mornin' you gave me the keys to yer trunks and drawers and jewel-cases to kape fer yez."

"Why, yes, so I did," said the mistress; "that showed that I trusted you. What is the matter?"

"Well, yer see, mum," said the servant, "they don't one of 'em fit."

Pertinent

AN inebriated gentleman was going home one evening when he met a young man who was moving to a new home. The young man was very frugal and had decided to move his own things rather than pay a mover.

On this trip he had a large hall-clock on his back. It was heavy and he struggled until he heard the inebriated one call out.

"Shay, there, you!"

Thinking the man was going to help him, he set down the clock and said:

"Well, sir?"

He was astonished to hear the other stammer:

"Shay, you, why don't you buy a watch?"

One Way

THERE was only one piece of pie for luncheon, and Mrs. Jones divided it between Ned and Grace. Ned looked first at his piece of pie, and then at his mother's empty plate.

"Mother," he said, "I don't believe I can eat my pie while you haven't any."

"Why, Ned," said the mother, much pleased, "how unselfish you are, dear! But you see, my boy, there is no more pie."

"I know that, mother," answered Ned; "you take Grace's."

Monarch

I AM lord of the land and the sea,
I am king of the jungle and cave;
Wild animals cringe at my knee,
And fish at my word swim the wave.

I fearlessly crawl 'neath the bed
Where teddy-bears lurk in the dark;
Or I hunt the dim closet, instead,
Where roam all the beasts of the ark.

I am lord of the sea and the shore,
On carnage I gaze unafraid;
I shrink not at squeak or at roar—
I know how such noises are made.

I stride through my nursery domain
And the bathtubby ocean I scan;
While faithfully march in my train
Weird creatures of cotton and bran.

BURGES JOHNSON.





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